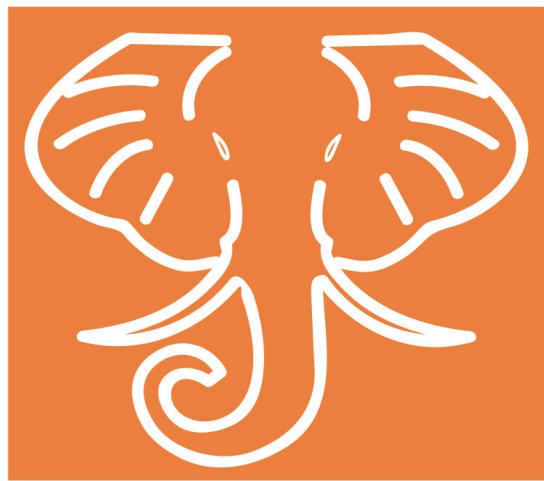


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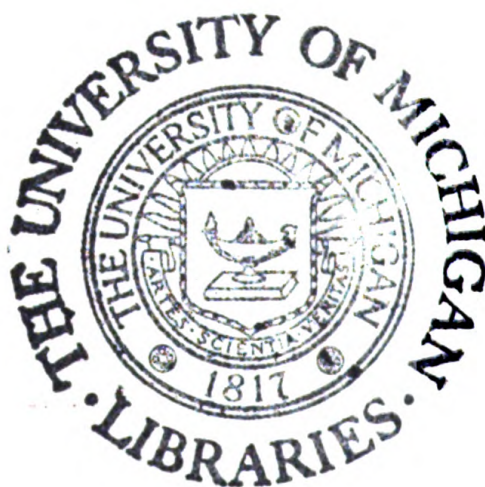
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# NON-CIRCULATING PERIODICAL COLLECTION



**NON-CIRCULATING  
PERIODICAL  
COLLECTION**



HARPER'S



# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXII.

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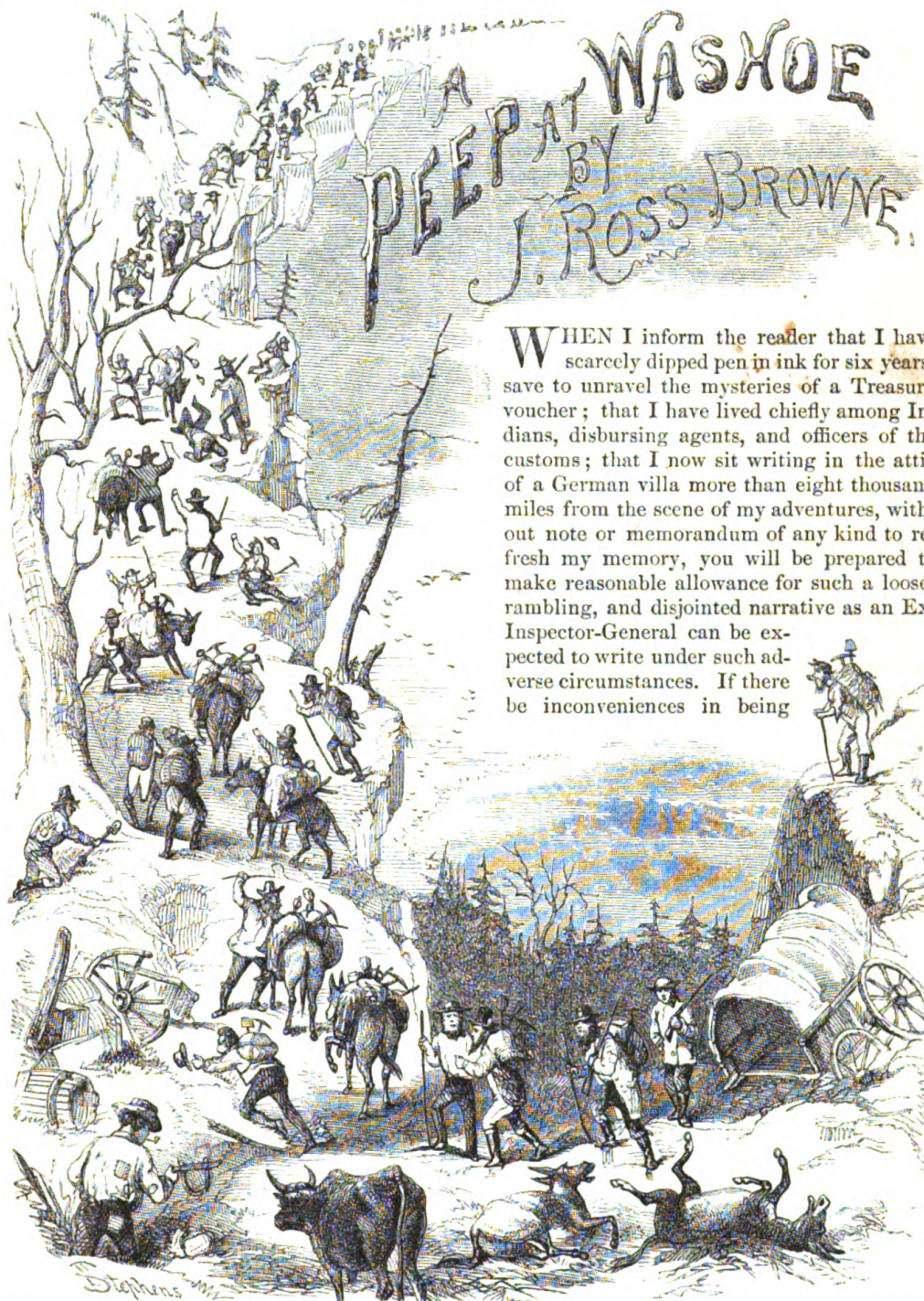


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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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[First Paper.]



WASHOE  
PEEP AT  
BY  
J. ROSS BROWNE.

WHEN I inform the reader that I have scarcely dipped pen in ink for six years, save to unravel the mysteries of a Treasury voucher; that I have lived chiefly among Indians, disbursing agents, and officers of the customs; that I now sit writing in the attic of a German villa more than eight thousand miles from the scene of my adventures, without note or memorandum of any kind to refresh my memory, you will be prepared to make reasonable allowance for such a loose, rambling, and disjointed narrative as an Ex-Inspector-General can be expected to write under such adverse circumstances. If there be inconveniences in being

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hanged, as the gentle Elia has attempted to prove, so likewise are there inconveniences in being decapitated; for surely a man deprived of the casket which nature has given him as a receptacle for his brains, is no better off than one with a broken neck. But it is not my present purpose to enter into an analysis of this portion of my experience. Nor do I make these references to official life by way of excuse for any rustiness of intellect that may be perceptible in my narrative; but rather in mitigation of those unconscious violations of truth and marvelous flights of fancy which may naturally result from long experience in Government affairs.

Ever since 1849, when I first trod the shores of California, the citizens of that Land of Promise have been subject to periodical excitements, the extent and variety of which can find no parallel in any other State of the Union. To enumerate these in chronological detail would be a difficult task, nor is it necessary to my purpose. The destruction of towns by flood and fire; the uprisings and downfallings of Vigilance Committees; the breaking of banking-houses and pecuniary ruin of thousands; the political wars, Senatorial tournaments, duels, and personal affairs; the Prison and Bulkhead schemes; the extraordinary orations to the living and the dead, and innumerable other excitements, have been too frequently detailed, and have elicited too much comment from the Atlantic press, not to be still in the memory of the public.

But numerous as these agitations have been, and prejudicial as some of them must long continue to be to the reputation of the State, they can bear no comparison in point of extent and general interest to the mining excitements which from time to time have convulsed the whole Pacific coast, from Puget's Sound to San Diego. In these there can be no occasion for party animosity; they are confined to no political or sectional clique; all the industrial classes are interested, and in a manner too, affecting, either directly or incidentally, their very means of subsistence. The country abounds in mineral wealth, and the merchant, the banker, the shipper, the mechanic, the laborer, are all to some extent dependent upon its development. Even the gentleman of elegant leisure, vulgarly known as the "Bummer"—and there are many in California—is occasionally driven by visions of cock-tail and cigar-money to doff his "stove-pipe," and exchange his gold-mounted cane for a pick or a shovel. The axiom has been well established by an eminent English writer, that "Every man wants a thousand pounds." It seems indeed to be a chronic and constitutional want, as well in California as in less favored countries.

Few of the early residents of the State can have forgotten the Gold Bluff excitement of '52, when by all accounts old Ocean himself turned miner, and washed up cart-loads of gold on the beach above Trinidad. It was represented, and generally believed, that any enterprising man could take his hat and a wheel-barrow and in half an hour gather up gold enough to last him



THE BUMMER.

for life. I have reason to suspect that, of the thousands who went there, many will long remember their experience with emotions, if pleasant "yet mournful to the soul."

The Kern River excitement threatened for a time to depopulate the northern portion of the State. The stages from Marysville and Sacramento were crowded day after day, and new lines were established from Los Angeles, Stockton, San José, and various other points; but such was the pressure of travel in search of this grand depository, in which it was represented the main wealth of the world had been treasured by a beneficent Providence, that thousands were compelled to go on foot and carry their blankets and provisions on their backs. From Stockton to the mining district, a distance of more than three hundred miles, the plains of the San Joaquin were literally speckled with "honest miners." It is a notable fact, that, of those who went in stages, the majority returned on foot; and of those who trusted originally to shoe-leather, many had to walk back on their natural soles, or depend on sackcloth or charity.

After the Kern River Exchequer had been exhausted the public were congratulated by the press throughout the State upon the effectual check now put upon these ruinous and extra-





GOING TO KERN RIVER.

giant excitements. The enterprising miners who had been tempted to abandon good claims in search of better had undergone a species of purging which would allay any irritation of the mucous membrane for some time. What they had lost in money they had gained in experience. They would henceforth turn a deaf ear to interested representations, and not be dazzled by visions of sudden wealth conjured up by monte-dealers, travelers, and horse-jockeys. They were, on the whole, wiser if not happier men. Nor would the lesson be lost to the merchants and capitalists who had scattered their goods and their funds over the picturesque heights of the Sierra Nevada. And even the gentlemen of elegant leisure, who had gone off so suddenly in search of small change for liquors and cigars, could now recuperate their exhausted energies at the free lunch establishments of San Francisco, or if too far gone in seed for that, they could regenerate their muscular system by some wholesome exercise in the old diggings, where there was not so much gold perhaps as at Kern River, but where it could be got at more easily.

Scarcely had the reverberation caused by the bursting of the Kern River bubble died away, and fortune again smiled upon the ruined multitudes, when a faint cry was heard from afar—first low and uncertain, like a mysterious whisper, then full and sonorous, like the boom of glad tidings from the mouth of a cannon, the inspiring cry of FRAZER RIVER! Here was gold sure enough!—a river of gold!—a country that dazzled the eyes with its glitter of gold. There was no deception about it this time. New Caledonia was the land of Ophir. True, it was in the British possessions, but what of that? The people of California would develop the British possessions. Had our claim to 54°40' been insisted upon, this immense treasure would now have been within our own boundaries; but no matter—it was ours by right of proximity! The problem of Solomon's Temple was now solved. Travelers, from Marco Polo down to the present era, who had attempted to find the true land of Ophir had signally failed; but here it was, the exact locality, beyond peradventure. For where else in the world could the river-beds, creeks, and cañons be lined with gold? Where else could the honest miner "pan out" \$100 per day every day in the year? But if any who had been rendered incredulous by former excitements still doubted.



RETURNING FROM KERN RIVER.





HO! FOR FRAZER RIVER.

they could no longer discredit the statements that were brought down by every steamer, accompanied by positive and palpable specimens of the ore, and by the assurances of captains, pursers, mates, cooks, and waiters, that Frazer River was the country. To be sure, it was afterward hinted that the best part of the gold brought down from Frazer had made the round voyage from San Francisco; but I consider this a gross and unwarranted imputation upon the integrity of steamboat owners, captains, and speculators. Did not the famous Commodore Wright take the matter in hand; put his best steamers on the route; hoist his banners and placards in every direction, and give every man a chance of testing the question in person? This was establishing the existence of immense mineral wealth in that region upon a firm and practical basis. No man of judgment and experience, like the Commodore, would undertake to run his steamers on

"the baseless fabric of a vision." The cheapness and variety of his rates afforded every man an opportunity of making a fortune. For thirty, twenty, and even fifteen dollars, the ambitious aspirant for Frazer could be landed at Victoria.

I will not now undertake to give a detail of that memorable excitement; how the stages, north, south, east, and, I had almost said, west, were crowded day and night with scores upon scores of sturdy adventurers; how farms were abandoned and crops lost for want of hands to work them; how rich claims in the old diggings were given away for a song; how the wharves of San Francisco groaned under the pressure of the human freight delivered upon them on every arrival of the Sacramento and Stockton boats; how it was often impracticable to get through the streets in that vicinity owing to the crowds gathered around the "runners," who cried aloud the merits and demerits of the



rival steamers; and, strangest of all, how the head and front of the Frazerites were the very men who had enjoyed such pleasant experience at Gold Bluff, Kern River, and other places famous in the history of California. No sensible man could doubt the richness of Frazer River when these veterans became leaders, and called upon the masses to follow. They were not a class of men likely to be deceived—they knew the signs of the times. And, in addition to all this, who could resist the judgment and experience of Commodore Wright, a man who had made an independent fortune in the steamboat business? Who could be deaf when assayers, bankers, jobbers, and speculators cried aloud that it was all true?

Well, I am not going to moralize. Mr. Nugent was appointed a Commissioner, on the part of the United States, to settle the various difficulties which had grown up between the miners and Governor Douglass. He arrived at Victoria in time to perform signal service to his fellow-citizens; that is to say, he found many of them in a state of starvation, and sent them back to California at public expense. Frazer River, always too high for mining purposes, could not be prevailed upon to subside. Its banks were not banks of issue, nor were its beds stuffed with the feathers of the Golden Goose. Had it not been for this turn of affairs it is difficult to say what would have been the result. The British Lion had been slumbering undisturbed at Victoria for half a century, and was very much astonished, upon waking up, to find thirty thousand semi-barbarous Californians scattered broadcast over the British possessions. Governor Douglass issued manifestoes in vain. He evidently thought it no joke. The subject eventually became a matter of diplomatic correspondence, in which much ink was shed, but fortunately no blood; although the subsequent seizure of San Juan by General Harney came very near producing that result.

The steamers in due course of time began to return crowded with enterprising miners, who still believed there was gold there if the river would only fall. But generosity dictates that I should say no more on this point. It is enough to add, that the time arrived when it became a matter of personal offense to ask any spirited gentleman if he had been to Frazer River.

There was now, of course, an end to all mining excitements. It could never again happen that such an imposition could be practiced upon public credulity. In the whole State there was not another sheep that could be gulled by the cry of wolf. Business would now resume its steady and legitimate course. Property would cease to fluctuate in value. Every branch of industry would become fixed upon a permanent and reliable basis. All these excitements were the natural results of the daring and enterprising character of the people. But now, having worked off their superabundant steam, they would be prepared to go ahead systematically, and develop those resources which they had hitherto neg-



RETURNED FROM FRAZER RIVER.

lected. It was a course of medical effervescence highly beneficial to the body politic. All morbid appetite for sudden wealth was now gone forever.

But softly, good friends! What rumor is this? Whence come these silvery strains that are wafted to our ears from the passes of the Sierra Nevada? What dulcet Æolian harmonies—what divine, enchanting ravishment is it

“That with these raptures moves the vocal air?”

As I live, it is a cry of Silver! Silver in WASHOE! Not gold now, you silly men of Gold Bluff; you Kern-Riverites; you daring explorers of British Columbia! But SILVER—solid, pure SILVER! Beds of it ten thousand feet deep! Acres of it!—miles of it!—hundreds of millions of dollars poking their backs up out of the earth ready to be pocketed!

Do you speak of the mines of Potosi or Golconda? Do you dare to quote the learned Baron Von Tschudi on South America and Mexico? Do you refer me to the ransom of Atahualpa, the unfortunate Inca, in the days of Pizarro? Nothing at all, I assure you, to the silver mines of Washoe! “Sir,” said my informant to me, in strict confidence, no later than this morning, “you may rely upon it, for I am personally acquainted with a brother of the gentleman whose most intimate friend saw the man whose partner has just come over the mountains, and he says there never was the like on the face of the earth! The ledges are ten thousand feet deep—solid





HURRAH FOR WASHOE!

masses of silver. Let us be off! Now is the time! A pack-mule, pick and shovel, hammer and frying-pan will do. You need nothing more. HURRAH FOR WASHOE!"

Kind and sympathizing reader, imagine a man who for six years had faithfully served his government and his country; who had never, if he knew himself intimately, embezzled a dollar of the public funds; who had resisted the seductive influences of Gold Bluff, Kern, and Frazer Rivers, from the purest motives of patriotism; who scorned to abandon his post in search of filthy lucre—imagine such a personage cut short in his official career, and suddenly bereft of his per diem by a formal and sarcastic note of three lines from head-quarters; then fancy you hear him jingle the last of his Federal emoluments in his pocket, and sigh at the ingratitude of republics. Would you not consider him open to any proposition short of murder or highway robbery?

Would you be surprised if he accepted an invitation from Mr. Wise, the aeronaut, to take a voyage in a balloon? or the berth of assistant-manager in a diving-bell? or joined the first expedition in search of the treasure buried by the Spanish galleon on her voyage to Acapulco in 1578? Then consider his position, as he stands musing upon the mutability of human affairs, when those strange and inspiring cries of Washoe fall upon his ears for the first time, with a realizing sense of their import. Borne on the wings of the wind from the Sierra Nevada; wafted through every street, lane, and alley of San Francisco; whirling around the drinking-saloons, eddying over the counters of the banking-offices, scattering up the dust among the Front Street merchants, arousing the slumbering inmates of the Custom-house—what man of enterprise could resist it? Washoe! The Comstock lead! The Ophir! The Central—The Billy



Choller Companies, and a thousand others, indicating in trumpet-tones the high road to fortune! From the crack of day to the shades of night nothing is heard but Washoe. The steady men of San Francisco are aroused, the men of Front Street, the gunny-bag men, the brokers, the gamblers, the butchers, the bakers, the whisky-dealers, the lawyers, and all. The exception was to find a sane man in the entire city.

No wonder the abstracted personage already referred to was aroused from his gloomy reflections. A friend appealed to him to go to Washoe. The friend was interested there, but could not go himself. It was a matter of incalculable importance. Millions were involved in it. He (the friend) would pay expenses. The business would not occupy a week, and would not interfere with any other business.



WASHOE AGENCY.

Next day an advertisement appeared in the city papers, respectfully inviting the public to commit their claims and investments to the hands of their fellow-citizen, Mr. Yusef Badra, whose long experience in Government affairs eminently qualified him to undertake the task of geological research. He was especially prepared to determine the exact amount of silver contained in fossils. It would afford him pleasure to be of service to his friends and fellow-citizens. The public would be so kind as to address Mr. Badra, at Carson City, Territory of Utah.

This looked like business on an extensive scale. It read like business of a scientific character. It was a card drawn up with skill, and calculated to attract attention. I am proud to acknowledge that I am the author, and, further-

more (if you will consider the information confidential), that I am the identical agent referred to.

Many good friends shook their heads when I announced my intention of visiting Washoe, and although they designed going themselves as soon as the snow was melted from the mountains, they could not understand how a person who had so long retained his faculties unimpaired could give up a lucrative government office and engage in such a wild-goose chase as that. Little did they know of the brief but irritating document which I carried in my pocket, and for which I am determined some day or other to write a satire against our system of government. I bade them a kindly farewell, and on a fine evening, toward the latter part of March, took my departure for Sacramento, there to take the stage for Placerville, and from that point as fortune might direct.

My stock in trade consisted of two pair of blankets, a spare shirt, a plug of tobacco, a notebook, and a paint-box. On my arrival in Placerville I found the whole town in commotion. There was not an animal to be had at any of the stables without applying three days in advance. The stage for Strawberry had made its last trip in consequence of the bad condition of the road. Every hotel and restaurant was full to overflowing. The streets were blocked up with crowds of adventurers all bound for Washoe. The gambling and drinking saloons were crammed to suffocation with customers practicing for Washoe. The clothing stores were covered with placards offering to sell goods at ruinous sacrifices to Washoe miners. The forwarding houses and express offices were overflowing with goods and packages marked for Washoe. The grocery stores were making up boxes, bags, and bundles of groceries for the Washoe trade. The stables were constantly starting off passenger and pack trains for Washoe. Mexican *vaqueros* were driving headstrong mules through the streets on the road to Washoe. The newspapers were full of Washoe. In short, there was nothing but Washoe to be seen, heard, or thought of. Every arrival from the mountains confirmed the glad tidings that enormous quantities of silver were being discovered daily in Washoe. Any man who wanted a fortune needed only to go over there and pick it up. There was Jack Smith, who made ten thousand dollars the other day at a single trade; and Tom Jenkins, twenty thousand by right of discovery; and Bill Brown, forty thousand in the tavern business, and so on. Every body was getting rich "hand over fist." It was the place for fortunes. No man could go amiss. I was in search of just such a place. It suited me to find a fortune ready made. Like Professor Agassiz, I could not afford to make money, but it would be no inconvenience to draw a check on the great Washoe depository for fifty thousand dollars or so, and proceed on my travels. I would visit Japan, ascend the Amoor River, traverse Tartary, spend a few weeks in Siberia, rest a day or so at St. Petersburg, cross



through Russia to the Black Sea, visit Persia, Nineveh, and Bagdad, and wind up somewhere in Italy. I even began to look about the bar-rooms for a map in order to lay out the route more definitely, but the only map to be seen was De Groot's outline of the route from Placerville to Washoe. I went to bed rather tired after the excitement of the day and somewhat surfeited with Washoe. Presently I heard a tap at the door, a head was popped through the opening.

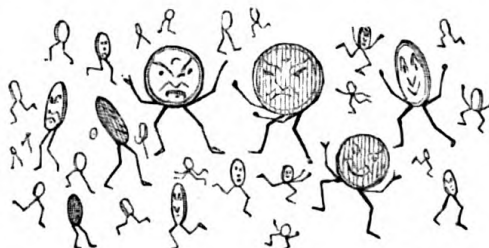


"I SAY, CAP!"

"I say, Cap!"  
 "Well, what do you say?"  
 "Are you the man that can't get a animal for Washoe?"  
 "Yes, have you got one to sell or hire?"  
 "No, I hain't got one myself, but me and my pardner is going to walk there, and if you like you can jine our party."  
 "Thank you, I have a friend who is going with me, but I shall be very glad to have more company."  
 "All right, Cap; good-night."  
 The door was closed, but presently opened again,  
 "I say, Cap!"  
 "What now?"  
 "Do you believe in Washoe?"  
 "Of course; why not?"  
 "Well, I suppose it's all right. Good-night,

I'm in." And my new friend left me to my slumbers.

But who could slumber in such a bedlam, where scores and hundreds of crack-brained people kept rushing up and down the passage all night, in and out of every room, banging the doors after them, calling for boots, carpet-sacks, cards, cock-tails, and toddies; while amidst the ceaseless din arose ever and anon that potent cry of "Washoe!" which had unsettled every brain. I turned over and over for the fiftieth time, and at length fell into an uneasy doze. A mountain seemed to rise before me. Millions of rats with human faces were climbing up its sides, some burrowing into holes, some rolling down into bottomless pits, but all labeled Washoe. Soon the mountain began to shake its sides with suppressed laughter, and out of a volcano on the top burst sheets of flame, through which jumped ten thousand grotesque figures in the shape of dollars with spider legs, shrieking with all their might, "Washoe! ho! ho! Washoe! ho! ho!"



Surely the sounds were wonderfully real. Tap, tap, at the door.

"I say, Cap!"

"Well, what is it?"

"'Bout time to get up if you calklate to make Pete's ranch to-night."

So I got up, and after a cup of coffee took a ramble on the heights, where I was amply compensated for my loss of rest by the richness and beauty of the sunrise. It was still early spring; the hills were covered with verdure; flowers bloomed in all directions; pleasant little cottages, scattered here and there, gave a civilized aspect to the scene, and when I looked over the busy town, and heard the lively rattle of stages, wagons, and buggies, and saw the long pack-trains winding their way up the mountains, I felt proud of California and her people. There is not a prettier little town in the State than Placerville, and certainly not a better class of people any where than her thriving inhabitants. They seemed, indeed, to be so well satisfied with their own mining prospects that they were the least excited of the crowd on the subject of the new discoveries. The impulse given to business in the town, however, was well calculated to afford them satisfaction. This was the last d  p  t of trade on the way to Washoe. My excellent friend Dan Gelwicks, of the *Mountain Democrat*, assured me that he was perfectly satisfied to spend the remainder of his days in Placerville. Who that has ever visited the mountains, or attended a political convention in Sacramento,





"GO IT, WASHOE!"

does not know the immortal "Dan"—the truest, best-hearted, handsomest fellow in existence; the very cream and essence of a country editor; who dresses as he pleases, chews tobacco when he pleases, writes tremendous political philippics, knows every body, trusts every body, sets up his own editorials, and on occasions stands ready to do the job and press-work! I am indebted to "Dan" for the free use of his sanctum; and in consideration of his kindness and hospitality, do hereby transfer to him all my right, title, and interest in the Roaring Jack Claim, Wild-Cat Ledge, Devil's Gate, which by this time must be worth ten thousand dollars a foot.

Before we were quite ready to start our party had increased to five; but as each had to purchase a knife, tin cup, pound of cheese, or some other article of luxury, it was ten o'clock before we got fairly under way. And here I must say that, although our appearance as we passed along the main street of Placerville elicited no higher token of admiration than "Go it, Washoe!" such a party, habited and accoutred as we were, would have made a profound sensation in Hyde Park, London, or even on Broadway, New York.

The road was in good condition, barring a little mud in the neighborhood of "Hangtown;" and the day was exceedingly bright and pleasant. As I ascended the first considerable elevation in the succession of heights which extend all the way for a distance of fifty miles to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and cast a look back over the foot-hills, a more glorious scene of gigantic forests, open valleys, and winding streams seldom greeted my vision. The air was singularly

pure and bracing—every draught of it was equal to a glass of sparkling Champagne. At intervals, varying from fifty yards to half a mile, streams of water of crystal clearness and icy coolness burst from the mountain sides, making a pleasant music as they crossed the road. Whether the day was uncommonly warm, or the exercise rather heating, or the packs very heavy, it was beyond doubt some of the party were afflicted with a chronic thirst, for they stopped to drink at every spring and rivulet on the way, giving rise to a suspicion in my mind that they had not been much accustomed to that wholesome beverage of late. This suspicion was strengthened by a mysterious circumstance. I had lagged behind at a turn of the road to adjust my pack, when I was approached by the unique personage whose head in the door-way had startled me the night before.

"I say, Cap!" At the same time pulling from the folds of his blanket a dangerous-looking "pocket pistol," he put the muzzle to his mouth and discharged the main portion of the contents down his throat.

"What d'ye say, Cap?"

Now I claim to be under no legal obligation to state what I said or did on that occasion; but this much I am willing to avow: that upon resuming our journey there was a glorious sense of freedom and independence in our adventurous mode of life. The fresh air, odororous with the scent of pine forests and wild flowers; the craggy rocks overhung with the grape and the morning glory; the merry shouts of the Mexican *vaqueros*, mingled with the wild dashing of the





THE POCKET PISTOL.

river down the cañon on our right; the free exercise of every muscle; the consciousness of exemption from all further restraints of office, were absolutely inspiring. I think a lyrical poem would not have exceeded my powers on that occasion. Every faculty seemed invigorated to the highest pitch of perfection. Hang the dignity of office! A murrain upon party politicians and inspector-generals! To the bottomless pit with all vouchers, abstracts, and accounts current! I scorn that meagre and brainless style of the heads of the Executive Departments, "Sir,—Your services are no longer—" What dunce could not write a more copious letter than that? Who would be a slave when all nature calls upon him in trumpet-tones to be free? Who would sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage, when he could lead the life of an honest miner—earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—breathe the fresh air of heaven without stint or limit? And of all miners in the world, who would not be a Washoe miner? Beyond question this was a condition of mind to be envied and admired; and, notwithstanding the two pair of heavy blankets on my back, and a stiff pair of boots on my feet that gall-

ed my ankles most grievously, I really felt lighter and brighter than for years past. Nor did it seem surprising to me then that so many restless men should abandon the haunts of civilization and seek variety and freedom in the wilderness of rugged mountains comprising the mining districts of the Sierra Nevada. The life of the miner is one of labor, peril, and exposure; but it possesses the fascinating element of liberty, and the promise of unlimited reward. In the midst of privations amounting, at times, to the verge of starvation, what glowing visions fill the mind of the toiling adventurer! Richer in anticipation than the richest of his fellow-beings, he builds golden palaces, and scatters them over the world with a princely hand. He may not be a man

of imagination; but in the secret depths of his soul there is a latent hope that some day or other he will strike a "lead," and who knows but it may be a solid mountain of gold, spangled with diamonds?

The road from Placerville to Strawberry Flat is for the most part graded, and no doubt is a very good road in summer; but it would be a violation of conscience to recommend it in the month of April. The melting of the accumulated snows of the past winter had partially washed it away, and what remained was deeply furrowed by the innumerable streams that sought an outlet in the ravines. In many places it seemed absolutely impracticable for wheeled vehicles; but it is an article of faith with California teamsters that wherever a horse can go a wagon can follow. There were some exceptions to this rule, however, for the road was literally lined with broken-down stages, wagons, and carts, presenting every variety of aspect, from the general smash-up to the ordinary capsize. Wheels had taken rectangular cuts to the bottom; broken tongues projected from the mud; loads of dry-goods and whisky-barrels lay wallowing in the general wreck of matter; stout





CARAMBO!—CARAJA!—SACRAMENTO!—SANTA MARIA!—DIAVOLO!

beams cut from the roadside were scattered here and there, having served in vain efforts to extricate the wagons from the oozy mire. Occasionally these patches of bad road extended for miles, and here the scenes were stirring in the highest degree. Whole trains of pack-mules struggled frantically to make the transit from one dry point to another; "burros," heavily laden, were frequently buried up to the neck, and had to be hauled out by main force. Now and then an enterprising mule would emerge from the mud, and, by attempting to keep the edge of the road, lose his foothold, and go rolling to the bottom of the cañon, pack and all. Amidst the confusion worse confounded the cries and maledictions of the *vaqueros* were perfectly overwhelming; but when the mules stuck fast in the mud, and it became necessary to unpack them, then it was that the *vaqueros* shone out most luminously. They shouted, swore, beat the mules, kicked them, pulled them, pushed them, swore again; and when all these resources failed, tore their hair and resorted to prayer and meditation. Above is a faint attempt at the *vaquero* sliding-scale.

It will doubtless be a consolation to some of these unhappy *vaqueros* to know that such of their mules as they failed to extricate from the mud during the winter, may, during the approaching summer, find their way out through the cracks. Should any future traveler be overtaken by thirst, and see a pair of ears growing out of the road, he will be safe in digging there, for underneath stands a mule, and on the back of that mule is a barrel of whisky.

Owing to repeated stoppages on the way, night overtook us at a place called "Dirty Mike's." Here we found a ruinously dilapidated frame shanty, the bar, of course, being the main feature. Next to the bar was the public bedroom, in which there was every ac-

commodation except beds, bedding, chairs, tables, and wash-stands; that is to say, there was a piece of looking-glass nailed against the window-frame, and the general comb and tooth-brush hanging by strings from a neighboring post.

A very good supper of pork and beans, fried potatoes, and coffee, was served up for us on very dirty plates, by Mike's cook; and after doing it ample justice, we turned in on our blankets and slept soundly till morning. It was much in favor of our landlord that he charged us only double the customary price. I would cheerfully give him a recommendation if he would only wash his face and his plates once or twice a week.

The ascent of the mountains is gradual and continuous the entire distance to Strawberry. After the first day's journey there is but little variety in the scenery. On the right, a fork of the American River plunges down through a winding cañon, its force and volume augmented



WHISKY BELOW.





BOARD AND LODGING.

at short intervals by numerous smaller streams that cross the road, and by others from the opposite side. Thick forests of pine loom up on each side, their tops obscuring the sky. A few patches of snow lay along our route on the first day, but on the second snow was visible on both sides of the cañon.

The succession of scenes along the road afforded us constant entertainment. In every gulch and ravine a tavern was in process of erection. Scarcely a foot of ground upon which man or beast could find a foothold was exempt from a claim. There were even bars with liquors, offering a tempting place of refreshment to the weary traveler where no vestige of a house was yet perceptible. Board and lodging signs over tents not more than ten feet square were as common as blackberries in June; and on no part of the road was there the least chance of suffering from the want of whisky, dry-goods, or cigars.

An almost continuous string of Washoeites stretched "like a great snake dragging its slow length along" as far as the eye could reach. In the course of this day's tramp we passed parties

of every description and color: Irishmen, wheeling their blankets, provisions, and mining implements on wheelbarrows; American, French, and German foot-passengers, leading heavily-laden horses, or carrying their packs on their backs, and their picks and shovels slung across their shoulders; Mexicans, driving long trains of pack-mules, and swearing fearfully, as usual, to keep them in order; dapper-looking gentlemen, apparently from San Francisco, mounted on fancy horses; women, in men's clothes, mounted on mules or "burros;" Pike County specimens, seated on piles of furniture and goods in great, lumbering wagons; whisky-peddlers, with their bar-fixtures and whisky on mule-back, stopping now and then to quench the thirst of the toiling multitude; organ-grinders, carrying their organs; drovers, riding, raving, and tearing away frantically through the brush after droves of self-willed cattle designed for the shambles; in short, every imaginable class, and every possible species of industry, was represented in this moving pageant. It was a striking and impressive spectacle to see, in full competition with

youth and strength, the most pitiable specimens of age and decay—white-haired old men, gasping for breath as they dragged their palsied limbs after them in the exciting race of avarice; cripples and hunchbacks; even sick men from their beds—all stark mad for silver.

But the tide was not setting entirely in the direction of Carson Valley. A counter-current opposed our progress, in the shape of saddle-trains without riders, long lines of pack-mules laden with silver ore, scattering parties of weather-beaten and foot-sore pedestrians, bearing their hard experience in their faces, and solitary stragglers, of all ages and degrees, mounted on skeleton horses, or toiling wearily homeward on foot—some merry, some sad, some eagerly intent on further speculation; but all bearing the unmistakable impress of Washoe.

Among the latter, a lank, leathery-looking fellow, doubtless from the land of wooden nutmegs, was shambling along through the mud, talking to himself apparently for want of more congenial fellowship. I was about to pass him, when he arrested my attention:

"Look here, stranger!"



I looked.

"You're bound for Washoe, I reckon?"

I was bound for Washoe.

"What line of business be you goin' into there?"

Was not quite certain, but thought it would be the Agency line.

"Ho! the Agency line—stage agent may be? Burche's line, I guess?"

That was not it exactly; but no matter. Perhaps I could do something for him in Washoe.

"Nothing, stranger, except to keep dark. Do you know the price of grindstones in Placerville?"

I didn't know the price of grindstones in Placerville, but supposed they might be cheap, as there were plenty there.

"That's my hand exactly!" said my friend, with an inward chuckle of satisfaction. I expressed some curiosity to know in what respect the matter of grindstones suited his hand so well; when looking cautiously around, he drew near, and informed me confidentially that he had struck a "good thing" in Washoe. He had only been there a month, and had made a considerable pile. There was a dreadful scarcity of grindstones there, and, seeing that miners, carpenters, and mechanics of all sorts were hard up for something to sharpen their tools on, he had secured the only grindstone that could be had, which was pretty well used up when he got it. But he rigged it up ship-shape and Bristol-fashion, and set up a grinding business, which brought him in from twenty to thirty dollars a day, till nothing was left of the stone. Now he was bound to Placerville in search of a good one, with which he intended to return immediately. I wished him luck and proceeded on my way, wondering what would turn up next.

It was not long before I was stopped by another enterprising personage; but this was altogether a different style of man. There was something brisk and spruce in his appearance, in spite of a shirt far gone in rags and a shock of hair that had long been a stranger to the scissors. What region of country he came from it was impossible to say. I think he was



GRINDSTONES.

a cosmopolite, and belonged to the world generally.

"Say, Colonel!"—this was his style of address—"on the way to Washoe?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me: I have a little list of claims here, Colonel, which I would like to show you;" and he pulled from his shirt-pocket a greasy package of papers, which he dexterously unfolded. "Guess you're from San Francisco Colonel? Here is—let me see—

200 feet in the Pine Nut,  
300 feet in the Grizzly Ledge,  
150 feet in the Gouge Eye,  
125 feet in the Wild-Cat,  
100 feet in the Root-Hog-or-Die  
50 feet in the Bobtail Horse,  
25 feet in the Hell Roaring;

and many others, Colonel, in the best leads. Now the fact is, d'ye see, I'm a little hard up, and want to make a raise. I'll sell all, or a part, at a considerable sacrifice for a small amount of ready cash."

"How much do you want?"

"Why, if I could raise twenty dollars or so it would answer my present purpose; I'll sell you twenty feet in any of these claims for that amount. Every foot of them is worth a thou-





A SPECULATOR.

sand dollars; but d'ye see, they're not yet developed."

Circumstances forced me to decline this offer, much to the disgust of the enterprising speculator in claims, who assured me I might go farther and fare worse; but somehow the names did not strike me as attractive in a mineral point of view.

I had by this time lost the run of all my comrades, and was obliged to pursue my journey alone. Three had gone ahead, and the other was nearly used up. The day had opened fairly, but now there were indications of bad weather. It was quite dark when I reached a small shanty about four miles from Strawberry. Here I halted till my remaining comrade came up. The proprietor of the shanty was going into the tavern business, and was engaged in building a large clap-board house. His men were all at supper, and in reply to our application for lodgings, he told us we might sleep in the calf-pen if we liked, but there was no room in the house. He could give us something to eat after his workmen were done supper, but not before. He had brandy and gin, but no tea to spare. On the whole, he thought we had better go on to Strawberry.

Now this was encouraging. It was already pattering down rain, and the calf-pen to which he directed us was knee-deep in mud and manure, without roof or shelter of any kind. Even the unfortunate progeny of the old cow, which ran bellowing around the fence, in motherly solicitude for her offspring, shivered with cold, and made piteous appeals to this hard-hearted man. I finally bribed him by means of a gold dollar to let us have a small piece of bread and a few swallows of tea. Thus refreshed, we resumed our journey.

Four miles more of slush and snow; up hill nearly all the way, across rickety bridges, over roaring cataracts, slippery rocks, stumps, and brush, through acres of black oozy mire; and so dark a bat could scarcely recognize his own father!

It was a walk to be remembered. The man in the shanty, if he possess a spark of humanity, will, I trust, feel bitterly mortified when he reads this article. He caused me some gloomy reflections upon human nature, which have been a constant source of repentance ever since. But consider the provocation. The rain poured down heavily, mingled with a cutting sleet; a doleful wind came moaning through the pines; our blankets were wet through, and not a stitch upon our backs left dry; even my spare shirt was soaking the strength out of the plug of tobacco so carefully stowed away in its folds, and my paints were giving it what aid they could in the way of color.

Well, there is an end to all misery upon earth, and so there was to this day's walk. A light at length glimmered through the pines, first faint and flickering, then a full blaze, then half a dozen brilliant lights, which proved to be camp fires under the trees, and soon we stood in front of a large and substantial log-house. This was the famous "Strawberry," known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the best stopping-place on the route to Washoe, and the last station before crossing the summit of the Sierra Nevada. The winter road for wheel-



vehicles here ended; and indeed it may be said to have ended some distance below, for the last twelve miles of the road seemed utterly impracticable for wagons. At least, most of those I saw were fast in the mud, and likely to remain there till the beginning of summer. Dark and rainy as it was, there were crowds scattered around the house, as if they had some secret and positive enjoyment in the contemplation of the weather. Edging our way through, we found the bar-room packed as closely as it could be without bursting out some of the walls; and of all the motley gangs that ever happened together within a space of twenty feet, this certainly was the most extraordinary and the most motley. Dilapidated gentlemen with slouched hats and big boots, Jew peddlers dripping wet, red-shirted miners, teamsters, vaqueros, packers, and traders, swearing horribly at nothing; some drinking at the bar, some warming themselves before a tremendous log-fire that sent up a reek-

ing steam from the conglomerated mass of wet and muddy clothes—to say nothing of the boots and socks that lay simmering near the coals. A few bare and sore footed outcasts crouched down in the corners, trying to catch a nap, and here and there a returned Washoeite, describing in graphic language, garnished with oaths, the wonders and beauties of Virginia City. But chiefly remarkable in the crowd was the regiment of light infantry, pressed in double file against the dining-room door, awaiting the fourth or fifth charge at the table.

At the first tinkle of the bell the door was burst open with a tremendous crash, and for a moment no battle-scene in Waterloo, no charge at Resaca de la Palma or the heights of Chapultepec, no Crimean avalanche of troops dealing death and destruction around them, could have equaled the terrific onslaught of the gallant troops of Strawberry. The whole house actually tottered and trembled at the concussion, as



DINNER AT STRAWBERRY.





THE "LAY OUT."

if shaken by an earthquake. Long before the main body had assaulted the table the din of arms was heard above the general uproar; the deafening clatter of plates, knives, and forks, and the dreadful battle-cry of "Waiter! Waiter! Pork and beans! Coffee, waiter! Beefsteak! Sausages! Potatoes! Ham and eggs—quick, waiter, for God's sake!" It was a scene of destruction and carnage long to be remembered. I had never before witnessed a battle, but I now understood how men could become maddened by the smell of blood. When the table was vacated it presented a shocking scene of desolation. Whole dishes were swept of their contents; coffee-pots were discharged to the dregs; knives, forks, plates, and spoons lay in a confused mass among the bones and mutilated remnants of the dead; chunks of bread and hot biscuit were scattered broadcast, and mince-pies were gored into fragments; tea-cups and saucers

were capsized; and the waiters, hot, red, and steamy, were panting and swearing after their superhuman labors.

Half an hour more and the battle-field was again cleared for action. This was the sixth assault committed during the evening; but it was none the less terrible on that account. Inspired by hunger, I joined the army of invaders this time, and by gigantic efforts of strength maintained an honorable position in the ranks. As the bell sounded—we broke! I fixed my eye on a chair, rushed through the struggling mass, threw out my hands frantically to seize it; but alas! it was already captured. A dark-visaged man, who looked as if he carried concealed weapons on his person, was seated in it, shouting hoarsely the battle-cry of "Pork and beans! Waiter! Coffee, waiter!" Up and down the table it was one gulping mass, jaws distended, arms stretched out, knives, forks, and even the



bare hands plunged into the enemy. Not a spot was vacant. I venture to assert that from the commencement of the assault till the capture and complete investment of the fortifications did not exceed five seconds. The storming of the Malakoff and the fall of Sebastopol could no longer claim a place in history.

At length fortune favored the brave. I got a seat at the next onslaught, and took ample satisfaction for the delay by devouring such a meal as none but a hardy Washoeite could be expected to digest. Pork and beans, cabbage, beef-steak, sausages, pies, tarts, coffee and tea, eggs, etc.—these were only a few of the luxuries furnished by the enterprising proprietor of the "Strawberry." May every blessing attend that great benefactor of mankind! I say it in all sincerity, he is a great and good man, a Websterian inn-keeper, for he thoroughly understands the constitution. I would give honorable mention to his name if I knew it: but it matters not; his house so far surpasses the Metropolitan or the St. Nicholas that there is no comparison in the relish with which the food is devoured. In respect to sleeping accommodations there may be some difference in their favor. I was too late to secure a bed in the general bedroom up stairs, where two hundred and fifty tired wayfarers were already snoring in double-shot bunk, 2×6; but the landlord was a man of inexhaustible resources. A private whisper in his ear made him a friend forever. He nodded sagaciously and led me into a small parlor, about 15×20, in which he gave my company of five what he called a "lay-out," that is to say, a lay-out on the floor with our own blankets for beds and covering. This was a special favor, and I would have cherished it in my memory for years had not a suspicion been aroused in my mind before the lapse of half an hour that there were others in the confidence of mine host. Scarcely had I entered upon the first nap when somebody undertook to walk upon me, commencing on my head and ending on the pit of my stomach. I grasped him firmly by the leg. He apologized at once in the most abject manner; and well for him he did, for it was enough to incense any man to be suddenly roused up in that manner. The intruder, I discovered, was a Jew peddler. He offered me a cigar, which I smoked in token of amity; and in the mean time he turned in alongside and smoked another. When daylight broke I cast around me to see what every body was doing to create such a general commotion. I perceived that there were about forty sleepers, all getting up. Boots, strongly scented with feet and stockings of every possible degree of odor, were lying loose in all directions; blankets, packs, old clothes, and ragged shirts, and I don't know what all—a palpable violation of the landlord's

implied compact. True, he had not agreed to furnish a single bed for five, but he never hinted that he was going to put forty men, of all sorts and sizes, in the same general "lay-out," as he was pleased to style it, and that only large enough for half the number. Once, in Minnesota, I slept in a bed with eight, and gave considerable offense to my landlord when I remonstrated against his putting in a ninth. He said he liked to see a man "accommodating"—a reflection upon my good-nature which I considered wholly unwarranted by the circumstances. But this was even a stronger case.

The Jew-peddler had not undressed, and, not to judge him harshly, I don't think he ever did undress. He was soon up, and left, as I suppose, while I was dressing. With him departed my stockings. They were not very fine—perhaps, considering the muddy road, not very clean; but they were all I had, and were valuable beyond gold or silver in this foot-weary land. I never saw them more. What aggravated the offense, when I came to review it seriously, was, that I remembered having seen him draw just such a pair over his boots, as a protection against the snow, without the remotest suspicion of the great wrong he was doing me.

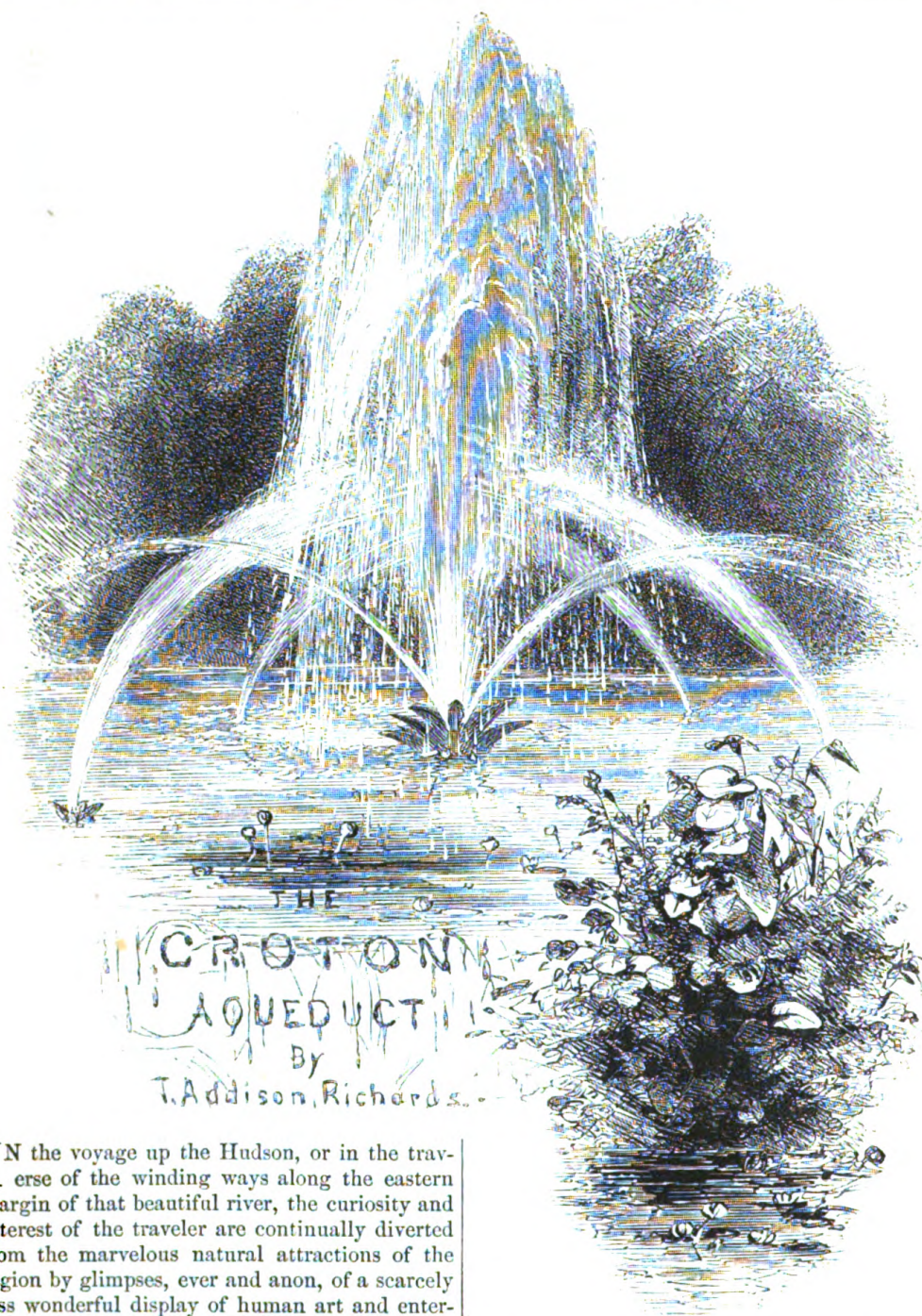
We shall meet this Stocking-Thief again.



THE STOCKING-THIEF.

VOL. XXII.—No. 127.—B





IN the voyage up the Hudson, or in the traverse of the winding ways along the eastern margin of that beautiful river, the curiosity and interest of the traveler are continually diverted from the marvelous natural attractions of the region by glimpses, ever and anon, of a scarcely less wonderful display of human art and enterprise. Leaving the busy metropolis and journeying northward, the route, through forty long miles, even to the verge of the far-off Highlands, falls into the shadow of a seemingly endless architecture, the magnificent proportions and massive strength of which bear back the memory to dreams of the real or fabled achievements of the giant days gone by. The ponderous masonry of this great structure, unparalleled in our own young land, and scarcely surpassed by the skill and toil of any age or clime, is in some guise ever present, barring the passage like the huge walls of some impregnable fortress, or stealing through the rocky heart of an obstructing hill,

or, with vast mien and lofty form, striding across wide valleys, stepping here with reliant tread over the intervening brook, or marching in marble pomp high above the floods of rolling rivers.

In reply to the eager asking of the stranger, "Whence, and for what end, this grand display of thought and will—this lavish outpouring of patient toil and costly treasure?" the proud citizen—and proud he well may be—will tell the wonderful story of the Croton, and the daring way in which its little pebbled waters are led from their laughing forest shades, through the hills and over the vales, mile after mile, to bear life and

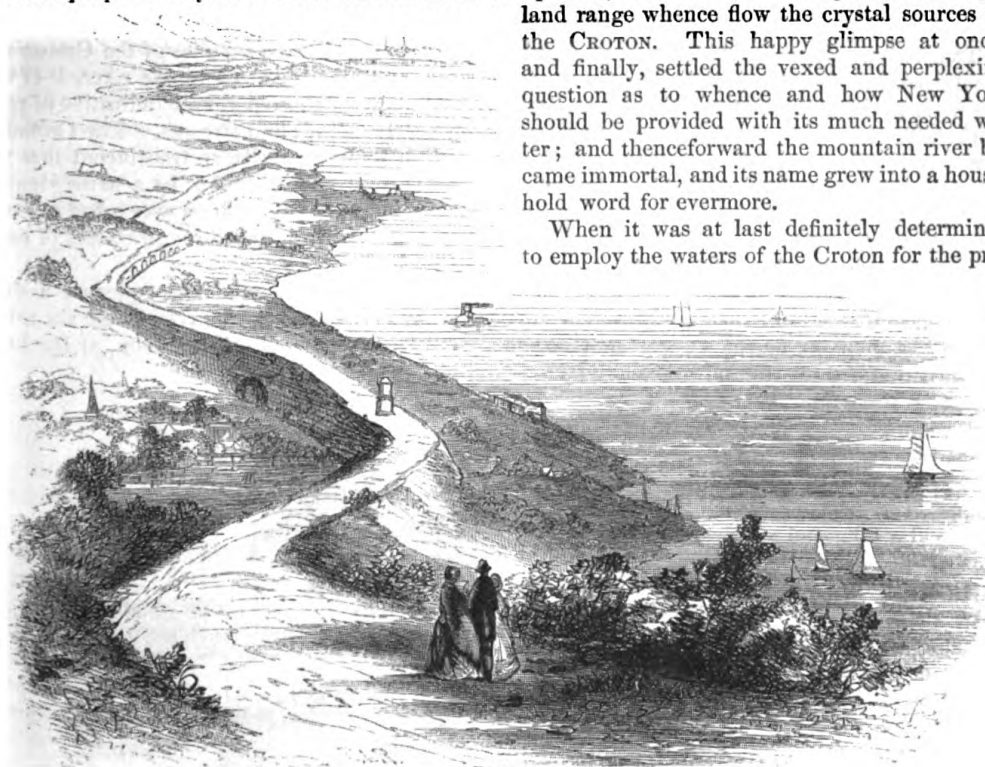


health and happiness to the million-lipped city by the sea. He will tell how the vast conception arose, and how it grew—the genius and courage and liberality with which it was undertaken and achieved—and the incalculable good it has done, is doing, and no doubt ever will do. Thus may he rehearse the history, though not perchance in these precise words.

The assurance of an ample supply of so great an element of life and comfort as pure and pleasant water, was, of course, a matter of anxious concern to the good folk of the growing city of Manhattan at a very early day. Even so long ago as the year 1774, a consideration of the subject resulted in the erection of a large reservoir in the lower part of Broadway, supplied from wells in the vicinage. Twenty-four years afterward the question was again agitated, and upon a bolder and broader "platform" than that of the ante-revolutionary epoch; when, in 1798, Dr. Joseph Brown daringly advised the use of the waters of the Bronx—that picturesque little river of the adjoining county of Westchester, now followed so pleasantly by the line of the Harlem Railway, and dotted so thickly with the villas and villages of our metropolitan suburbs. Dr. Joseph's project was talked over for a quarter of a century, and during that period lost so much of its fabulous aspect that, about the year 1824, Mr. Canvas White, the engineer to whom the city authorities had intrusted the business, made a survey of the proposed Aqueduct, and formally advised its construction at a cost of one and a half million of dollars. A company was chartered for this purpose, though with no success; and the people were yet left to the tender mercies

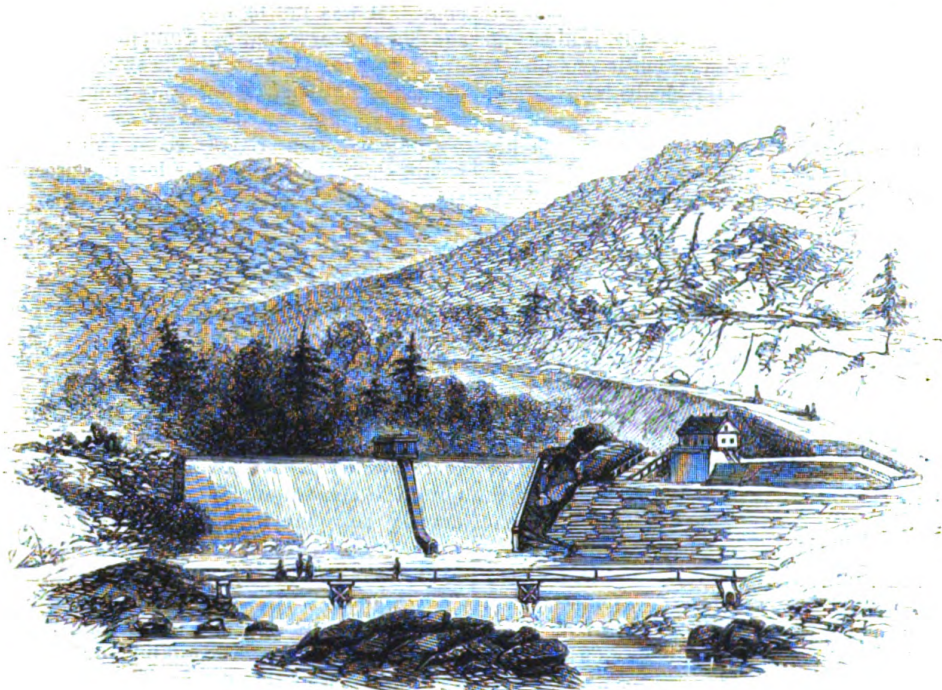
of the venerable town pump. Though thus consigned, it was not by any means willingly, and the demand for water, pure and plentiful, swelled every year in volume with the swelling numbers of the population. The days of pumps and wells were past; and all the world saw clearly that nothing less than rivers—rivers full and free—would slake the present, far less the prospective thirst of the expanding city. Various were the plans proposed, and many the sources advised. One party would have invited the Passaic to step over eighteen miles or so from the neighboring State of New Jersey, only that neither a bridge over the Hudson nor pipes beneath it seemed exactly practicable. Another committee insisted upon erecting a dam across the great river, and thus separating the waters, salt and fresh, leave the latter free to be pumped up at such cost and labor as might be. It is hardly needful to chronicle the hundred obvious objections which crushed this fine idea. The favorite recourse was still the waters of the Bronx or of the Saw-Mill rivers; and ways and means of exploiting one or both of those streams continued to be cogitated until it became evident that the needs of the town had, while talking, outgrown the capacity even of this means of supply. In the midst of the dilemma in which this new discovery involved the good people, there came the terrible ravages of the cholera in the year 1832, showing more imperatively than ever that the hour had arrived at length to put theory into practice—to act, and not to talk only. At this very critical moment a far-seeing eye ventured to look beyond the shores of the Bronx and the Neperhan, even to those far-off spurs of the Highland range whence flow the crystal sources of the CROTON. This happy glimpse at once, and finally, settled the vexed and perplexing question as to whence and how New York should be provided with its much needed water; and thenceforward the mountain river became immortal, and its name grew into a household word for evermore.

When it was at last definitely determined to employ the waters of the Croton for the pro-



THE CROTON ON ITS WAY TO TOWN.





SCENE BELOW THE CROTON DAM.

posed city supplies, there came the question as to the character and cost of the means of conveyance—an important question, which, when afterward submitted by the Legislature to the will of the people of the city of New York, was answered by a hearty approval of the plan realized in the superb and costly structure now famous as the Croton Aqueduct.

The Commissioners previously appointed by the Legislature were instructed by the city authorities, in May, 1835, to proceed with their work. Thus authorized, and the required surveys having been made, the construction of the great aqueduct was begun in May, 1837; on the 22d of June, 1842, the water was admitted through the line of the work from the Fountain Reservoir; by the 27th of the month it had been permitted to traverse the entire length of the structure to the Receiving Reservoir, now within the domains of the Central Park; and on the 4th of July it entered the massive Distributing Reservoir in the Fifth Avenue—thus ending its grand journey of nearly forty miles, made at the munificent outlay of twelve millions of dollars, amidst the streaming of banners, the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and a thousand and one other manifestations of the public pride and pleasure.

On the 14th day of October, of the same year, the completion of the aqueduct, and the introduction of the mountain streams to the homes of the people, was formally commemorated with great state and pomp. Never had the city seen so joyous a fête day. Gorgeous processions, bearing the ensignia of all trades and professions, and accompanied by bands of stirring music, paraded the thronged

streets, and the glad welcome of hosts of citizens and strangers seemed to be merrily answered by the bright waters, at rest in the great reservoirs or dancing in the sunshine of the public and private fountains.

The waters of the Croton come from a chain of lakelets near the Hudson River Highlands, fifty miles above the city of New York. The region in which these supplies of the Croton are found, and that traversed by the river, is of the rude mountain character, ever indicative of pure and pearly springs and streams. The Croton is itself, in its native hills, so translucent that the Indians were wont to call it by a name signifying "clear water." It flows over a bed of gravel and broken rock, and through shades of cooling verdure.

In the construction of the aqueduct a dam was built at a point on the river some six miles above its entrance into the Hudson, at the head



GLIMPSE ON THE CROTON LAKE

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



of the Tappan Bay, which throws back the water some six miles, over an area of four hundred acres, forming the beautiful pond, in the lap of picturesque hills, called the Fountain Reservoir, or the Croton Lake. The surface of this reservoir is  $166\frac{1}{2}$  feet above the level of mean tide at the city of New York, and  $47\frac{1}{2}$  feet above the surface of the Receiving Reservoir in the Central Park, in New York—a distance of thirty-eight miles. In the Distributing Reservoir, by the Fifth Avenue, two miles yet below, the water is 115 feet above the level of mean tide, which is the height to which it may be made available in the city.

The medium flow of the water at the point of the Lake or Fountain Reservoir exceeds fifty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours, and the minimum flow, after protracted drought, is some twenty-seven millions. The available capacity of this reservoir is estimated at six hundred millions of gallons, which, added to the one hundred and fifty millions contained in the Receiving Reservoir, and the twenty millions more in the Distributing Reservoir in the city, furnish a supply of seven hundred and seventy millions of gallons, independent of the daily accession of fifty millions of gallons from the river—a supply ample enough for the wants of the present population of New York through the longest probable period of drought. Should the growth of the city require yet greater supplies, they may be readily obtained by the aid of more or of larger reservoirs.

Of the various kinds of channel-way to conduct the water suggested to the Commissioners that of the close conduit of masonry was chosen as the best protection against impurities, evaporation, and variations of temperature, and also on account of its greater security and durability generally. The foundations of this channel-way are in simple earth excavations, formed with concrete; the side walls are made of stone; the bottom and sides of the interior are faced with brick of extraordinary hardness and endur-

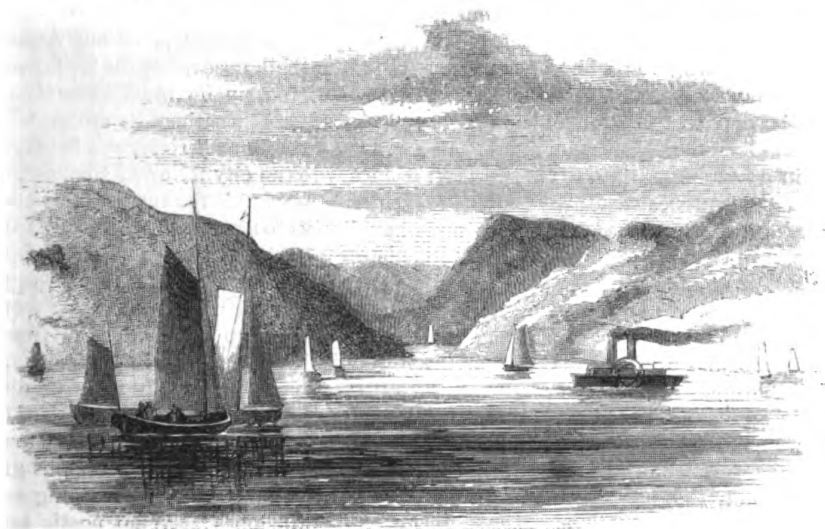
ance, and the top is covered with an arch of brick. The departures from this order in the form of the work, and in the style of masonry, adopted under the several varying conditions of cutting in earth and of tunneling in open or in solid rock, as also the character of the banks and walls which bear the aqueduct across valleys and low grounds, may be readily seen in our sectional views representing the character of the construction.

The height of the interior of the aqueduct (with slight variations in parts) is 8 feet  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and the greatest width 7 feet 5 inches; giving a sectional area of the interior of 5334 square feet. The general depth of the water in the aqueduct is 4 feet, and the velocity of the current about one mile and a half per hour. The quantity of water which may be conveyed is estimated at sixty millions of gallons every twenty-four hours.

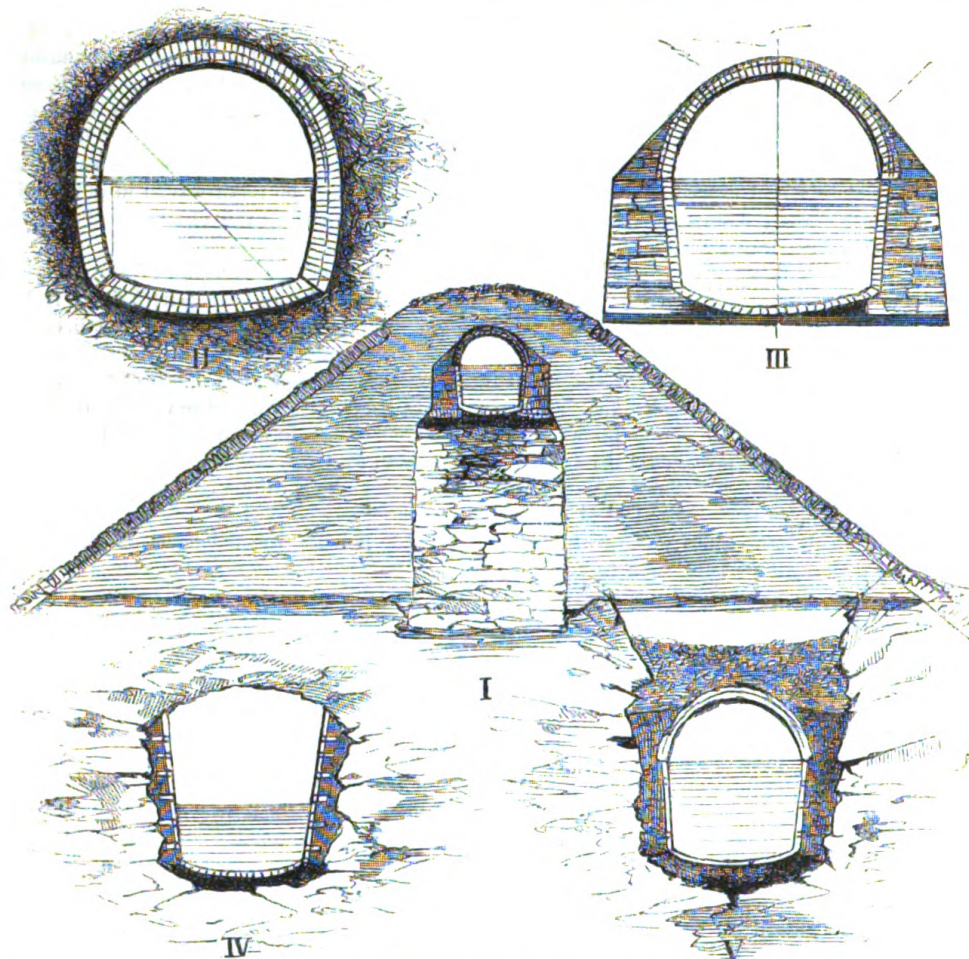
Waste-weirs for the discharge of surplus water are constructed at suitable places along the whole line of the aqueduct. They are placed in such a manner as to allow the water to run off where it rises above a given level; and the channel at such places may be so closed by means of stop-planks, as to discharge the whole of the water in certain sections, while it is still flowing through other parts: thus affording opportunities for inspection and repairs.

The curious little towers which occupy such conspicuous positions along the top of the Aqueduct, and which so strongly arrest the notice of the tourist, are hollow cylinders of stone, some fourteen feet in height, erected for purposes of ventilation. They are placed at intervals of a mile, every third one having a door, which affords entrance to the work. The entrance ventilators, or those with doors, have an interior diameter of four feet; the others measure within only two feet. All diminish toward the top, and are crowned with iron gratings, so that nothing may be thrown into them.

In addition to the ventilators there are open-



THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.—SOURCE OF THE CROTON.



SECTIONS OF THE AQUEDUCT, SHOWING ITS CONSTRUCTION.

I. Embankments across valleys.—II. Masonry in earth excavations.—III. Tunnel cutting in earth.—IV. Tunnel cutting in rock.—V. Open cutting in rock.

ings two feet square in the top of the roofing arch, at intervals of a quarter of a mile. These openings are covered with flag-stones, and their places are marked by little stone monuments.

Culverts, or simple stone arches, for the passage of small streams and brooklets, frequently occur in the course of the Aqueduct. The foundation of these works is a bed of concrete, upon which an inverted arch of cut stone is laid, forming the bottom of the stream; side walls are then erected, and are surmounted by another arch in reverse position from the first. The width of these arches varies—according to the extent of the water crossed—from one and a half feet span to twenty-five feet. Great skill has been displayed in the construction of these portions of the masonry, and in the varying adjuncts, according to need, of accompanying buttresses, wing walls, and parapets. Of the architecture of the bridges and of the reservoirs—those grander and more costly portions of the Aqueduct—we shall speak as we follow the line of the work, *seriatim*, from its mountain beginning at the Croton Lake to its ending in the great metropolis.

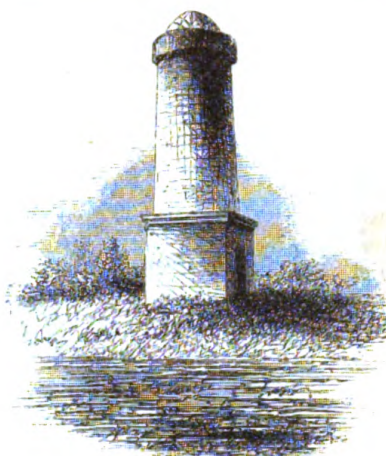
The engineering and the architectural mar-

vels of the Croton, and the emotions of surprise and pleasure which they can not fail to awaken in the least intelligent mind, are by no means lessened by the wonderful natural beauties of the country through which the work, in its entire extent, happens to pass. What more need be said of the landscape of our Aqueduct than that it is the landscape of the far-famed Hudson, and that, too, in its most attractive features? That the Croton gathers its strength amidst the hills of the beautiful river, and in all its artificial journey to the city follows its course, and passes through nearly all the towns and villages which here line its banks? A more delightful or a more picturesque itinerary could scarcely be found in all the world than a stroll along the top of the Aqueduct, if the "Croton Board" would permit such strolling, up or down, to or from the city, through all the journey of the famous forty miles. What peeps into the mysteries of merry or of moody brooks! What panoramas of far-spreading valleys, alive with village and town and of cottage home; and what marvelous glimpses of the blue Hudson, with its gleaming sails and its verdant hill-slopes! What poetic associations, also, would not the ramble awaken as the way



led through the sunny land of Irving, past the quaint little cottage where the beloved author lived and died, by the sacred tomb in which he rests from his toils, and amidst all the haunts immortalized by his genius; or, yet above, entering the region of Cooper's inspiration, and of the scenes of some of his best imaginings—these delights in addition to a hundred stirring historic scenes, and as many tales of revolutionary romance!

Let us—starting from the hills downward—venture upon such a ramble as we have thus suggested. It might be a summer's occupation, and a pleasant one, to explore the glens and lakes whence come the waters of the Croton; and not a little consoling, when called to bid them adieu, to remember that, even in the far-off city, we may still drink from these pure and inspiring fountains. Taking our way down the Croton River, we come, at a distance of six miles from its entrance into the Hudson, to the great dam which forms the pretty Croton Lake, or the Fountain Reservoir of our Aqueduct. Of the attractive natural features of this neighborhood we have already briefly spoken: these are by no means lessened by the art embellishment they have



AN AQUEDUCT VENTILATOR.

gained in the necessary structures of the Aqueduct—as the great dam itself; the guard-gates and the regulating gates, with all their massive machinery; the pleasant paths, and the air of culture which the incident occupation has imparted to the before rough landscape. During



AQUEDUCT BRIDGE AT SING SING.





ROAD BRIDGE BELOW SING SING.

the construction of this portion of the work there came a terrible rain, which flooded the region round and lifted the waters of the usually peaceful river to such an undreamed-of height as to overtop the masonry at that time built for their guard—the fearful result of which was the destruction of the dam and the devastation of the surrounding country by its loosened waters. Houses and mills were borne away by the flood, and three lives were sacrificed to its fury. This disaster happened on the 8th of January, 1841, when the rain poured down furiously for forty-eight hours, and upon a bed of melting snow of a foot and a half in depth.

Near the centre of the Dam or Fountain Reservoir is a modern bridge, which occupies the precise position of the "Pine's Bridge" of Revolutionary story. How little did the patriots of that forlorn period, when pursuing their watchful way through the then wilderness, dream of the wonderful transformation in the scene which so brief a time was destined to make! Wandering hereabouts one may, in fancy, conjure up the shadowy form of Harvey Birch bending beneath his heavy pack and his load of state stratagems; for here it was that that famous man of fiction—the mysterious hero of Cooper's "Tale of the Neutral Ground"—wandered and schemed. How often may he have watched the moonbeams kiss the ripples of the solitary Croton, looking down from the height of the old historic bridge!

Starting from the wide reservoir of the Dam, our Aqueduct, as if not unwilling at once to show its metal, plunges headway into the rocky hills, which it explores for a distance of two hundred feet, on its way to the Gate-chamber. Leaving the Gate-chamber, the work continues on the left or lower bank of the Croton to within half a mile of the Hudson—at which point it turns southward in a line parallel with that river, and soon enters the village of Sing Sing. Thus far it has achieved eight miles of its long journey toward the metropolis, and within that short distance has groped its dark way through four tunnels of varying extent, traversed, on lofty walls, various valleys, and overstepped sundry brooks and ravines.

Amidst the extremely rugged topography of Sing Sing there was ample room and need for the engineers of the Croton to show their boldness and skill. And well did they acquit themselves, for here are found some of the most important and successful portions of their work—seen in the huge bridges above the village street, and the ravine of the Sing Sing Kill. The structure over the kill has an elliptical arch of 88 feet span, the under side of which is 70 feet above the bottom of the ravine. It is built of granite upon rock foundations of giant size and strength.

From the bridge over the Sing Sing Brook the Aqueduct pursues its steady way, side by side with the Hudson, reaching, after the passage of a mile, the domain of the celebrated State Prison. In this vicinage it passes through a tunnel, partly in rock and partly in earth, of 416 feet. Yet a little way further and it advances through another tunnel, in earth, of 375 feet in length; and still beyond (now at a distance of nine miles and a half from the Dam) it traverses Hale's Brook tunnel, 260 feet long. On goes the work, still over valleys and streams and highways, until it reaches, after a journey of thirteen miles, the classic and historic waters of Mill Brook, in the glens of Sleepy Hollow, near the village of Tarrytown.

The towering walls of the Aqueduct at this point present quite an imposing aspect in their lofty reach of 87 feet above the depression of the valley. The bridge or culvert through which the stream below passes is 25 feet wide and 172 feet in length. The country around has rare natural attractions, and from the summit of the Aqueduct wide and wonderful sweeps of the Hudson and its varied shores may be seen. The great Tappan Bay, which has been before us in all our journey, comes into the picture with increased beauty, now that we are about to leave it for the narrower passages of the river by the walls of the Palisades.

Indications of nearer approach to the metropolis of our destination are multiplied every where, on land and water. The sails thicken, the villages grow nearer together, and the picturesque towers and cupolas of the suburban chateaus

spring up in every direction, in number like the forest trees.

The Mill Brook, where we now halt, is the romantic Pocantico, immortalized in the sketches and legends of Washington Irving. Just below the site of the Aqueduct bridge stood, once upon a time, that famous causeway over which the spectral Hessian of Sleepy Hollow pursued poor Ichabod Crane. The classic valley itself is close by, and so, too, is the venerable little Dutch church, buried in the moss and lichen of historic and legendary lore. In the quiet cemetery which surrounds the reverend fane, the wizard of the spot, the genial Geoffrey himself now sleeps. Between the point of the Aqueduct passage of the brook and its entrance into the Hudson, and just below the bridge, once of Ichabod, and now of the highway, is the ancient edifice known to the history of the neighborhood as Philip's or Phillipson's Castle—a venerable Dutch homestead, with surroundings of mill and pond and dam. This antique edifice, as well as the old church near by, are still in excellent preservation and in use.

Standing upon the Aqueduct bridge at Mill River, we may look down not only upon the wonders of Sleepy Hollow, but upon the mem-

orable spot where the British spy, Major André, was captured, while scheming with Arnold for the betrayal of his command at West Point above. This interesting locality lies within the limits of Tarrytown, and is marked by a small granite monument.

Leaving Mill Brook, the course of the Aqueduct is through the villages of Tarrytown and Irvington, past Sunnyside, late the home of Irving, to Jewell's Brook, where occurs the next very considerable architectural labor. Between this point and Mill Brook the distance passed is four and a half miles, within which half a dozen small valleys and streams are crossed by suitable embankments and culverts, and a tunnel of 246 feet, chiefly through rock, is encountered.

At Jewell's Brook the Aqueduct has achieved a distance from the lake of seventeen miles and a half. The embankment or wall which supports the work here is 50 feet high. Two culverts give passage to the road and the brook—the former having a length of 141 feet and a span of 14 feet, and the latter a span of 6 feet with a length of 148 feet.

Leaving Jewell's Brook, the Aqueduct, continuing along the banks of the Hudson, passes through Dobb's Ferry, where there is a tunnel and a val-



BRIDGE OVER MILL RIVER AT TARRYTOWN.





BRIDGE OVER THE NEPERHAN AT YONKERS.

ley requiring a culvert. Thence its way is through the village of Hastings, at which place a bridge conducts it over a railway used for the transportation of marble from a neighboring quarry to the Hudson. This arch has a span of sixteen feet. Its distance from the Dam is twenty-one miles.

From Hastings the route, still by the river shore, is toward Yonkers, near which village it passes through a tunnel of 684 feet, after which it crosses the Saw Mill or Neperhan River, and the road by its banks. The bridges and the bold air of the landscape at this point, together with the lakelet which is formed by a milldam below, form a very agreeable picture. The culvert under which the road passes has a span of twenty feet; and the two arches which give room for the course of the creek have each a span of twenty-five feet. The height of the wall at the Saw Mill Works is forty feet. The distance from the Dam is twenty-five miles.

At Yonkers the line of the Aqueduct at length bids a temporary good-by to the shores of the Hudson, and thenceforth, until it reaches the Island of New York, pursues its way some distance to the eastward. It does not, however, find any easier path, for soon it passes through a considerable hill, by the way of a rock tunnel 810 feet in length. Its next performance is to cross Tibbit's Brook, which it manages gallantly upon a bridge or wall of thirty feet elevation. The course of the work is thence along the south side of the brook to Harlem River, the arm of the sea, which, with the Spuyten Duyvel Creek on the west, serves to divide the city and island of New York from the main land. At the Harlem River the Croton has completed thirty-three miles

of its journey, and is within seven miles of its resting-place in the Lower or Distributing Reservoir.

The distance across the Harlem valley and river is about a quarter of a mile, and the surface of the water is 120 feet below the bottom of the Aqueduct. The great bridge which carries the Croton over this broad chasm is one of the most costly and most imposing portions of the Aqueduct architecture. It is the pride of the people of New York, as it might very justly have been of the people of old Rome, those great masters of hydraulic art. One could hardly desire sweeter pictures than the varied scenery of the Harlem offers, embellished at all points with most picturesque glimpses of this noble structure; its interminable line of lofty marble piers and arches every where, from far and near, charming the eye as the tales of fairy land delight the fancy.

The elevation of the High Bridge—as the Harlem fabric is popularly named—is 150 feet, and the width across the top is 21 feet. Its length is 1460 feet. It is formed of a series of fifteen arches, eight of which, each 80 feet in width, rise from the river, and seven of lesser span from the shores. The whole work has been constructed of white marble, at a total cost of nearly a million of dollars. It may, perhaps, be a matter of some æsthetic regret that the Commissioners, while erecting a structure of such an order, did not venture upon yet further expenditure and lift the beautiful piers to a full level with the general grade of the Aqueduct. As it is, the great pipes which conduct the water across and unite the channel-way of the main land with



the continuation upon the island, drop down some distance before they reach their bed on the top of the bridge, and are again lifted at the opposite extremity. The Bridge might also have furnished another connection between Manhattan Island and the main land. The additions required for this purpose are so slight, increasing rather than impairing the architectural effect, that we trust the Croton Commissioners will accede to the suggestion of many citizens, and authorize the construction of a carriage-way across the Bridge.

The formidable obstruction of the Harlem thus magnificently overcome, our Aqueduct continues its beneficent way for a short distance along the south bank of the river, passing soon over a ravine of 30 feet and through a rocky tunnel of 234 feet. Emerging from this dark passage-way it passes on over considerable ups and downs until it reaches that part of the island or city still known as Manhattan Valley; where it encounters yet another tunnel, and the longest it has braved on its entire journey, being 1215 feet through solid rock. The tunnel mastered, the valley of Manhattan waits to be crossed. The depression here of 102 feet on the surface of the island continues for nearly a mile. The Commissioners, we are told, very much desired to step over this broad sweep upon a grand arcaded bridge, but examining their pockets they unluckily missed the million of dollars which such a brilliant passage would have involved, over and above the cost of the means ultimately employed.

Instead of the tier upon tier of gleaming arches, so fascinating to the imagination, the Croton here falls from its lofty estate, and creeps quietly across the bottom of the Manhattan Valley to

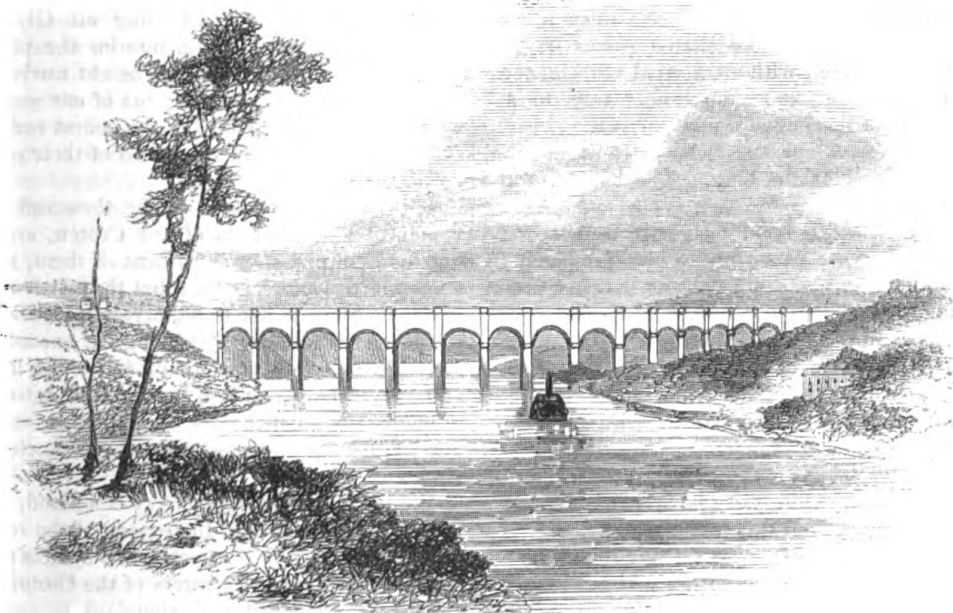
the higher ground beyond, in two massive pipes each a yard in diameter.

Passing Manhattan Valley, the Aqueduct encounters yet another tunnel, and the last in its course, after which it enters that part of the city called Clendinning Valley, now traversed by Ninety-eighth, Ninety-ninth, and One Hundredth streets. This valley is 1900 feet across, and some 700 feet of the distance is spanned by huge masonry, through which the city streets penetrate, beneath superb arch-ways — each street having a central arch for a carriage-way, and on each side a smaller arch for sidewalks. It was originally the intention to pass the three streets, next below, under the Aqueduct by similar arch-ways; but up to the present time this work has not been executed, or indeed demanded by the wants of the town.

From Clendinning Valley the Aqueduct soon reaches the Receiving Reservoir, located upon an elevated part of the island between Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth streets, and between the Sixth and the Seventh avenues. This spot is now in the heart of the domain recently purchased for a grand public pleasure-ground, and at present growing into such wonderful beauty and such popular love, under the style and title of the Central Park.

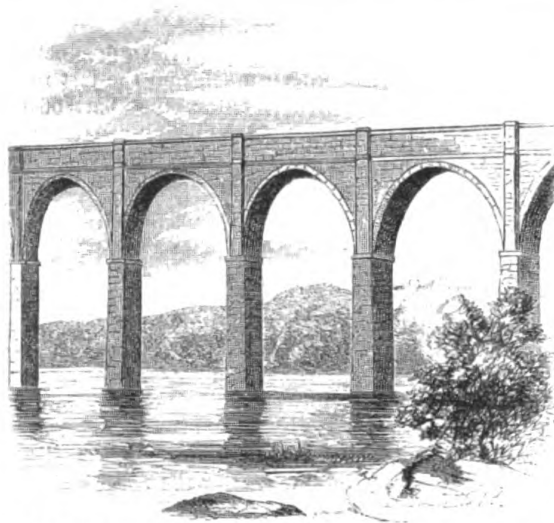
The area of the Receiving Reservoir is 1826 feet in length and 836 feet wide, covering nearly thirty-one acres, or seven of the city blocks. It is a noble sheet of water inclosed in rectangular walls of ponderous masonry. The construction, though of great scientific interest, offers but slight picturesque attraction: still, as water is always beautiful, it gratefully assists the landscape embellishments of the Park.

The embankments of the Reservoir are twenty



THE HIGH BRIDGE AT HARLEM.





SECTION OF THE HIGH BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER.

feet thick at the top, increasing in width as they descend with a slope on both sides. The outside face is protected by a stone wall four feet thick. The Reservoir is divided into two distinct compartments, having one a depth of twenty feet, and the other of thirty feet of water. The capacity of the whole when full is one hundred and fifty million gallons. Another large Reservoir is at this time in process of construction just above the present work.

From the Receiving Reservoir two great pipes conduct the water through the city to the Distributing Reservoir on Murray Hill. The Distributing Reservoir extends from Fortieth to Forty-second Street and from the Fifth Avenue, half way west to the Sixth Avenue. This huge structure is one of the most imposing portions of the Croton architecture. Its compact and massive walls, seemingly strong and enduring as the everlasting hills, with their quaint Egyptian cornices, give to the vast edifice a very sphinx-like aspect. No citizen passes it, pass often as he may, without a vivid consciousness of its presence, and no stranger fails to ask curiously of its character and purpose.

The Reservoir is 420 feet square at the top, and 436 feet at the base. The height of the walls above the foundation is 50 feet. At the top their breadth is 17 feet, with a base of 76 feet. They are paved above and protected by an iron railing, and are used as a grand promenade, to which free access may be had at the entrance on the Fifth Avenue.

The wide view of the city which this elevated esplanade affords, with its pleasant fore-ground of cool waters, is well worth enjoying on a summer afternoon. The conflagration of the Crystal Palace, the vacant grass-grown site of which lies in the shadow below, must have been an effective spectacle seen from this point.

Besides this promenade we may make the entire tour of the edifice within and between the walls, which, for opportunities of inspection, and for economy of material, have to a certain

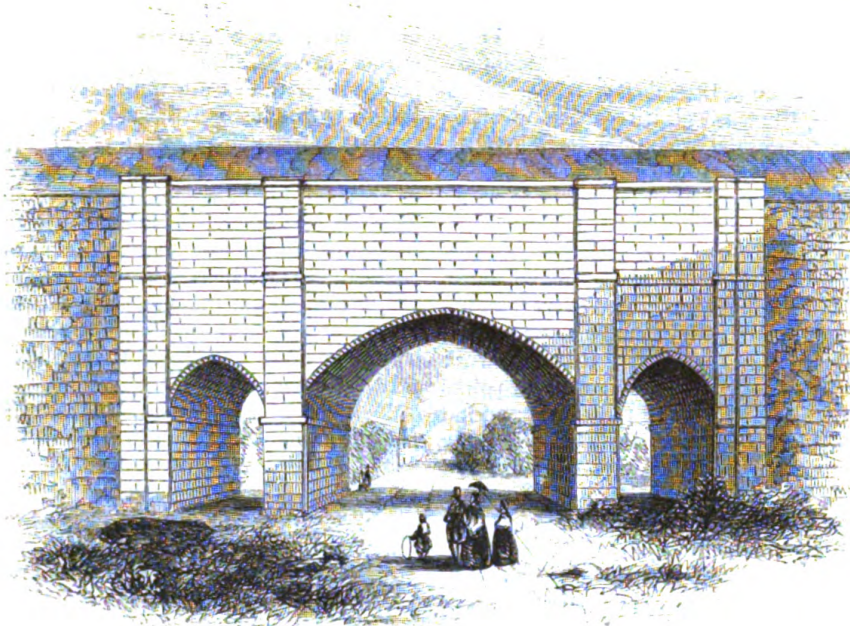
extent been left hollow in their construction. The Aqueduct, passing from the Receiving Reservoir *via* the Fifth Avenue, enters the Distributing Reservoir at the base of the central pilaster on that street. It leaves it again at Fortieth Street on the lower side. It leaves it again on the south side at Fortieth Street and re-enters the Avenue, from whence it makes its intricate way, north, east, south, and west to all parts of the town. The pipes which convey it are laid as nearly as possible under the middle of the streets, and of this iron conduit not less than two hundred and sixty-six miles are now in use. From the central channel-way in the streets the water finds its way readily into the houses right and left, where, from cellar to attic, it is at all seasons and at all hours instantly obedient to call. It needs but to turn the faucet when, presto! its sparkling drops rush forth in inexhaustible supplies. So

willing, indeed, are the merry waters, and so much of their old mountain mischief do they still preserve, that without a care they may pay you a melancholy prank or two, and, escaping through an unguarded vent, may disport themselves over your carpeted floors as among their native rocks and sands. Not infrequently does the careless housekeeper find her apartments deluged and her furniture spoiled, through the bursting of a pipe amidst winter frosts or by thoughtless neglect to turn a faucet.

Besides the exquisite physical pleasures which the Croton brings us in unstinted libation and ablution, it offers dainty æsthetic delights as it fills our fountains and sends its silver drops in myriad shapes high into the blue air. To be sure no gorgeous sculptures of marble and bronze as yet assist this graceful art-aspect of the waters; no forms of naiad or siren add beauty to the scene, as in other and older lands; but time and money will bring all Olympus down ere long, and in the interim the playful floods soar up in volume and height unrivaled. They sing daily, in the sunshine of our gardens and parks, sweetest songs to the rudest ear that chances to pass within the sound of their gentle voice.

It is pleasant to talk of the thousand conveniences and comforts of our Croton, and, in our habitual and easy enjoyment of them, small enough is our appreciation; but the worth of the generous water is not to be merely measured by the luxury it affords. This is great enough for all praise; but we must thank it for the larger and graver blessings it brings in the protection of our homes from the destroying flames, and of our lives from the poisoned airs of uncleanly streets.

We have not the statistics at command, even if they exist, to exhibit the extent of the reduction in the losses in our metropolis by fires since the introduction of the waters of the Croton has supplied such ready and abundant means for their prompt subjugation, or of the decrease.



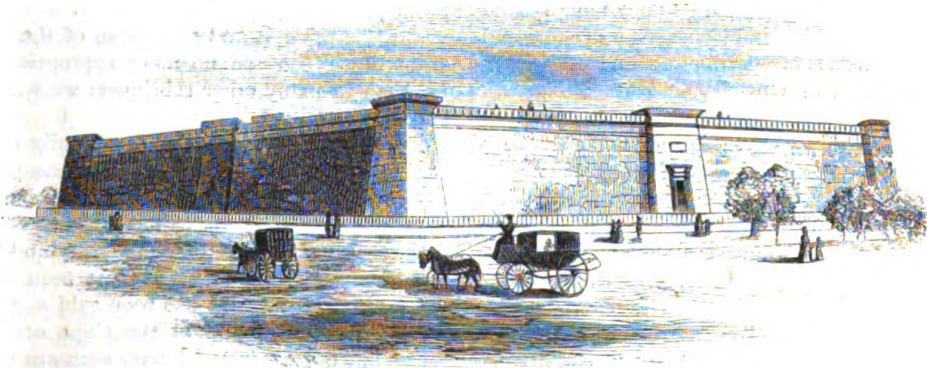
ONE OF THE BRIDGES OVER 98TH, 99TH, AND 100TH STREETS, NEW YORK.

through the same agency, in our yearly bills of mortality; but the figures under both columns would unquestionably be incalculable. We may almost seriously employ the hyperbole of our wild Western character, and say that our fires yield at discretion when our conquering Croton but shows its head, as did the coon of fable in the hopeless presence of Captain Scott's infallible rifle. We must not speak jestingly of disease and death, but we may reasonably wonder in what degree their ravages have been restrained through the universal facilities for cleanliness, personal and municipal, which the Croton so liberally provides.

During the summer of the past year (1859) a report spread through the city that the Croton had by some cause grown impure, and the fear became epidemic among the people. Nothing was considered for the time but the alarming strangeness which every body perceived in the taste of the water. The important subject was at once inquired into, and happily explained, upon high chemical authority, by the fact of the

sudden appearance, on the surface of the Reservoir at the head of the Aqueduct, of certain minute aquatic vegetation, quite harmless in its character. The plant, it appears, grew at the bottom of the lake, and had now, for the first time, come to the surface. When it was removed the water soon regained its normal condition, and all was happy once more.

Inscribed upon tablets set in the walls of the chief structures of the Aqueduct are the names of the engineers and others to whose skill and energy we are in so high a degree indebted for the successful execution of the great work. It is proper that we should here perpetuate the honorable record, with grateful acknowledgments to John B. Jervis, the engineer-in-chief, under whose direction the whole fabric was erected, and to his able assistants, Horatio Allen and Edmund French; to Major D. B. Douglas, of the United States corps of engineers, for his thorough preliminary surveys and preparations; to Myndert Van Schaick, for his early efforts in promoting the scheme, his service in bringing it so suc-



THE DISTRIBUTING RESERVOIR IN THE FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



cessfully before the State Senate, of which he was at the time a member, and for his later long and efficient administration of the affairs of the Aqueduct Department; to the Commissioners, Messrs. Allen, Fox, Dusenberry, Alley, Woodruff, Stevens, Ring, Ward, Birdsall, and Childs; to the contractors, and even to the humble laborers: for to have turned a spade only in the execution of such a work is a distinction to be remembered.

The people of New York will, we are persuaded, welcome this brief history of an enterprise which, in its conception and execution, has done them so much honor; and all our readers will be interested in the story as that of a work of modern art, which, if it does not in all points rival the famous performances of the same kind in ancient days, is at least not like very many of those proud structures, the fruit of unwilling toil obeying the behests of a despotic will, but a free and glad offering of an enlightened and generous popular patriotism.

As the record shows, the work has absorbed immense stores of treasure, but never have we heard any citizen lamenting the great expenditure, nor shall we, even should the promise it makes of ultimate repayal of both the interest and the principal of the cost, and the creation of a handsome revenue besides, never be fulfilled. Thus far the annual income of the Aqueduct, collected from easy water rents, amounts to between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars; which, with the yet greater return we may reasonably expect in the future, assures us beyond doubt that the investment will "pay" in vulgar dollars and cents, no less nobly than it has already paid in so many other and more momentous ways.

### UNWELCOME GUESTS.

**N**OW do not raise your hands in amazement, I beseech you, nor turn away, with uplifted eyes and disdainfully curled lips, at my want of refinement, at my utter disregard of taste. Do not even marvel at my presumption in presenting to your notice the humble, despised, loathed objects discussed in this paper. Cast aside, for this one only time, I pray you, prejudice and old associations, and believe the sad, inglorious tales hanging around them false, or at least much exaggerated. Fancy me a second Cinderella, dwelling in by-corners, searching and sifting the debris of your houses, and spying out hidden secrets of Unwelcome Guests, who will visit you whether you like their company or not.

To be sure, I must for a while partake of the odium enveloping them, but anon comes the glorious fairy, Science, and with her wand she will transpose us all—the guests and Cinderella—and at the end you will confess, I hope, like "the Sisters" of old, there is more in us than ever your philosophy conceived. Nay, more, you will generously allow that, if we are not positively useful, we have touches of beauty which help to

redeem our annoying qualities. I have so much faith in Science that I feel you will appreciate her efforts, and will accede a tacit recognition of them at least, if nothing more. But remember, if such things are unworthy of study you ignore by implication the Divine Cause. The student offers not a homage of the lips; his is no mere profession of wonder at these marvels of creation, but a homage professed in action, thought, and labor. It is unwise to turn away in disgust from contemplating these wonders, or condemning as triflers those who present them to you—pointing out these marvels of creation surrounding you in hopes of alluring some to give a little of their superfluous time to the observation of Nature.

Nothing is more capable of making a man feel the extent and power of his own being than studying the organic life around him; and it is the neglect of Science which is giving support hourly to the irreligious and encouragement to Skepticism, touching with her cold and withering fingers the sweetest blossoms around our hearths, and crushing the brightest hopes of mature manhood.

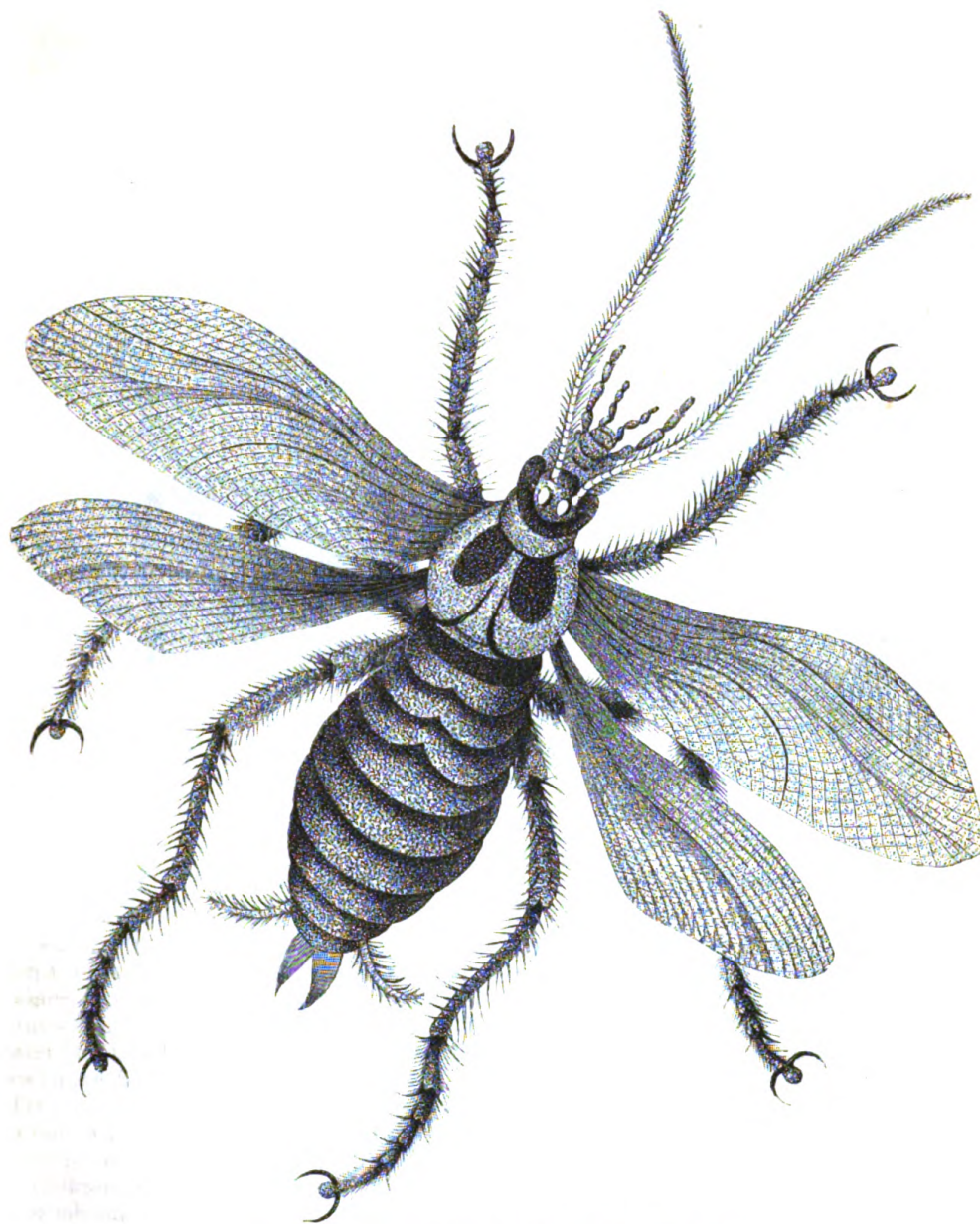
There is a continual murmur filling the air: low voices making a dull vibration from the bosom of the teeming Earth; a calm hum of Nature, which, if you will lend an attentive ear, assure you that she is breathing a prayer; that thousands of voices of creeping things are proclaiming their worship, and filling the universe with praise; while man walks above this low strata of song rising from the bosom of the waters, in the air around him, from every bush and flower. For this song of life he gives his doubts, or at least is silent and indifferent, refusing to hear this *dumb* voice, or to heed words spoken silently. Because the Author of them and of him has given him a mind so transcendent he dares to doubt. Is this the wisdom sung by David, or heard by those fishermen in the low wailings of the wind by the Sea of Galilee? Will these doubters ever learn that Religion is the best-beloved handmaid of Science?

But turn the page, and as we follow the finger of Omniscience let our hearts feel assured "He doeth all things well."

Here before you (Figure 1) is the *Blatta Americana*—the Cockroach of America. Why the first part of the name is given it is a secret of the past. There is certainly no similitude existing between it and the sultan of the barnyard. As I can see no more appropriateness in it than in many other sobriquets we will dispense with it altogether.

The roach belongs to the first family of the division *Orthoptera*—the *Blatta* of Linnæus. It is believed at present that this species belongs alone to this hemisphere, being found no farther north, that I am aware of, than Maryland, and no farther south, as far as has yet been ascertained, than Brazil. It has been said a species similar to this is found at the Cape of Good Hope; but the specimens I have seen are vastly dissimilar, denoting it as altogether a different



FIGURE 1.—AMERICAN COCKROACH (*BLATTA AMERICANA*).

insect. So I will confine myself to our own, for the present.

It is a very large insect, second only to a *confrère*, called by the Creoles and French of the Southern States the *Mortissa*; but it has no resemblance to the foreign Church-yard Beetle, *Blaps mortisaga*. These roaches are so much alike it is almost impossible, at a glance, to designate which is which. I shall point out the principal dissimilitude.

The latter are, literally speaking, no dwellers in our houses, but only come in a wild, discursive swarm to warn, it is believed, the inmates of death and trouble. They disappear as suddenly as they come, waiting only the departure of the dead to follow. The sad watchers on these occasions know, alas! too well how persistent and

troublesome they are. Happily their stay is brief. The former are social nocturnal insects, flying in swarms; and at night, at an open window, when least expected, they will rush in upon you in such vast numbers that they can be compared only to a swarm of locusts. I have seen them brushed up by the shovelful at a time. No one knows for a certainty whence they come or whither they go. I have seen them, toward nightfall, in swarms in the woods around the roots of old trees.

But let us return to the one domesticated among us.

Our roaches are seldom seen in companionship; that is to say, they have no common nest, or do not move as if under command, as do the others, but appear independent. In fact they

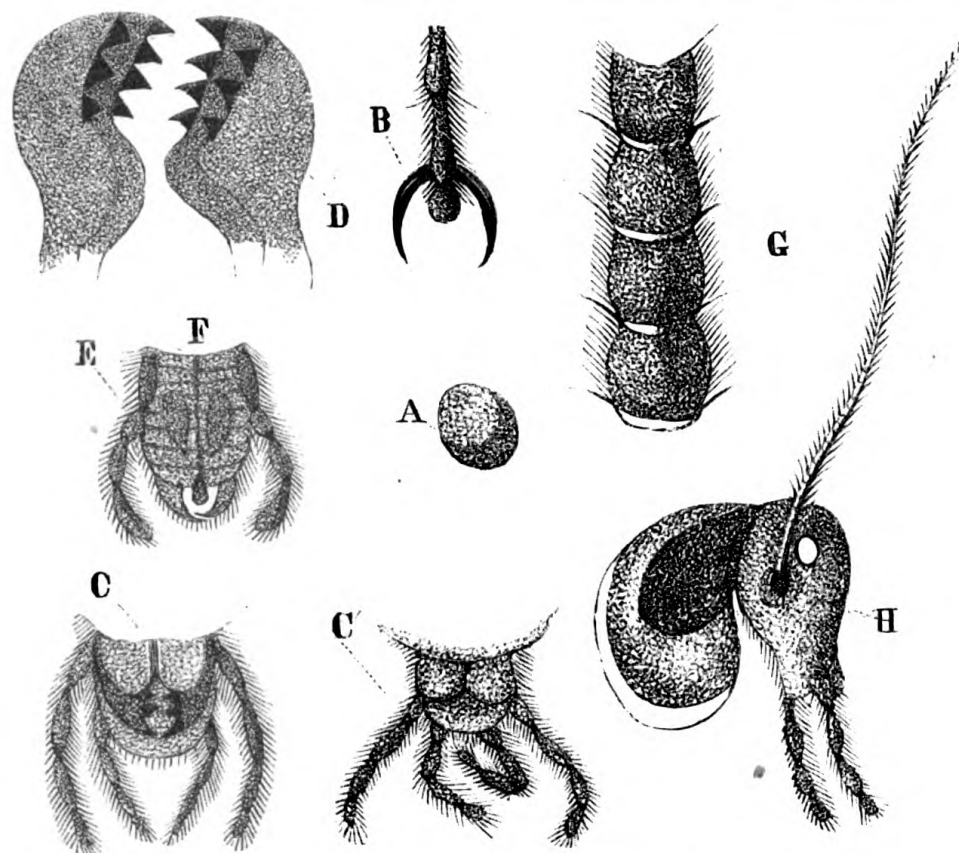


FIGURE 2.—PARTS OF ROACH.

A. The Eye.—B. Foot.—C. Mouth shut.—C'. Mouth open.—D. Mandibles.—E. Upper Lip.—F. Depression.—G. Section of Antenna.—H. Side View of Head.

shun one another, and if compelled to juxtaposition they fight immediately until one is disabled. These are nice eaters, strange as it may seem. They consume individually very little; but of course if they are very numerous that little becomes important. Those of the spring brood are very large, measuring two inches and a quarter—their wings extend beyond the body. They are, at maturity, of a rich, lustrous brown, shading into amber at the edges of the wings and the extremities of the legs, and are decidedly pretty insects, of subdued colors. They seldom, if ever, use their wings, running very fleetly to escape pursuit, and understanding how to *dodge* to perfection. It is the only insect one can imagine positively *sleeps*. All can be found *resting*, but this one has a fondness for reposing hanging over something, the head and legs extended downward. You can not refrain from laughing when you see it tumble off its elevation; gather itself up, amazed, as it were; mount again and resume the nap, with the same results.

It carries its head, except when eating, always hidden under its pro-thorax—this has a light margin encircling it, which diminishes as the insect matures. The eyes, situated near the notch of the antennæ, are white, with a dash of blue on the disk (Figure 2, A). The legs are strong, neatly and gracefully placed, and the

foot (B) has a cushion between the hooks that enables it to walk for a short time against gravity; but its bulk is so great it seldom inclines to ascend without using the wings. The mouth (C, C') has two pairs of palpi—labial and maxillary—which are exceedingly tremulous and sensitive, never at rest. The *mandibles*, or jaws (D), are wonderful in their strength. Nothing can withstand them. Bones, leather, even wood, receive their impress. They leave long ridges in the substances they devour. The interior of the upper lip (E) has some strange elevations and depressions, one of which (F) appears as if meant to receive a tongue; but I have never been able to find any thing to which I should like to apply this term, or which would correspond, after the insect is dead, with this depression. The antennæ (G) are very long, and exceedingly attentive to their duty. The insect will stand more than an inch from any substance while these appendages touch it, examine it, and often they are drawn in by the palpi passed through the strong jaws before the insect feels assured that it is proper for it to make a nearer approach. How many joints they have is beyond my computing. As many thousands as I have seen I never yet came across one with antennæ entire. They are always fighting or prying into holes and dark walls, so that they early become mutilated. I have counted joints to the amount of one hundred



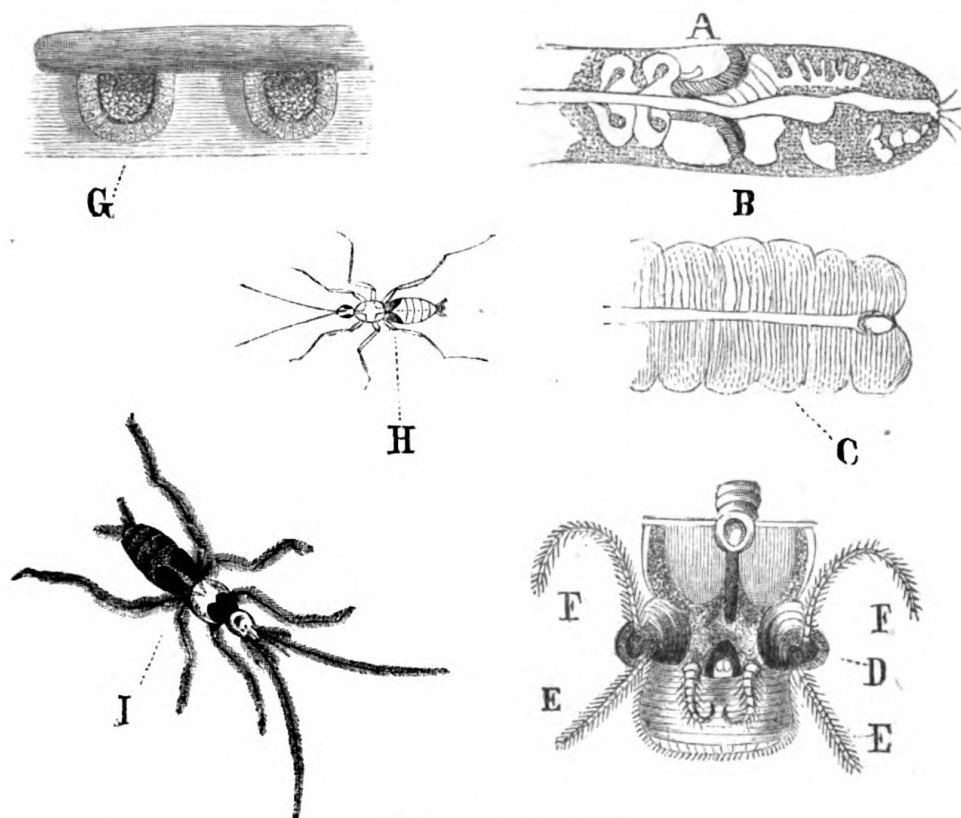


FIGURE 3.—PARTS OF ROACH.

A. Stomach.—B. Bag of Green Fluid.—C. Back Plates.—D. Ovipositor.—E, E. Interior Spines.—F, F. Exterior Spines.—G. Egg-Cases.—H. Roach just out.—I. Four Weeks old.

and fifty-six, and as few as forty. A singular fact relates to these antennæ: Should the insect, prior to its change of skin, break either, when the whole skin is thrown off—although broken before—they will be produced *whole*, and yet, when exposed to the air, the joints fall off just at the fracture. Thus the insect, if it has the misfortune to break its antennæ in its early stages, is cheated with a renewal each time, but arrives at maturity maimed; and, odd as it may appear, as far as I have examined, no young ones ever correspond in the number of joints. I am forced to conclude they grow each time they moult, if unbroken, but never renew the joints so as to remain intact (by the nerve continuing to run to the extreme point) if broken off at this early period. At H (Figure 2) is a side view of the head. It is attached to the body by a strong cord, which is very elastic.

The stomach (Figure 3, A) consists of a number of sacs, nerves, and much mucus. At B is a sac filled always with a green fluid, which is a strong acid, and serves, doubtless, to assist digestion. There are a number of others; the most important are represented. Their purposes I may conjecture, but not affirm; for the body of the insect is so flat that it is almost impossible to obtain any true or very accurate arrangement. The back (C) is covered with a dense net-work of nerves, which renders the insect the most tenacious of life of any I have

handled. I know nothing so painful in the whole study as to have any dealings with these little creatures. Conceive for a moment the inability to find where vitality can be touched. Cut off the head, the body will run about as nimbly on four legs as if unwounded, while the head scampers about on two. Take out the antennæ and palpi by the roots; five hours afterward they will move so under the glass that you can not control them for observation. Pin them down at every joint, still they struggle; and twelve hours after this headless trunk has been confined with a needle through it, strike the table forcibly and every leg will renew its struggles for relief—a most convincing proof that their sense of hearing is in the nervous system. Life is an unapproachable mystery at all times; but to hunt it through so small a space, and find the spirit eluding you so consistently that you are forced to ask the question, What right you have to pursue it, and tremble at your own boldness. In this family it can only be *crushed* out while the insect is in its prime. If the whole entire intestines be drawn away the insect will still live, and the jaws will close upon any thing forced into them, with all the irritability of life, as long as a joint of the palpi remains.

The ovipositor and the ovicular arrangement you perceive at D. The hooks and spines are turned down to show the interior. You see two fan-like appendages at the tail of the insect;

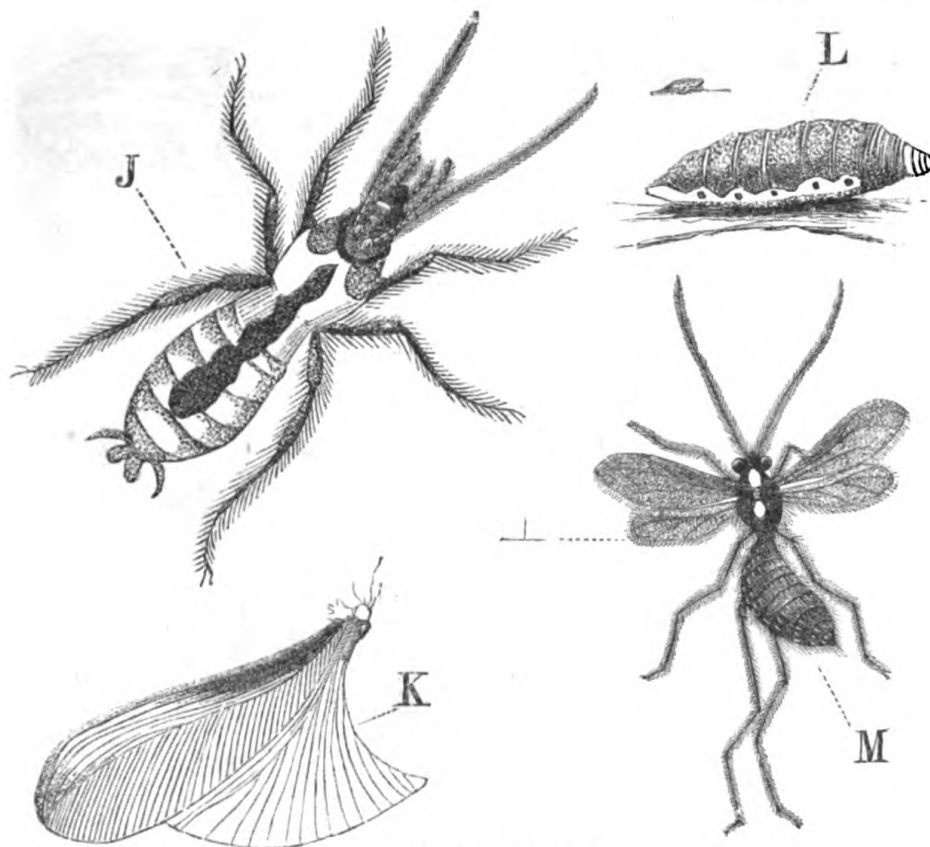


FIGURE 4.—PARTS OF ROACH.

J. Skin of last moulting.—K. Under Wing.—L. Puparium of Parasite Fly.—M. Ichneumon Fly (*Evania apendigaster*).

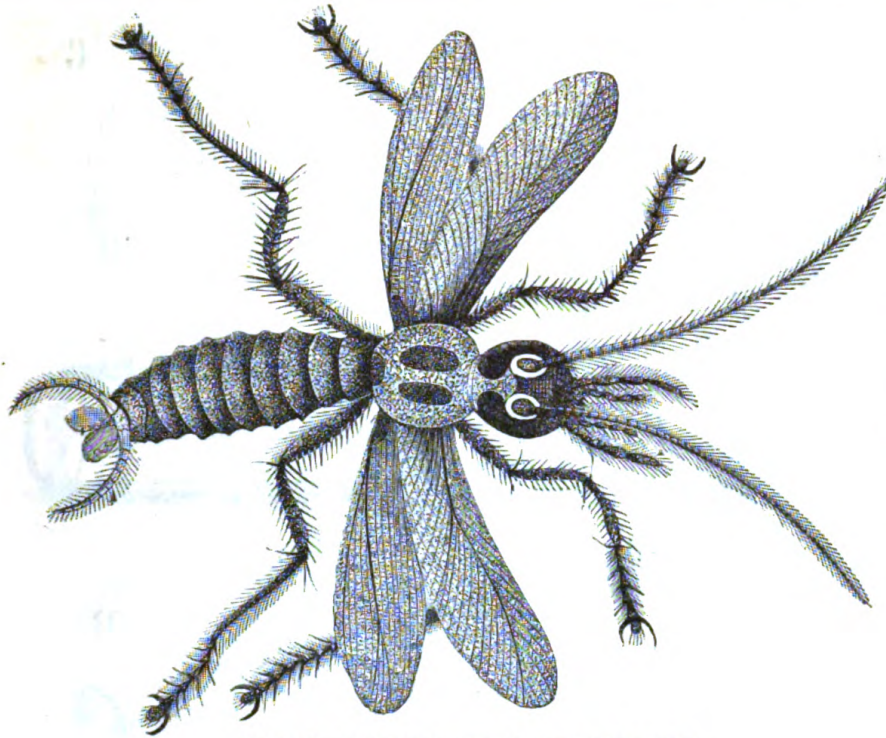
over these grows a thin skin, dividing itself, as it extends, into segments. It is kept open by spines (E); being protected exteriorly by spines (F). The rings of this case keep extending until a certain number (or quantity, you may say, for it is in such a mucilaginous state that you can not count them) is expelled, when the mother insect glues it carefully to any projecting substance, as shelves, rims of tables, or legs of furniture, away from the light as much as possible (G). In eighteen or twenty days the young come out, small and white (H). They moult for the first time when four weeks old (I), and continue to do so at intervals four times, until they emerge for the last time from the case (Figure 4, J) as a perfect insect, with wings which have been growing all this while under these different cases. The insect comes from the sac; at the juncture it resembles a seed pod so closely that you would conclude it was one, until undeceived by the inception of these Vandals.

The under wing of this insect has an odd, fan-shaped appendage (Figure 4, K), which folds closely on the interior, and which causes the whirring sound that the insect makes when it flies. When they fly in a swarm they can be heard at some distance like the whirring of a mill-wheel. When they first emerge from the last moulting nothing in nature can be conceived more chastely beautiful. They are white, as if chiseled or carved in ivory—not the dead

hue of marble, but the warmer glow of the above material. Every nervure of these vast wings stands out in bold relief, every spine and hair shows on the antennæ and legs, every segment of the body reflects a light which shows them all in a distinctive medium, and the eyes resemble small drops of torquoise, so blue and tender you might fancy a patient Celestial had carved for you another specimen of his amazing skill and industry. But, as you gaze, dark lines creep over it; on and on they come, as night treads out the light of day over hill-top and valley, settling down at last into sombre shadows. A few hours converts all this light into dim, dull hues, and the insect's fluids run no longer in silvery lines. How many efforts I have made to preserve them at this period; but chloroform, alcohol, keeping them in total darkness, are all in vain. Even if crushed at the moment they still turn to their natural hue. It is well worth any one's time to watch this singular and mysterious change. Despicable as they are esteemed by the human family, a sight of them at this early stage would convince the most obstinate that beauty exists in all things.

Among the number, of which you have here the representation sent me by a friend from Charleston, I perceived one the rings of whose abdomen sustained many small white spots. It was very restless, spreading out its wings and darting violently from side to side. I caught it,



FIGURE 5.—DOMESTIC ROACH.—(*BLATTA DOMESTICA*.)

and on applying the glass discovered they were eggs. In ten days they produced maggots, which soon devoured the fatty parts of this one and two others who had died in battle a few days previous. They went into cocoons (Figure 4, L) on the thirteenth day. In a week's time came forth the Ichneumon fly, the *Evania apendigaster* (M). What would they do at the South if not for this active little creature, so black and minute that they scarcely can conceive the blessing she is conferring as she wings her way through the dark places of their homes!

These flies are ready for the first brood of roaches in June, and the second in September, generally remaining until the first cool weather, leaving their precious gift in eggs deposited in the unfortunate roach, which probably would not go through all its transformations much before spring. These were hastened by artificial means. You may trace them flying very low near cracks, crevices, and in cellars. No one can estimate the obligations we owe them. I never saw this fly any where but in South Carolina and Georgia. They fly very early in the morning and at twilight. The best way to obtain them for examination is to get the roach in September. You will find three out of ten on an average punctured by the fly; but seldom more than three eggs on a roach, for the maggots are very great eaters, and one roach would not suffice for more. This roach will not eat its fellow under the most desperate circumstances. They will sustain starvation, without any apparent change, twenty-five days. Their food is every thing nice; they never refused any thing I have ever given them except pumpkin-pie. I made

the experiment with the pumpkin crude and cooked, but in vain. Their Southern taste could not be converted into approbation of this Yankee institution. The male is very much smaller than the female, and dies almost immediately after mating. \*There are about five females to one male. These insects yield, if slowly stewed, a soft and clear oil, free from any odor, and which, from experience, I can recommend as one of the most soothing embrocations for neuralgic affections. It may be passed through a water-bath to render it very pure. I have no doubt that in time their *usefulness* will be generally admitted.

The next is the *Blatta domestica*, the common pantry roach. I can not tell where its habitat is *not*: it seems ubiquitous. North and South, East and West, the cry is heard against them. They are small—not quite an inch long. The wings are longer than the body, and are always lapped. The air-sacs (Figure 6, A) are singularly large for an insect which flies so rarely. They can be taken out entire by forcing up the fan-like appendages of the under wings (B). The antennæ (C) have eighty-five joints. The maxillary palpi have a peculiar last joint (D). The foot (E) has a prolonged cushion, but they do not walk against gravity more easily for it. The kidney-shaped black and smooth elevations (F), which I may call eyebrows from their protruding so far, are very useful in protecting the head from injury, their movements are so heedless; they extend quite under the head, shielding the roots of the antennæ as well as the deep-sunken eyes at their base. The fans at the tail (G) are quite transparent, and covered with

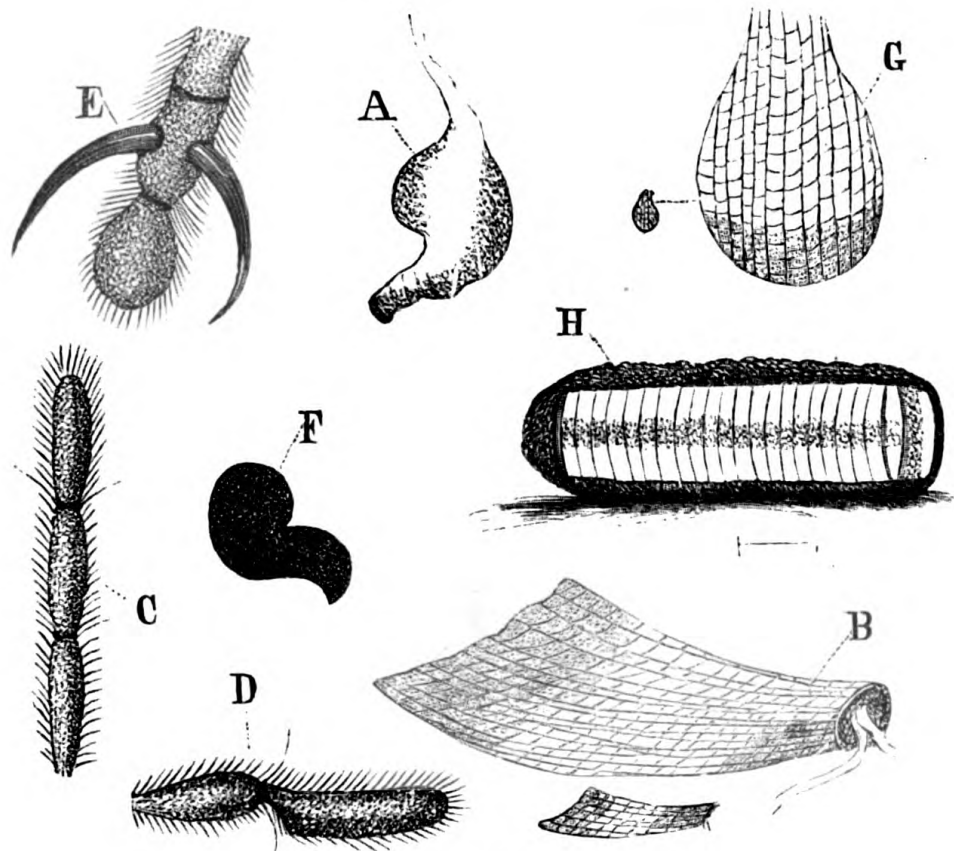


FIGURE 6.—PARTS OF DOMESTIC ROACH.

A. Air-Sac.—B. Under Wing.—C. Section of Antenna.—D. Last Joint of Maxillary Palpus.—E. Foot.—F. Eyebrow.—G. Fan at the Tail.—H. Egg-Sac.

minute spines. The insect represented is very much elongated. She was three weeks filling her egg-case, and had just secured it to a piece of stale bread, when I took her likeness—not a flattering one, but very true. It was a long time before she would consent to adopt this novel proceeding, and so persistently carried it, heavy as it was, till she appeared drawn completely out of joint. They are familiar enough, I apprehend, for you to perceive this unusual appearance in her.

Their habits are the same as those of the preceding insect—coming out at the juncture of the egg-sac (H), moulting, feeding as daintily; but ten-fold more troublesome. Being so much smaller, they can creep into every thing; hide away in the smallest space; and are particularly injurious to linen and muslin garments—eating small holes in them on account of the starch.

The third is the *Blatta Orientalis* (Figure 7), originally a native of Asia, but now a thorough cosmopolite. They are called *Karkerlacs* in the East and West Indies, and in China. In this latter country pages have been written on their depredations by missionaries and travelers. They gnaw toe and finger-nails while people are asleep; devouring books, papers, and food without intermission; running in thousands over every

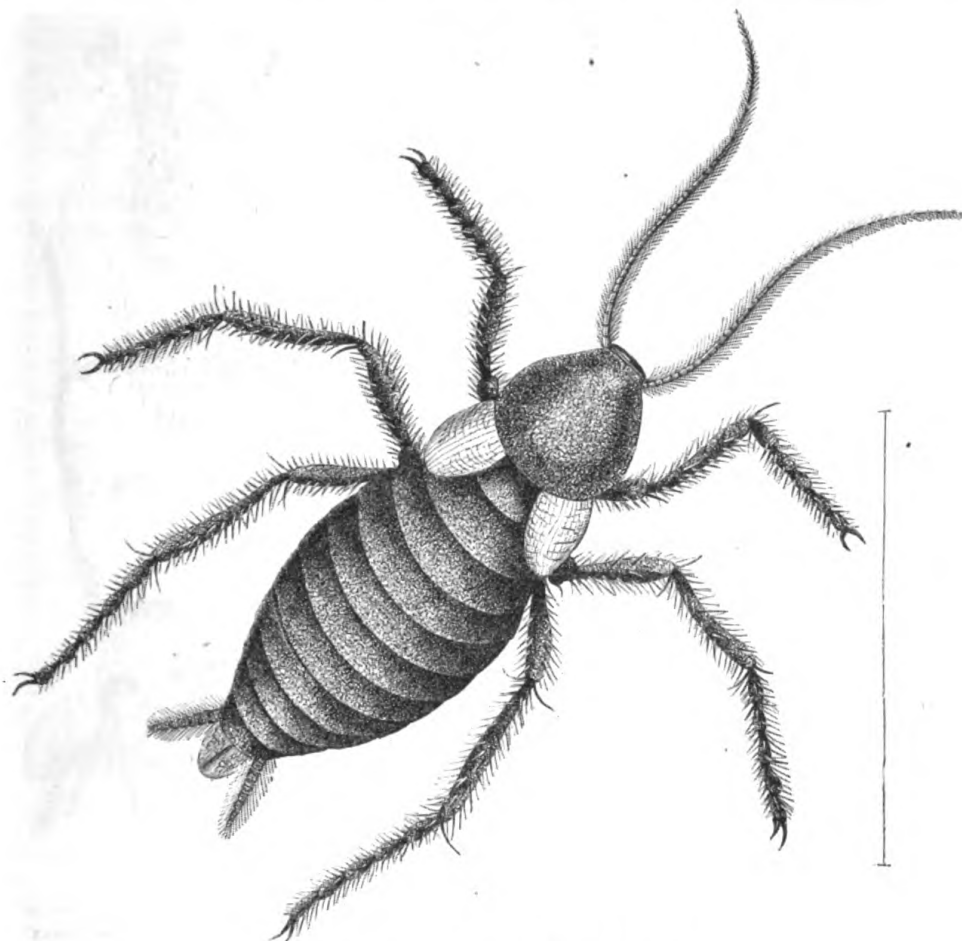
thing, and every where, until there is no rest for the weary stranger. We need not go to China for all this.

I was seated at a window, not long ago, in one of the handsomest rooms in one of the newest and grandest hotel palaces in New York, gazing at Broadway by moonlight. I heard a movement in the room. The marble tables and furniture were black with them. I clapped my hands very loud, flourished a towel round the room; and where were they? Not one to be seen—all fled pell-mell down the openings made for the heated air which warmed the room.

No finer location in the world can be found for a breeding-place than these steam-pipes, and in time we shall hear the same cries coming up from bed and board from travelers as are now heard in China. These black beetles—or beads, as they are called in England—have evidently been imported to this country from the other hemisphere, and have been naturalized with the same ease as other emigrants. How feelingly we could dispense with their residence among us, in this instance! But they have claimed us as their own, refusing every restraining power, and keep high revel, at all times and in all places, in spite of every expostulation and entreaty.

Where are they not found? No house is too



FIGURE 7.—ORIENTAL ROACH (*BLATTA ORIENTALIS*).

new or so carefully watched that it can be pronounced free from them. Being nocturnal insects, never seen during the day, their invasion is imperceptible, until by their numbers it can be hid no longer; and then "ask Hercules to help you," you will require supernatural patience and perseverance to get rid of these Bohemians.

The one before you is the female. Notice how small her wings are. Those of the male do not extend over the half of the body. The mandibles (Figure 8, B) are very different, being single, and not double in the teeth. The upper lip (C) is divided, the maxillary palpi (D) have a depression in the last joints. The antennæ (E, E) have singular joints at their commencement and end. The profile view of the heads (F) differ in no material points.

This insect's habits are the same as those of the other two. The egg-case is filled, deposited, and the young emerge in the same manner, undergoing the same changes, eating and dwelling in the same places; but enjoying the privilege of annoying every one more than the others, on account of their boldness.

The other two are very shy insects—the impudence of this last is unexampled. They will even turn and gaze at a candle; and where they are very numerous they will make a rush at it,

either to put it out or terrify the bearer. It has been said that the large fire in New York, in 1835, was occasioned by a woman becoming terrified at an attack of roaches, dropping her light in a mass of combustibles, and by the time the alarm was given it was too late. What an *auto da fê*! One could feel reconciled to the loss of such an immense and sweeping conflagration if the race of these nuisances had been extinguished. It differs from the others in color, being as black as it well can be, without a ray of light on any part of its body; but when it moults it is quite as white and pure in appearance as its confrères, and is charming until the shadows deepen, and it becomes blacker than Erebus. They fight, when together, unremittingly, devouring each other without hesitation—the longest life to the strongest. Feed them as you may, like the old cannibal woman in London, with every dainty before her, "nothing tastes like picaninny."

Three days ago I had nine under a glass. Every thing nice had been given them. Four now remain, and they are holding a consultation who shall serve for the next dessert. Put into them one of the long Southern gentry, with unanimous accord he is better than any thing else for a feast. But reciprocate the compli-

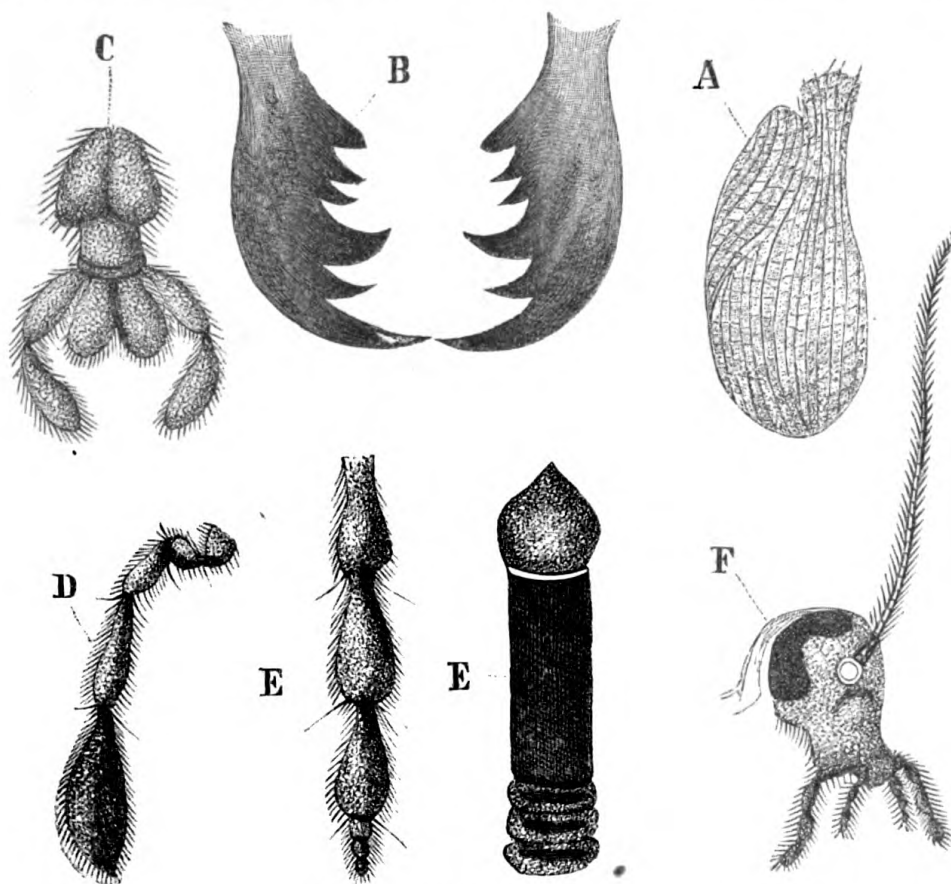


FIGURE 8.—PARTS OF ORIENTAL ROACH.

A. Wing of Male.—B. Mandibles.—C. Upper Lip.—D. Palpus.—E, E. Terminal Joints of Antennae.—F. Side View of Head.

ment with a "black beetle." They kill it immediately, and huddle together as far off from it as they can get, and die of starvation before they will come near it. No one can conceive, unless they watch them very closely, how much they can consume; what great depredations they commit on furniture, books, paper on walls, garments—on every thing—even shoes and boots. I have known them, in a boot, during the night, eat the stitches, for the sake of the wax, that the upper leather separated from the sole, so that it was unwearable by the dismayed owner: and this was in New York. I have seen them feasting, ever so gently, on the ruby lips of a sleeping infant, in a nursery thought by the mother so well regulated that not even a fairy could intrude through the keyhole. To sum up their character, as Bridget said on this occasion, "Presave me, these black beedles are very insinawating creythures!"

I am sorry to say they are rapidly on the increase. At one time they were confined to the sea-board, around vessels and wharves; but they are found now out West, at the extreme verge of emigration—taken on their journey by the emigrants themselves.

It is almost impossible to unglue the egg-cases from the niches where they are placed on furniture. No jolting or movement can dis-

lodge them. So they are unwittingly transported to every new home by every family going to the wilds of the West.

There are several other varieties of *Blatta*, both foreign and native, to be found on this continent; but they have hitherto kept to their own locations, in coal and wood yards, on wharves, in meat-shops, old wells and pumps; and we can not consider them as ever likely to become dwellers at our hearths or guests at our tables.

Here is (Fig. 5) another intolerable nuisance. Happy the one who has not a garment fretted by the *Moth*: he must be at either extremity of civilization—a philosopher above perceiving such minutiae, or an unfortunate who does not possess one to be fretted. It is the most wonderful study this minute agent of destruction, and still more wonderful how much evil they can accomplish. This moth, the *Tinea pellionella*, the Clothes' Moth, belongs to the Lepidoptera division, the *Phalena tineæ* of Linnæus. It is a very small insect with soft, buff-colored, satiny wings, flying mostly at night. It is called the "Vestianella" by Harris; but this latter differs from the former: it is larger, has some shading on the wings, the proboscis or sucker is longer in the perfect insect, and it prefers materials of a silky texture; whereas the "Pellionella" scarcely ever



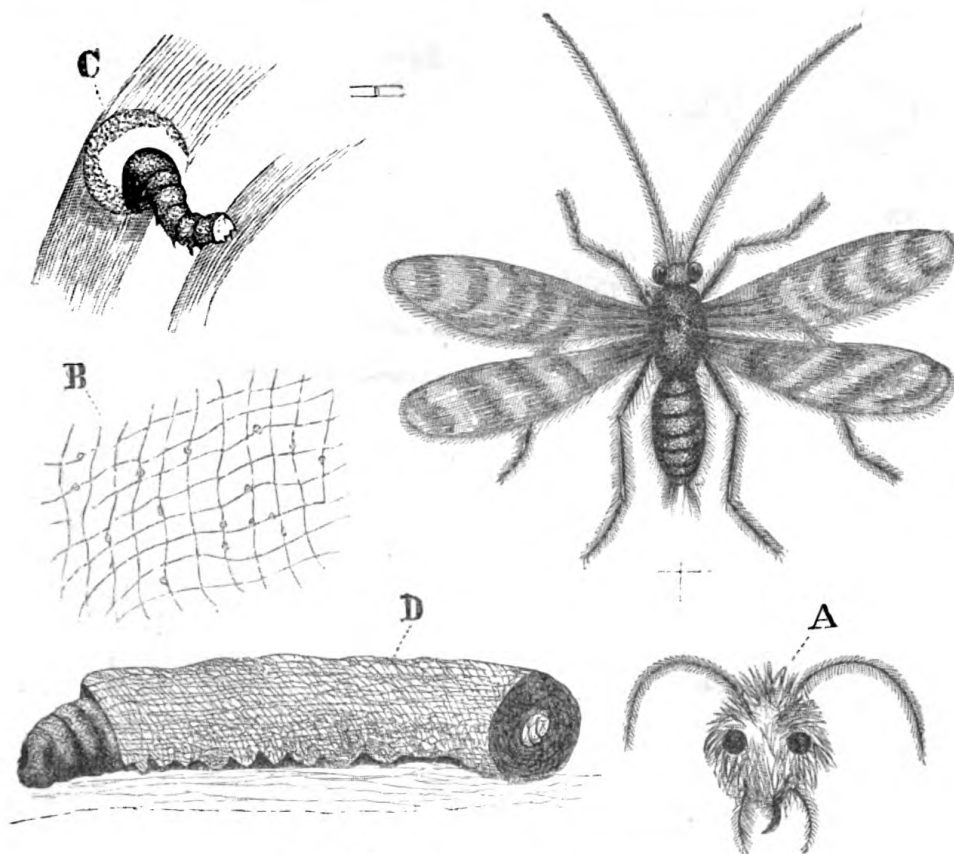


FIGURE 9.—CLOTHES' MOTIL—(TINEA PELLIONELLA.)

A. Head of Vestianella.—B. Eggs of Pellionella.—C. Worm emerging from the Egg.—D. The Moth, in its case, feeding.

touches any fabric but of wool and hair. The mother moth always deposits her eggs, if possible, in the former and thinner; but the larvæ will often wander off to the other material if near by. They are easily designated by a cursory observer from the manner in which they carry their antennæ: they are always more curved in the "Vestianella" (A): their habits are so similar one description will answer for both. The mother moth, early in the morning or at twilight, may be seen flying about seeking a place for her eggs. Upon the long hairs of any woolen fabric near at hand she hastens to glue them (B), scattering them over it so as to give as much space to her young as possible: they are, as well as the larvæ, almost imperceptible to the unaided eye. You must know how to look for them, if you find them without a glass. The egg is round, white, and pellucid; eighteen days from the time they are deposited a small white worm comes out: taking hold of a neighboring hair, it wriggles its way out of the shell (C). It nestles in the soft wool for a day or two, then changes its skin. By this time its fluids are settled and the silk secretion has accumulated; and being stronger, it commences to build or rather manufacture its case. It will not eat during the time it is thus reposing, nor will it cut a hair until a sufficient quantity of fluid silk has collected. When it once commences, it rests neither day nor night until its

domicile is finished. I have known them to be naked a whole week before they commenced their operations. Its body is its model. It searches all round over the stuff for a long hair: this is clipped with its small teeth as close as possible and laid lengthways; another and another, each bound together by threads of silk; and so it continues, patiently clipping the hairs and weaving them in. The process is repeated until a stout fabric covers in part the little naked creature, and gradually it becomes large enough to cover the body entirely. The interior is allowed to be of sufficient dimensions for the caterpillar to turn up or down, and is finished off with a fine, closely-woven network of silk and the softest hairs. It now rests for a day or so, and then begins to eat. This family never feed unless under cover. The depredation now commences in earnest. The long hairs being used for its habitation, it rejects the pile or nap, as it is called, cutting it away and casting it on either side, causing the cloth to assume the thread-bare appearance it has under such circumstances. Its real food is the original compact material, the result the small pin-holes found in the finest and best textures. These it always prefers to a coarser or inferior article. They are capital judges of costly fabrics, and always select them on account of their being freer from oily particles. Of course the worm increases as time advances, and shows a bold front when

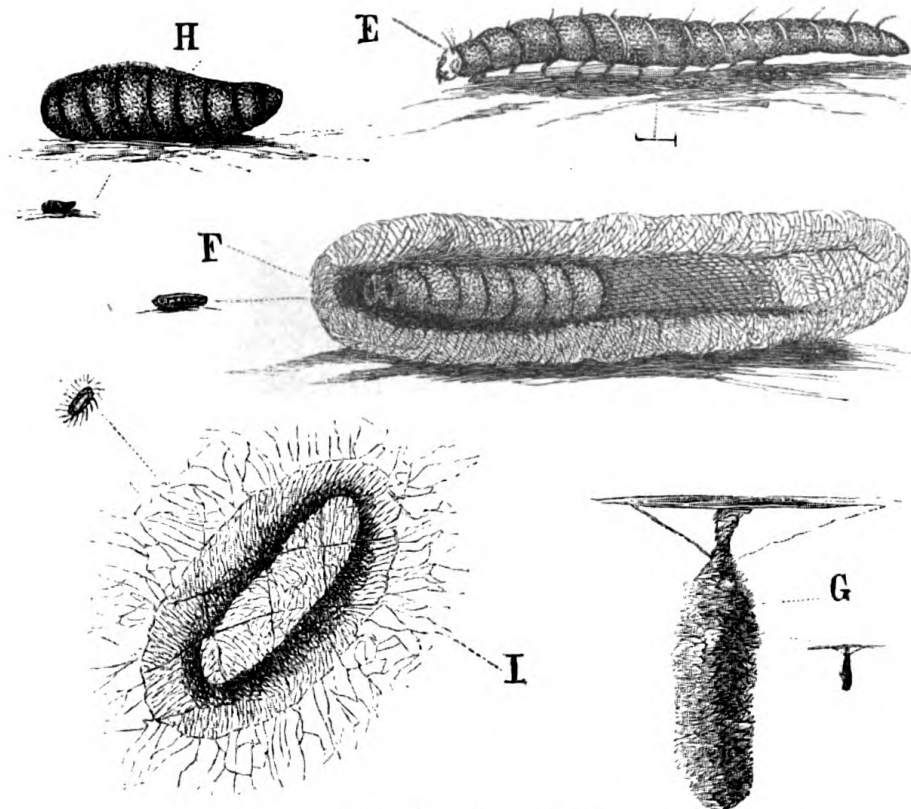


FIGURE 10.—PARTS OF MOTHS.

E. Worm full-grown, from under cover.—F. Moth patching its case.—G. Moth Suspended.—H. Pupa.—I. Case of the Carpet-Moth (*Tinea tapetzella*).

forced from his case. Soon it becomes too narrow and too short. You naturally conclude it will slip out of the old shell and construct another. Not so; economy is one of the most important lessons Dame Nature teaches her children, in food and the use of material. Waste is unknown throughout the universe; it is an *indulgence* assumed by man in his own right. This little caterpillar possesses an accomplishment which I fear we may term “a lost art”—it knows how “to patch.” With its teeth it cuts an aperture half-way down the case (Figure 10, F); but as it has a positive dislike to nudity, it does not cut but one slit at a time. If it commences enlarging at the tail, the next aperture is at the head, then at the tail again; and so back to the head, when it is made comfortable again by its own industry. You perceive the patch already made; the second was made at the back.

At this period you can have this little case as varied as you choose by supplying the material: a very pretty specimen of rainbow manufacture, for instance; the foundation being yellow, one patch may be blue, the second red, third green, and fourth pink: the case may be lengthened by black and purple hairs, woven in most beautifully and symmetrically. It will consume nearly a whole week to execute this enlargement: it now rests several days, and then commences eating again. I can not find out positively why, in some instances, this enlarging or patching takes

place twice. Usually once suffices, but in several instances it has occurred twice. I conclude it is owing to the want of nutritious qualities in the material they may be feeding upon, or probably to the time of the year they may have to emerge as perfect insects. Providence may have given them the liberty of selecting their periods; certainly some worms feed double the time others do. When they have fed long enough they close up the ends of the cocoons, suspending them from shelves or walls (Figure 10, G). Open it at the end of ten or twelve days, and you will find a small chrysalis (H); it will remain an indefinite period before it comes out a perfect insect, the weather having complete control over it.

You perceive (I) the cocoon of the *Tinea tapetzella*, the Carpet or Tapestry Moth, whose habits are the same, except that, when it has finished feeding, it sinks its cocoons as far down as possible into the pile of the carpet, weaving silk and hair back and forth to secure them from being shaken out; consequently, a carpet must be well beaten for them to be disturbed.

Authors are of opinion the ancients possessed some secret for preserving garments from the moth. We are told the robes of Servius Tullius were found in perfect preservation at the death of Sejanus—an interval of more than five hundred years. Pliny gives as a precaution “to lay garments on a coffin;” others recommend “cantharides hung up in a house, or wrapping them in



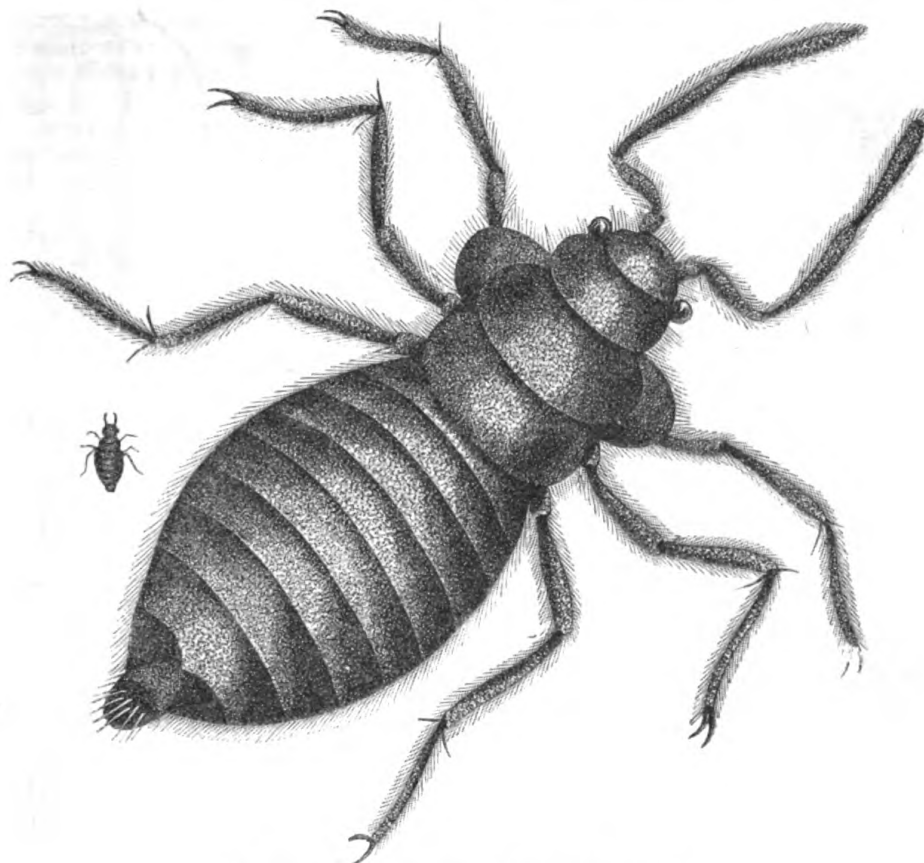


FIGURE 11.—THE BED-BUG.—(CIMEX LECTULARIUS.)

a lion's skin"—"the poor little insects," says Reaumur, "being probably placed in bodily fear of this terrible animal." I fear, if these were the only modes of preserving garments in those days, the treasonable eyes of Sejanus would never have been gratified with a sight of those royal robes he intrigued so ardently to appropriate to himself. Shall we allow the question to intrude upon us? Did the Roman matrons excel the moderns in neatness, economy (in having fewer garments), and watchfulness—the only *preservatives* against these bold and industrious depredators?

Here (Figure 11) is a member of a family whose leader, if they have one like Alexander the Great, must weep for "new kingdoms to conquer." There is one solely, in the known habitable world, that rebels against its imperious demands—that "gem of the sea," that paradise to which *distance* lends such unfading charms. St. Patrick has refused all admittance to its homes—his staff bars the entrance of every part. They can possess not even the beggar's straw. In Ireland—happy country—they have no *Bed-Bugs*!

It is said by travelers that they are not found at a greater altitude than 5817 feet; others again complain of them at Quito, 9000 feet above the sea. And—whisper it to the reeds, but not to the winds!—it is feared the monks on St. Bernard will be obliged soon to ask the aid of St. Patrick to rid them of these vampyres. The fathers, it

is said, tremble when they see their dogs sniffing the air. They know who is coming. "*Bed-Bugs*" and "*Americans*" are synonyms in their vocabulary.

This *Cimex lectularius*—known to the world as the "Bed-Bug" among the English, "*Chinche*" of the Spaniard, and "*Camarade de lit*" (Bed-fellow"), of the French—is an irrepressible and firmly-planted nuisance. This word "Bug" has the same root as "bugbear." The passage in Psalms, "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night," has been translated by Matthew, in his Bible, "Thou shalt not nede to be afraide of any *bugs* by night." He never visited any part of America, or he would have been aware this assurance was made to the *ear* alone. It is a native of this country; and, if we have received nuisances from abroad, assuredly we have avenged ourselves ten-fold by the extradition of this one. It was known in England as early as 1503. The discoverers of this hemisphere must have taken it with them on their return. The first mention made of them we have in the anecdote of Dr. Penny, who, in the year mentioned above, was called in great haste to Mortlake, on the Thames, to attend two noblemen who had been bitten (read *punctured*) by these barbarians, and supposed themselves to have contracted some terrible contagion. The *début* of these insects in the old world, you perceive, was well chronicled. Dr. Penny being an entomologist "laughed them

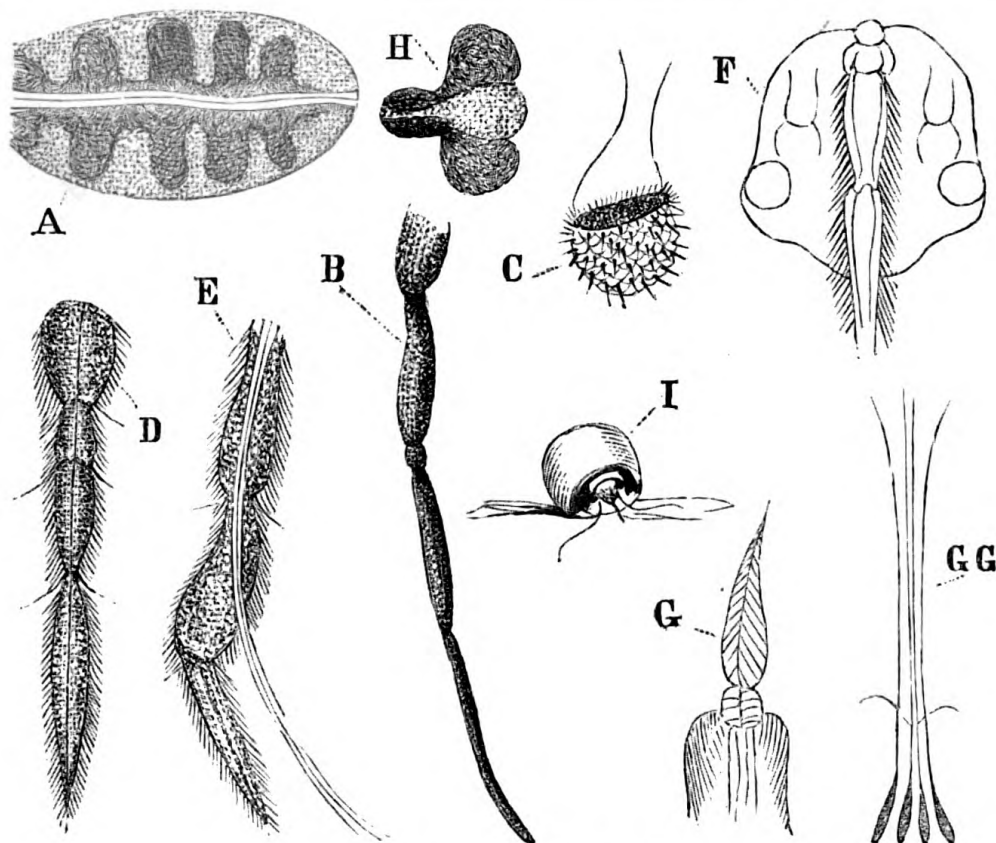


FIGURE 12.—PARTS OF BED-BUG.

A. Intestines.—B. Antenna of the Male.—C. Eye.—D. Haustellum, or Sucker, closed.—E. Side view of Sucker.—F. Under Part of Head.—G. Under Lip.—GG. Hair of the Tube, and outside Cases.—H. Egg-Bag.—I. Worm emerging from the Egg.

out of their fears." It is a pity the cure had not descended to us with the anecdote.

This bug is a parasite of the bat family. I have never handled one but I have found it covered with them in some stage—nestling along the under part of the wings, on the large veins, and around the body. The *Barbastelles* or *Nycticeus* we meet at the South, and the whole family of *Molossines* are never free from them. We know the principal habitat for all the families of bats in this country is the topmost branches of our highest pines. Here they congregate during the day until nightfall. In the pine forests of the Southern States you can scarcely strip a piece of bark from a tree whose sap is drying away but you will find these bugs in every stage hidden under it. They are most tenacious of life—no degree of cold or heat can affect them. Freeze one until you can break it in two; thaw the pieces, and they will revive. Freeze the eggs until congealed in ice; let them thaw, and they will hatch as usual. Boil both insect and egg; they revive as soon as cool. Under the bark they will propagate without food except what they derive from the atmosphere. They deposit their eggs along the rents and fibres of the woody parts; and this is the reason that houses, where much pine is used, become infested. Bats may be seen beating their wings at nightfall, by the hour, against the branches of

the pines, to relieve themselves of some of these parasites. Being insects fond of warmth they creep down from their aerial position toward the earth, and hide from the light (which to them as well as to the bat is unsupportable), under the bark, until chance conveys them into more agreeable quarters—our houses.

When on the bat they have the same hue as it—a mouse or dark-brown color; but after two or three generations have passed, feeding on man, they become lighter, and are at some stages transparent. As they grow old their fluids become thick, and they are almost black. On the bat they scarcely ever move, running in their suckers, and holding on by them during its wild aerial flights. But the daytime amply compensates them.

The *Cimex lectularius* of Linnæus belongs to the order *Hemiptera*. It is a pretty insect if it has kept good company. It looks as if made of pale straw-colored glass; and if in a starving condition you place it on your hand, it is a marvelous performance of Nature to see the numerous veins and intestines (Figure 12, A) filling up with the rosy fluid. It has the same capacity as the flea of voiding as fast as it imbibes. The male is smaller than the female, and has the antennæ (B) very much thinner. The eyes (C) resemble very minute blackberries, except from each protuberance proceeds a spine. The parts of the



*haustellum* or sucker (D, E) are all before you. I presume that there is no individual to whom it is necessary to explain their operation, nor the sensation arising therefrom.

When the female is prepared to deposit her eggs, you can perceive the yellow egg-bag under the abdomen (H): she deposits them generally in long regular rows, a slight fluid covering them to retain them in place. The young bug (I) has a very comical look as it emerges from the egg; the little black eyes seem to express so much astonishment at the new world it is so fearless in entering. They moult four times—the first skin discoverable is so small that it can be seen only by the eye in a strong light; and they may have thrown off one before this; but only four moultings can be counted. They arrive at maturity in about twenty days from the time they are hatched. The mother bug will continue, when once she commences to deposit her eggs, every day for three weeks, at intervals. They are thus hatching at all times and at all seasons.

Some authors affirm that they will live for years. I can only mention my own experience. I have tended them with the utmost care to convince myself of this phenomenon, feeding them regularly and without stint on my own hands. At the tenth week they commence to show marks of old age; at the twelfth they seem to possess no power to elevate the sucker, and generally die on the thirteenth. I have kept them alive until they were eighteen weeks old, by giving them the blood of raw beef; but this is an unfair experiment. Others must have had better success. The world would soon be *sucked up* if they all arrived at the age of six years, given by one author (Goeze) as the result of his experiment. The missionaries in South America consider that all these sucking insects, so annoying to man, are meant as phlebotomists to relieve him of his superfluous fluids, fitting his system to the climate he is in. This philosophy is worth cultivating, but it is rather Jesuitical.

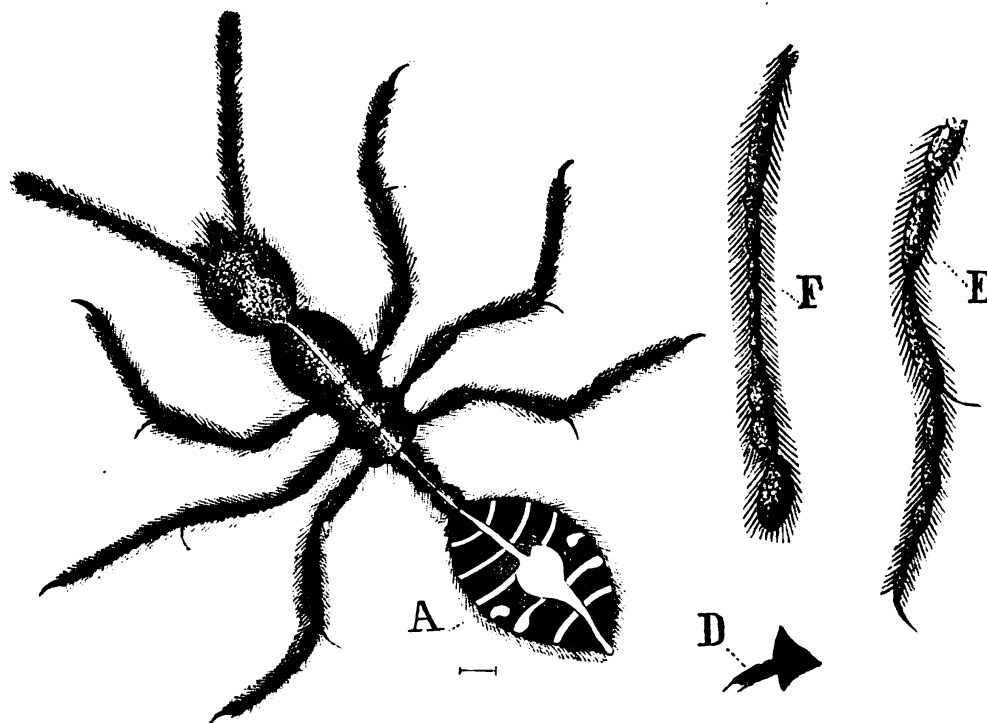
The larva of one of its own kindred—the *Reduvius personatus*—pursues it without mercy. It resembles an extraordinary ugly spider, and to conceal itself, for the purpose of hunting at its leisure, it covers itself with dust, down of feathers, shreds of any material it can pick up in its journey, and under this odd masquerade it does execution on this torment. You can only tell there is *something* alive within the ball by seeing it roll along without any perceptible instrument of locomotion. The nearest view I ever obtained of one was in an old wardrobe at Quebec. It made its escape before I could get any means of securing it. I can never forget its dark pupiled eyes, with their blood-red iris, glaring at me with so much ferocity. They can move with wonderful speed when they are pursued; but they take it very coolly when foraging, probably moving an inch in ten minutes. Too much speed would attract attention in a ball of dust. But when near their prey one bound suffices to capture it. You can always discover

where they have been by the number of shells of grown bugs sucked empty and discarded. They are more numerous where their food is plentiful than people are aware of. It requires a keen eye to detect them, and some familiarity with their habits. I regret that my drawing of this insect was necessarily so slight that I do not feel justified in monographing it; and it certainly would be a decided proof of idleness, the want of neatness and supervision for any house-keeper to desire the co-operation of this insect in keeping the other under subjection.

Here is another native (Figure 13)—a most restless, industrious, indefatigable native. Whoever presumes to say he knows him not must have been where larders are empty; and the woman who pronounces this libel on her sex, and has never shed tears of mortification, or given vent to her complaints against it, does not exist, I may fearlessly assert, within the vast domain of this great republic. If so, she must be a denizen of one of Aladdin's palaces. It is ubiquitous; possessing every American proclivity; pushing itself wherever an opening is presented; experimenting upon every unfamiliar object; meddling with every body's business, but never neglecting its own; "sponging" upon any one who will allow it foothold; understanding the rights of squatter sovereignty to the utmost quibble of possession, and positively refusing to leave its country under every inducement.

Such is the little Yellow Ant of our houses. Who will say I am uttering a libel? Out of the fullness of the heart the pen will write as well as the tongue will speak. Such an insulting, vain-glorious native as he is; bustling along; proclaiming by his presence, "If I did not find myself needed, from your carelessness and want of neatness, it would not be necessary for me to come with my legions to remove the debris of your houses. And as I never do any thing for nothing, I shall take my board and lodging at the same time." And, like a true squatter, no force can remove him. Warnings to quit—what are they to him? Out of the cellar to-day, he will be "located" in the attic to-morrow; out of the pantry in the morning, in the lady's card-receiver on the drawing table at night. The American elasticity always pervading, he laughs at obstacles which would make other ants commit suicide, and feels himself "at home" any where with a plenty or a scarcity around. Hoping always, and, I fear I must add, always triumphant. He should be the sign-manual of the "Know Nothing" party. The spread-eagle is a blank to him, as far as symbolic resemblance prevails. Who among us accepts any thing or any body without knowing every antecedent? So let us unearth him.

This "Troublesome Ant"—the *Myrmica molesta* of Say—is the smallest of all ants except the *Myrmica minuta*; and it is doubtful if they are not the same under less flourishing circumstances. Both should be classed under the European sub-genus *Atta*, on account of the shortness of the palpi. It is yellow, with all the

FIGURE 13.—THE YELLOW ANT, OR TROUBLESOME ANT (*FORMICA MOLESTA*).

A. Intestines.—D. Tongue.—E. Leg.—F. Antenna.

darkest shades deepening into brown; quite transparent, so that the intestinal arrangements can easily be perceived, as at A. I fed the one here figured upon preserved blackberries for two days, after having starved it for nine, allowing it only water twice a day. To render the interior more distinct, I have made the white lines to represent the black in the original. Its body is exceedingly knotty and convoluting, enabling it to twist and double itself into every position. The eyes are single, and very black. The mandibles appear to vary in the sexes. I have found them similar in many instances to those at B, Figure 14, and then again they are shorter and more compressed, as at C. On the under side are three indistinct elevations on each side, which may be termed teeth, but are not sufficiently conspicuous to be represented. The tongue (D) may be called triangular after death; but when lapping up any fluid it resembles the bowl of a spoon, and can be elongated or shortened at the will of the insect. They are stingless. The leg (E) and the antennæ (F) explain themselves.

They have always a nest in the earth near the places they infest, and send out colonies far and near. It is over this the winged one's meet. Early in the spring mornings they may be seen whirling through the *danse d'amour* on a sunbeam. Ten minutes suffice for the whole tale to be told. At the expiration of this time the neuters may be seen, like angry godmothers in fairy tales, stripping them of their aerial ornaments—the pretty silvery gauzy wings—ordering them forth on their mission to multiply and

so replenish our houses. The bodies of the dead Leanders are drawn away, and left by the wayside for the fowls of the air. All strong-minded women should study this branch of natural history; they would derive such comfort in seeing, in every instance, how Nature avenges the sex on the males. This ant does not appear to have any regularity or system in planning her city of refuge. I can not understand where uniformity or order commences, as many as I have examined. However, my philosophy may be at fault.

To see how they would manage in-doors last November, when they were looking out for winter-quarters after foraging upon my boxes and drawers all summer, I placed a large slice of home-made cake—a triangular piece about three inches thick—on a window-sill where the sun would reach them at noonday, and close beside the chimney, where they never could feel cold. I covered it with a piece of turf moss, which was sprinkled once or twice a week to keep the cake moist. Several days elapsed. Stragglers were seen around examining the premises; they appeared suspicious of such attentions. A large crack in the window served as a hall of consultation. At last it was decided to take possession in the face of several "border ruffians" who had congregated behind the shutter—the small hunting-spider, *Salticus scenecus*, or zebra.

In February I examined the nest, a section of which I here present (Figure 14). These plans were only doubled and trebled throughout the whole piece, and with much less regularity. The ant I have monographed was found



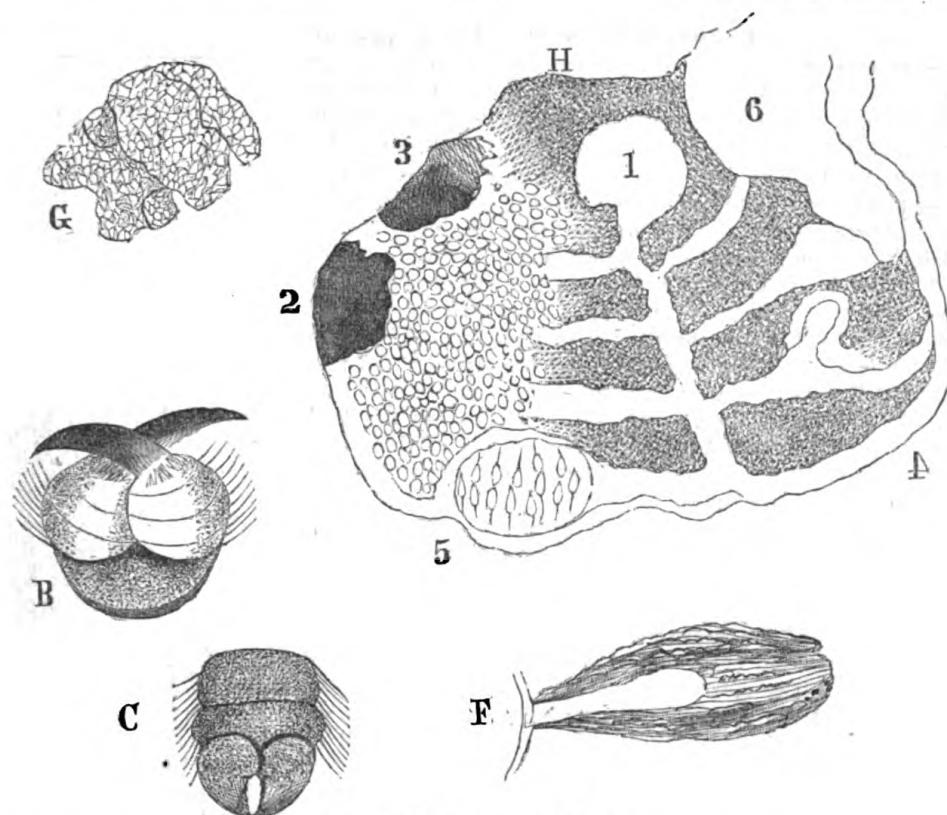


FIGURE 14.—PARTS, ETC., OF ANT.

B. Mandibles.—C. Mandibles compressed.—F. Cocoon.—G. Grain, magnified.—H. Nest:—1. Large room; 2, 3. Raisins, eaten out; 4. Main Road, leading to the crack; 5. Room filled with cocoons; 6. Room, with Pupa-Cases.

alone in the large room (Figure 14, 1). We may presume she must be an individual of some distinction. There were about forty inhabitants in all, scattered over the premises; they were all napping for the winter; the others had retired to the crack. Doubtless these were sentinels left to watch, and had become overpowered by the cold. The black spots (2, 3) were raisins, which had been eaten out, and refilled with small grains, which appeared to have been masticated, and prepared for future use. The grains you see disposed around with avenues leading to them were of various colors, like a collection of microscopic sugar-plums—pink, blue, and yellow. They probably obtained their coloring matter from the mixture of formic acid—the saliva of the ants—which possesses the power of changing the color of vegetable matter. The grains (G) were composed of atoms still more minute, connected as if with some fluid. The main road (4) was lined on both sides with some kind of debris, and led directly to the crack; there were several ants at its entrance. Here was a very important chamber (5), filled with cocoons similar to the one at F, all fastened to each other, and to the walls of the chamber. Among these were several ants rolled up into balls, sleeping as you have seen a cat with its head buried under it. In the chamber (6) were a number of eggs and a few pupa-cases, hedged in with grains of cake, to keep them warm. Here, likewise, were several ants quite as snug

and unconscious as the others. I replaced the nest as carefully as possible; not an ant was awakened except the dame of the large chamber (1); I placed her under a glass to thaw out for future acquaintance. I have had the honor of introducing her to you (Figure 13), with the exception of a few domestic secrets which you would not appreciate. Credit me, I enjoyed the expectation of cutting off some thousands of these torments at a future day, as soon as they revived with the warm spring, and congregated in their city of sweets. Would I not have the human enjoyment of revenge for the numerous sackings my boxes had received? Alas, this was not to be! I went at the appointed time to fulfill my intentions with most satanic *engouement* and found the city *empty*. Eggs, cocoons, food, sugar-plums—all gone—carried off securely into the crack that has no bottom; nothing but ruins, over which I meditated, like Marius amidst those of Carthage, but with less hope. It was all right: for I am half Brahmin at times. I see so much instinct, foresight, ingenuity, prescience, preconception—almost the reasoning faculty—amidst my daily companions, that I might have destroyed a whole host of somebody's ancestors. They would not have been my own, for they never understood the *saving power*.

Their sense of smell, or their susceptibility to the atmosphere around them, must be exquisite. I had not seen one for some weeks, and I was about to sing,

"*To Pëan!* twice; twice, *To say!*"

My toils are pitch'd and I have caught my prey."

I left, in fancied security on the window-sill, a rare beetle which I was painting. I was absent about thirty minutes, and returned just in time to prevent the disappearance of my treasure down that formidable crack. The whole population—equal to that of the Chinese empire—had turned out to secure this prize. I was too happy to reclaim my property; and, after due examination, I placed it away in my safest sanctum. I wonder if ants ever laugh. They must have done so to-day, if they saw my dismay to find nothing remaining of my charming summer companion but the strong wing-cases and a few shreds. It was like rifling a grave. Had this been all, no body of antiquarians in a mummy-pit could have acted more ruthlessly than they had done among my specimens.

It is said they prefer *sweets*. Those who thus assert do not know them. Their taste is thoroughly aldermanic—liking every thing good; but they have a decided preference for meats. I have experimented for weeks at a time near that yawning, ingulfing crack with a dozen articles at a time. The meats were always disposed of first, and the cunning little creatures always took a full meal of them before they commenced work. They are, moreover, very great drinkers, and positively have not a particle of respect for the Maine Law, craving a sip of the ardent with human intensity.

When the female is ready to drop her eggs she runs about the nest expelling them as she goes. She is carefully followed by the workers, who take the eggs in their jaws, and convey them into chambers appropriated to them. At first the egg is very opaque and dull, but it grows under the care of these good nurses, who lick it over and turn it three or four times a day until it becomes bright and translucent. In time—say ten days—according to the weather, a very minute grub comes forth blind and helpless. It is patiently fed and nursed, each worker having one or two under its charge, who are very careful in keeping them warm and dry. In several ants' nests cocoons are formed of a very silky texture; and others again resembling coarse pupa-cases. We must conclude those who are to be future foundresses of other colonies, and consequently possess wings, are fed as are the bees, upon superior food, and whose cocoons are spun of a finer material. There is certainly a great difference in them. One thing is certain: these change their skins before they obtain their wings, while the workers never do. This is the reason that in many nests they are always darker and stronger.

When the grub is ready to come from the cocoon or pupa-case, the ant who is attending upon it bites it open, and helps it out. It is fed several days by its attendant, until its right position in the nest is ascertained; and should it prove to be a worker, sometimes the elders are obliged to *flog* it to its task—these representatives of industry having naturally no more love

for work than ourselves. They resemble us in another particular: heaping up possessions, and not knowing who shall enjoy them. Very few survivors, when exposed during the winter, remain to enjoy the reward of such hard labor of the summer.

They are very kind and affectionate to each other. If a straggler should come across a wounded companion she will lay her package down, examine the sufferer, and if any care will avail she hastens off and in a little while you will see several hastening along—the wounded one is lifted with care and borne off to the comforts of the nest. They never pass a body of one without examining it; but the dead are left to bury the dead. Many an hour have I spent in watching such exhibitions of their love: it is really amusing to see their sagacity in drawing out a drowning brother or sister from a drop of sirup. Of course if they venture in they get stuck fast themselves. They manage it thus: One stands as near the pool as possible; a second mounts on her back, stretching over as far as practicable; another mounts on her—and so on until the sufferer is reached. She is then plucked out, with the jaws rolled up, and passed over the bridge. The sweet one is spread out and *licked* free from all restraining bands. Is this not beautiful, oh! brothers and sisters? "Go to the ant"—what lessons she can teach!

Now I hear you ask if there are any remedies by which you may secure yourselves against these annoyances.

"The world *without* us flings strong shadows of the world *within*." If neatness, energy, industry, and supervision are not cultivated as *habits* by housekeepers, the little world around them will soon proclaim the presence of those who minister (by the commands of Him who governs all time and all things) to man in his hours of idleness as in his hours of labor. It is true, creatures

"Walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

## HOW THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE RAN SMOOTH.

A COLD easterly wind, laden with a sharp and pitiless rain, raved about the villa on Thorley's Point. In spite of the comfortable fires, the warm carpets, the double windows, and the excellent construction of the building, a damp and dreary atmosphere pervaded it. As dusk fell the long parlors became intolerable. Their furniture assumed ghostly forms in the mysterious half-light, and myriad shapes seemed starting every moment from the curtains and mirrors.

Nor was the rest of the house one whit more cheery. The spacious bedchambers were chilly and moist, and cold currents swept the halls and entries, moaning at every keyhole like the ghosts of the mariners whom, one could but think, that fearful storm had wrecked.



Perhaps the corner chamber, over the first drawing-room, was the saddest, dreariest of all. There, on the wide and luxurious bed, lay Squire Thorley, owner of the villa and estate, rich and influential, respected, honored, and loved, but now in the clutches of that awful sovereign who claims our allegiance one day, whether we will or no, and laughs at our houses and lands, our wealth and influence, our respect, honor, and love alike!

Mark Thorley, the old Squire's only son, a well-grown and comely young fellow of two-and-twenty, knelt beside his father's couch praying and sobbing incessantly.

"Take comfort, boy," whispered the old gentleman; "my time has come—why should I stay? I am going—I am going to meet your mother, Mark. Be true to yourself, boy—be just to others—never do that which you would not have known—I—give me your hand—here—I am cold—God bless you—"

That was all.

The wind roared and wailed about the mansion, and the whirling, driving rain beat upon roof and window, but neither Squire Thorley nor his son took heed. The one lay cold and motionless in the embrace of death, and the other's passionate grief burned out all his grosser senses.

After the funeral the house seemed the desolate place that only a country-house can seem after death has visited it. Every room had its especial phantom, day or night, and young Thorley, being of the dreamy, imaginative sort, felt that he should soon become insane if he remained there. Each object that met his eye served to recall his great bereavement, and to open afresh the wounds that would not heal. Life seemed already exhausted to his grief-jaundiced vision. The love he had borne his father was peculiarly intense, and while he thought only of the sundering of that love, he could see nothing bright in the future or worthy in the present.

"Let me live in solitude and peace," he said; "there is, after all, more enjoyment in apathy than in activity. I will henceforth be a hermit."

In the halcyon days when his father had been his constant companion, in study and in recreation—for they were more like two college friends than like father and son—they had built a sort of summer-house on the farthest end of the Point, aided by the remains of an ancient lime-kiln that stood there. A strata of limestone, cropping out above water, produced this point, and a former owner had quarried it pretty extensively, burning it into lime in this kiln, and shipping it from a rough pier close at hand.

The pier had long since been washed away, but the walls of the kiln were stout; and as the graceful woodbine had covered the ruin, making it a picturesque and pretty feature in the view, Squire Thorley allowed it to remain.

A rough roof, a floor, and some benches, made it a convenient shooting-box in the wild-duck season, and a pleasant place to take a book and a cigar to for a cool hour on a hot day.

"The kiln," said Mark, "shall be my hermitage; and there, in a simple and studious life, I will forget both myself and the world."

Assisted by a mason and carpenter, the young man soon contrived to make his hermitage quite an agreeable habitation. The floor was evened, the window glazed, a rustic porch built over the narrow door, a fire-place, pantry, book-shelves, writing-desk, etc., put up inside, and with a few articles of furniture from the villa, the kiln assumed a really cheerful air of comfort.

Here the self-appointed recluse took up his abode. The plain and simple food he required he either prepared for himself or had brought him from a neighboring farm-house. His days were passed in reading, writing, and meditation, with an occasional walk, for exercise. When more amusement was wanted he caught fish, dropping his line from the window of his cell, which directly overlooked the water, or made sketches of the scenery about.

An indolent, aimless life, and one which must of necessity become terribly *ennuyeux*, sooner or later, to a cultivated and intelligent man. But it was good for Mark in his then condition. There is nothing like outward calm to soothe a fire within. Grief consumes itself—wears itself out—if it has nothing to prey upon; and Mark found, in the course of a few months, that his first agony had subsided into a softened regret. He no longer felt horror in contemplating his loss; but found, indeed, a pensive pleasure in recalling the happy hours he had passed with his father on the Point, in the woods, or upon the bay, whose ever-restless waters washed the Thorley estate.

The villa was advertised to let, and soon found a tenant. Mrs. Brydon, a widow lady, whose husband had met his death in Florida while acting in the capacity of major in the regular army, finding herself too much reduced in means to keep up her fashionable residence in the city, became the occupant of the deserted house, and lived there with her only daughter, almost as secluded as Mark in his kiln.

The young man had judged, from Mrs. Brydon's haughty and reserved manner, that she was not the person to disturb his solitude by invitations to card-parties, tea-drinkings, and other provincial festivities, before he consented to let her have the villa. She, too, had seen that he was as little likely to intrude himself upon her before she consented to become his tenant; and under these auspices the relation was remarkably well sustained, as they never met except on quarter-day, when the stately form and black piercing eyes of the widow appeared in the hermitage for half an hour, with wonderful punctuality. The rent paid—always in gold—and the receipt signed, the young man invariably invited his tenant to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry, which she invariably accepted. In a rude cellar, hollowed out of the rock beneath the floor, Mark kept a small supply of excellent wine—a part of the stock left by the late Squire, who had been a connoisseur. Thence he produced a bottle of

golden sherry, filled two glasses, and the stereotyped conversation—all he ever held with his tenant—ensued.

"Do you find the house comfortable, Madame?"

"Very comfortable, I thank you, Sir."

"Whatever repairs or alterations you may desire I beg you will attend to. The expense incurred may be deducted from the rent."

"Thank you, Sir. You are very kind."

"Not at all."

"The weather has been quite favorable since I saw you."

"Quite. Has your health been good?"

"Very good, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She is well, I thank you, Sir. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Madame."

Once every three months, on the first day of the month, this dialogue was held, during the consumption of the wine. Not a word more or less was ever spoken, the only variation being in the widow's remarks about the weather. These, of course, were made to suit the facts. Then for three months more the two saw nothing of each other.

It was on a charming morning in September, a little more than two years after Mark had begun his hermit life, that he arose late, after his custom—for he was not without some luxurious habits still—and glancing out of his vine-embowered window, saw that the bay was smooth as glass, the sunshine warm, the sky blue, with here and there a fleecy cloud, and the woods along-shore beginning to assume their autumnal garb of russet, gold, and crimson.

"Too fine a day to be enjoyed within four walls," said he; "I must have a good long stroll down the beach. I'll make a sketch of the light on Gull Rock, in water-colors, to-day."

After catching a fine fat sea-bass from beneath his window, and broiling it artistically, the young man breakfasted and equipped himself for a walk. He set out at a leisurely pace—for Gull Rock was seven miles away—and as he strolled down the beach, lingered here and there to examine some curious shell, or sea-weed, or bit of drift.

The day grew warm and the walk was a long one, but Mark was repaid by the beauty of the view when he arrived. The tall white light-house, with its apex painted black, stood boldly out against the sky, now mottled with pearly clouds. The little buildings occupied by the light-keeper and his men were picturesque enough, with their green blinds and red roofs, and a group of stunted, storm-swayed cedars gave a cooling mass of dark green to relieve the brilliancy of the bay. A great iron buoy, stained with rust and discolored by the oxydization of its paint, lay like a dead sea-monster on the beach, with its chains covered with a draggled mass of sea-weed, making a capital object to enliven the foreground of the picture; and Mark felt that if he had arranged the scene, expressly to suit his own eye for the picturesque,

he could not have done better than accident and nature had here.

The afternoon was on the decline when the sketch was finished, but the heat was at its highest, and Mark found it expedient to walk slowly, and to rest frequently, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of these stopping-places, a mile from his hermitage, he lay down on the cool grass that grew almost to the beach, watered by a small stream that there emptied itself into the bay, and, lulled by the trickling music of the brook, fell asleep.

Awakening, he found that the bay was all aflame with the reflected glories of the autumnal sunset, and the dark shadows that began to creep over the eastern horizon warned him that it was time for him to be at home.

He hurried on at an accelerated pace, refreshed and strong after his nap, and had already come in sight of the Point, when he heard the sound of hurried footsteps and quick breathing close behind him.

Turning around, he came face to face with a young girl—a tall, slender creature, with splendid brown eyes and a warm brunette complexion, heightened by the rosy flush of exercise. Her wide straw-hat had fallen back from her head, and the dying light of the sunset fell full upon her forehead and hair, the blue-black masses of which lay upon her neck in a charming disorder. Blushing and panting, with fresh lips half opened, disclosing her white and even teeth, her bosom heaving and her eyes flashing, she presented a beautiful and unexpected vision to Mark's appreciative faculties, attuned as they were, by a day of æsthetic idleness, to the worship of beauty. She could not regain her breath for a moment, and they stood looking at each other in an animated silence, if I may use the expression.

"Miss Brydon, I believe?" said Mark, at length, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Sir. Excuse me, but I think you left this book back yonder by the creek, did you not? I saw you sleeping there as I passed down the shore, and when I returned found the book near by."

In truth Mark had forgotten his sketch-book when he left his sleeping-place.

"I am greatly obliged to you," he said; "it was very careless of me to leave it, and very thoughtful of you to restore it to me. I am sorry, however, that you fatigued yourself so."

"Oh, that is nothing. A little exercise never hurts any body, and I am a famous walker."

Their ways lay in the same direction, so they continued in company, chatting about commonplace matters until they reached the long, low promontory, on the extremity of which the hermitage stood.

"It is but a few steps to my den, out yonder," said Mark; "and you seem tired. A glass of wine will invigorate you. Will you accept of the poor hospitality I can offer you?"

As young girls are not generally famous for want of curiosity, and as Miss Brydon's life was



not diversified by too many novelties, she found a refusal impossible; partially sheltering herself under a plea of desiring to examine the sketch-book she had saved from loss. She herself was fond of drawing, she said, and always liked to see the work of others.

Once inside, not an object escaped her quick eye. She took in every thing at a glance—the desk, with its pile of manuscripts; the book-case, laden with well-worn volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking utensils hung in a corner; the strange pipes, and antique urns for tobacco; the handsome rifle and fowling-piece suspended from the rafters; the fishing-tackle over the mantle; the bed, in its curtained alcove; the few pictures, mostly water-color views, with one portrait in oil, representing Squire Thorley in his shooting costume—in a word, the entire inventory of the hermit's goods and chattels was taken in a moment by his fair visitor.

After the simple hospitality of the place—theretofore sacred to quarter-day—had been partaken of by the young lady, she departed, gently refusing Mark's proffer of escort to the villa.

"What is the matter with you, Lois?" asked her mother, that evening; "you seem uncommonly dreamy."

"I'm sure I don't think so, mamma. I feel stupid, to be sure; but that is my normal condition, you know. Did you ever notice, mamma, what a very handsome young man we have for a landlord? I met him to-day on the beach."

As for Mark, his head was quite full of the unwonted experience of the afternoon. When he sat on the porch, in the fading twilight, thoughtfully puffing a long chibouque, after supper, a face kept arising on the pale gray wreaths of smoke—a fine maidenly face, with flashing eyes and rosy cheeks—growing, and fading, and growing, till, angry with himself, he went in and took to his books.

"Have I lived here in this way two years," he asked himself, "a living proof of the good of peace and solitude, to be finally upset by a girl's face?"

Yet that was the first night in two years, hot or cold, dry or wet, fair or stormy, that he had really felt lonesome.

It may have been very foolish—no doubt it was—but it was certainly very natural also, for Lois Brydon to be suddenly seized with such a passion for nature. She passed nearly half her time on the beach, and the number of sketches she made, the shells and minerals she collected, the walking-shoes she wore out, and the facts she learned concerning tides, winds, etc., were beyond belief. Mark Thorley, too, seemed to have less fancy for in-door studies than formerly. He lost the sallow, thin look that he had formerly worn, and his shoulders broadened with open-air exercise. His dress began to evince something of its ancient elegance, and—fatal sign!—the most of his writings now, instead of being learned essays, treatises, etc., were rhythmic

and metred, with lines ending in "sighs," "eyes," "blisses," "kisses," and the like. His hermitage bore a neater order in its arrangements, and upon its walls appeared new sketches, in pencil and in color, executed in a more delicate style than his own, and bearing the initials "L. B." in their corners.

To be brief, the truth was just what these trifles indicated. Lois Brydon had thawed the ice of the hermitage, and was on the most excellent terms with its hitherto gloomy and misanthropic inhabitant.

Mrs. Brydon was not altogether in her daughter's confidence. She did not know how intimate the young people were, though Lois had told her of their gradually formed acquaintanceship. Doubtless, had she known, she would have considered it very improper; but Lois was quick at reading character, and had divined that Mark was thoroughly a man of honor—a gentleman—and therefore worthy of her companionship.

Moreover, she loved him!

One night, after an unusually agreeable afternoon, Mark persuaded Lois to take supper with him, in order to test the kind of fare that a recluse could enjoy. His stock of bread, butter, and eggs, was freshly procured from the neighboring farm-house; and he proposed to catch some fresh fish, wherewith to make a savory broil. The young girl consented; and the supper, further enlivened by excellent coffee and a bottle of choice Burgundy, was pronounced delicious.

"I will escort you home," said Mark, "and astonish your good mother by calling upon her."

"She will be astonished, but not displeased, I think. She paid you a compliment the other day."

"No! did she? What was it?"

"Guess."

"Oh, I can't. She said I was not so much of a fool as I looked, perhaps?"

"No."

"That I knew what good company was?"

"No."

"That—that—I could cook a blackfish just to a turn?"

"No. That is true, but she doesn't know it."

"Then I can't guess. Tell me."

"Well; she said you were too much of a gentleman, and too handsome—too handsome, mind you—to live the life you had chosen, and that it was a shame!"

"Oh, spare my blushes!"

In light and playful conversation the supper passed, and it was not until the dishes were cleaned and put away—a task at which Lois merrily assisted—that the young folks discovered it was raining.

"It is nothing," said Mark, confidently; "the wind is westerly; it can't rain long."

Lois waited, while he smoked his chibouque and told her a story—some quaint little fancy of one of the old writers that he loved. Then they made another investigation into the weath-

er, and found that the wind had shifted. It was blowing steadily from the northeast, and the rain came with increased force.

"This begins to look serious," said Lois, with a shade of anxiety in her brown eyes.

"It is going to be a storm, sure enough; but it must lull soon, and we can hurry over to the house between the drops."

No lull came, however. Thick darkness settled down upon the bay. The wind roared louder and louder, and the waves broke in long lines of sheeted foam upon the weather side of the promontory.

Lois began to be frightened, and Mark did his best to allay her fears, though he himself foresaw a tempest. Meanwhile every moment served to augment the fury of wind and rain. It was the equinoctial storm, and one of extraordinary violence.

"My poor mamma will be frightened to death," said the young girl. "I only wish she knew I was safe. I did not tell her where I was going when I left the house this afternoon, and she will surely think I am drowned."

"It would be very dangerous to try a walk in this weather, Lois. The path is none of the safest by daylight, through those old quarries, and now one might easily get a few broken bones in the attempt."

"But what can we do? This storm will not abate before morning."

"I am in hopes that there will be a temporary calm soon."

No signs of a calm could be seen though from the window. A long windrow of phosphorescent light, ever shattered and ever renewed as the waves broke upon the Point, was all that was visible, while the constantly increasing noise of the gale and the surf showed that worse weather was yet to come.

At nine o'clock, meteorological affairs being no better, Lois decided that she would make an attempt, at all events, to gain her home, and quiet the alarm she knew her mother must feel.

Stoutly wrapped up in Mark's oil-cloth coat, with a handkerchief tied over her hat and under her chin, she set out boldly in the driving rain and wind, accompanied by the hermit, who, for the first time since forswearing the world, found a pair of soft white hands clinging closely to his arm, and a girlish form nestling timidly at his side.

The tremendous gusts sweeping in from the sea, thick with salt spray, nearly took them off their feet, and the sharp rain blinded them so that they could scarcely tell which way they were going. Indeed, the only manner in which they could advance with any surety was by Mark's going ahead with a lantern, which he had thought to bring with him, exploring the path for a few feet, and then returning for his charge. Even this slow and dangerous progress, however, was soon abruptly terminated.

During the quarrying days of the Point a portion of the promontory had been blasted away, its whole width, below the high-water mark, so

that at full tide the waves flowed freely through the inlet thus formed, cutting off the communication between the kiln and the main shore. This inlet had, of late years, been filled up by sand and earth, washed into it, and was as solid a causeway as could be desired, with grass, weeds, and even small shrubs growing upon it. The terrific violence of the wind, and the softening influence of the rain, had now loosened, crumbled, and finally washed away every vestige of this filling-up, leaving a wide torrent raging and foaming between its jagged shores, and leaving the unhappy travelers isolated upon their rocky island.

"My God!" shouted Mark, trying to make his voice audible above the tumult of the storm, "we are cut off! The bank is washed away, and the tide is still rising!"

The lantern's light showed Lois to be very pale, as she turned her face imploringly up toward him. Her words were borne far away as soon as they were uttered; but her expression and gesture said, "What is to be done?" plainly enough.

"Back again!" shouted the young man, pointing toward the kiln; "it is of no use to stay here. The inlet is ten feet deep, and swift as Niagara!"

She clung to him now in terror, and went submissively back to the hermitage, whence a cheery red fire-light glowed out upon the darkness and gloom.

"Thank Heaven, we are at least out of peril," said he, as he closed the door and cast a glance around the dry and cozy apartment.

"Yes; what a terrible night—" she mused a moment; "but it can't be helped—it is very awkward, though—very vexatious, isn't it?"

Both laughed a little.

"Never mind, Lois," said Mark; "we can have a pleasant time anyhow. We will read and sing and draw. I will get up a late supper—just a trifle, you know, by-and-by—and we shall be famously merry! All I'm sorry about is, that your mother will be so alarmed."

After the first embarrassment wore off, the programme he had laid down went on quite prosperously. He read aloud to her from his favorite books. He mended the strings of an old mandoline that ornamented the wall, and they sang all sorts of pleasant songs. They sketched each other's portraits; and Mark made a dingy India-ink drawing of their supposed appearance when they discovered the inlet.

Thus the time passed charmingly till after midnight, when they began to feel hungry, and the hermit—a strange sort of hermit now!—brought his culinary knowledge into play once more.

The supper and coffee finished, they sat down on each side of the fire-place as quietly and domestically as two old married people. Mark whiffed thoughtfully away at his fragrant cherry-stemmed chibouque, and Lois, seated in his arm-chair, gazed meditatively at some prophetic pictures in the coals.



"I say—" began Mark, suddenly, but looking up, he discontinued his observation. Lois had fallen into a peaceful slumber, so he preferred to look at her without awakening her.

The fitful red light of the fire played across her face, bringing out its fine, high-bred features in rich relief of shine and shade. Her blue-veined lids with their long black lashes concealed her eyes, but gave an expression of holy calm that atoned for want of vivacity. Her wealth of shadowy hair, somewhat disheveled by the night's adventures, swept down in wavy masses upon her shoulders. So she sat, her head bowed a little forward, her rosy lips parted in slumber, her fair hands listlessly folded on her lap—a picture fit to make a hermit of a lover, or a lover of a hermit!

Long and earnestly did Mark study this lovely vision of repose and beauty. What his thoughts may have been I can not guess, of course; but as he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, he heaved a very deep sigh, and a broken sentence, only half audible, came to his lips.

"Yes; I am tired of this eternal introspection—there is a better life than this—"

The rain plashed and beat; the wind howled and moaned; the waves rose and fell in angry chorus upon the sharp-toothed rocks without; but within, all was peace, and calm, and rest. Mark sat musing by the fire, or noiselessly paced the narrow apartment until Lois awoke—awoke blushing, with a pretty surprise, as if she was conscious of what awoke her, but dared not speak of it lest it was only a dream.

In sooth, *was* it her own fancy, that tender pressure of his lips to hers? Or had he, emboldened by the tranquillity of her sleep, dared thus to risk her displeasure?

My very dear reader, you may suppose just what you please; theories are easy to support. My own belief is, that Lois looked so incomparably pretty that Mark could not help himself, and so—and so he kissed her!

The cold gray light of dawn was beginning to shine in the lowering east, and the fury of the storm seemed to be abating. By eight o'clock Mark had another meal prepared, with Lois's aid, and when it was over the rain had nearly ceased. It was time for dead low tide, too, and their best chance for crossing the inlet was at that hour; for the tempest was liable to arise again, and the larder of the hermitage was running low: so that, if imprisoned there much longer, the horrors of starvation might be added to their other sufferings.

Sallying forth they found the way clear, and the inlet, through which a fearful torrent had roared the night before, now contained only a brawling stream, across which one could easily step. In a few moments Lois and her mother were locked, half fainting, in each other's arms.

Mrs. Brydon had sat in her chamber—the same in which Squire Thorley died—by a seaward-looking window, trying to pierce the thick darkness with her eyes, the whole night long. The servants—much as they loved Lois's gentle presence—could not be prevailed upon to make

more than one effort to face the pitiless elements; and so, giving her only child up for lost, the poor lady had sat alone, in a calm and tearless agony, until daylight. As soon as the storm permitted she had sent out several parties of neighbors and servants to institute a general search along-shore. Before these returned, however, Lois was restored to her, and her great grief was swallowed up by a great joy.

She heard the story of the strange night passed by Mark and Lois in the hermitage with a gracious but significant smile.

"I do not know what to say to you, Mr. Thorley," said she, "nor how to express to you the gratitude I feel for the kindness you have shown my child. If my prayers—"

"Do not speak of it, Madame, I beg of you. The pleasure I found in extending these rude hospitalities to one so—so worthy as your daughter has more than repaid me."

His eyes sparkled, and a fine color suffused his handsome face, giving token of his earnestness.

Mrs. Brydon looked from one to the other with an almost comical expression.

"Have you thought, my children," said she, quietly, "of the terrible scandal that will arise from this romantic adventure? The neighbors will be in a shocking state of mind about it."

Lois blushed.

"I have thought of it," said Mark, eagerly; "and I have also thought of a way to silence evil tongues—or, at least, to compel them to speak at their own peril. All I require, Madame, is your consent—I think I have that of your daughter already—to my assumption of the post of protector to Lois. I shall then have a right to repel all malicious or thoughtless words concerning my charge—may I not say my wife?"

Lois blushed more rosy still, and turning her face away, covered it with one hand. The other she permitted Mark to take.

"I see how it is," said Mrs. Brydon; "you two have been playing the game of hearts, wherein each loses to the other. There! do you want my blessing?"

She patted their heads playfully, but lovingly, and a solitary ray of sunshine, breaking through the cloud-rifts, illuminated their faces like a benediction from above.

The hermitage is untenanted now. It has relapsed into its ancient condition of summer-house and shooting-box; but the villa is in a state of splendor and populousness never seen in the old Squire's day. Mrs. Brydon reigns there supreme, a "notable housewife;" and when Lois suggests that she may be of service in lightening the self-imposed duties her mother has chosen, the old lady laughs at the idea.

"There, my child," she says, "go and play with your babies. Mark can never spoil them without your help."

Yet Mark does his best to encompass that end.

And now, my dear reader, let me indulge in a little gush of egotism. I flatter myself that I have performed a miracle. Did you ever—O

wise youth! O beauteous maiden!—did you ever before read a story wherein the course of true love ran smoothly

“And sweetly, on and on,  
Calming itself to the long-wished-for end,  
Full to the banks, close on the promised good?”

Look back upon these fair pages and marvel! No designing villain, no wealthy but headstrong uncle, no obdurate parent, no sad circumstances

of poverty and separation, have marred the happiness of my hero and heroine. They have simply met, loved, and married, without anathematization of fate—without wailing over the “cold, hard world”—in a word, without nonsense.

Let me bid you farewell, dear reader, in the comfortable consciousness of having refuted Solomon's dictum by producing, at last, something “new under the sun.”

## THE M.C.'S CHRISTMAS DREAM, AND THE LOBBY MEMBER'S HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

I.

MR. AND MRS. DARBY DYCE were very happy members of the Thespian profession in New York, when the bursting of a cannon converted him into a politician, and transformed her into keeper of a second-class boarding-house in Washington City. It was an eccentric decree of fate; but then Darby insisted upon visiting Washington to see the inauguration of General Jackson, whom he declared to be the only dramatic statesman in history; and his rashness would drive him to the very mouth of the cannon that, before the ceremonies commenced, belched forth from Capitol Hill a nation's gratitude. Consequently, when the cannon burst, Darby suddenly lost an eye, and missed the Presidential sight-seeing. Othello's occupation being gone, the sympathizing Jacksonites made him a Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Representatives—a sort of stage-manager over the messengers and pages of that body, to direct their entrances and exits, and their doings both before and behind the flats. A sympathizing administration contributed its patronage—in the shape of department clerks, lobby members, and Washington loungers—to Mrs. Dyce's boarding-house on the Georgetown Road; and when ended the third week of the last December which the Jackson administration was ever to see, Mr. and Mrs. Darby Dyce had been for eight years on the Jackson stage, performing the parts which fate, as aforesaid, had assigned to them.

The Christmas holidays were coming, and—to use Darby's theatrical announcement at the breakfast-table—Congress was approaching a festival mile-stone, at which the political coach must pull up for dinner and a shaking off of the way-side dust.

Darby, on the morning in question, was strutting up and down the rotunda of the Capitol, awaiting the arrival of a brace of pages, who were to be instructed as new appointments, vice Dobbs and Boggs removed for sundry illicit traffickings in members' franks. As he walked, he seemed the apotheosis of the Government—an Atlas carrying the Capitol on his shoulders, sublimely indifferent to the Minerva at the Speaker's desk, or to the Mars at the Opposition benches, or to the Court of Venus in the Senate gallery. He appeared to look around for ac-

knowledgment of his dignity and greatness, notwithstanding the lost Pleiad in his phrenological firmament. Not more did Ulysses tremble before Polyphemus than did the pages before the one eye of Darby Dyce. The expectant two were dilatory, and the orb was impatient. Presently it shone upon one of them.

“How now, sirrah!” exclaimed Darby. “This commencement bodes nothing auspicious to your future success!”

“If you please, Sir,” answered the page, shrinking from pica into long-primer, as the eye seemed to read him over and over and through and through, “it was all along of the Congressman who wanted a package carried to Gadsby's Hotel. He asked was I a page? and I said yes; and he handed me a bundle that had come by mail. Public dockments, he said; but the paper broke, and them was clean shirts.”

“Varlet that you are, why did you not tell him you were not yet sworn into office to support the Constitution, as Darby Dyce understands and construes it—that you were not yet before the scenes! And, page or no page, how dare you pry into honorable members' cheap-home-washing-documents!”

The page from long-primer shrank into pearl as the orb became eclipsed with dignified rage.

“Naught extenuate, Sir, but listen to my wise counsel; and you, too, Sir!” winking the other messenger into the interview. “Now, just imagine yourself Laertes, each one of you, and I will be your Polonius—and this is my advice: Always be punctual; and it will follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be late to any Congressman. Don't forget thin shoes that make light noise. Keep ready eyes, short tongue, long ears. Blab not without, nor yet within. Serve all who ask; and every Saturday night meet me in room No. 8 for stipend. And, above all, remember you serve your country and General Jackson. Now, go into the Hall and ask for Dutch Mike, the head page, who will set you to your several tasks.”

A portentous shadow here crossed and obliterated the shadows of the retreating messengers, whose exits were as sudden as if they had gone through traps in the floor. It was the shadow of the Honorable Lysander Lillington, of Lillington Dale—that terrific M.C., foe to jobs, corruption, and the lobby!



"Good-morning, Darby," said Sir Shadow; "what is the mood of the Administration this morning? Does it retrench, or grow extravagant? Are we reducing those useless excrescences of legislation called pages, or are you adding to the number?" And here the substance of the shadow gestured toward the place where the double-headed Laertes had stood.

"Merely a substitution—no more, nor less," answered the sergeant. "We leave retrenchment to you Whigs when you get in power. Those pages belong on your side of the chamber."

"Small use to me. Do I frank even public letters? Do I encumber mail-bags with dirty linen or fraudulent rhetoric? Who, less than I do, robs the Government of pens, sealing-wax, or knives? Let the nation answer!"

The Hon. Lysander addressed himself to a knot of loungers hard by, although he looked at the sergeant.

"I am even now on my way to the Library in person, to perform my own page duty."

"Not open yet," replied Darby, with official alacrity.

"Of course not!" continued the M.C. "I might have known it. Ten o'clock A.M. is about the hour that the librarians take their Administration cocoa in bed, I presume. Oh, blind nation! Your downfall approaches! The days of these States are numbered!"

Here he gestured as if addressing some imaginary mass meeting in the distance; but confident of being heard at least by the rotunda loungers and Darby, or perhaps by the stray reporter who was purchasing a sour apple in the corner.

Five hundred M.C.'s in previous years, in the same place, had numbered the days of the republic; but they seemed to get on very sunshiningly, and in orderly sequence, nevertheless. So, shaking his head as the five hundred before him had shaken their heads, from the time of the Shay rebellion to the nullification threat, Lysander Lillington, M.C., betook himself to the law library of the Supreme Court, and inquiring for a duplicate Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, sat down to examine some statistics; and mentally resolving to soon move for a Committee of Inquiry into the domestic habits of the librarian up stairs.

The crowd in the rotunda had now become quite large, as the hour for the day's session approached, and Darby had left it in pursuit of his own appropriate duties. Mingling with the shuffle of feet was a buzz which seemed to confuse into one sound all the conversation of the threading groups. The buzz went up to the dome and down to the pavement again, and then bounding up to the pillars bounced back to the walls, and ran along these in every direction, and out at the porticoes, and down the steps, and through the parks, and up the broad avenues, and circled the Government buildings, and fed the Department offices, and encountering counter buzzes, reduplicated the buzz on hotel steps and in the bar-rooms, to finally circumvent the President's

mansion, and become a drowned buzz in the marshes of the Potomac.

The buzz, or something else, seemed to sadly confuse an old man, who, apart from all the groups, stood before one of Trumbull's revolutionary paintings. It seemed to daze an old dog who crouched at his heels, oblivious of the danger his tail was exposed to as it invited the toes of the passers-by to that crushing amusement which belongs to Washington life. The master looked at the picture in utter unconcern of the crowd, and the dog gazed into the face of the old man with that earnestness which belongs to a canine appreciation of pat-and-bone kindness. The veteran was past the Psalmist's verge of life. He leaned upon a stout hickory staff; and his attitude, lifting the red flannel cap under his large-brimmed hat, displayed a few white locks circling a huge scar, that was like to glow and fade in the patriotic sunlight reflected from the battle scene on the canvas in the panel.

"Courage, Ranger—courage, my old dog; in a few months we will win it," muttered the old man, turning from the artist to the crouching animal.

It sprang up from lethargy in an instant, and with a bark of joyful response leaped toward the picture.

"Hello! you Sir!" growled a voice from behind a pillar; "we don't allow dogs in here—take it out—take—"

Here the figure of one of the watchmen came forth; but as he saw the old man stretching his staff over the animal protectingly, his tone changed.

"Oh, Captain Sherburne, is it you? You're privileged, you know; but please keep him quiet, for 'xample's sake."

"Who is that?" asked a by-stander of the watchman, as the old man and the dog moved on to the next painting—the Surrender at Yorktown—that now fascinated both master and dog.

"Captain Sherburne, Sir; one of the revolutionary heroes; been here these many years, trying to get the Bill for half-pay passed. Spunky old fellow, too. Stuck to the business well. We all know him here. Senator Wright, last spring, took up the Bill, and moved it on. Harry Clay made a speech that brought the gallery crying down stairs—all about stars, and scars, and battles, and old soldiers. If it gets through the House this winter the old gentleman will have lots of money. Dare say he needs it."

The by-stander, approaching the old hero, took off his hat in salute.

"Sarvant, Sir," said the veteran, and Ranger winked the same thing.

"You are an old soldier, I hear," began the stranger. "I am glad to meet you; for although an English traveler, I honor and venerate the survivors of the old American guard who so gallantly fought for their freedom."

The old man took off his hat in acknowledgment, and the scar disclosed seemed to glow approvingly.

"And I hear, too, that your country neglects

you. Pardon me for tendering you a souvenir of my veneration for valor:" and he held out a purse.

Down went the hat over the scar, that shrank into an angry white spot, and "trac" fell the cane with a sharp sound on the pavement. There was a low growl, too, from the dog.

"Englishman! do you dare to insult an old soldier?" said the Captain, again and again "trac"-ing his cane on the floor, while the dog crouched into an ominous heap of mastiff-ship.

"No, Sir, my country is tardy—tardy—only tardy—not neglectful!"

The stranger, too astonished or bewildered for immediate utterance, still held the purse in his hand, at which Ranger directed his eyes, as if perceiving in it the cause of offense.

"Has it come to this, that an old soldier is approached in charity by a foreigner and he a Britisher? Oh, General! General! you wouldn't have thought it." And he turned to the picture as if for consolation.

"If language can assure you of the depth of my apology, my dear Sir—as I see you are offended, and I was indeed abrupt and wrong—then you may yourself dictate the language."

"That's me yonder!" cried the veteran, not heeding what was said, and pointing with his cane—"that's me to the right of the American column. How young I was—how young—under thirty—and a captain!"

He had forgotten the present in contemplation of the past; which the stranger perceiving, made haste to pocket the purse, and so release himself from the dog's crouch and glare. The Englishman stood as if expecting the soldier to say something more. But the picture and the past were engrossing. He advanced and extended his hand.

"Sarvant, Sir—sarvant," said the old man, taking it, and now recollecting the matter. "You don't know an old soldier in this land. He asks charity only from his Government."

So, with a hearty shake of the hand, the intruder on the old soldier's meditations mingled with the groups, and Captain Sherburne, attended by his dog, moved down the east passage toward one of the Committee rooms—Ranger turning about to look angrily at the picture, as if his master's troubles were somehow connected with that.

The room which he sought had over the door "Committee on Claims." He knocked at it, and immediately a good-humored voice cried "Come in!" and he entered.

"Bow-wow-wow," said a facetious gentleman, at a table on which were a brace of bottles and a plate of crackers. "Look here, Smug, here's a bow-wow come for relief."

The facetious gentleman was a youth just installed as Clerk of the Committee. Smug (short for Samuel Smucker, Esquire) had been an old Department Clerk since the Monroe era of good feeling, and who did the researches and statistics for the Committee.

"I beg pardon—sarvant, Sir"—began the old man, looking at the young gentleman and his

bottles and plate—"but I see I have made a mistake; my old eyes deceive me sometimes; I thought I saw Committee Room over the door:" and he began bowingly to move out.

"Hold on, bow-wow," responded the young man, throwing a bit of cheese playfully toward the dog, who merely sniffed it and looked up to see if the place was a wigwam of peace wherein the salt might be acceptably partaken.

"For shame, Bob!" interrupted Smug, now turning around from his seat at a corner table—"this is old Captain Sherburne and his dog Ranger—one of the Capitol institutions, Bob!"

"Sarvant, Sir—you have the advantage of me," said the Captain, advancing, while Ranger, now perceiving in his master's movements that war was not the order of the day, snapped down the cheese and came toward the table for more.

"Samuel Smucker, Esquire, familiarly called Smug"—responded Bob, doing the honors with a flourish—"Department Clerk and Sub-Committee on Claims, ain't afraid of any guillotine, although upon its shining blade be inscribed 'To the victors belong the spoils.'"

"Hush!" cried Smug, "and cheese the dog can't you?"

"I want to see the Chairman," continued the Captain, taking a chair.

"Ha, ha, ha! d'ye hear that, Smug?" laughed Bob; "wants to see the Chairman? So do we; don't we, Smug? D'ye see this pile of papers? they want to see him, too. Gaze on these four walls; they'd like to see him. But maybe he'll come next year, or the year after."

"Is it about your Bill?" said Smug, motioning for silence from Bob. "If so, Captain, Military Affairs has got that."

"Well, you see as how I've been there," answered the veteran, "and the person in charge looked over all the papers and said this Committee had it."

"Maybe it's Pensions, though," said Smug, soliloquizing to himself. "In these days every thing gets mixed up."

"It's been in all three in my time," said the old man, somewhat querulously.

"Here, take a drink," cried Bob, recalled to his sense of hospitality by (what he called in confidence to Smug afterward) "the thirsty tone of the hearty old buck." "And it's prime ale—best in the district."

"Thank you. Sarvant, Sir!" responded the old man, taking the glass. "Your health, Sir—and yours!"

"And all our healths—bow-wow included," added the facetious clerk of the responsible and attentive Committee.

"And success to the Bill, too," interpolated Smug.

"Been in all three Committees in my time," repeated the old man, setting down his glass, and wiping the ale-froth from his lips with a white handkerchief, on which was written his name, in the neat, Italian hand of a lady.

At the sight of it Smug jogged Bob, and said, *sotto voce*,



"Grandfather of the pretty girl who sings at St. Bridget's, that you saw last Sunday."

"Ah, indeed," said Bob to himself; and instantly jumping down from the table, on which he had been sitting, he advanced to the old man as if he had just then been introduced, and shook him heartily by the hand, patting the dog in a confused retreat to the table. Remembrances of beauty always confused Bob. It's a way those remembrances have with young men who don't go much into the best of ladylike society.

"I'm glad you're going to help the Bill," said the old man, coupling the friendly hand-grasp with his thoughts; "and I'm glad it's here, in your keeping."

"But is it?" whispered Bob to Smug.

Smug shook his head, and replied, in whisper,

"It's Military Affairs—must be."

The veteran apparently heard the word; and he repeated,

"It's been in all three in my time; and I ought to know something about Committees. I was dropped from the Pension-list in 1821, and that brought me first to Washington, with Lawyer Montrose, who married my daughter. He fixed it. They said it was all a mistake. I wish he was alive; but Mary's dead, too, and now only Agnes left. Dear Agnes! The money's to be for her—and you'll help the Bill—and all three's had it. Then I came again in 1830 to help pass this Bill—"

And here the veteran fell off into incoherent mutterings, taking the glass which Bob had again filled.

"I say, Smug, what is this precious Bill he's talking of? Remember I've just come. Post me, won't you?"

"Oh, a Bill for giving half-pay to the Revolutionary officers. I've heard say that Congress passed such a bill very early in the Government. But before the money was raised another Congress repealed it. Daniel Webster, who's a good friend to the old soldiers, says it's vested rights, and Congress is bound in honor to pass it. The House did vote it once, but it got swamped up stairs. The old 'un's right; it has been in all the Committees. He's lived here, urging it, for seven years. Wright put it through the Senate last spring; but the House is getting economical now the Kinderhooker is in."

"Talking of economy," said Bob, a bright idea seeming to strike him, "that reminds me of Lillington—he's on both Committees."

"So he is," answered Smug. "Why, Bob, your improving! He's minority man on both, because he loves to go in for economy, eh? The Opposition always go in for economy—always!"

And Smug winked with that sagacity of statesmanship supremely felt by all Department clerks of twenty years' service.

"Captain, it has just occurred to us (with emphasis on the word 'us') that the Hon. Lysander Lillington is upon both Claims and Mili-

tary Affairs, and if you call on him at his rooms you'll find out all about it."

"Sarvant, Sir!" said the soldier, rising from his incoherence as Smug addressed him. "Thank you; I'll go there to-night."

"Better leave the dog behind," said Bob, opening the door, and thinking of the charming grand-daughter; "the Hon. Lysander is a wolf-dog on the Treasury-box himself, and very savage, and there might be a fight and trouble, you see."

And so the old man left the sub-Committee to their alternation of public time and private enjoyment neatly adjusted into a Congressional sandwich, the like of which many in Washington bite upon and enjoy under the head of "Stationery."

The honorable gentleman alluded to was a veteran Member of Congress. An original Adams man, he had been now eight years in opposition, and was likely to be in the same rank for four years longer. He had a life-lease of his constituency, which, to do him justice, he amply deserved to hold, so far as mental ability and industry went. He was, however, painfully impressed with his own importance, and held rather extreme notions of economy. Hence his judgment was often warped, and his heart often wronged by his head; between these two came often a struggle. Born to competency, and having a taste for public life, he had followed politics as his profession. He had never married—the death of his "sweet-heart," as the gossips of his village said, having left him a true lover through life. But he had adopted the son of a deceased sister, and had educated him to follow in his own footsteps. Ned Leslie, otherwise Edmund Burke Lillington Leslie (the Burke added by the guardian-uncle to weigh the Edmund, and mark his destiny with a white stone; and the Lillington joined on by right of adoption: thus making a most respectable tribute to the alphabet from the autograph), had been educated at Harvard (both in the University and in the law school), and at the age of twenty-three was living with his kinsman at Washington, carefully adjusting and scaling the ladder of politics.

"He shall be as William Pitt the younger: educated to statesmanship from his cradle," said the honorable uncle, feeling himself every inch Pitt the elder.

But, unfortunately for the political horticulturist, the grapes thus forced refused to ripen; and Ned, although fond of his law, his poetry, and his literature, and as good a castle-builder as lives under the age of twenty-five, had become thoroughly disgusted with his one year's residence at Washington, and the political connections and society surrounding him. He was loth to let his uncle know it, out of regard to his pride and gratitude for his kindness. At first he was reasonably unhappy. The kinsman's devotion to the duties of place left him much leisure for himself; and while the uncle flattered himself that Ned was journeying from com-

mittee-room to committee-room, or cramming in the library, or haunting the levées of the great men, or frequenting House and Senate, and so preparing to become the American Pitt, the nephew had found the sweetest solace for his private griefs.

In his rides on the Georgetown Road he had often noticed with interest the graceful bearing of a young woman whom he had seen daily entering the Georgetown school of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart—a scholar or a teacher. A spiteful veil, however, had left to fancy only a tracery of the features. One evening, while on horseback, he saw some men approach from a lane toward her, and heard a cry. A few bounds of his thorough-bred, and he was among them, dismounted, and gallantly beating off the party, who were of the drunken loungers about Washington.

It is an old story, and one which happens every day somewhere. But is every thing old in heart-stories to be rejected? Then shut down the windows of Beauty's conservatories, and keep Cupid out in the cold; and let his arrows rust, and the little god freeze to death, even in sight of roses and tulips!

The young lady, lifting her veil, beamed from her features (no need of fancy now, Master Ned; and, oh! how short-sighted that fancy of yours had been!) such loveliness of gratitude that Ned then and there carried no heart of his own back to his saddle or to the rooms at Gadsby's, where uncle and nephew prosecuted together their emulations of Pitt the elder and Pitt the younger.

Ned felt bound to call the next morning. Fate put his hand on the knocker just as the door opened, and she came out for her walk. He must do escort-duty so far as the convent door. He had to talk as he went. Common politeness demanded all these. But the Muse of History thinks that it was more than common politeness which discovered for Ned, during the hour's walk, that she was named Agnes Montrose, and was an orphan daughter and teacher in the convent in whose faith her father had, on his dying bed, requested her to be instructed.

She was the grand-daughter of Captain Sherburne. His small pension was barely enough to give him necessaries. But *she* was as gifted mentally as she had been physically; and her sweet voice and Madonna-like demeanor won for her enough of salary to eke out handsomely the ways of life for grandfather and herself. The Sisters would have wished her to live with them; but could she desert the aged relative who was pursuing Congress for that which he knew would give his darling Aggie subsistence and comfort, when life, pension, and affection should be left at the cemetery gate? And she sang in the Church of St. Bridget's, too: which employment added a trifle more of income.

This, and more than this—unnecessary to here explain—did Ned learn in his repeated visits to the boarding-house of Mrs. Dyce, where lived Captain Sherburne and his grandchild.

The old veteran cared not to inquire who Ned was. He knew him as the benefactor of his child, and that was enough. Darby Dyce was proud to have for visitor at his house the rising nephew and heir of the Congressman: and he asked no questions and told no tales; though he often theatrically thought, "Maybe if the Hon. Lysander knew his Pitt the younger was in love with a pensioner's grand-daughter, and forsaking the thorny paths of politics for the roseate lanes of love, he might not be so well pleased." Agnes was an innocent and guileless girl; as ignorant of the world's ways as if she had been a dweller in the Shetland Isles. She only knew that Ned was good and kind to her, and had a rich uncle who was equally good and kind to him, and that she was happy when they were together, and was missing something when he staid away. Ned—the sly young Pitt—had read the story of the lady-slipper which belonged to his prototype, and was worshiped so lovingly by him for all his marriage to his country; and he knew very well that he was in love, and laying up for himself either a large fund of happiness or an incalculable amount of misery without any medium sum. So he concealed his affections and his intimacies from the uncle, and went on blindly, hoping all would be well. The Hon. Lysander might have found the thing out had he been an early riser, for Ned and Agnes were always together at the church. When the trembling soprano voice thrilled from the choir through the sacred edifice, you might be sure those moistened Protestant eyes down stairs belonged to Ned. But an M.C. in Washington at church? Preposterous!

Ned had only arrived in Washington the day before our story begins. He had been detained by business of his uncle, who preceded him by a fortnight. And when the elder and the younger Pitt parted at the Capitol gate—the former to hunt up his library statistics and air his rhetoric with Darby Dyce, the younger had briskly walked toward the Georgetown house.

While Ned was endeavoring physically to catch up with his thoughts, that had already reached the premises and were seated in the parlor waiting for her coming and for his tardy steps, Agnes prepared for her school.

How often those thoughts of Ned had gone up to her room, picturing it like a temple where saints were on the walls and angels sculptured overhead, and all the loveliness of piety hallowing the sacred place! The temple was a small room twelve by nine—builder's measurement. The carpet was faded, and the bedstead and chairs and table were of elderly mahogany. The mantle-piece was wooden, and the doors yearned for paint. But what fairy made one forget all this in admiration of the fresh lilac wall-paper; and of the frost-work of curtains, clothing the windows and covering the bedstead, as in winter the ugly shrub-oak is dotted into beauty by the newly-fallen snow; and of the dazzling toilet-cloth, which seemed built up into a wedding-cake pin-cushion; and of the hyacinths and camellias on



the corner-table, just beginning to bloom; and of the cabinet paintings over the mantle; and of the prie-dieu in the embroidered temple behind the bed; and of the parterre of muslin, silks, and baregés by the half-opened closet-door; and of the atmosphere of refinement which seemed to belie mahogany and paint and Georgetown Road, whispering instead of palaces long ago—what fairy was it, but that one which watches over all women's home-temples, and blesses this mannish life of ours with its recollections and reminiscences even when we are behind the desk or are sculling over the dirty ocean of worldliness?

The best of all things to admire there was the image in the looking-glass (Ned would have dubbed it mirror). It showed her in the act of tying bonnet-strings. The hat, a coquettish black straw, hinting of summer on the outer braids, all dotted with golden wheat grains, but suggestive of winter inside, where the quilted lilac silk rejected the thrifty oil-silk between, and came proudly out to tinge the cheeks that had no need of tinge when Ned was by. How would he have loved to stand there, and with the glance that lovely absence always prepares, have proceeded to admire the auburn hair—like flossy silk—and so tender that one could see where last the cruel comb had crushed the tender fibres! How he would have worshiped the blue eyes, which appeared to him always in the church as saint-light, whose niches were the arching brows, and whose curtains were the lashes to be dropped when worship time was over! But Ned was a square distant when Agnes left the house, and as the reflection of the mirror stood suddenly at the corner before him he bounded forward, and, seizing her hand, seemed to invite some new chevalier to that rescue which had led to their friendship.

"Aggie!"

"Ned!"

Not much in those two words as they stand up in clear type—is there? Can any printer set up the tones which belonged to their utterance at that corner by the Georgetown Road?

Now that was all which was said at the meeting. Four months gone by, too, since the last one. And I've an idea that if you had seen the lilac come out upon the cheek, in all its pride, from the bonnet, and had heard that sigh from beneath Ned's watch-pocket in the new vest, you would have placed small reliance upon the omissions of any of those words like "darlings" and "loves," which can be filched so cheaply and quickly from any dictionary.

First a pause, when the eyes only were speaking; and then she said,

"Oh Ned, don't walk with me, please. There, go home—come to-night—I can't."

"Don't walk with you? Why—why—"

He did walk, however, ten steps or so, and she did also. Her bonnet strings became loosened, and she twitched them beneath her chin (a mere acorn in shape, with dimples round about for a cup) in that dexterous and decisive

knót which women manufacture when they are in haste.

"Not walk with you, Aggie?" (The tone was that of a music-box on its last note of a Beethoven waltz.)

"No, Ned, for the Sisters, since the Tennessee elopement, have requested that neither day-scholar nor teacher should be seen attended on their way to or from school, except by a relative—and *that* you are not, you know, Ned. And I've promised it; but I'm glad to see you. Come to-night. There, good-by. I must keep a promise, and it's for example."

And she hurried on, leaving him in a bewilderment, repeating to himself the words "elopement" and "promise" over and over again, in a tone which, if the Hon. Lysander had heard, would have frightened him from his dreams of grandeur and patriot marriage entertained for his nephew. But how can the best of us keep the diamond Forget-me-not from going out of the window, off from the cushion, unless we see or hear the chattering magpie that is watching it from the trees near by?

## II.

It is evening. Congress has adjourned over three days in token of the Christian holiday approaching. The buzz which has been for nine hours fluttering over the city now seeks, moth-like, the brilliant lights of hotel ante-chambers. No part of the buzz, however, has been allowed to enter the suit of rooms occupied by the Hon. Lysander Lillington and nephew. That distinguished economist has been writing. His table is loaded down with blue books and red books, calf books and cloth books. Its leaves groan with the weight of figures above it. *Niles's Register* is open on the table at a reference spot. The librarian must have got through his cocoa by the sight of the books scattered on the chairs around! The shelves of the national book-room had evidently been placed under heavier contribution than the rules allowed.

But the Honorable member had arisen, and now stood by the window, addressing the imaginary mass meeting in the distance. There was an unbounded expanse of vacant lots before his vision, ending in marshes; but his constituency were mentally expanded far beyond the marshes themselves.

He is in the midst of a glowing sentence, as you may see by the majestic wave of his hand, when a knock at the door rouses him.

A servant presents a card.

"Captain Sherburne," he reads.

"And a dog," adds the servant, "with him."

"Leave the dog outside, and show the Captain up," returns the M.C., methodically. "Some party hound, I dare say, after meat, or some naval captain, with a story of abuses. The Government must come to my doctrine by-and-by. What do we want of an army at all, or of a navy? Wars are over. Commerce is King. Commerce protects itself. Or what need of ambassadors? Trade is the universal diplomat

now. It will save the nation millions per year."

The M.C. had turned from the window to walk the floor, as if thus conning a new speech upon retrenchment, when the door again opened, and the old Revolutionary hero of the Rotunda tottered in.

"Take good care of the dog," said he, half turning to the servant. "Don't beat him; he'll lie any where if you're good to him: and he's a firm friend."

There were as yet no lights in the room, and the old Captain had not perceived its occupant.

The latter spoke: "Don't trouble yourself about the dog, my good man. I presume our interview can't be long; for my time belongs to my country, who begrudges us any idleness."

"Does it?" said the old man, turning toward the voice and answering sharply. "Does the country begrudge us?—servant, Sir."

Candles being brought, the M.C. and the old soldier stood face to face.

"Some beggar," said the former to himself.

"A stern face," said the latter, aside, as both seated themselves by the table, where, besides the other books, an atlas lay open.

"The country is large, and powerful, and wealthy," said the old man, pointing to the maps. "It was otherwise in my prime. I think I loved it more then."

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" began the M.C., fidgeting uneasily on his chair, as if the guest was an intruder not only upon his twilight reflections, but threatened to also usurp his province of speech-making.

"This," said the old soldier, tapping the scar upon his head as he pulled up the red cap, "and that"—unfolding a printed page and handing it across the table.

"Hm—m! Senate bill, 164. Hm—m! I see—the long-talked-of act for reviving the half-pay."

"Introduced upon notice by the Honorable Silas Wright," returned the old man, and borrowing for the nonce the mechanical tone of the clerks.

"And already passed, I see by your memorandum at the foot."

"After remarks by Harry Clay and Tom Benton in its favor—passed, unanimously," continued the soldier, in the same tone.

"And now in the House, I see."

"In the House, on reference to a Committee to consider and report," concluded the Captain.

"Well, old gentleman, I perceive you've got the Parliamentary lingo pretty well by heart," returned the Congressman, in a more jocular tone.

"Ought to have by this time. Was here three years in Jefferson's day establishing my claim to a pension, and two more years in Monroe's time, after I was dropped—by mistake, they said. It got right after a weary while. And now this will be the seventh winter I've been here trying for this bill. It's a good bill, and an honest one, and was once almost a law, and

will make Agnes comfortable when grandfather's under sod."

The old fellow paused for breath.

"You incorrigible lobbyist!" returned the M.C., breaking the pause; "and have you haunted Washington and pestered members so many years? Who's your member? Why didn't you correspond with the War Department? What do you waste your time and money here for? Where's the report in your favor?"

These questions were uttered with the volubility and precision of a martinet Committeeman.

In a saddened tone the soldier made answer: "I have no member—no home now but here. There were letters written and sent by the hundred. They were of no use. No one minds letters in Washington. I've learned *that* much here. The report in my favor was first made in the House four years ago; but it died on the adjournment. Then I got again on the docket. Last spring I met Mr. Wright on the cars. He heard my story, and his big heart opened at once. So did Harry Clay's. They brought me on the floor. They pointed to my scars. The bill was passed in an hour."

"There's an example of reckless legislation," cried the Congressman to the imaginary mass meeting in the distance, and waving his hand as if to impress the intelligence upon the country. "Benton's great heart, indeed! And Henry Clay's good-nature! What a shameful suppression of parliamentary law and destruction of precedent! No Committee—no report—no stages, and money voted from the Treasury on the impulse of spasmodic patriotism."

The M.C. turned from the mass meeting in the distance to the figure at his table.

"And act speedily, please—time nears—I may not see many Christmases more. I'm ninety years old on New-Year's Day."

"Ninety? Hm—m. This looks like imposture," said the honorable member to himself. "These Revolutionary heroes are actually increasing as time wears on. Here's a chance for cross-examination and exposure. Do you say you are a Revolutionary soldier?"

"I don't say so. *This* says so," responded the old man (rubbing his scar), "and these say so (pointing to his limbs and hair)."

"H—m—m—m. Scars are got in street fights, and—"

"You are right, and it *was* got in a street fight," interrupted the old soldier.

"Ha! I thought so," and the M.C. turned again for approbation to the mass meeting far away.

"The street fight was at Lexington. I was a boy of eighteen, sent on at midnight from Concord with a message to Adams and Hancock at the Clark House. It was not long after the Pitcairn murder on the green when I was going through the village. 'Walter,' said a man running by, 'the blood is shed—get a weapon—a scythe—a gun—an any thing.' I had heard the



musketry, and knew what it meant. I still ran on. A scarlet coat on horseback cut at me—me, a boy—an unoffending, unarmed boy, and here's the scar as the sword glanced by, and I leaped the fence stunned the moment after, but in that hour made a man and a soldier." As the old man spoke the hue of youth seemed to return and his age to retire.

There was a noise in the entry outside just here, a bark and a rush, and then a scratch at the door.

"It is Ranger; he must come in; he knows the story all by heart; he knows I'm telling it; he loves to be by and hear it," and, almost straightened back to the Lexington time, the old Captain opened the door and let in the dog, who retreated, growling, under the table, near to the chair of the startled and astounded host.

"I was at Bunker Hill—in the prison ship. I escaped. I was at Valley Forge."

The door again opened, and ushered in Ned with another batch of books and papers. The dog smelled him in an instant, and bounding at him, began to whine recognition. Ranger had not forgotten the four months no more than his mistress had.

"Hello! Ranger, what brought you here?" said he, putting down the books; and then, looking around, he perceived Captain Sherburne. His heart beat violently, and he would have gone out were it possible.

"You know this dog, then, and perhaps this troublesome old soldier here?" interrupted the uncle, rising to take some of the papers.

"Know the old soldier and his dog? Ay, that he does—don't you, Ned?" broke in the Captain, "and Agnes, too?"

"Why, d'ye see," continued the hero, delighted at having found an ally, and turning alternately to the confused nephew and the wondering uncle, "it was Ned who saved Agnes from insult last winter. But mayhap you don't know Ned?"

"I should think I ought to, Sir," returned the M.C.; "he is my nephew and adopted son."

"Then he has told you all about it," the hero eagerly continued. "Why, Ned, you never spoke to us down at Darby Dyce's that you were nephew to a Congressman, and my bill so important."

"Will you explain this rigmarole, Sir?" said the Hon. Lysander, employing his most oratorical tone, and using his severest parliamentary manner to his nephew, whom Ranger still persecuted with embarrassing attentions in the corner by the door.

"There, Captain!—good-night to you. I'll try and help the matter," began Ned, somewhat recovering himself, and anxious for the departure of the old soldier—opening the door for him, and whistling off Ranger.

"Thank you, Ned—thank you;" and the young man soon led him to the front steps, and, retracing his way again, met his uncle.

Ned's story was short, and to the point. The

era of veracity, long dreaded, had dawned. He told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to his astounded and enraged uncle, who stormed and swore alternately at Darby Dyce, lodging-houses, his nephew, and the old man and the girl (as he termed her gratingly on his nephew's ears), not forgetting the dog—in dread of whom, probably the legs were trembling as he paced to and fro. He recapitulated his benefits to his nephew, and adverted to his hopes and his plans. How had care been rewarded with hypocrisy and concealment! How was the future imperiled with this foolish fancy of a girl in a third-class Washington lodging-house! Was not Ned to wed his country? Or, if he married, was it not to be for power, and family, and influence? Did he love the person? Had he asked her in marriage? Had he written to her? How far was he compromised? These and other questions came at Ned like a *feu de joie*.

"No, I have never said a word to her on the subject. We love—and that is all."

"Oh! that is all, Mr. Romeo, is it? We love—do we? Promise me, Sir, by all that you regard in the memory of your mother, who placed you under my charge on her dying bed, that you will not see her again."

While the uncle was enraged and stormed Ned seemed to recover all his energies, and became cool, silent, and thoughtful. In a low, sweet voice, he said, "Uncle, were *you* never in love?"

The veteran politician dropped on the nearest chair. Loosing his cravat, he motioned to the door of Ned's bedroom and study. And without waiting for an answer to his demand, the M.C., quivering either with rage or a new emotion, sought his own.

"Poor Agnes! you will expect me," said Ned to himself, "and I can not come."

She did expect him, and waited for him in her little room until the Captain returned to tell her "it was all right now. He had found out that 'our Ned' was the son of a rich Congressman who had their bill in charge."

Agnes waited, and her heart told her all was *not* right now; that something had happened. But, retiring to her little oratory, she forgot her new-born fears in accustomed prayers.

Nor were her eyes the only ones which looked upon a Madonna picture that night, before the solemn bed-time. The so recently worldly-minded and angry kinsman sat beside his cabinet with a miniature before him. As he gazed, he seemed to read, written upon the forehead, "Uncle, have *you* never loved?" and to hear the words spoken over and over again by the lips of the portrait. He thus looked and so heard that night, long after Ned and Agnes, in their respective dwellings, were sleeping the hopeful sleep of youth; and long after the old soldier had commenced, under leadership of the god of dreams, to fight over the past, with Ranger crooning in his doze before the fire, and to look toward a speedy fulfillment of all his holy wishes for his grand-daughter's competency in life.

## III.

But however great had been the victory of the heart over the head during his midnight vigil, the latter resumed its sway when, on the next morning, the Congressman entered the Capitol grounds, and came within that atmosphere which to breathe seems to transmute all emotions into the one controlling passion of ambition; so that even deputy-clerks hope to become Presidents or cabinet-ministers. Again encountering Darby Dyce in the rotunda, Mr. Lillington took him severely to task for aiding and abetting his nephew in a love intrigue with the offspring of a mere Capitol hanger-on—a beggar for national charity—and, mayhap, an old lobby impostor, whom the present generation might be credulous enough to support.

"My worthy Sir," said Dyce, in his most dramatic style, but keeping to the political rôle, "*my* policy is masterly inactivity in every thing not directly concerning *me*. The young lady is beautiful and accomplished, although a portionless teacher. The young gentleman, for aught I knew, was his own master. How could I check the course of love, or interrupt its seeming smoothness, with any impertinent pebbles?"

And when Darby came home to dinner he imparted the interview to his bustling wife; who, making haste to Agnes's room after dessert, proceeded to a well-intentioned but mortifying conversation. The holiday vacation in the convent school had that day commenced. She had whispered the night before to herself, "He will hear of this vacation to-morrow morning, and will come to see me then." Instead of Ned came Mistress Dyce, whose ideas of crossed-love affairs smacked of the Nurse scenes with Juliet that she had been accustomed to play in upon the stage. Agnes, after the womanly aggravator had retired, sought her grandfather, and from him learned how Ned had been cross-examined by the uncle, and so brought to the old man's comprehension the truths ruthlessly impaled on the tongue of Mrs. Dyce.

"Dost thou love him, Aggie?" said the old man. Claspng his neck, she sobbed upon his shoulder an answer which stretched his age-worn heart-strings to an agonized tension.

Meanwhile Ned commenced to tutor himself into obedience to his uncle, unto whom he felt he owed education, and intellectual nurture, and gratitude of no common grade. But the hours lagged heavily by during two days of separation that succeeded so brief an interview, and one so liable to cruel interpretation. The third was Christmas Day, which on this year came with Sunday.

He knew now where to see her. Impliedly he had promised not to visit or to write to her. Perhaps absence, without explanations, were best. No trysting had been consecrated as yet. But to meet her going to church, or returning thence, would not break his resolutions, nor cross his uncle's request. There is no casuist like the lover.

Awakened early on the Christmas morning, he walked, breakfastless, to St. Bridget's, and again listened to the dear voice from the hidden choir, swelling and dying away through the edifice. He fancied that it was sweeter than ever—as if, losing some of earthly tones, it sought for higher sympathy.

Contrary to the custom of almost a lifetime, his uncle had also arisen early on Christmas morning; still, all of the second and third nights the portrait came between his eyelids and that world of sleep into which his vision sought in vain an entrance, and during all these second and third nights the question, "Uncle, have *you* never loved?" seemed whispered into his ears. Mingling with a little crowd of church-goers, and swayed by irresistible impulse, he found himself in the church. That voice from the choir? This well-remembered voice! Those tones which carried him back many, many years! Were they delusions, or did the dead speak and sing to his mortal ear? Thus questioning himself, the uncle at the church-gates encountered his nephew, when service was over—each surprised, but each repressing its manifestation.

"Ned," said the former, with more of kindness in his voice than he had used in two days, "have you ever been here before?"

The start was equivalent to an affirmative; and so the elder accepted it, as he continued:

"But who is the singer? Is that the attraction?"

"It is she—the old man's grand-daughter," was his simple and touching answer, as his voice somewhat broke.

"Am I ever to be thus tricked into feeling, and conquered into a foolishness?" cried head to heart. His uncle turned the corner, saying to Ned,

"Meet me in an hour, at breakfast."

"Alas! I shall not see her, after all," he said; "for he has turned to the side street, into which she will enter, and I dare not follow."

So, with heavy heart, he walked toward his room.

As Ned anticipated, the parties met by the choir-door. The soldier recognized the Congressman, and, taking off his hat, said,

"Sarvant, Sir! and a merry Christmas to you! But remember the old soldier. Don't forget Lexington and the prison-ship, Sir; and that I'm ninety years old on New-Year's Day."

Instinctively the proud politician had paused and raised his hat, as Agnes threw back her veil and sadly smiled. The old man had whispered to her,

"'Tis Ned's uncle, my dear!"

More illusion? Was this the face of the miniature? No! for the original of that had been food for worms many Christmases ago. Yes, it was illusion. Some trick here. Grandfather and nephew were leagued together to lead head away, and give the heart the mastery. Sherburne! He had never known one of that name. Not one of *her* family had been—yes,



one. And he? Why, he was dead, too—unmarried. Ay, it was logically a delusion, and an illusive snare!

Thus he thought and pondered, as he walked hastily and moodily away, leaving his abrupt courtesy to Agnes's sorrowing remembrance, for not even Ned was with him. Nor during the breakfast meal did he exchange a word with his nephew, beyond commonplaces of the usual stamp when conversation, like appetite, becomes forced.

He had been invited out to a Christmas dinner, as had been Ned. The latter pleaded sickness, which his uncle understood. The Congressman went, however, and proved himself the merriest of the party—head before heart this heat! The atmosphere was congenial. The Cabinet, the diplomatic corps, army and navy, and the beauty of the Capitol, each sent representatives to the perfection of the feast. And as the repartee chased the bottle around, and good fellowship awakened old resolves of family pride, the Hon. Lysander Lillington forgot the portrait and the delusion, and wondered how long it would be before Ned should drop his fancy, and, dismissing the pensioner's daughter, who taught in a convent school upon week days, and sang every Sunday in a Catholic church, choose wife—if wife he must have, to distract ambition—from among such representatives of birth and family fortune as were now up stairs in the drawing-room, enjoying the merry Christmas in a properly dignified way.

But at eventide, in the solitude of his own room, the Congressman remembered the choir voice and the face by the church door, and the merry Christmas greeting from the old hero, who bade him think of Lexington and the prison ship, of suffering and of victory.

And so remembering, with the counter exhilaration of the feast withdrawn, their faces and voices seemed to strangely mingle. Next, shadows of the olden time passed before him and gathered about his arm-chair. The portrait arose out of its case, and assuming the robes and mien of the Goddess of Liberty, came between the table and the Christmas log in the fire-place, and seemed to motion him into dreamy silence. Delicious music lulled his senses as the figure, radiant with the beauty of maidenhood, pointed upward. There were sweet hymns which he heard; and their burden was of martyr faith and martyr triumphs in the holy cause of liberty. As the music would for a time cease, the goddess would wave her cap toward the familiar Capitol, as seen from his window. It would seem to vanish, and in its place would appear scenes of the by-gone Revolutionary time.

"Hearken, the earliest martyr anthem," said the maiden in the panoply of liberty, still stretching her beautiful hand, crowned with the starry cap, toward him. And immediately the invisible choir, with the one remembered voice sweetly predominant, sang: "How great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish; firm with breast to the foe, victory's shout in the ear, long

they our statues shall crown and in songs our memory cherish; we shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear." The anthem died away, and eye taking the place of ear in the dreaming man, he saw stretching before him, as though he stood upon an eminence, miles and miles of a New England landscape, a city in the far distance, surrounded by hills on three sides and the ocean encompassing it on the fourth. Sounds of life and drum in all its streets, and scarlet uniforms gleaming in the setting sun. Troops forming into column. Guards and pickets standing at all the streets and roads of egress. None but uniforms permitted to walk or ride away from the city. But as the serried column march rapidly along one or two figures are more hastily stealing in advance, crouching under stone walls, and in the angles of the roads, or cross-cutting fields and skirting the woods—sometimes entering houses; always with finger on the lips and pointing backward, as if to say, "They come; patriots, be ready!" The sun declines, and twilight precedes the night; and yet under the sentinel stars the troops march and the scouts precede. Candles burn all night in houses on the route, and lanterns warningly swing from upper crevices of church steeples. Miles away from the city of scarlet uniforms, that is now in deep repose, men are hastily moving in all the villages, wheeling cannon into thickets, and burying casks and bags and leaden bullets under ground or beneath barn floors. Midnight passes; the bells toll two; upon a village green before a rude, square church resolute men, old and young, in yeoman dress, with various fire-arms, are drawn up in hasty semblance of military rank. The stars glimmer away into the dawn. The morning comes cold and raw. From the road toward the city is heard by the meeting-house array the sound of drum and fife; and soon the scarlet uniforms, that have been marching all the night, stand before the yeomanry. "Disperse, ye villains! Disperse, ye rebels!" cries the man on horseback, drawing sword and wheeling from the sanctuary of peace to fulfill the butchery of war. Fast to the ground stand the yeomanry. The insult is repeated, and for home and for family and for native land they level the private fire-arms, as the serried guns of an oppressing nation meet them muzzle to muzzle. Flashes, and sharp reports, and then the dull clouds overhead scud more grayly as the smoke arises; and next the dewy sod grows more dank as life-blood is poured upon the village green. The yeomanry disperse to cornfields and hedges; and scarlet uniforms vaunt themselves before the church door as the sunlight comes to drive the clouds away, and to smile upon the scattered yeomanry who rally and make further stands for liberty in villages beyond. Not far from the scene of massacre a beardless boy has been escaping over a stone wall, when toward him gallops scarlet uniform on the foaming horse; there is an uplifted hand, a flashing sword, and the boy falls, turning face upward, and the features present the young impression of the hero's face who

had led this young maiden, now in the guise of a goddess, into the Christmas choir at St. Bridget's. But list again; a strain of the anthem arises: "We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear; we were firm with our breast to the foe and victory's shout in our ear."

"Gaze once more," whispered the sweet voice of the liberty maiden to the Congressman, dreaming in his Christmas chair.

He sees a valley scooped out from bold and rugged mountains, surrounded with ruined mills and deserted forges. He beholds eleven thousand men in Continental array defile around the mountains, and deploying throughout the valley—for days they come, and for hours they march to and fro. The eastern horizon is heavy with snow banks, and the winds from the mountain tops sweep down cuttingly to the marrow, and stilling the blood-current. The sound of axes echo through the woods. Trees fall. Rude huts arise—slab-roofed and plastered with clay. Coatless veterans and shoeless recruits walk to and fro; some with fagots on the back, and others harnessed to artillery cannon-carriages, upon which the heavy timber has usurped the place of cannon. Now the snow falls in driving fury, and the rude huts that have thickly arisen in the valley and over the mountain gorges are weakened with the drifted weight upon them. Blanketless and breadless, with the coarsest food to be cooked over scanty fires, the eleven thousand crouch by day and night in the snow-crowned huts amidst the desolation of winter, and await, with holy hopes and brave hearts, the dawning of some brighter era. "Hunger and nakedness howled like wolves throughout this camp at Valley Forge. There destitution held her court, and ruled with icy sceptre." Such came the burden of another anthem to the dreamer's ears from the invisible choir.

"Look closer yonder," said the sweet voice, directing her cap-crowned hand into a depth of the forest. Lying upon straw, on the outermost hut of all, was the same young man who had been cut down at the fence-side by the sword of the scarlet uniform. Scurvy in his eyes and in his blood and in his limbs, and scurvy binding the young patriot to an inert bed, with scarce a blanket above him. His lips move. Draw near. Are they curses at his lot? Bend the ears closer down.

"Bear on, stout heart. My Concord home was sweet; but suffering for liberty is sweeter still. The red-coats killed my father; and though this be night, joy cometh with the morning."

"Behold yet one more scene," again said the liberty maiden.

In a copse carpeted with snow and hung about with frosted fringes, and by the side of a frozen creek, there kneels upon the crunching ice a patriot General. His arms, put forth from beneath a gray mantle, are folded across his breast; the tears are rolling down his cheeks; and the winter wind hushes itself to deep silence as rises, amidst the cheerless scene, a fervent prayer for

courage and relief. As the dreamer gazes the invisible choir sings, and over all the sweet voice of St. Bridget's service: "Oh, who shall know the might of the words he uttered there: the fate of nations turned by the fervor of a prayer! And wouldst thou know the name of the wanderer thus alone? Go read, enrolled in heaven, that prayer of Washington."

The dreamer, tightening his hands upon his chair, seemed wrestling with some potent spell. His breast heaved, and the tears streamed from his closed eyes. But still, with his mental vision, he saw the sweet figure pointing down that vista of the Past.

And he beholds the hulk of a dismantled ship, anchored upon the bosom of a peaceful bay, near to a smiling village. Toward the southward, stretching into the embrace of ocean, a broad harbor. Before the mocking figure-head of horns of plenty, pouring forth fruits and flowers, arises the forest hills of a future metropolis. At the stump of the mast flaunts the red cross of St. George. But smiling village, and broad silvery harbor, and horns of plenty, and quiet forest hills are around only to mock the thousand wretches who call this dismantled ship at once their home and catacomb. Toward it a boat steers its way, crowded with patriot forms. How resolute, how noble, how stalwart they look! Resoluteness—alas!—to wane amidst foul air. Nobleness—alas!—too soon to weaken before the filth of a prison-ship. And stalwart forms—alas!—to shrink into skeletons with unwholesome food, tortured by thirst, suffering for the nursing of the far-away home, and only despair and contagion as the handmaidens of the crowded hatchway. See! from the boat cheerfully leaps up, as if to defy the oppressor's gaze, the form of the young soldier yet outlined in the wearied frame of the Hero of the Rotunda and the suppliant for a nation's charity.

They register his name in a huge book—a catalogue of funeral gloom. They march him over the deck, and thrust him down a hold. How the defiant gaze of upper air has been already deadened at the sight of the hundreds upon hundreds here covered with filthy rags; unshaven, unwashed men, with vermin unheeded creeping over their half-naked limbs! The sunlight pours mockingly down, and the aggravating sounds of liberty are heard from shore to shore. Night comes. Face to back the hundreds upon hundreds lie down to sleep, turning from right to left upon the universal oaken bed at the derisive word of command from the midnight sentinel. Morning dawns, and adown the steaming hatchway is heard the never-varying and daily-spoken voice: "Rebels, turn out your dead!" Every week they muster the dying prisoners on the deck, and at the capstan stands the King's sergeant: "The bounty and liberty for enlistment in the royal service, if you will. Captivity and death is the refusal." But weekly ever in vain; the King's sergeant turns away, and his bounty-money rusts in the pocket of his flaunting uniform amidst the patriot rage.



"List to the final martyr-hymn," whispered the sweet voice; and the choir sang in the dreamer's ear in touching strain:

"By feeble hands their shallow graves were made: no stone memorial o'er their corpses laid: in barren sands and far from home they lie: no friend to shed a tear when passing by."

And then, as the music died finally away, the figure vanished, and the scenes closed, and the chimes of midnight ended the Christmas Day. But still the Congressman sat with the greeting of the soldier uppermost in his mind, and could not shake the fancies off. Would he not now remember Lexington and the stricken youth, the prison-ship and the hero whom suffering could not bribe nor starvation win from the patriot conflict?

Would he yet kindly answer his nephew's question: "Uncle, have you ever loved?"

#### IV.

Next morning after Christmas Day Captain Sherburne was unable to rise from bed. It was evident he had caught a severe cold—perhaps from standing in the transept of the church in the early morning, waiting for Agnes. She had been often during the night into his room, and at times had found him in a severe fever and flighty—muttering now about the Bill, and then of Ned, and next as if deprecating the Congressman's anger, and again repeating over and over the battle scenes of the past, or childlessly importuning his grandchild for a song—Ranger keeping incessant sentinelship beside the fire, and looking wistfully into her eyes each time her footsteps stole softly in.

She hastily determined to seek a physician; and having been promised a speedy call from an army surgeon near by, who had always been kind to the old man, she returned to his bedside.

"I fear for the result at his time of life, my dear Miss Montrose," said the medical gentleman, "unless his mind can be composed. It is evident that if even false hopes could be excited for the project so near to his heart, that their cherishing would immediately relieve him; and you must do your best."

"Why not try the truth?" said Agnes to herself when the surgeon had retired, leaving some opiates in the room. "Why not seek the Congressman himself, and if he be angry at grandfather and at me for Ned's account, say to him that which may appease him, even though it bring me sadness and desolation?"

That same love which, in a few days, had shown to her more of her heart than she had ever understood before, now taught her both policy and tact.

"I will go instantly," said she. And stopping for a moment in the lodging-house hall below to consult the inevitable Congressional directory to be found in all places at Washington, she was soon at the door of the uncle's rooms.

He was home, and alone; for there remained yet one Congressional vacation day. And as he sat in the chair of his dream, with the untasted

breakfast before him, it was apparent that in the struggle of heart over head the former had made most headway; particularly as Ned had that morning suggested he should now be permitted to quit Washington and return to his legal pursuits, as the readiest method of breaking off the intimacy that his uncle repudiated; coupling the suggestion with the request to be permitted a parting interview for explanation. This head-and-heart wrestle was at its height when the servant announced a young lady, and Agnes entered.

With perfect self-possession she advanced to his greeting; for at the first he did not recognize her, until, lifting the veil, again he saw the face of the portrait! Misconstruing his agitation and emotion for anger, she proceeded at once to the object of her visit.

"I believe I address the Hon. Mr. Lillington?"

He bowed without speaking, and as the voice filled his ears he substituted a large easy-chair for the less comfortable one she was about taking.

"And I am the grand-daughter of that Captain Sherburne who called upon you some evenings since in reference to his Bill. I greatly fear that some misapprehension has come from the old gentleman's absorption in his scheme of life—one which is part of his soul, as schemes so often become when brooded over, whether ambitious or otherwise—"

—Her auditor winced somewhat here, as heart whispered to head that this was true, too true.

"—And that the misapprehension may warp your feelings toward him. Did he speak of Mr. Edward, your—your—"

At this point of the communication, begun with so much self-possession, her voice faltered. Clearly in this atmosphere of the room heart was fast conquering head on all sides! Especially clear was it when the Congressman, in a softened voice, interrupted:

"Pray do not be agitated, Miss Sherburne."

She recovered herself, and added: "If you please, Sir, that was my mother's name. I am the Captain's grand-daughter. My name is Montrose."

"Montrose!" ejaculated Mr. Lillington, rising suddenly to his feet; "and your father's name was Montrose?"

She also had arisen, and the full light shone upon her face. Her bonnet had fallen somewhat back, and the auburn hair rippled in the sunbeam, while the Madonna features paled with inward agony.

"Yes, Sir—Alexander Montrose."

"Merciful Powers! it is *not* delusion, and the dead *do* speak!" he exclaimed with energy, sinking upon the chair, while she moved toward the bell-rope.

"It is nothing; do—do—not ring," he gasped; "at least not yet. And your father?"

"Immediately upon the death of a beloved sister he went into another part of the country from that in which he was bred."

"Ah! my Nelly—my Nelly!" gasped the proud man to himself.

She was standing now by his side, and her presence overpowered and yet soothed him.

"Your father," he continued, taking her hand most tenderly, "was my college friend. I was to have married his sister. I—I—but why speak of it? I alone was to blame. It was all my accursed pride and anger that did it. But she died long ago. And I suppose your father never mentioned her nor me."

"My father died when I was yet a child, and so did my mother," she added, this time placing both hands in his, so glad in her joy; and with the tact and adroitness subdued by the girlish tenderness of her nature, for she had found a father's friend in Ned's kinsman, and all—all must be right.

All was right. How should it be otherwise? He brought the portrait from its case, and showed her aunt to her in all her virgin loveliness. "So much like you," he whispered to her as she bent blushing over the ivory. "I heard her voice in yours yesternorn, and thought it delusion." He told her—he, the proud man of last week to the young fondling of to-day—of his past, and of his quarrel with the love of his youth. And then they talked of the grandfather and of his pet scheme. And she spoke of his midnight mutterings and wish for songs, while he, surprised at the coincidence, narrated the dream, and how he heard the patriot hymns. And next they spoke of Ned. But here she became silent and arose to go.

"Don't think to escape him; for he shall be there, even at the house of the despised Darby Dyce," he concluded, smilingly, as he kissed her hand at the door.

Beat away hearts. Throb away with vein and artery in mill-race play. Be calm and tranquil, statesman head. The victory is with youth and hope and love and memories of the past; for policy and pride are by the wall, fast bound.

So he called her back from the stairs, and, whisperingly, said: "I shall not see you again until New-Year's Day—the old man's birthday. I will call to take you to the morning church. It is Sunday, you know. Ned and I will both be there, and perhaps we shall have for his New-Year's dinner a birthday present that will make him young again."

Again he kissed her hand, and waved her smiling on her way.

She thought she breathed an amber atmosphere, and trod upon rose-leaves on her way to the old hero's bedside—so happily she breathed and lightly walked in the crisp December air. Crumpling bonnet and dress as she fell on her knees by her grandfather's pillow, her auburn ripples flowed over the scar and clothed it with youth, and her lips touched the wrinkles of age into smoothness as she then and there whispered it would all go right, and how she had seen Ned's uncle, and that he must not fret again, because, in the holy ways of Providence, whose praises all, whether with voice or heart, had sung that

Christmas morning, the difficulties had proved to be but preparations to success, and angels in disguise.

# V.

Another next morning, when a thin House of Representatives meets for a day or two of tussle with public affairs before the nation again goes to the wall for a New-Year day or two of private rest and enjoyment. As the Speaker glances at the clock and strikes his gavel the Chaplain offers up a fervent prayer, that goes wandering, spiritless, through the empty galleries and around the vacant desks. Some of the M.C.s are at their homes cking out the vacation, and spending in holiday fun the per diem pay that the clerks down here are scoring up. Others are at the late and stereotype Congressional breakfast, made up of a digestive alternation of manuscript and eggs, beef-steak and *Globe* or *Intelligencer* newspaper, cold public documents and hot coffee. A few are lounging in the corridors, extending graciously the Congressional button-hole to the constituency finger. Darby Dyce is chasing up the pages in the lobbies, who are comparing notes on Christmas-boxes. And while the Journal clerk begins to chant the manuscript *pot pourri* of the last day's proceedings, the members, one by one, appear, and the galleries gradually fill up from the *coteries* of lobbyists and curiosity-monsters, to whose service the fat deputy-sergeant at the narrow stair head is so pie-crustedly devoted. While the clerk chants, the minute-hand of the clock goes sulkily around, until chant and tick seem together to say, "This is all a Buncombe business at best, and 'twere better for the country were it put to rest. Politics is but a horse-race after all, and when the winner's put into his stall up the turf springs green again; while the booth and stands remain until comes next racing day, and the crowds go dustily away to cure shouts, oaths, and bets freely spent upon their pets. One nag is vicious and another something moral, as one horse is bay and the winning mare is sorrel. One colt is Southern thoroughbred, and another Western fed; but they all come together when the sweepstakes are put up, and the spoils and jockey-hunters see the shimmer of the cup. In this Congress-stud of ours there is many a fast-time-nag, the fifty-four of Oregon, for instance, that we brag. One Pegasus to dash away, despite constituency-curb, another that's a galled jade that editors disturb. Uncle Sam's a first-rate groom when his curry-comb is siller, and the feed he gives his horses is the choicest from the miller; but do the sweepstakes, after all, enrich the States both great and small?"

Thus the chant and the click were in the midst of their roundelay, and the buzz of the rotunda was getting on its full head of steam, when the Hon. Lysander Lillington was busily engaged in consulting fellow-committeemen. And when the Journal clerk drowsed to his desk, and the day's business began in earnest, that economical M.C., to the surprise of the whole House (and



each man so surprised that he forgot to object), asked unanimous consent to make a report.

He proceeded to read, from hastily-adjusted manuscript, that, while at Valley Forge, General Washington had urged upon Congress provision, by half-pay during life, for the officers of the army; and that Congress, by a small majority, had at first sanctioned it, and subsequently reconsidered it; and that from the first administration of one General to the last administration of the present General the question had been left open, while the survivors were rapidly dying, and justice was tardy.

The buzz had flown into the lobbies as he rose to read, and was now flitting about the floor, hither and thither, every where. What miracle was this? He who was the universal objector—the mill-dam of all legislation—the opponent of every scheme on the Treasury—and a man in Opposition, receiving unanimous consent to make a report in favor of the Bill to award half-pay to Revolutionary officers; and a Bill so young as to have only been kept in a committee-room over recess, when all parliamentary usage demanded it should become hoarse with bawling in the lobby for admission!

And so, amidst the buzz and the astonishment, no resolute objector arose to pay off the Hon. Member in his own coin; but the Bill of the old hero was now on the House docket, ready for action upon it in Committee of the Whole, to the next one of which, still by the consent of buzz and assent of the miracle-astonished House, the Hon. Committeeman forthwith moved it, and found it accomplished.

The ensuing Committee of the Whole would be upon the next day but one, and before it arrived he would recount the old man's history to the members all about, and deify him in their eyes, even as the Christmas dream had showed him worthy of the task.

The invalid Captain rapidly revived when the promise to his ear by the grand-daughter was realized to his dimmed eyes by the sight of Agnes and Ned again together, and likely so to be through life. Darby Dyce had his own ideas of what was up; but, in pursuance of his policy of masterly inactivity, made no interference, and said nothing, except to his wife, which being in confidence must not be repeated. Smug and clerkly Bob, in the Committee-room, grew jocose over their bottle, drinking the health of the "glorious old file of a revolutionary hero" that had come it so 'cutely over the stern-faced and hard policy Lysander Lillington, of Lillingtondale, M.C., etc., etc. Nor was that honorable gentleman's head or heart idle during the two days rapidly passing. His horse had stood for a full hour before the Georgetown Convent, and his frank had been upon a letter addressed to his Grace the Right Reverend Catholic Bishop of the diocese. He had entertained many of his adherents and some of his enemies at an impromptu dinner-party. But he had nevertheless kept away from Captain Sherburne, and once denied himself as he and the dog left card and

bow-wow at the door, and had been taciturn to Ned; only saying, "Bring Miss Montrose [how he loved to say the name aloud to Ned, and privately to himself in the seclusion of the library!], her grandsire, and yourself to the House gallery on Friday, and let us see whether the day will be unlucky or no."

Friday arrives; and so does the Speaker at his desk, and the chanting Journal clerk below, and so in due time comes the Order of the Day, after much rigmarole of Mr. Speaker, and hurrying up and down the aisles of pages with little bits of paper in their hands, as if they were political doves with olive-branches during deluge-time.

"The House is now in Committee of the Whole on Senate Bill No. 164, entitled, 'An Act to provide for establishment of a back half-pay fund for officers in the Revolutionary War. and for other purposes,'" says a portly member who is called to the chair by the retiring Speaker, according to the etiquette of the occasion. The clerk chants the same announcement. And the reading of the Bill being dispensed with, its title is a third time announced; when, surrounded by the buzz, and faced by Ned and Agnes and the old soldier in the gallery, the Congressman arises to move that the Committee rise and recommend the passage of the Bill. But before perfecting his motion, he proceeds, with a fervor of eloquence seldom heard in the body, to speak of the regrets he feels for previous policy in respect to so meritorious a measure; and goes on to portray the claims of the old soldiers on the Government, and reproducing his Christmas Dream, attuned his voice to the memories of the anthems and the hymns of freedom until the Senators flock in to listen, and the buzz is awed, and even the clock ticks more quietly, and the pages imitate Darby Dyce in his statuesque repose by the marble column.

The Committee rises. More jargon at the desk. Speaker and Chairman bow and cross-bow, and advance and retire and cross-fire, and the chant announces more audibly than it has ever before sung that in the Bill entitled, etc., the House concur, and it will be sent to the President for approval.

A hush, and then a buzz, and then a shrill "Hurrah!" from the gallery. It is the veteran on his feet—Ned and Agnes vainly pulling at his elbows. "Hurrah for Washington and Jackson!" says the shrill cry. Bustle—bustle—by the door and in the aisles. All eyes up stairs, and groups clustering by the pillar opposite the Ladies' Gallery. "It is one of the veterans himself!" exclaimed Darby, on recognizing Captain Sherburne; but almost ready the next moment to bite his tongue out, as he sees the pages exult before him. "Have him out! have him down!" calls some of the lobby; and members beckon deprecatingly to the gallery door-keeper, who is officiously interrupting the most striking tableau these benches have seen for many a day. More bustle—and the tableau breaks up. The door-keeper has left his place

by the stair-head, and trills of barks resound through the House, now entirely thrown off its equilibrium. "Bow-wow-wow!" says Ranger, no longer awed by the fat door-keeper, but leaping up into the old man's arms as he is held by the door-keeper, and then bolting at that fat functionary's legs as he smells out the trouble. "Move we adjourn!" is heard above the bow-wow, buzz, or bustle; and amidst the chant a gavel falls, and a rush is made for the outer chamber, where the old man already is, with Ned crazy with laughter, and Agnes half-dead with confusion and fear, the dog still yelping like mad, and the lobby crowd killing the buzz outright in emulating the old man's shrill and repeated hurrahs for Washington and Jackson!

## VI.

While ten thousand urchins and damsels over all the land were exclaiming, in holiday chorus, "What a pity New-Year's Day should come on Sunday!" a party of four at the side door of St. Bridget's were congratulating each other because New-Year's Day and Sunday did meet together. There was the Congressman and the Captain—he had found his member at last—and Ned and Agnes also. The snow, seldom seen in the Federal metropolis, had fallen liberally overnight, and Ned, commissioned for an early carriage, had secured almost the only hack-sleigh in town. Joyfully the sleigh-bells pealed at the door of Darby Dyce's, while the household were at breakfast; for there came uncle and nephew to redeem the promise of the church-meeting. Lightly beat the hearts of all, and lightly flew the heels of the exhilarated horses to the church door.

"Valley Forge," said the uncle, pointing from the avenue over the snowy landscape far away as they drove along.

"Lexington rather," answered the old man, sadly pointing to a company of soldiers drawn up on the square preparing for a comrade's funeral.

"But never the prison-ship, or suffering, or worriment any more," added the Congressman, taking the hands of the Captain, while tears streamed down the cheeks of all.

"Are we not very late?" asked Agnes, suddenly, as the clock chimed its quarter.

"Yes, late for what you were expecting to do," said Mr. Lillington, gallantly taking her hand and handing her from the sleigh.

Before she could ask his meaning, he continued aiding in lifting the veteran carefully on the icy walk.

"Ned, you shall take Captain Sherburne, and I will escort Miss Montrose."

"Call me Agnes, if you please;" and she flushed as she said it.

"Not yet. Miss Montrose to-day; but Miss Montrose no longer than to-day."

"The church service is over," said Ned, looking through the door.

"I knew we were late," said she; "and oh, how we had counted on this service!"

The uncle smiled, and, taking her arm still closer in his own, drew her into the little robing room where stood the parish priest.

"I have a little favor to ask," said he, who held the trembling arm. "It is your grandfather's birthday, and the first day of the year. How better can we celebrate both than by one present all around? No need of gaud and show—that would illy become you—I have a special dispensation from the bishop, or rather our good friend there holds it, who also has taken to your convent the benefaction for supporting many Sister Agneses in your place. Present to Ned a wife, and to me a daughter—not a niece—for you are doubly—"

He paused, and before his agitation and kindness maidenly reserve fled, and only girlish trustfulness remained.

She placed her hand in his and smiled. Who was it at that instant rushed forward, and, lightly brushing bonnet-strings and furs and mantle, left her ready for the veil and altar? who but Ned?

The priest smiled, and, motioning to the side-door, they all entered—the fast-expiring name of Montrose breathing gently on the lips of bride and groom and kinsmen—the younger supporting the oldest, and the oldest lover and the newest beloved arm in arm. And so before the altar.

The old hero, waiting not for word or sign, nor caring whether it were etiquette or not, knelt down before the rail, and there continued, never looking up during the long service which followed. Agnes seemed almost a bride of the Church as the canonical veil was folded around her form. Ned's heart beat high with holy joy, and amidst the clouds of incense floating around the altar the uncle heard the singing voices and saw the salient features of his Christmas dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And now, my dear Sir, wishing you a Happy New Year, and congratulating you upon attaining your ninetieth birthday," said Mr. Lillington to Captain Sherburne, as several hours afterward they were gathered together at the New-Year's dinner-table—"Ned and I having had a sudden New-Year's present, nothing remains but for your grandchild, Mrs. Leslie, here to bestow her present and your reward."

Rising from her seat, and blushing as she heard her new appellation, Agnes kissed the beloved forehead, while the scar broadened and reddened with delight. Then taking from beneath her plate a fold of paper in a long envelope, she said: "And this, grandfather, is the certified copy of your Act of Congress—a New-Year's present—not only for yourself, but for many more old comrades besides, to whom tardy justice arrives through your means."

"Bravo—bravo, indeed!" cried her uncle; "Henry Clay himself could not have said that better."

"And allow me also to show you, Sir, the original Act, that is loaned to me by permission of the State Department, with the signature of

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



the President himself—Andrew Jackson—firm and bold, as one hero's autograph should be that consecrates an act of justice to so many other heroes:” and the old man put the writing to his lips. “But a truce to sadness,” he added, as the tears began to flow upon the furrowed cheek; “you are a lobby member no longer, and therefore you shall have your hunger appeased before the end of the feast. After that we will discuss Ned's future and your own; for we hope to share many Christmases and New Years together from this day forward.”

Returning to the table, the old man dropped his envelope, and Ranger, darting from his place of privilege under the table, seized it in his mouth caressingly and sported with it round the room. This incident restored the humor and hilarity of all; and while the butler is adroitly occupied in extricating the Bill from the last jaws of danger that will ever surround it, let us hasten to drop the curtain over “THE CONGRESSMAN'S CHRISTMAS DREAM AND THE LOBBY-MEMBER'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.”

### THOMAS OLIVERS,

“COBBLER,” POET, AND METHODIST HERO.

THOMAS OLIVERS, the “Welsh Methodist Cobbler,” figures largely in the religious literature of England in the last half of the last century. The writings of Toplady, Sir Richard Hill, Rowland Hill, Fletcher of Madeley, and John Wesley mention him often. He is a hero in Southey's romantic life of the great Methodist founder; Coleridge gave him a few annotations, and it can hardly be doubted that his curious history was one of the chief of those attractions of Southey's book which enabled the great Highgate thinker, as he tells us himself, to read and re-read it, with ever-increasing entertainment, in days of illness or ennui, when no other volume could interest him. “A member of the House of Shirley and Hastings” often recognizes the important “cobbler,” in the voluminous “Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.” Wesley inserted his biography in the old “Arminian Magazine;” and Dr. Jackson gives him a place in the “Lives of Early Methodist Preachers.”

A curious biographical study is this Methodist Welshman; a genuine character in his sterling individuality; a unique example of poetic genius, and one of the most remarkable instances of moral self-redemption on record. His autobiography is marked throughout by candor, and a naïve simplicity and directness which, together with its striking facts, render it the most dramatic of those numerous sketches of early “Itinerants” which Wesley published, and from which the history of Methodism derives its most significant and most interesting materials.

To the religious world he is known chiefly by his great hymns, and as a champion of the controversy which divided the Calvinistic and Arminian leaders of the Methodist movement. Wesley pronounced him “a full match for Top-

lady;” and the latter is still recognized as the giant Calvinistic polemic of that day. Southey acknowledges his ability and spirit in the contest. He was also a man of genius, as his poetry and music attest. He produced the sublimest lyric in the hymnology of our language or of any modern language, and composed music hardly less sublime. His prose writings are perspicuous, vigorous, and often eloquent, if not always elegant. The introduction to his “Scourge to Calumny” (addressed to Sir Richard Hill, in defense of John Wesley), alluding to the disparity between his own social position and that of the baronet, would be creditable to any English writer of his age, not excepting Burke or Junius. His exuberant soul gave strength and fullness and sometimes majesty to his poetry, his prose, and his preaching.

He was a “sturdy Welshman”—as sturdy in his virtues as he was at first in his vices. The latter were so enormous that, while we read of them in his bluntly honest and self-indignant autobiography, we are astonished that such reprobacy could be awakened even by the thunders of Whitefield—that such imbruted humanity could rise, and, at last, soar heavenward, hymning to all coming ages the seraphic strain of “The God of Abraham praise!” Such an example of the power of both genius and religion is worthy of being commemorated. We propose to record some of the scattered facts of his history, reminding the reader who may not relish their occasional pietistic tone, that this is characteristic, and essential to the curious story.

He was born in Treganon, Wales, in the year 1725. He lost both his parents by death before he was five years old. His kindred took care of him till his eighteenth year, not neglecting his early education; for they sent him to school, he tells us, and taught him to “say his prayers morning and evening, to repeat the Catechism, to sing psalms, and to go to church in general twice every Sabbath.” He assures us, however, that “his carnal mind soon discovered itself,” leading him into a “multitude of heinous sins.” “There was terrible swearing in our army in Flanders,” says Uncle Toby; but the army carried it thither from England; our English great-grandfathers were voluminous in profanity; it was rife about young Olivers, and he says that he knew only an old man or two (“whom all supposed to be crazy”) who had any scruple about the prevalent blasphemy. A certain parishioner made it a very study, usually compounding “twenty or thirty” different expressions into one long and horrid oath. When not more than fifteen years of age Olivers was the rival of his “infernal instructor” in this vice, and was considered the worst boy in “those parts for the last twenty or thirty years.”

When eighteen years old he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but did not half learn his craft, because of his unconquerable idleness. Dancing and convivial company engrossed his time; and on the day of his majority “I gave,” he says, “scope to my inclination to such a degree that

out of sixteen days and nights I spent fifteen of them without ever being in bed." He plunged into grosser vices, and found it desirable to retreat from the town; for, corrupt as it was, he was too debased for it. He went to Shrewsbury, where one of his amusements was to divert his associates with his profanity and vulgarity, at places of public worship. He confesses, however, that in his incredible excesses his conscience made him miserable. "I thought, I live a most wretched life! If I do not repent and forsake my sins, I shall most certainly be damned. I wish I could repent of and forsake them. If I could but hate them as I love them, I should then be able to lay them aside; but till then I despair of doing it; for I have always gone to church, and have frequently prayed and resolved against them, and yet I can not leave them."

He resolved to attempt again to redeem himself. He thought he would "try the sacraments," and borrowed a popular book called "A Week's Preparation," read it on his knees, went to church, partook of the sacrament, maintained a strictly correct outward life for a fortnight, and, returning the volume with profuse thanks, replunged into his habitual vices. Subsequently he was smitten down by dangerous sickness. On getting up again he wept, prayed, went to church twice every day, and read books of devotion at home. "For," he says, "I saw very clearly that if I had died at that time, I certainly should have gone to hell." His resolution soon vanished, and again he was groveling in his depravity. With another young man, of like character, he "committed," he writes, "a most notorious and shameful act of arch-villainy." They deemed it best to escape from the town—Olivers leaving many debts unpaid, "as was generally the case," and his accomplice deserting his apprenticeship. They journeyed together through several towns, encouraging each other in vice, and at last reached Bristol, where Olivers passed through some sad and some comical adventures; but he forever had reason to remember gratefully that town; for there a good influence at last arrested him, and turned the whole current of his life.

The auspices were not very favorable for him there at first, for he found himself lodging with a "backslidden Methodist," now a drunkard. He sketches the scene characteristically. His landlord's wife "had been a religious woman, but was eaten up with the cares of the world. There was also a lukewarm Moravian in the house. With these I had various disputes, particularly about election, which I never could believe. One day the Moravian and I quarreled so highly that he struck me; and as he was a tall, lusty man, I knew I should have no chance in fighting him. However, for a whole hour, I cursed and swore in such a manner as is seldom equaled on earth or exceeded even in hell itself; and, what was the greatest aggravation, it was all in confirmation of a lie. For though I swore with all the rage of a fiend, and with all the diversified language of hell, that I would prosecute the man—and

though I wished, perhaps not less than a hundred times over, that vengeance, ruin, destruction, and damnation might lie on body and soul forever if I did not do it immediately—yet I never so much as attempted to do it. Indeed, such a habit of horrid swearing had I acquired, that though I saw it was dreadfully wrong, and at times wished and labored to break it off, yet, on the smallest occasion, I was carried away as by a mighty torrent; yea, I daily and hourly did it without any provocation whatever, and frequently not knowing what I did." We can not doubt poor Olivers' fluency in profanity after this sketch of it; for the honest confession has an unmistakable smack of the old habit.

His drunken landlord was so shocked at his depravity that he threatened to turn him out of the house. But the scene suddenly changed. Helpless in his moral weakness, and apparently possessed of the very devil whose name was "legion," the wretched man lived as in a delirium of wickedness and misery. He met a multitude of people one night in the street, and inquired of a woman whither they were going. "To hear Mr. Whitefield," was her reply. "I thought," he writes, "I have often heard of Whitefield, and sung songs about him. I will go and hear what he has to say." He was too late; but went the next night three hours before the time. The text of the great preacher was: "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" The tears, trickling down the faces of hearers around Olivers, arrested his attention from a sort of stupor; and though, as he says, "when the sermon began he was a dreadful enemy of God and of all that is good, and one of the most profligate and abandoned young men living," by the time it was ended his life was changed forever. It would have seemed that so sudden and so thorough a revolution in the moral character of such a man was impossible; but it was real; and Olivers is one of the most surprising proofs of the theory that the restoration of the soul to virtue needs not the slow process of education; that in its highest form it is a miracle, wrought by divine power, and possible to the most degraded minds, in circumstances even where the necessary conditions of moral culture are at first impracticable. Such was the opinion of Whitefield, Wesley, and their coadjutors, and Olivers was unquestionably one of the noblest trophies of the moral triumphs of Methodism. As he stood in the crowd hearing Whitefield his fierce Welsh heart was broken. "Showers of tears," he says, "trickled down my cheeks. I was likewise filled with an utter abhorrence of my evil ways, and was much ashamed that ever I walked in them; and as my heart was thus turned from all evil, so it was powerfully inclined to all that is good. It is not easy to express what strong desires I had for God and his service; and what resolutions I had to seek and serve him in future; in consequence of which I broke off all my evil practices, and forsook all my wicked and foolish companions without delay, and gave myself up to God and his service with all my heart.



Oh! what reason had I to say, '*Is not this a brand plucked from the fire?*'"

The apostate family with which he lodged were astonished, as well they might be, at his change, "seeing him weep almost incessantly." The native poetry of his strong soul burst forth with his new life. "The first Sunday after I was awakened," he says, "I went to the Cathedral at six in the morning. When the *Te Deum* was read I felt as if I had done with earth, and was praising God before his throne! No words can set forth the joy, the rapture, the awe, and reverence which I felt." He obtained again the "Week's Preparation"—this time with more hope; he read it on his knees "by day and by night." "This," he adds, "and the Bible were far more precious to me than rubies; and God only knows how often I bedewed them with my tears; especially those parts of them which speak of the love and sufferings of Christ. As to secret prayer, I was for some time almost continually on my knees." He actually became lame in one knee by incessantly kneeling, and went about limping, and in a short time his other knee failed, so that it was with difficulty he could walk at all. "And so earnest was I," he writes, "that I used by the hour together to wrestle with all the might of my body and soul, till I almost expected to die on the spot. What with bitter cries, unheard by any but God and myself, together with torrents of tears, which were almost continually trickling down my cheeks, my throat was dried up, as David says, and my eyes literally failed while I waited for God."

Let no man cavil at this simple, earnest record, however he may construe it. The lost man was struggling with the demon—struggling out of the abyss; and he did struggle out of it, and rose to a pure and noble life. In the presence of such facts let us rather remind ourselves of the hope they afford of the reclamation of the most fallen souls, even when all hope seems gone. The case of Olivers explains half the history of the Methodism of Whitefield and Wesley. It won such trophies by thousands—won them from the very "gates of hell," and by a "foolishness of preaching" which was jeered at by ecclesiastical dignitaries (like Lavington and Warburton), who knew of no way of reaching such cases; and hooted at by the mob, which it subdued and led, weeping, by tens of thousands, into its humble temples.

Though Olivers complains that he was, through all his life, too much inclined "in favor of rational religion," and prejudiced against "visions and revelations," we can not be surprised that his own extraordinary regeneration disposed him at first to a degree of credulity. He records a few remarkable dreams and visions, and some very striking cases of sortilege; but his good sense preserved him from any serious abuse of such marvels.\*

\* No Protestant records afford more astonishing examples of the *sortes sanctorum* than the Methodist writings of the last century—a fact somewhat attributable to the influence of Moravianism on the first years of Methodism.

The reclaimed profligate proved the reality of his reformation. He forthwith began to repair,

Olivers was delivered from several despondent plights by this expedient in the early days of his reformation. In an hour of nervous depression he began to speculate about his final salvation; the terrible "Quinquarticular Controversy" (in which he was afterward so great a master) got hold upon his troubled spirit, and he sunk in despair under the impression that he was a "reprobate." He thought of giving up prayer as useless to him. He seized his Bible, then threw it aside lest he should open on some text confirmatory of his fear. Seizing it again, he cast his eye on the words, "Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all." "But what struck me," he says, "above all, was those words in the following verse: 'I will therefore that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.'" At another time, when sinking in anxiety, he opened the New Testament at the text, "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end."

Southey mentions a remarkable case in the life of Wesley. Whitefield had begun to preach in the open air at Bristol, and sent for Wesley to help him. Wesley and his brother Charles "consulted the Bible on the subject, and stumbled upon uncomfortable texts. The first was, 'And some of them would have taken him; but no man laid hands on him;' to which they added, 'Not till the time was come,' that its import might correspond with the subsequent lots. Another was, 'Get thee up into this mountain, and die in the mount, whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people.' The next trial confirmed the impression which these had made: 'And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days.' These verses were sufficiently ominous, but worse remained: 'I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake.' They next opened on the burial of Stephen the proto-martyr."—SOUTHNEY'S *Wesley*. In fine, all the texts opened upon were of this ominous character. Charles Wesley, who complained severely of his brother's design of going, "receive!," says Wesley, "these words, spoken to himself, and he answered not again: 'Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down.'" The question was referred to the "Society" (mostly Moravian), where again sortilege was tried. The first text was alarming: "When wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house upon his bed, shall I not now require his blood at your hands, and take you away from the earth?" The last one read: "Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even Jerusalem." So many coincidences were perhaps never known in any other case of this sort of superstition; but they all proved false. Wesley had the courage to go to Bristol, and thereby "crossed the Rubicon;" for he there began his "outdoor preaching," and formed the first Methodist Society. Isaac Taylor attributes the Methodist movement to the fact that Whitefield and Wesley there took the "open field." The whole history of Methodism might have been changed had Wesley been kept back by these omens.

Berridge, the famous rector of Everton, a Calvinistic Methodist of that day, and noted for his Aristophanic wit as well as his Greek scholarship, remained a celibate all his days on account of one of these absurd abuses of Scripture. He was rich, kept house, and wanted a wife. He says that he opened his Bible while upon his knees, and was astonished to cast his eye upon, "When my son was entered into his wedding chamber, he fell down and died" (2 Esdras, x. 1). This was terrific to the good vicar; but as he really wished a wife, and Esdras was a book of the Apocrypha, he tried again, hoping to find better encouragement in the authentic Scriptures. He opened on Jer. xvi. 2: "Thou shalt not take thee a wife," etc. This was peremptory, and he went through a long life a confirmed, conscientious bachelor. See his humorous letter in "*Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon*," l. p. 383.

as much as possible, the wrongs of his life. He attempted to rescue his old accomplices in vice. Religious people could hardly credit his conversion, and seemed afraid to receive him; they discouraged his wish to join their Societies, but he bore with meekness their apparent neglect. He loved Whitefield "inexpressibly," he says. "I used to follow him as he walked the streets, and could scarce refrain from kissing the very prints of his feet." He went to Bradford; and there for two years never missed a single sermon among the Methodists, "late or early"—and that was the day of five o'clock morning sermons among the Methodists. He heard, he says, "generally with many tears." During the usual "Society meetings," after the preaching, where all but members were shut out, he used to go into the field behind the chapel, and "listen while they sang the praises of God. I would then weep bitterly at the thought that God's people were there, praising His name together, while I, a poor and wretched fugitive, was not permitted to be among them. When they came out, I have followed at a small distance those of them whom I thought most in earnest, particularly the preacher and his company, that I might hear something further concerning the ways of God. I often followed them nearly two miles, and then returned praising God for this farther instruction, picked up, as it were, by stealth, and meditating thereon all the way home." The members at last began to notice him: they sent a young man to inquire about him, and received him into their Society. He became one of the devoutest of their communion.

His conscience was now as scrupulous as it had been reckless. He could do no injustice, "not even to the value of a pin;" he could not mention the name of God but when it was necessary, and then with the deepest awe and reverence. His daily meals were received as a sacrament. As to his "thoughts, inclinations, and desires," his constant inquiry was, "Is this to the glory of God?" If not, he dare not indulge it.

In due time he was "exhorting," and at last preaching among the neighboring rustics, spending his Saturday nights, till one or two o'clock, in preparing his sermons; rising at five o'clock, walking twenty miles during the day, and returning so fatigued as to be hardly able to get over a stile. On one of these preaching excursions he was tempted to believe that he "was running before he was sent," and turned back despondently. "This may be a temptation of the devil," he said to himself; and opening his Bible, cast his eyes upon the passage, "He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven." He took courage, and, turning about, went to his "appointment." His renewed conscience troubled him about his old debts. "I felt," he writes, "as great confusion and sorrow as if I had actually stolen every sum I owed." Some money was due to him from the estate of his kindred,

and he set out to receive it in order to pay his creditors. A notable journey was it; one that might have delighted the heart of the good Knight of La Mancha, as he pored over his books of chivalry, in his library, before arming for his own memorable adventures. He preached in most of the Methodist Societies on his route, and, when he arrived among his old neighbors, astonished them as much by his reformation as by his discourses. An uncle, a rich farmer, could not comprehend the marvel, and ascribed it to some terrible fright. "Thou hast been so wicked that thou hast seen the devil!" exclaimed the surprised yeoman.\* A profligate nobleman of the parish had him seized on Sunday and sent to the stocks; but the men who took him thither, struck by the miracle of his reformation, and affected by his Christian spirit, only simulated the punishment, and stood with him "near the stocks the whole time, which was near two hours, talking about religion."

After paying all he owed in his native place, he purchased a horse, and rode from town to town, paying not only principal but interest, and astonishing his creditors with his religious exhortations. "You ought to thank God," he said, "for if he had not converted me I never should have thought of paying you." One of them he found in prison; he paid his debt, and then preached to the prisoners. He went to Whitehurst to pay a sixpence; for no sin seemed small to him now. From Fordham to Shrewsbury, to Whitehurst, to Wrexham, to Chester, to Liverpool, to Manchester, to Birmingham, to Bristol, he rode on this singular pilgrimage, paying his debts and preaching the Gospel. He paid about seventy; and, before he got through the list, had to sell horse, saddle, and bridle for the purpose.

Of course Wesley's keen discernment would appreciate such a man. He sent him to a "circuit" among the miners in Cornwall; but as he now had no money for another horse, he set out, October 24, 1753, on foot, with his saddle-bags (containing books and linen) across his shoulder. A layman on the circuit offered to pay for a horse if he would buy one. He obtained a colt, which, says Southey, "was as well suited to him as Bucephalus to Alexander, for he was as tough and indefatigable as his master." "I have kept him," wrote Olivers, twenty-five years afterward, "to this day; and on him I have traveled comfortably not less than a hundred thousand miles."

He encountered some of those "fights of affliction" with rioters which were common to his brethren of that day. At North Bolton a noted ruffian interrupted the worship, and led the rabble after him through the streets, "throwing whatever first came to hand." In Cornwall the

\* Coleridge makes a characteristic note on the rustic's remark: "There is a sort of wild philosophy in this popular notion. See Friend, vol. iiii, p. 71 (p. 56, 3d edition). What we have within, that only can we see without. *Δαίμονας εἶδεν οὐδεὶς εἰ μὴ ὁ δαίμονος ἑαυτοῦ.*"

high-constable came to impress him for the army while he was preaching, but staying to hear the sermon, thought better of him, and allowed him to go on his way. At Yarmouth he found good advantage in his young "Bucephalus" amidst a frightful mob, which had sworn that any Methodist preacher who should enter their town should die there. The menace could only challenge such a man as Olivers to go. He was accompanied by a timid friend, who expected to suffer martyrdom with him, and was terribly dismayed with the fear that he was not prepared for it. Olivers got him into the town, however, and began to sing a hymn in the market-place. The rabble soon rallied, and commenced their assault. A townsman rescued the itinerant and got him into a house. He sent for his horse, which was brought down an alley; the mob thronging in after him. Olivers, mounting him, charged upon them, driving them, pell-mell, before him. "But," he says, "the women stood in their doors, some with both hands full of dirt, and others with bowls of water, which they threw at me as I passed by. When we got into the open street we had such a shower of stones, sticks, apples, turnips, and potatoes as I have never seen before or since." His fellow-traveler galloped out of town as fast as he was able; but the evangelist, more cool and courageous, watched the motions of the sticks and stones which were likely to hit him, so as to preserve what he calls "a regular retreat." "When I overtook my companion," he says, "we were thankful that we escaped with our lives, as were our friends in Norwich on seeing us return." The scene was characteristic of the times as well as of the man.

For forty-six years did Thomas Olivers belong to Wesley's unconquerable itinerant corps, doing valiant service, and enduring severe hardships in England, Scotland, and Ireland. But while the brave man was fagging through his humble work, his grand hymns were resounding in the great churches of the kingdom. Dr. Jackson says that his "Hymn of Praise to Christ" was set to music by a gentleman in Ireland, and performed before the Bishop of Waterford, in his cathedral, on Christmas-day. Belcher, in his "Historical Sketches of Hymns," says that the celebrated Mrs. Carter heard Olivers' hymn,

"'Lo! he comes with clouds descending,'  
sung at St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, as an Advent Anthem, in 1753, and gives it at full length in her 'Letters.'" Creamer, in his "Hymnology," affirms that there is not in the language a hymn which has elicited more praise than his "God of Abraham;" and James Montgomery remarks, in his "Christian Psalmist," that "there is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery. Its structure, indeed, is unattractive; and, on account of the short lines, occasionally uncouth; but, like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less on the first view than after deliberate examination, when its proportions become

more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind itself grows greater in contemplating it." *Blackwood's Magazine* has pronounced it "one of the noblest odes in the English language." It was originally published in a pamphlet of eight pages, and entitled "An Hymn to the God of Abraham. In three parts. Adapted to a celebrated Air sung by the priest, Signor Leoni, etc., at the Jews' Synagogue in London. By Thomas Olivers." Jackson says it reached its thirtieth edition as early as 1779. Though it appears in hymn-books of most denominations of Christians, it is so often given in a mutilated form, that it may properly enough be here inserted entire:

## HYMN TO THE GOD OF ABRAHAM.

## PART THE FIRST.

The God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of Love:  
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!  
By earth and heaven confest;  
I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
Forever bless'd.

The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command,  
From earth I rise—and seek the joys  
At his right-hand;  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
And Him my only portion make,  
My Shield and Tower.

The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all my ways.  
He calls a worm his friend!  
He calls himself my God!  
And he shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.

He by himself hath sworn,  
I on his oath depend;  
I shall on eagle's wings up-borne,  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.

## PART THE SECOND.

Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
At his command.  
The watery deep I pass,  
With Jesus in my view;  
And through the howling wilderness  
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty bless'd;  
A land of sacred liberty,  
And endless rest:  
There milk and honey flow;  
And oil and wine abound;  
And trees of life forever grow,  
With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our righteousness  
(Triumphant o'er the world and sin),  
The Prince of Peace:  
On Zion's sacred height  
His kingdom still maintains;  
And glorious with his saints in light,  
Forever reigns.



## PART THE THIRD.

Before the great Three-One  
They all exulting stand,  
And tell the wonders he hath done,  
Through all their land:  
The list'ning spheres attend,  
And swell the growing fame;  
And sing, in songs which never end,  
The wondrous Name.

The God who reigns on high  
The great arch-angels sing;  
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,  
"ALMIGHTY KING!  
Who was, and is, the same;  
And evermore shall be;  
JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM!  
We worship Thee!"

Before the Saviour's face,  
The ransom'd nations bow;  
O'erwhelm'd with his almighty grace,  
Forever new:  
He shows his prints of love—  
They kindle to a flame!  
And sound through all the worlds above,  
The slaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high:  
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"  
They ever cry:  
Hail, Abraham's God—and mine!  
(I join the heavenly lays)  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And endless praise.

There are stanzas in this ode fit for archangels to sing; and if ever heaven borrows strains from earth, the "Welsh cobbler's" verses reverberate among the spheres, louder than any Hymn of Milton, or Goethe's "Chorus in Heaven."

We have seen a doubt expressed somewhere about the authorship of the hymn, "Lo! he comes with clouds descending;" but Jackson says that both the lyric and its "fine tune were composed by Olivers," and published by Wesley in his "Sacred Harmony." The reader will thank us for inserting here this noble ode, however often he may have seen it:

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favor'd sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah! God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at naught and sold him,  
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of his passion  
Still his dazzling body bears;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To his ransom'd worshippers:  
With what rapture gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,  
High on thy eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for thine own!  
Jah! Jehovah! everlasting God! come down.

Jackson gives a catalogue of sixteen works from the pen of Olivers, four of which are poetical.

The latter part of his life was spent in London, where he superintended Wesley's press and preached incessantly. He says he never

labored harder in his life; but Wesley erred in subjecting such a man to the drudgery of the printing-office. Though he had genius, and some literary ability, he was naturally unfit for this minute typographical work. He had too much genius for it; and the *Arminian Magazine* teemed with inaccuracies, which Wesley sometimes tried to mend by formidable tables of errata. He had at last to displace him.

Thomas Olivers "the cobbler's"\* participation in the long "Calvinistic controversy" procured him a reputation which still renders his name familiar in most of the Methodist world. His few great lyrics have given him a unique place on the catalogue of hymnists, and will never be allowed to die; but his self-redemption under the influence of religion is the most extraordinary part of his history. "Well," says Southey, "might this man, upon reviewing his own eventful life, bless God for the manifold mercies which he had experienced, and look upon Methodism as the instrument of his deliverance from sin and death."

He died suddenly. He was struck with paralysis in the morning, and was dead at the noon of the 7th of March, 1799. He was worthily laid to rest in the tomb of Wesley, at City Road Chapel, London. Wherever the worship of God has extended, in the English language, his grand odes resound to-day in its temples; and wherever that language may yet extend, the Hebraic sublimity of his strains will rise above all ordinary hymns, like the sounds of trumpets and organs soaring above all other instruments of the choir. Such is the regal prerogative of genius, though it come before the world in the person of a "cobbler."

## JOHN OWEN'S APPEAL.

ALTHOUGH I have always been rather fond of reading, I have never tried my hand at writing any thing but my accounts, or a short letter, before in my life. I hope that the public will bear this in mind, and excuse whatever mistakes I may fall into, and, perhaps, a dull way of relating a story which I am sure a professed novelist would make very interesting. But a series of circumstances, involving a secret—I may say crime—came under my observation some ten years back that has lain heavy in my recollection ever since. I have never been able to impart it to any one who could afford me the slightest relief. Some people have discredited

\* This sobriquet was given him by Toplady, who represented Wesley as saying:

"I've Thomas Olivers, the cobbler  
(No stall in England holds a nobler),  
A wight of talents universal,  
Whereof I'll give a brief rehearsal:  
He with one brandish of his quill  
Will knock down Toplady and Hill."

Belcher, in his "Historical Sketches of Hymns," by a curious blunder, ascribes to Wesley the authorship of this doggerel, as a part of a humorous description of his competitors. Wesley was morally, if not intellectually, incapable of such a production.

what I said; and others, who could have done much, have refused me any assistance; so that I have fallen into a way of brooding over this little history, which in reality is nowise particularly connected with myself.

Being a prosperous man, and having had no special trials, thank God! since the time—now fifteen years ago next Christmas—when I buried my little Mary, the only child it pleased God ever to give me, I dare say I have got more into a habit of thinking of the troubles of others than I should if I had had more at home to employ my thoughts. However that may be, certain it is that many a quiet evening, when I have cast up my accounts for the day, and had nothing to do except, perhaps, to look over the paper again, or to go a visiting, I have, instead, fallen into a fit of musing on those past events, and got so unhappy with dwelling on the wrongs I could not punish, that afterward I could scarcely sleep for sorrow and indignation. I don't know when it was that it first came into my head that it would do me any good to write this out; but when once the idea did suggest itself, it grew upon me until it seemed a sort of duty to inform the public of these facts, and thus make one more attempt to obtain justice. Hoping, therefore, that this simple narrative may meet the eye of some person both able and willing to do what little can now be done to redress past wrong, I beg—with another apology for my poor scholarship—to begin my story:

I am a baker by trade, and my name is John Owen. Some people have jeered me by saying I ought rather to have been called "John Know-in," because I have managed, in the course of thirty years' devotion to my business, to accumulate a little fund of money; however, I never minded this joking, as my conscience is witness I never earned a penny otherwise than honestly, and Owen is a good Welsh name, of which no one need be ashamed. But that is neither here nor there, and has small relation to what I had to say, only that it seemed proper to state this about myself for the better comprehension of what follows.

My shop is in a good position, on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Decem Street. Since the first morning that I took down the shutters from the front windows, where I had carefully arranged a tempting show of cakes and bread, I have been fortunate enough always to have a good run of customers; but although many of them have been excellent friends of mine, none of them ever interested me as much as the young girl who is what the novelists would call the heroine of my story.

The first time I ever saw her was on a rainy December afternoon, just five years to the day from the time when we buried our little Mary. I remembered the anniversary very well, and always celebrated it by making an extra quantity of bread, and sending it out to the poor families in the neighborhood. But now the day's work was pretty much over, and I was sitting thinking sadly of how desolate our home would

always be, when the door opened, and a little, light bit of a young girl came in. She evidently had no umbrella, and her poor scant dress was quite wet; there was a dingy old shawl wrapped about her shoulders, and on her head she had a hood of faded silk. Altogether there was poverty written all over her figure, and I do not know that I should have noticed her any more than many other such poor creatures I saw every day, only that, as she came forward into the light of the one gas-burner I had started to shed some brightness on the dull afternoon, it struck me that she was just about fifteen—the age our Mary would have been if it had pleased God to spare her to us. Then, although our little girl was fair—and I am not sure she would ever have been pretty—and this stranger was dark, with eyes like blackberries, cheeks with a lovelier color than I ever saw before or since, and altogether decidedly handsome, it seemed to me, oddly enough, that there was a strange likeness about her to our lost child. Since then I have discovered that it was in the mouth; both girls had full red lips, and it was in the expression that hovered around them that the resemblance lay.

The little maiden advanced to the counter, and putting out a small brown hand from under her shawl, laid down a sixpence and asked for a loaf of bread.

I took down one of my large shilling loaves, and, pushing back the money, I said,

"There is your bread, my dear; but I don't want to be paid for it."

At the sound of my words she looked up quickly, and hesitated a moment; then she answered,

"If you please, Sir, I had rather you would take the sixpence."

"No," replied I, firmly, "not to-night; to-morrow, if you want bread, you may come here and buy it; I won't refuse your money; but to-day is one of my anniversaries, when I never allow any one but my old customers to pay me."

She looked a little surprised at this explanation; but her face was very innocent, and so I think she was satisfied, for she said simply,

"Very well, Sir, if you say so; but I am greatly obliged to you."

Then, with a grave little courtesy, she put the loaf under her shawl and hurried away.

When she was gone I felt vexed at myself that I had not done more than give her the bread; it seemed as if I ought to have detained her and asked her some questions, and not let her go out again into the rain. I mentioned the facts to my wife, and she quite agreed with me as to what I should have done. So that I determined, if I ever saw the pretty stranger again, to find out something more about her.

It was two days before she reappeared in my shop; then she came in at the same hour as at first, that is, late in the afternoon; but it was bright and pleasant. There were several people in the store; and although I do not know but she had on just the same clothes she wore before,

there was so much more of an air of neatness about her dress that it seemed as if it would be a sort of insult to address her as a beggar. So I merely gave her the bread, taking the money she offered; though I said to her, as I tied up the bundle,

"You'll be here again, won't you?"

"Yes, Sir; I am to come every other day for a loaf."

This satisfied me that I should see her, and made my mind a little more easy, as I thought her answer implied that she might perhaps be in the employ of some decent family.

So it happened that a week passed and I had no chance to talk with her, until one afternoon, when it was snowing so furiously that even the busy avenue was almost empty of people on foot, when she came in. I knew it was her day to be there, but I had hoped she would not come, it was so very stormy and cold. When the poor maiden entered she was quite wet and dripping, and seemed even more poverty-stricken than the first time I saw her. I came forward quickly to meet her, saying,

"My dear little friend, you must be very much chilled. Take off your damp hood and come to the fire."

"Thank you, Sir," she answered, smiling, and without that quick look of suspicion that one so often sees in city-bred children. She obeyed my suggestion by laying off the ragged covering that hung around her pretty head. As she did so I saw that her hair, which was quite black, curled in a nice, natural sort of way, adding to the young beauty of her face; and I thought what a very dangerous thing it was for one so unprotected to possess such a charm in this wicked city. As I drew her toward the stove, and opened the lower door a bit, the better to warm her little cold feet, I said,

"Sit down here a while, I want to ask you a few questions, if you will let me."

She looked at me as I spoke in a startled sort of way, that was oddly in contrast with her late trustfulness, but as she said nothing I went on—

"What is your name?"

"Susan," she answered, readily enough.

"Susan what?"

"I can't tell you. Please don't ask me any thing more. I am much obliged to you, but I had better go."

She uttered all this very rapidly, and in a frightened tone, at the same time getting up from the chair I had placed for her, and putting out her hand for the hood. I was a good deal disappointed at this want of confidence; but I saw that she was distressed, so I only said,

"Don't be troubled, Susan, I won't ask you any more questions if you don't like it; but sit down again, and warm yourself a bit longer."

"Thank you, Sir; but indeed I had better go."

She was evidently still very uneasy. I had somehow aroused her fears, and all I could do was to tell her, in a bungling sort of way, that I only wanted to find out about her because I

took an interest in her, and that I hoped she would continue to come to the shop just the same.

"Yes, Sir, I should like it if you will let me; I had rather come here than any where else, you are so kind."

She spoke very simply and earnestly, with the distrustful look all gone out of her pretty young face. My heart warmed toward her so much that I felt very badly to think of her going out into the increasing snow and darkness, and I could not help saying, as I went to the door with her,

"Take good care of yourself, my child—this is a bad city for you to be out in alone."

She looked at me as if she hardly understood what I meant, and then, with a pleasant smile, bade me "Good-night," and tripped lightly away down the dull street.

When she was gone I fell to puzzling myself with all sorts of useless conjectures as to what could be the motive for her strange secrecy. I was even sometimes tormented by a dreadful suspicion as to what her occupation might be; then, when I thought of her innocent look, and her pretty, genteel way of speaking, I put the idea of shame as attached to her from me as an impossibility. Finally, I worried about it in a restless sort of way that made me quite miserable.

It happened that my wife was away for two days visiting a cousin in the country. I always had an uneasy wretched feeling when she was absent, and I dare say this helped to increase my annoyance. When she came home the next day one of my first acts was to tell her about Susan. She quite shared my solicitude, for she was almost as much interested in her as I was myself; but she scornfully repelled the thought of sin as associated with her, saying, with womanly pride in her own superior powers of questioning, that "she would find out something from her she would promise." However, although the next time Susan came my good woman coaxed her into her own little parlor, and said, I have no doubt, every thing that was kind and motherly to her, she succeeded no better than I had done, only frightening the poor little thing so much that she began to cry. However, she was very easily comforted by promises of future silence, and seemed to bear no malice for what must have been an annoyance. My wife would like to have given her a small sum of money, but Susan resolutely declined it, though she afterward accepted a warm woolen cloak, which, in fact, must have been more comfortable than her forlorn shawl.

After this two or three weeks passed without any occurrence of interest. Susan came regularly every other day, and got to be the best of friends with both my wife and myself. She always came at the same time, that is, late in the afternoon, but we could never persuade her to stay more than half an hour. Once we asked her take dinner with us, but she was so frightened at the request that we never liked to repeat it.



Sometimes we succeeded in inducing her to take a small present; and we had thus given her a warm stuff dress and a neat plain hat, so that she had a far more decent appearance than when we first saw her. Perhaps it was that her pretty face was thus set off to better advantage than formerly; but I very soon began to notice that she never came in or went out of the shop without attracting more attention from any idle loungers there might be about than was best for so friendless a girl.

I can not remember when I first began to remark that there was one young man who was quite constant in his attendance at a neighboring grocery at about the same hour of the day that Susan came for bread. He was a good-looking fellow, I can't deny, and had that sort of air about him that made me feel that he was probably far more at home on the fashionable avenue next to us than in what I dare say he considered our vulgar street. Yet, in spite of his genteel appearance, there was a sort of expression on his face that I did not like—a certain dissipated recklessness that made him very disagreeable to me, from the first time I saw him looking with his evil eyes at our little forlorn Susan.

It was not long before it came to be a regular thing for him to stand in the door of the grocery smoking until she passed, and then for him to lounge idly up and down before my shop all the time she was in it. I did not say any thing to Susan about him, because I feared it might uselessly alarm her; I was, therefore, greatly startled when, one evening that she had left the store later than usual, and I went to the door to watch her, as I often did, I saw him join her about a block off, and accompany her down the avenue.

I was exceedingly troubled at this, more so than I can express. I felt that it meant no good to this pretty little waif, to have a strange young man, with such a face and that stylish appearance I have mentioned, following her. What honest purpose could such a man have toward a poor young girl like Susan? I really felt almost as anxious during the next two days as if it was a child of my own that was in danger, and was vastly relieved when she came in again, looking as innocent and happy as usual. Glancing outside, I saw the disagreeable man standing on the corner smoking complacently. Upon this I could not forbear drawing Susan into the back part of the shop, and there saying to her very earnestly,

"Who was that young man who walked home with you the last time you were here?"

A bright red color came all over her cheeks and forehead; but she answered in a straightforward way, though with a tremulous voice,

"He says his name is Robert Dare."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes—no—that is, he says he is."

She hesitated more than ever, and became exceedingly embarrassed.

"Susan," said I, gravely, "don't you know that it is very dangerous to make friends with

strange young men? How could you let him go home with you, when you would never allow me, although I would be a proper protector, to go even a little way?"

"Indeed, Sir," she answered, quickly, "he did not go home with me; he only went a square or two. He does not know where I live any more than you do; and I am sure, Mr. Owen, you are a better friend than he, and I would much rather tell you if I could—"

The tears came into her eyes as she spoke, and I felt vexed with myself for distressing her with my suspicions. So I only added,

"My dear Susan, I do not intend to find fault with you, only I want to warn you to be very careful."

Her tears were quickly dried, and she was soon smiling as brightly as before. She was such a child, poor simple thing!—so confiding, so easily pacified and amused!

Another week passed. Robert Dare continued to hang about the grocery, and Susan made her regular visits. I did not see them together again, but I had a sort of undefined suspicion that they did meet, though I said no more to her about him, through fear of wounding her. My mind was, therefore, greatly relieved when he disappeared from his post, and for a whole fortnight was nowhere seen. During that time Susan came and went as usual; and my fears being set at rest by the absence of that sinister man, I grew to love very tenderly this innocent little girl, who, as we thought, became daily more like our lost darling. Her confidence seemed to increase constantly, and my wife and I were sanguine that some day she would explain the mystery that surrounded her. If she could only be induced to do this, we were not without a hope that she might be persuaded to leave her home, which must be a wretched one, and come to cheer our lonely house with her bright young presence. Regarding her in this light, it is difficult for me to express how dear she was to us, and how we prized her visits during that tranquil time.

It was a disagreeable March day—how well I remember the sullen look of the earth and the sky!—when Robert Dare came back.

I was talking to Susan, in a pleasant sort of way, about how, when warm weather came, she and I were to go some day to visit a friend of mine who had such a pretty garden, when, chancing to glance out into the dark street, I saw that disagreeable face gazing in at us from the pavement in front of my door. I started, and stopped short in what I was saying; and Susan, noticing my confusion, turned and looked out. She started too, but she did not say any thing—only lingered uneasily for a while longer, and then went away. I walked to the door with her, and peered anxiously into the street. Robert Dare was gone.

Although somewhat reassured by this, I still felt such an uneasiness at the reappearance of that ill-looking man, that, almost without reflection, I stepped back into the shop, and giving a

few necessary orders to my apprentice, seized my hat and hurried out to follow Susan. I had often before thought of doing so, and thus discovering where she lived, and was only deterred by the feeling that there was a sort of meanness in it, and that I would much rather leave it to her own good sense to tell us all about her home. But this time I seemed irresistibly impelled by a presentiment that some danger was threatening the poor young thing. I was only a few moments behind her, and I knew so well the direction she always took, that I was intensely surprised when, on reaching the first corner, I perceived that she was nowhere to be seen. In vain I looked up and down the cross streets, and peered into the doors of all the stores—there was no sign of the little graceful figure I knew so well. A fine, drizzling rain was beginning to fall, so that all objects at a short distance were very much obscured, and this, perhaps, favored her escape. But since then I have often thought that probably she had entered a car during the moment that I was away from my door. At the time this suggestion did not occur to me; it was so unlike her usual course on leaving the shop.

After a long, useless search, I turned my steps homeward. The rain was falling in a monotonous drip; the pavement was shiny with the water standing upon it, reflecting the lights from the stores and the cars in a dull sort of glare; the people I passed were all dingy under the shade of their great black umbrellas; the lanterns, which were just lit, seemed to burn with a sullen glow, as if they grudged giving any aid to illumine so dismal a scene; and altogether I felt most unaccountably depressed and out of spirits when I reached my home. At the door I met Mrs. Carroway.

Now I have not said any thing about Mrs. Carroway before, because it has not seemed needful to the proper understanding of my story; but here a few words of explanation may not be amiss. The upper part of the building containing my shop was finished as a dwelling-house, and had a private entrance on Sixth Avenue. It was very small, containing only four rooms—two on each floor; but we had been in the habit, ever since Mary died, of letting one of these to some decent body, whose little payments would go some way toward our rent. The person who had lodged with us for nearly two years past was Mrs. Carroway. She was a distant cousin of my wife, and a most neat and respectable woman. There was only one objection to her, and that was what she called her "profession." She was a monthly nurse, in a good business; and the dreadful hours of the night at which people were in the habit of sending for her had been for some time past the trial of my life. It used to seem as if no lady, by any possible chance, was taken ill by daylight, or at any time when any one was likely to be up and able to attend the door. It was always in the quiet stillness of the small hours that there would come tremendous rings of the bell and

violent calls for the nurse to come with all possible speed.

I wonder why it is that babies have such a fancy for coming into the world in the darkness. I have heard somewhere the remark that it is because their guardian angels, knowing what a wretched change this world will be from the heavenly home their little souls have just left, kindly sends them into it while it is shrouded in gloom, so that when daylight comes the contrast may be pleasant enough to reconcile them to their new abode. Be that as it may, certain it is that all Mrs. Carroway's babies chose the hours of sleep for making their appearance, and routing all the people anyhow connected with them out of their warm beds. But then our cousin kept her small room so neat, and it was unoccupied so much of the time, for which she paid the same rent, that, on the whole, we thought her a good lodger, in spite of the objection I have mentioned.

Well, as I was saying, I met Mrs. Carroway at the door, and as soon as she saw me she began:

"Oh, Cousin Owen, I am so glad to be able to see you a moment. I have just been sent for, all in a hurry, to go to Mrs. Higgins; but I want to give you her number. Here it is on this card. Don't lose it."

"Oh no," said I, feeling very thankful that she had for once been called for at a decent hour. "I suppose, now, no one will come for you for a while again."

"Well, I don't know about that. There is Mrs. Joyce expecting every moment; but of course I can't go there. 'First come first served,' you know. But if she does send you can recommend Mrs. Hubbard. Good-by."

So the worthy woman bustled into the carriage that was waiting, and I went into the shop, and fell to thinking of Susan again, and wondering what could have become of her. Talking about this lasted my wife and I all the evening, and I went to bed with my mind full of an anxiety for her that I could not shake off. I dare say it was this that caused my dreams to be so haunted with her pretty face and Robert Dare's ugly one, that it was almost a relief to be awakened, as I was soon after midnight, by a terrible ringing and calling at the private entrance.

I jumped up quickly and put my head out of the window, which was directly over the door. There was a carriage below, and a man standing on the steps, who was making such a noise that it was several minutes before he heard me shouting to him. When I had succeeded in attracting his attention, he said he wanted Mrs. Carroway for Mrs. Joyce, who was taken suddenly ill. Of course I explained to him that she was gone, recommended her friend, Mrs. Hubbard, and then the man and the coach drove off.

As I have said, it was after midnight, the rain was still falling in a dull, monotonous way, the cars had all stopped running, and only a mournful wind came sweeping up the deserted

street. The lanterns shone with a red, watery gleam on the wet pavement and the dark houses, and, in short, it was a very gloomy scene to look upon. My wife called to me:

"Come, John, you will catch cold if you stay there."

And indeed I do not know why I lingered, as I did, for a moment after the man and the coach were gone. I was just about to close the window when I heard a rushing, rattling sound coming up Decem Street. It sounded like some vehicle driven very fast—indeed faster than any one, even rowdies, ever drive in the city—and I paused a moment, leaning out to see what it might be. The sound increased rapidly, and then on a sudden a close carriage was driven furiously past. It was but a moment that the black mass and galloping horses were in sight; but in that brief time I heard one, two, piercing shrieks, and then a voice, raised to the utmost pitch of its power, and rendered unnatural with fright and horror, cried out distinctly—

"Mr. Owen! Mr. Owen! help! help!"

After that there was only a rush and rattle, growing fainter in the distance. Even my wife, lying in bed, heard that scream that rings in my ears to this day; but she did not know, as I did, instantly and undoubtedly, that it was Susan's voice.

I can not tell how I managed to get on clothes enough for decency, and then to dash out into the street all stockingless and hatless, and rush frantically in the direction of the carriage.

It was quite out of hearing long before I turned the corner of Decem Street, and of course was nowhere to be seen, although I ran at the top of my speed, and in a manner to which I have been utterly unused these forty years past. Seeing that my own single exertions were quite useless, I very soon turned my steps to the nearest police station, and arrived there so breathless and exhausted that it was some moments before I could make myself understood. You may be sure I was considerably indignant to find half a dozen watchmen, who should have been patrolling the streets of the neighborhood, all comfortably seated around the station fire, which was, no doubt, more inviting than the wet streets outside. If they had been at their posts, as was their duty, they might have arrested the flying carriage; and feeling this, I was so carried away by indignation as to mingle many reproaches with my request for aid. Perhaps it was owing to the heat of my words that they manifested a certain reluctance to accompany me on my search, some of them affecting to disbelieve my story, and one of them even suggesting that I had been *drinking!* I, who have always been as sober a man as lives!

Smothering my wrath at this unjust accusation, I even condescended to offer a reward to these dishonest men for doing what was only their duty. At this one or two arose with alacrity and went out with me, and the rest, ashamed of lingering there any longer, sullenly went off to their beats.

With my two companions I started on what was, of course, a useless search; for when we began it it was nearly an hour since I had seen the coach, and we could do no more than follow blindly in the direction it had taken, which might have been changed a dozen times. However, we did all we could under the circumstances by giving notice at the police head-quarters, and making such inquiries as we thought might lead to something. I did not turn my face homeward until I was satisfied that further exertion would at that time be useless. I parted from the two policemen with additional promises of payment on my part, and on theirs earnest assurances that every thing in their power should be done to recover the lost girl.

I reached home about daylight wholly worn-out, and very wretched, mind and body. I was painfully conscious that every moment was precious, and that already sufficient time had elapsed for the villain who had stolen her to have accomplished at least a part of his wicked purpose.

My wife was awaiting my return in the greatest anxiety; but not all her kind nursing, nor the hope she continued to urge upon me that some other poor girl than Susan might have uttered that cry, could prevent me from tormenting myself so much that this, combined with my exposure, brought on a high fever. For two days I was so ill that I was part of the time quite out of my head, and when sane, in such a stupid state that I could scarcely think coherently. However, being blessed with a naturally strong constitution, I rallied on the third day, and from that time rapidly recovered. The first question that I asked my wife was,

"Has Susan been here?"

A mournful shake of the head was my reply; and if I had wanted confirmation for my worst fears, it was given by the little maiden's absence on her regular days for coming for bread.

As soon as I was able to see them, the policemen came to make their report; but what could it be but failure? I did not know where Susan lived, nor even her last name, and my directions were, therefore, hopelessly vague.

Three more days passed without any tidings of the lost girl. During that time I was gradually gaining strength, and on the third afternoon I came down into the shop and sat there in a large arm-chair without feeling much fatigue. Things had gone so wrong in my absence, and there were so many directions to give, that I had become quite interested in my business, and for a moment poor Susan was out of my thoughts, when suddenly the door of the store was thrown open with a bang and a woman came swiftly in, and walking directly to my chair, said, in a low, strange voice, and with an excitement of manner oddly at variance with the ordinary question,

"Is it Mr. Owen?"

"Yes, Madam," answered I, much startled; for she was very pale, with glittering eyes that were fixed upon me in a wild, desperate sort of



a way. I had scarcely spoken when she burst out, frantically,

"Give me my daughter!—give me my own little Susan!—tell me where she is!—oh, for God's sake, give her back to me!"

The last words were choked in a sob, and followed by a burst of tears that seemed fairly to tear her with its violence.

Exceedingly shocked, I started up, and, while forcing her to seat herself in the chair I had recently occupied, I protested, with an earnestness that, I presume, carried conviction with it, that I knew nothing whatever of her daughter. When she at last comprehended this, she took her hands from her face, and, looking at me for an instant, as if to read in my eyes confirmation of my words, sprang up, exclaiming, in a mad sort of way,

"Lost!—great Heavens!—lost!"

Before I could catch hold of her she staggered a few steps toward the door and fell in a dead faint.

By this time my presence of mind, which was at first quite upset, had returned. I sent the staring apprentice up stairs for my wife, and together we succeeded in carrying the woman into our parlor and laying her on the sofa. The remedies we used brought her to consciousness after a few moments; but it was only to weep and go on in a manner that was truly frightful. However, after a while, my wife's gentle talk soothed her somewhat, and our united assurances of our desire to aid and comfort her, brought her into a state of calmness that enabled her to tell us her sad story.

She was Susan's mother, and her name was Howard. She was of a very good family—as our city people think—belonging, as I afterward learned, to a household on Fifth Avenue. She had married against her father's will a poor and obscure person, and had, in consequence, been refused all assistance by her outraged parents. She and her husband at first hid themselves in a small village, and there struggled on for many weary years against crushing poverty. About a twelvemonth ago Mr. Howard had died, leaving his widow with this one little girl, the sole survivor of eight children. With her she had come to the city in hopes of obtaining aid and forgiveness from her father. In this she had been disappointed. The news which awaited her here was, that he had died suddenly some two weeks before her arrival, leaving his property, which was by no means as large as was supposed, to his infant grand-children, the representatives of her only brother. The charity of the lawyers to whom she had applied had supplied her with a small sum of money, and with this she had sought out a cheap and obscure lodging, where she had languished during the past winter, unable to procure work, and too proud to attempt to obtain aid from distant relatives or old acquaintance who had known her in her youth.

From Susan she had heard of what she was pleased to call our great kindness, but from a morbid dread of meeting strangers she insisted

that her name and residence should be kept a secret, even from us. Of Robert Dare she had no suspicion; and as Susan had never returned to her home since her last errand to us, she naturally concluded that we knew where she was, and, after a brief struggle between love and pride, had come to us with the whole of her sad history.

All this was told in a disconnected, almost incoherent sort of way, that proved how much she must have suffered. She seemed much affected by our evident sympathy, and listened with disproportionate gratitude to my account of the efforts I had made to recover the lost one; although her grief was, if possible, increased and rendered more poignant than before by the suggestion, which I made as delicately as possible, that Robert Dare was her abductor.

"Sometimes I feared that some such evil had befallen her," said she, "this city is so large and wicked; but it seemed more probable that you, who she represented as being so kind, had detained, without thinking of the pain her absence would cause me."

"No, Madam," replied I, "much as we loved your daughter, we would not have been so cruel."

"I know it, I know it now, my friend; forgive me, if I have seemed unjust. But oh!"—and here she fell into a dreadful fit of agitation—"I could not believe that one so young could have fallen!"

"*Fallen, Madam!*" exclaimed I, very much horrified at the suggestion; "you can not suppose that she went with that young man voluntarily."

"I do not know! I do not know!" cried the wretched mother, wringing her hands. "Why did she not come home? She must have gone freely at first. She could not have been forced off by daylight, although no doubt she was carried away during the night against her will. No, no! she probably did not know what would be the consequences of her foolish coquetry: she was not criminal, only imprudent; but that I ought to have expected—it is my proper punishment. I, too, was thoughtless and wayward: I, too, went away without my parent's knowledge! She is my own daughter! Oh, Susan! Susan!"

Here her utterance became inarticulate, and she went on again in such a wild sort of way that it required our utmost endeavors to bring her into any kind of calmness.

When she was composed we talked long and earnestly of what was to be done, and both my wife and myself suggested hopes which we could not ourselves cordially feel. We did all we could to induce her to remain in our house, at least until some tidings came of Susan; but although she said she should spend most of her time with us, she insisted upon returning to her lodgings, which were very near, in a wretched cross street some few squares below. Of course, now that I had won information, I was enabled to prosecute the search for Susan with better chance of success, and before poor Mrs. Howard left us for the

night I had seen the policemen and stimulated them to fresh exertions.

Alas! they were followed by no better result than before. Day after day dragged wearily by, and still no tidings of the lost one. The distress which we naturally felt at this dreadful suspense was increased a thousand-fold by the agony of the poor mother. It was piteous to see her coming every morning with the eager question, that was answered by our sad faces before it passed her trembling lips. Then to have her lingering all day about our house, scarcely ever quiet for a moment, going and returning constantly between the shop and the little parlor up stairs. We could not prevail upon her to remain in one place: at the slightest sound she would start up and come forward with a piercing, restless look, that at last came to be the fixed expression on her poor haggard face. I could see that all this wore terribly upon her. She had told us that for years she had been a great invalid. Seldom able to walk any distance—which was the reason why she was obliged to send Susan on any errand that was necessary—and I felt that this constant anxiety and over-exertion was wearing her away. Each day she seemed to grow more thin and pale; both my wife and I saw that only the excitement of grief kept her up, and feared that even if her daughter were restored to her arms quite well and happy, the poor lady would sink into some dangerous illness.

Thus three weeks crept by. It seems to me the most wretched three weeks of my life; for although I have had my share of sorrow in this world, never any days seemed as dark to me as those dreadful days of a suspense that was almost a certainty that some terrible evil had befallen the poor young thing in whom we were all so interested. The latter part of that sad time it seemed as if we could not go on any longer in that dreadful way—as if any knowledge, however horrible, would be better than this distressing anxiety; yet, after all, when that knowledge came, it found us wholly unprepared for its crushing effects.

About the end of the three weeks Mrs. Carroway came back from her attendance on Mrs. Higgins. She was such a good-hearted soul, and took such an interest in our trouble, that she said it really made her low-spirited to be in the house. On this account, as no lady sent for her, she very gladly accepted the invitation of a friend of hers, who lived down near the water, to go and spend the day with her. She went off quite early in the morning, and after she was gone it seemed as if a deeper gloom than ever settled upon us three wretched people.

The day dragged wearily away, without any incident to break its monotony, until about the middle of the afternoon, when there came a coach driving up in such haste that our hearts beat, and we all rushed to the door together. However, it turned out to be only a messenger for Mrs. Carroway. I told the man that she was out, and tried to describe to him where she was to be found; but as I did not know the number of the

house, and he was in great haste, I finally proposed to go with him and show him the way, feeling that perhaps the drive would do me good. With many thanks he accepted my offer, and we were soon at the place, which, if I recollect right, was on Forbes Street, somewhere beyond Tenth Avenue.

I went in myself and summoned Mrs. Carroway. She was in the midst of a comfortable chat with her friends, and a little annoyed at the interruption; so that I heard her muttersome disparaging remark about babies, that appeared to express an opinion coinciding with mine in regard to those wrong-headed bits of humanity. However, after a little bustle she was ready, and I handed her into the carriage; then, as they were going off into the upper part of the city, quite in the opposite direction from my shop, I declined taking a seat with them, and turned away, resolved to have a short walk before setting my face homeward.

It was a bright, mild afternoon in April; the sun was near setting, and there was such a suggestion of spring in the atmosphere that I thought I would go down toward the water, and see if I could not get a breath of sea air. There was only one block between the point from which I started and the shore—if shore it could be called, which was in reality a row of low hovels, with an occasional warehouse looming above them. It was warm enough to bring out all the dreadful smells that infest that part of the city; and I thought, as I went on, I had never seen so much squalor and filth as appeared in the windows and by the doors of the miserable dwellings I passed. Notwithstanding this, following I know not what irresistible impulse, I pressed on toward the water, though naturally all these sights and the shocking sounds I heard did not tend to raise my spirits, so that I came out on a little wharf which jutted into the river wholly unrefreshed. Even here I found no chance of purity or fresh air. The pier was quite surrounded by small boats, and an inferior sort of craft in which all the operations of life appeared to be performed on deck, so that there came from them a mingled smell of bad cooking and vile brandy. Several sailors of the worst description were lounging about; and there were barrels containing tar, molasses, and other filthy substances, piled up along the edge of the wharf.

The waters of the river rolled past muddy and sluggish, as if tainted by contact with our wicked city; the opposite shore was brown and dreary, with its fringe of bare trees on the summit of the hills; and even the sky was half-veiled with the dingy smoke that hangs above us like a pall. There was nothing in such a scene to cheer me, and I was just about to turn away, when I heard a cry from one of the boats that lay farthest out in the water. The sailors that were idling about all rushed to the spot, and in an astonishingly short space of time the whole pier was covered with a crowd of the worst-looking set of creatures I ever saw.

I learned very quickly, from the eager words

that were whispered from one to another, that a body had been found floating down the stream.

The horrible fascination there ever is in such a scene seemed to seize me, forcing me to linger, and I found myself pressing eagerly forward to the front rank, so that I was one of the first that saw the rude group of men that were staggering forward under that awful burden. A dozen eager hands were stretched out to help them up the sloping plank on to the wharf where they were, close beside me. I saw that it was the body of a woman, clothed in a long white dress, somewhat torn; one long loose rag was twisted round the head, so as quite to conceal the face. With coarse oaths and curses the sailors cleared a way among the crowd to a low shanty near by. There they laid the poor dead thing down on a low wooden bench, and one of the men unwrapped the cloth from the head.

Then I knew that it was Susan!

The short black hair, all wet and matted, elung curling round the fair young face, whose beauty was all gone in the livid contractions of death. On the fixed features there was a terrible expression of horror and fright, and in one of the temples there was a small deep wound, from which the blood trickled slowly, drop by drop. For a moment an involuntary hush fell on the rough crowd; then some one said,

"She was murdered!"

And there arose a Babel of questions and conjectures that brought me out of my first great horror, and warned me that it was time to act. I came forward with an air of authority, and, laying my hand on her forehead, said,

"I know this young woman, and I will take her home."

At this moment a policeman bustled through the crowd, and informed me that the body could not be removed until after the inquest had been held. He and I together managed to clear the room, and he allowed me to sit beside her during the time that elapsed until they prepared to go through the solemn farce which the law requires. They would not permit me to put any more clothes upon her, so that all I could do was to dispose her damp garments decently over her round young figure, and to cross her small brown hands upon her breast. In doing this, I saw that on one of her fingers there glittered a diamond ring.

I can not describe the pang which shot through my heart as I caught the flash of that treacherous stone. I knew then that she had not been killed by any merely mercenary villain; and I felt an absolute conviction, strong as if I had seen him do it, that Robert Dare was the murderer.

I drew off the ring, in the hope of finding some inscription within it that might point out the giver, but it was blank—as speechless as the pallid corpse beside me.

For a long time no one came. I sat there while the sun went down, glancing its last crimson rays into the wretched hovel, and bathing Susan's head in a glory as of fresh blood, think-

ing what hopes of happiness were blasted in that mute ruin. I pictured to myself her mother's despair at the awful story I had to tell her; and I fancied what that poor young girl must have gone through in the three weeks since I last saw her so innocent and well, until it seemed as if I should go out of my mind with grief and indignation.

At last the coarse men who were to form the jury came. I pass over in silence the outrageous mockery of justice that followed. It is useless to describe it, and I fear my narrative already wearies.

It was quite late before I was enabled to take my poor dead child into a carriage and convey her to my home. Arrived there, it was my intention to inform my wife of what had occurred, and have Susan neatly dressed and laid out before the poor mother saw her. But Providence willed it otherwise. I took the precaution to stop the carriage a short distance below the shop, but as I passed up the steps, and the light from inside struck upon me, it blinded me so with the sudden transition from darkness that I did not see a figure crouching beside the door. I was therefore inexpressibly startled by a wild, shrill shriek, that sounded clear above all the noises of the street, just as my wife hurried out to meet me.

"Good God!" cried I, "what was that?"

"Mrs. Howard!" gasped my wife. "Where is she? What has happened?"

Then, breathless, we both hurried to the carriage, and there we saw a sight that, to this day, I shudder to think of. The poor mother, quite out of her senses, had clasped her daughter in her arms, and was covering her livid lips with frantic kisses, at the same time uttering shrieks of wild, frantic laughter that were most dreadful to hear.

A mob was fast collecting; but it needed all the strength of the two policemen who accompanied me to drag her off and force her into the shop. Then they brought in the unresisting corpse, and, closing the door, we shut the whole horror into our own house.

The news soon spread, and kind neighbors came in to help us watch with the poor maniac. All our efforts to soothe her were in vain. She never ceased her wild cries until overtaken nature gave way, and she sank into a stupor. In this state she lingered some few hours; but before the next night the mother and daughter were reunited in that world where there is neither tears nor parting forever.

My statement is finished. From that day to this my efforts to bring the murderer to punishment have been unavailing. No one would listen to my story; or, if they did, would allow that, on such slender evidence, Robert Dare could be arrested and convicted. I have never seen him since, all my efforts to find him having proved utterly useless; and I make this appeal, in the hope that wherever that man, with his sinister eyes and his bad face, may be, there will



be some one possessing the courage to remind him of his crime; or that, at least, he may read this history of our sufferings, and it may awaken in his cold heart a tardy remorse.

### OUT IN THE STORM.

**H**OW wet and dreary the streets are!  
 'Tis a wild and lonesome night;  
 And the air is full of voices—  
 I shudder with cold and fright.

Ah me, for a little fire!  
 I will creep here under the cart;  
 Something whispers of patience,  
 But I'm cold—at my very heart.

What is it there in the shadow  
 That wavers and beckons so?  
 Nothing. Dear little Nelly—  
 Dead, years and years ago!

Does she know that her poor old father  
 Is dying here in the street—  
 Cold, and ragged, and hungry,  
 With not a morsel to eat?

Sweet girl! I believe she loved me.  
 I remember her voice, her smile.  
 She is gone! Ah, well, I shall see her,  
 Perhaps, in a little while.

I am cold—my heart is freezing.  
 Heart! Why do I babble so?  
 What little I had to be frozen  
 Was frozen long ago.

There's a light just there, at the baker's,  
 But I can not crawl, for pain;  
 Perhaps he would let me in a while—  
 O God! to be warm again.

How wet and cold the pavement!  
 I could pity my own white hair—  
 Alas! if my heart were younger;  
 But there's nothing but ashes there!

Is it cold in the grave, I wonder—  
 Ugh! the cruel and pitiless storm!—  
 No matter; 'tis all that's left me;  
 Thank God if it's only warm.

WILLIAM WINTER.

### A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

#### I.

**I**T was the last day of the Indiana Conference. All business was dispatched, and the assembled preachers waited only for that last and most important announcement which should decide for each the scene of his next year's labors. In our Methodist communion the bishop who presides over the annual meeting called the "Conference" wields the appointing power. His word, in this matter, has been wisely made supreme; and though, with us degenerating Methodists of

the East, the body of presiding elders prompts the wisdom of their superior, while the larger and wealthier congregations go one step farther and ask privately beforehand for the man of their choice, in the generous West they stick to the primitive mode, trusting to the experience of the bishop that he shall so fit the men to the churches that neither may be wronged.

Nor, let it be said here to the honor of those venerable men, who have now for more than half a century exercised this somewhat arbitrary power, has there often been found just cause of complaint.

The list of appointments is prepared during the session of Conference, and is kept strictly secret; so that no one knew, nor could form even a probable guess at his fate. The murmur of voices was therefore hushed, and all listened as with one ear when the bishop rose to solve their riddles for them.

One by one the willing servants bowed their accepting heads, with a sigh of relief or sorrow, and lost their general curiosity in their particular interest. Presently was read out:

"SHOTTOVER STATION: PAUL CLIFTON."

Whereat a few of the elder brethren looked over toward the young man so named, scrutinizing him with critical eyes, as though measuring his fitness for this "Shottover Station;" while others, the younger preachers, looked up with eyes in which pity for him was mingled with ill-concealed joy at their own escape.

For they were hard cases at Shottover Station. The Church was small and weak; the "outsiders" a turbulent set, irreverent to the last degree, exceedingly sharp at discovering the preacher's weak points, and very ready to take advantage of them. A very stronghold of Satan was Shottover, where the poor minister need hope for but small pay and less respect, and might think himself lucky if he got off with whole bones. Once or twice, indeed, in years past, they had driven the newly-appointed man away by force of their brawny arms and leathery lungs; and once, taking an exceeding dislike to a young fellow just from college, and serving here his first year (and who, as they complained, "knew every thing"), they had combined together and literally starved him out.

Therefore Shottover was a place to be avoided by all means; a plague-spot which had driven several tender-hearted men into other Conferences; and to which now for some years the youngest member was, by general agreement of the bishop with his subordinates, sent to make trial of his budding powers—just as boys who have run away from home to sea are on their first voyage placed in charge of the sky-sails and royal studding-sails, to loose and furl them. Whereby at least those whose romance lies but skin-deep, and who were indeed called, but not chosen, grow to hate the glorious sea-life in the precise proportion as they scrape the skin off their tender shins, and are glad, at the first port, to run away home again.

Which I take to be a fine example of Mr. Darwin's recently advanced theory of "Natural Selection."

Paul Clifton, who sat in pleased unconsciousness a little on one side of the room (like a young bear, all his sorrows before him), was a recent acquisition to the Conference. He had graduated with honor two years before at a Theological Institute in the East; had preached experimentally, and very acceptably, on various occasions, and to different city and country congregations; had "taken a run over to Europe," and was now counted a promising young man, whom any Conference would be glad to receive; when lo! to the surprise and disappointment of his friends, he set his face Westward, and eschewing the flesh-pots of New York, resolutely wandered into the desert of Indiana. Another John Baptist, said Miss Thomasina Dobbs, a romantic young lady, who was shrewdly suspected of designs upon the reverend Paul's heart—though very unlike John Baptist indeed, thought the rough Hoosier preachers, when they saw him pull off his neatly-fitting kid gloves on coming into Conference room, and spread an immaculate pocket-handkerchief on the dirty floor whereon to kneel at prayers.

The fact is, young Clifton had been bred in ease, and had the outside of a gentleman, which is a disadvantage sometimes; particularly if the inside does not correspond. He had a young man's natural longing to go out into the world, and see a little of the rough side of it—to try his own wings, which he had now for some years been impatiently fluttering on the edge of the paternal nest. Add to this the honest enthusiasm of a young fellow who believes himself called to show the heavenly road (*not* as a finger-post, as Jean Paul suggests, which only points the way, but does not move itself). And this tempered, perhaps, by the modest thought that it would be easier for him, a young and inexperienced man, to lead rough Hoosiers up this steep and narrow path than the more refined and intellectual congregations of the East—a little mistake I have known wiser men than the reverend Paul to make—as though the wildest horses did not need the best drivers. Put these together, and you have, I suppose, nearly the mixture of motives which brought him to avoid the soft ease of a "first-class city appointment," and join himself to this unknown future of the backwoods.

The bishop regarded him with mild pity as he read him his fate. A set custom could not be violated on his account; nor, indeed, did the venerable man believe that this trial had best be spared the young preacher. When the last hymn was sung, and the prayer and benediction had dismissed the members to their homes, he walked over to where Clifton sat, and shaking his hand encouragingly, said,

"Keep up your spirits, Brother Paul! the sword of the Lord is on your side—the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

"Yes, yes," remarked an old fellow who overheard these words: "I wish there was a little

more Gideon though"—while a hard-featured circuit-rider growled to himself, "'Tain't right, hardly. I've a mind to change places with him; he looks like a good young fellow."

"You leave him alone," interrupted old Father Sawyer; "*probably* the bishop knows what he's about. Let the young man take his chance. The Lord will provide."

"I don't believe the Lord knows any thing about Shottover," retorted the circuit-rider, who had enough of Gideon about him, at any rate; and who probably would have rather enjoyed a tussle with that devil of mischief, who was said to be so strongly intrenched in Paul Clifton's new station.

In which regard he differed much from Paul, who was not what you would call a muscular Christian, forcing people heavenward by the fear of the Lord and a big fist; but eminently a mild-mannered man, slender, and more given to his Greek Testament than to his dumb-bells. Old Peter Cartwright would have counted him but small potatoes. But then, even Peter is mortal. In fact, I find nothing so very mortal as muscle.

That he might properly prepare himself for personal contest with the sons of Belial who made Shottover a by-word and a reproach in the mouths of the brethren, these took care fully to inform Brother Paul of the various disagreeables and trials he might expect in his new station. (Just in this way my grandmother used to describe to me beforehand, and with great minuteness and conscientiousness, the nauseous horrors of that inimitable flavor of disgust, an impending dose of castor-oil. From which resulted to me, in the end, a strong dislike, not so much of castor-oil, as of grandmothers—and particularly those of the male sex.) Thus advised, and in no very sanguine temper, Paul rode into Shottover on top of the stage, on a Saturday morning; and after refreshing his inner and outer man at the hotel, proceeded to view his church.

Now, to an earnest and unsophisticated Christian like the Reverend Paul Clifton, used all his life to the comfortably-cushioned pews, carpeted aisles, sofa'd pulpits, and scrupulous cleanliness of our city churches, the little meeting-house of Shottover was like to be a shock.

A shock, certainly, to his sense of comfort and decency; perhaps (who knows?) to his faith in the Christian doctrine.

It is unpleasantly situated in the extreme edge of a bare and sterile clay-bank—down which, I verily believe, it will tumble some rainy day. Its low roof; its mud-bespattered walls, once painted a dirty white; its narrow door-way, making no allowance for sinners in crinoline; its ragged wagon-shed, like Jack Straw's house, neither wind-tight nor water-tight, and through whose board-sides several generations of idle horses had gnawed sundry holes, which gave their successors occasional privileged squints into a cool meadow beyond—thus pointing a Sunday lesson even to obstinate horse-flesh, by this pleasant vision of heavenly grass fields; and

this flanked by an appalling architectural novelty—a bell-tower, or embryo steeple, standing on its own base, and giving the impression to an unfamiliar eye that it had been lifted down from its proper place on the roof by some light-handed giant—all this does not promise well to a man who holds his faith by the ties of mere use and comfort.

Within, the narrow aisles are covered with a fine coating of rich Indiana mud. The hard, straight-backed, uncushioned pews afford no rest to the wicked; nor indeed to the pious either, unless, as is sometimes the case, piety and adipose tissue are found in the same body. The preaching-stand has at least the merit of consistency, being neither cleaner nor more ornamental than the rest of the church. Rain-stained windows; bare, white-washed, and partly "pooled" walls, white where no stains of tobacco betoken the resting-place of some saint who chews the cud of Virginia content beneath the shadow of the preacher's long arms; and a huge stove, whose pipes stretch like vast arms along the ceiling on both sides, as though preparing to shed a fervid blessing on the assemblage: truly here was found cause sufficient for a series of shocks to Christians of weak faith or sensitive nerves.

## II.

Nevertheless, though cleanliness is next to godliness, a dirty shirt is not evidence of the unpardonable sin; and, thank God! I have known men whose hard hands and soiled clothes hid a soul so clean that, if you were not wretchedly near-sighted, and could see at all through a coating of clean dirt, you at once took such to your heart.

Such an one was Farmer Leighton. A tall, raw-boned, hard-featured man, with the awkward straddling gait, uncertain poise of body, and splay feet, which are the rewards of an inscrutable Providence for a life of severe toil—perhaps to teach us to look beneath the surface for the truest worth; perhaps also to tell us that man does not live by bread alone, and that Mary did indeed choose a better part than serviceable Martha.

Farmer Leighton was now a well-to-do personage in his little world. A man of some forty-five summers, in most of which corn-planting, hay-making, reaping, and housing crops—the multifarious, never-ceasing toils of the farm—had left their marks not lightly upon him; with scant, grizzled side-whiskers, and a chin wretchedly shaven by a dull razor and an unsteady, wearied hand; hair of that tawny sandy hue which betokens several generations of rough struggle with forest-life, hanging down in straight and tangled locks about his ears and coat-collar; and a Sunday suit of blue Kentucky-jeans, home-made, and ingeniously contrived to show every angle and rough knot and ungraceful line in the poor, ill-used body beneath. This was the man whose harsh, cracked voice, with a querulous quaver in it at first, and a strange after-tone of protecting and longing love, called out,

"Now, then, old lady!"

At which a bright bay mare, harnessed to a mud-splashed buggy, standing near the hitching-post at the gate, pricked up her ears and wondered what she had done now.

As though there were no other old lady in the world!

"In a minute," answered a voice from within doors, having in it also a certain uncertain tremble—a quaver, however, which stood for the fearfulness of a long and much-loving heart, whose meek habit was to fit its motions to the convenience of others; a voice soft and agreeable, even though it was cracked, and hinting of many cares and much housewifely forecast. And presently appeared in the covered way of the comfortable double cabin a portly dame to whom this voice belonged.

Her followed a young girl, blue-eyed and fair-haired, as they are in Indiana, and of such buxom and shapely form, combining both strength and grace, as is the natural result of "hog and hominy," plenty of fresh air, and a total lack of servants and other incentives to a lazy life. Her name is Miranda Leighton—for which I am sorry, for I can not but believe that she should have been called by some such honest and plain name as Susan, Jane, or Eliza. But the Hoosier farmers, having little other grandeur to bestow upon their children, are pretty sure to give them grand and outlandish names. And I have a respect for facts, which are stubborn things, but useful in their way.

Miranda unfastened her pony from a rack beneath the wagon-shed, where he had stood under shelter—lucky beast!—and leading him up to the horse-block, leaped lightly into the saddle. As she settled herself there, helped by her father's kindly hands, a horseman rode into the open by a turn of the road.

"There's John now," said Mrs. Leighton. "John, come, go to church with us."

"I'm goin'," said he. "Ther's a new minister, ain't thar?"

"Yes; and no tricks now, John," urged his mother, beseechingly.

"No, indeed; we're goin' to listen—see what stuff he's made of. Guess the boys'll be still enough to-day."

"I'll warrant they'll all be thar," grumbled old man Leighton.

Which was a safe guess. For, next to a circus, nothing draws so large a crowd in an Indiana village as public speaking of any kind; and above all, a new preacher. A talent for oratory is worshiped by all the West; and a man who really has something to say, and knows how to say it as though he believed with all his heart, could not have a more appreciative audience than these rough, unlettered Indiana farmers. Nor will you find any where sharper or more relentless critics than these. As logical as children, and as impatient of humbug, they are ever ready with a biting word, which inevitably pierces to the core of some conscious misstatement, or sophistry which the speaker is not himself taken in by.



So the sister and brother rode off together in advance, while the old folks followed at such leisurely pace as suited the bay mare, who had had her own way so many years that she took it now as a matter of right.

Miranda had just returned from school. In Indiana the boys must work, and their schooling comes, if at all, by fits and starts—as they say lawyers get to heaven. It is theirs to battle with the primal curse from their earliest years, and such learning as they get is picked up at odd times, and chiefly from their Bibles and the agricultural papers. But the girls go to school. For them money is laid by; and as they grow to young womanhood, poor indeed must be the farmer who does not send his daughter away to boarding-school in some city or larger town, where she has, at any rate, the opportunity to gather such of the ways, and thoughts, and accomplishments of a more finished culture as may assimilate best to her nature. With these advantages the daughter becomes the oracle of the house, cherished by all as a being of superior mould, and greatly held in awe by younger brothers, who submit, with what grace may be, to her dominion. Miranda, as I said, had just returned from school. The free air and pleasant sunshine of this Sunday morning, and the exhilarating canter of the pony, raised her spirits, and gave her courage to administer a scolding to John, some of whose tricks she had heard of on her return from school at Louisville.

"Don't you see it's very wrong?" she asked, with such a sparkle in her eyes as made it vaguely doubtful to contrite John whether it was nearly so wrong as he had before thought to tie a kitten under the bench occupied by the young ladies' Bible class in church, where it had *miawed* dismally at every pause in the sermon, to the great distress of the young ladies and the intense delight of the boys.

"Don't you see it's wrong?" she repeated. "Didn't mother always tell you to be a good boy; and didn't I always tell you to behave?"

"I'm going to be as good as pie, now you've come back, Sis," said John, turning toward the pleased Miranda a face really expressive of a vast amount of contrition. But alas! as he turned in the saddle a horrifying screech of feline agony interrupted this charming scene.

"O Lord!" exclaimed John, sliding nimbly off his horse, and making a desperate grab after his coat-tails, from a pocket in one of which presently emerged a good-sized cat, spitting out in evident rage at her treatment, and with eyes sparkling, head down, and tail erect, rushed off into the woods.

There was a dead and ominous silence for the space of twenty interminable seconds.

"Now, JOHN!" at last exclaimed Miranda, very slowly, and with an injured air; "now, JOHN!"

And then the little witch could hold her grave face no longer, but burst out into such a peal of laughter that the pony was really at a loss to know what it all meant, while the bay mare

hurried up her lagging paces, very much surprised indeed, and anxious to discover the cause of such sudden merriment.

"You BAD, WICKED boy!" exclaimed Miranda, catching a moment's breath, and with it a grave face; but seeing John still standing by his horse, with red face, and hands closely held to his coat-tails, she broke away again into a laugh which the woods were very glad indeed to echo.

"I didn't mean to've sot on her," said John, respectfully, willing to mollify his sister; "guess she ain't hurt much.

"I'll catch her if you like," he added, suddenly, in the hope that an offer of service, of whatever kind, would help him out.

"Tain't that, you dreadful boy. You know very well," laughed Miranda, trying to assume that severity of countenance which she felt the occasion and the offense demanded. "What was the cat doing in your pocket, you dreadful fellow?"

"Can't a feller take his cat to church without you pitchin' into him?" retorted John, in injured tones; and then feeling that defense was worse than useless in his case, and seeing, besides, the bay mare approaching, with father and mother peering curiously at their children, he judged it prudent to remount his horse and ride off at such pace that he was not likely to be caught. But as he rode Miranda noticed, with a chuckle of satisfaction, that he still held one hand carefully near that coat-pocket which had contained the luckless cat.

### III.

The Reverend Paul Clifton rose early on this Sunday morning, and was the first man—after the sexton—to enter the church. To say that he felt comfortable would be to make him out a fool, which he was not. It was a novel situation; and I dare say it costs a gentleman more serious thought to preach to a congregation of Indiana farmers than it does Peter Cartwright to expound his Gospel to a Fifth Avenue audience. When he had seen his church (or meeting-house)—when he had made the acquaintance of the sexton, and some others of the leading members—when he had slept upon his impressions—and now, on this bright Sunday morning, was arrived at the climax of his troubles, the reader who can realize that the Reverend Paul was not only an honest young fellow, but also a man who thought modestly of his own abilities, will not be surprised that he sat in uncomfortable anxiety for the result.

For to fail here was to fail utterly. I am ashamed to refer again to Mr. Darwin (whose philosophy, by-the-way, I distinctly repudiate), but here was what that eminent naturalist very properly calls a "struggle for life."

It was only in these two days that the solemn question, What is the full force and meaning of this office I have taken upon myself? began to crowd upon him in all its wide and serious bearings.

And what, indeed, is it to be what we call indifferently preacher, pastor, missionary?

The Natural History of the Clergyman is still to be written. I do not intend to bore the sufficiently impatient reader by interpolating in this place any attempt at so important a work. But pending the advent of the great ecclesiastical Agassiz, who shall prevent me from setting down here my little preliminary "Essay on Classification?" See: there is,

1. The wishy-washy young man, who would starve in any other calling, and therefore literally "preaches for a living;"

2. The fluent young man, who preaches because that is the most impressive way of saying nothing;

3. The ambitious young man, who sees that the prefix Reverend gives, even in our Protestant America, a certain power and influence to its possessor;

4. The wide-awake young man, who knows that for him there is no such easy way to gain bread and butter and honor (and a rich wife), as the pulpit;

5. The studious young man, who turns clergyman that he may gain leisure for his favorite books and studies;

6. The young man who has a certain intellectual theory of Christianity, with which he thinks it desirable to quiet the world. This one, I sometimes think, lacks only a little true piety to be indeed the model clergyman of the age;

And, lastly—not to make this list too long—there is your man who, feeling not only his neighbor's but his own pride, and selfishness, and arrogance, and forgetfulness of God, and of all good words and works, feels also that above all mere dickerings for place, or power, or superfluous bread and butter, or any low ambition whatever, is the divine office of leading his fellows from these abysses, where devils lie in wait for their souls, to those green fields where Christ the Shepherd ever waits his sheep. To such men He said of old, and says to-day, "Go ye into all the world and proclaim the Gospel to every creature, *beginning at Jerusalem.*" To such Christ is He who "came into the world to save sinners, *of whom I am chief.*" These are they, the true ministers of his Word, following and teaching Him with that divine love and charity which compels the rudest souls. Shall we complain if any such go forth comprehending their great work vaguely—looking out upon it as through a glass, darkly? Doubting—hesitating—in fear and trembling? Like Gideon, the son of Joash, asking vain signs of their Lord? I think few men set out on their life-work—if it be any thing higher than mere selfish toil—with any clear ideas of what they are to do. Your logical man is your thorough rascal. So let us not doubt of Paul Clifton, if his heart sank down into his boots as he sat in his pulpit on that Sunday morning, watching the entrance of his congregation; who now began to slide in in little awkward squads of six or seven, bashfully ex-

amining "the new minister" as they pushed up the aisles into their seats.

They need not strain their eyes to see him. Here was no dim religious light, such as some of our city churches affect, and which is so admirable an anodyne that I don't wonder wearied Wall Street cultivates it. The broad pleasant sunshine poured in boldly through that part of the open and curtainless windows, not obstructed by the opaque bodies of sundry Hoosier lads who preferred a seat in the window ledges—a luxury refused them on week days, when slab-sided Jehoram Baker, the Yankee pedagogue, here taught the young idea how to shoot.

And now as Miranda, her face composed, and her hand holding her brother's arm, marched that reluctant youth up the aisle, her dress caught one of the intellectual popguns which lay at random about the floor; whereat a small boy, coming behind with his mother, gave an anxious glance, then dove down desperately into the crowd, crying out in his shrill treble, "Dog on it, that's *my* speller!" Then brandished aloft the precious dog's-eared volume he had rescued, and was incontinently suppressed by his irate mother, who looked maternal thunders at the unlucky urchin who had dared to "holler out in meetin'!"

Paul smiled as his eyes took in the scene, whose grotesque humor relieved him for a moment from his load of anxiety. A man who has really a laugh in him never carries it nearer the surface than when he is thoroughly wretched. And now the service began.

If you think I am going to give you the sermon—or any part of it—you are mistaken. A mere sermon don't often convert any body—not even the preacher. Old John Wesley angured badly of the man who told him that he (Wesley) had converted him; and begged him to pray the Lord to do it over. Webster defines a sermon to be a pious and instructive discourse. Now, it can't be pious without being instructive; and, moreover, Dr. Webster's definition excludes a considerable class of sermons, which are neither pious nor instructive, but only logical, or theological, which is worse. For I believe, with one of our greatest preachers, that all theology comes of the devil; and when a man gets into his pulpit and begins to lay out the Christian doctrine to me by rule of thumb, or by any other rule but that golden one of which Christ said that he who keeps this fulfills all the law and the prophets—then I try very hard to run my thoughts off on some little side track of my own, where they may quietly take another train and go to a quite different place from the preacher's.

When Paul rose he read aloud those beautiful promises of Christ on the Mount. And as he read, his heart, so long dumb with fear before this strange people, grew strong and full with the dear love which speaks in every line of those blessed words. It is not so much words as speaker or needs as thoughts; and not so much thoughts as the one great inspiring thought which shall bind his audience to him, and make him and

them from that time kindred and of one spirit. In this sign we conquer. And this sign? We call it sympathy. He called it love. In what manner should he speak? How should he manage, to please them? had been Paul's troubled thought. But now *they* were no longer they. No longer farmers, rude, uncouth, peculiar, different—but men and brethren, of the same thoughts, the same hopes, the same fears, the same heaven-born aspirations. Not strangers, but kindred, saved by the same blood, reaping the same promises, tempted in all things, even as was He who suffered all that we might follow him. "Be you all things to all men," said the Apostle; to whom this command was doubtless plainer than to some of his successors.

Do you think words fail the man whose heart is full to bursting? Words these were of Paul's, neither brilliant, nor fine, nor profound, nor trashy; but very simple indeed. And though this young man had satisfactorily displayed his talents before diverse cultivated city congregations, this was in truth the first sermon of his which went to his own heart. Do you know what Christ meant when he said to them: "Go ye and preach this gospel to all the nations, *beginning at Jerusalem?*"

Jehoram Baker, the callous Yankee pedagogue, who could stand more hard preaching than any man I ever knew, was cheated of his customary nap that morning. The people were very much surprised. They didn't quite understand it. That is to say—they did. When Paul came among them after service it was not as "the new minister," but as an old friend. He needed no introduction to men and women whose hearts he had touched so nearly. He was one of themselves. No fine city gentleman come to teach rough Hoosiers what they knew perhaps better than he. Nor any rude soldier of the Cross, so overwhelming them with the thunder of his Gospel artillery as to leave no hearing for the soft loving voice of the great Captain of our salvation, who wills not the death of sinners (and surely never wished to see them damned before they were dead). Nor, lastly, was he, to their conception, any theological mummy, stiff with the wrappings of old formulas, and with dry husks where live men keep their hearts.

Only a gentleman.

I hope nobody will ask me to say "Christian gentleman;" because then I shall think my corrector does not know what it is to be a gentleman.

And do you think a gentleman can not prevail with such plain folk as these without bluster, and casting away his own true nature? Does not the greater contain the less? And who told you that this old Hoosier farmer, in cowhide boots and homespun clothes, slow of speech and awkward in manner, is not the truest gentleman God ever made?

#### IV.

"Father says you must come home with us," said Miranda Leighton, pointing to where "Father" stood before the meeting-house door hold-

ing the mare, who was restive for her dinner. There were invitations a plenty to "come and stay with us;" but "Squire Leighton" carried the day, and bore off Paul, who found himself presently in a comfortable farm-house, where his host presented him in farmer fashion:

"This is the old lady; this is Miranda; and this is John, my boy. I wish he wasn't such a bad boy. Make yourself at home, and try to like us and our ways. They ain't very fine; but we mean what we say."

"In what way is John such a bad fellow?" Paul ventured to inquire, by way of setting himself at ease with that young man, who looked at the minister with a certain degree of suspicion, as one of his natural enemies.

Whereupon John's mother made sorrowful confession of his tricky propensities, of his dislike to church, of his fondness for other boys who were just like him; and Miranda completed the display of John's utter depravity by relating the incident of the cat.

At which the Reverend Paul laughed so heartily that even glum John ventured on a smile, and Miranda had her fun all over again.

When dinner was over, and while the old folks smoked their pipes, Paul persuaded John to show him over the farm. The consequence of which showing was that John returned to Miranda with a puzzled look, and the remark that "that thar minister warn't a bit like any other he ever saw."

"Why, Sis," said the poor fellow, "he laughs just like other people; and made me tell him about every thing on the place. And he likes fishing, and I'm going to show him the creek. And he didn't know what a harrow was till I told him," added John, with a chuckle, "and I'm to show him how to plow."

"So you think he'll do?" queried Miranda, quietly.

"I dunno yet," said John, resuming his cautious look; "I dunno yet—but I *think*."

Having won over John, Paul's fame soon went through all the country-side; and as he proved himself a tolerable shot, a good fisherman, and a sensible fellow generally, "the boys," who had been so long the plague of Shottover meeting-house, presently made him their honored captain, without whose presence or countenance no fun could prosper, while they delighted to be for him a guard, often more zealous than wise.

But what avails to recount at length the peaceful triumphs of the Reverend Paul Clifton? His first victory decided the campaign; and he surprised the brethren at the next annual Conference meeting by requesting (unless some one else wished the place) to be "continued" in Shottover another year.

"What Paul Clifton could have found in Shottover?" was a question which puzzled every body but Paul Clifton himself, till one day—

—Fair, and gentle, and dearly-beloved reader, you guessed it long ago, didn't you? And I am not such an ungrateful boor as to disappoint you—



—till one day the bishop was invited to dedicate a new meeting-house in Shottover; and this done, was requested to “unite in the holy bonds of matrimony” (which bonds they bear lightly to this day)

THE REVEREND PAUL CLIFTON

AND

MISS MIRANDA LEIGHTON.

John was present, in a great state of mind and shirt-collar, and after the ceremony was over, and the company had adjourned, privately bestowed his blessing on Miranda, declaring that “she’d got the best feller that ever lived for a husband—ef he *was* a preacher.”

### POMP.

Jiggeree bu! Jiggeree bu!  
Jiggeree bu-bu, bu-bu, bu!  
In de pleasant summer wedder,  
When de days was long and fair,  
I goes strolling down de medder,  
Picking of de wile flowers dare.  
Jiggeree bu! Jiggeree bu!  
Jiggeree bu-bu! bu-bu! bu!

**T**HIS lively but not particularly sentimental song, which rang out merrily on the clear, warm summer morning air, proceeded from the lips of a tall, gaunt, white-headed old negro man, who, seated in the full blaze of the sun, upon a bench just outside of one of the kitchen windows, was busily polishing his master's boots, and lightening his labors by his own heartfelt but untutored minstrelsy. He was evidently singing *con amore*; for though, through the main verses of his song, he contented himself with keeping time by rolling his eyes and convulsively jerking his body and arms in accordance with the measure, yet when he reached the refrain—the “jiggeree bu” portion of his song—the spirit of melody fairly conquered, captured, and ran away with him, and, raising his brawny arms above his head, the left enveloped in a boot, the right hand encumbered with a blacking brush, he beat time audibly upon the sole of the boot, and at the same time, without rising, performed a sort of sedentary dance with his lower limbs, heel and toe marking out the measure in a sort of double-shuffle, more accurate to the ear than graceful to the eye.

Pompey Megus, or Old Pomp, as he was more commonly called, was a Southern negro by birth, and had been, until mature age, the slave of a Southern master, who, dying childless, left his goods and chattels to be divided among his nearest of kin; and thus it chanced that, in the division, Pomp came, with other valuable property, into the possession of his present master, Judge Osborn, who, having a Northern prejudice equally against slave-holding and slave-selling, was at a loss for some time what to do with his undesirable inheritance, but at last cut the Gordian knot and solved the problem, to the mutual satisfaction of himself and Pomp, by manumitting him and bringing him to the North.

Pomp had proved himself a worthy and grateful recipient of this favor. He had continued a

faithful and attached servant; and by careful accumulation of his wages, and the kind co-operation of his friendly employer, he had been able gradually to effect the purchase of his old wife, and then of his children and grandchildren, his last purchase, made about ten years before our story commences, being his youngest daughter with her two children—a fine bright boy of eight or ten years, and an infant girl. This last acquisition made up the sum total of old Pomp's family and of his own content. While they occupied a cottage about half a mile from the Judge's residence, and were all in his service in some way or other, old Pomp continued to reside at “Masser's,” enjoying a hearty, happy old age, tranquil and satisfied as the patriarchs of old when they sat in their tent-door in the cool of the evening.

But Pomp's jubilant minstrelsy had had an unsuspected listener. Suddenly the window above and a little one side of him was opened, and a young and pretty face (pretty in spite of a sort of puritanical demureness) peeped out upon him. This was no other than Rhoda Tibbets, the nursery-maid and personal attendant of the Judge's youngest child; but as Rhoda was something of a character in her small way, we must be pardoned for a slight delay while we strive to indicate some of her little peculiarities.

Rhoda was young, pretty, well-meaning, and good-tempered; but she was early left an orphan, and had fallen into the hands of persons who had given a strange twist to a character naturally upright and lovely. We know not under what religious denomination the individuals who trained the girl would have classed themselves; but they were practically of those

“Who hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell!” And under their strange guidance, the girl's mind had developed, like some free-growing plant shut out from heaven's air and sunshine in a damp, dark cellar; shrunk and distorted; gnarled, twisted, ghastly, and unnatural; a morbid tendency for the horrible ran through all her being; sin, death, and condemnation seemed to be her favorite topics of thought and conversation.

There are, as we all know, certain states or conditions of the physical system when an unnatural appetite is awakened, when a strange craving for slate-pencil scrapings, chalk, cobwebs, and the like is manifested; and there are certain morbid conditions of the mental powers, which seem to be analogous to this physical derangement, when the mind, rejecting its natural and customary aliment, preys gloomily upon the supernatural and horrible. There have been men (ay, and women too) of birth, wealth, and refinement, gifted, too, with artistic taste and genial feelings, yet who have sought in the anatomical lecture-room, amidst all the (to them) unnecessary horrors of surgical operations, for the excitement which the theatre, opera-house, and academy of art or music could no longer furnish. Something of this nature had been induced in Rhoda by her early education. Fear,

not love, had been the motive power held up to her. She had been driven, not led, into the way of salvation, and her religion, as if drawn from the Old Testament not the New, seemed ever to hang as a heavy pall above her, and shut out from her sight the visible world of youth and joy and sunshine. The thunders of Horeb, the fierce-flashing fires of Sinai, came ever between her and the Mount of Olives. The gentle voice which uttered the Beatitudes she never seemed to hear; the stern denunciatory, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees!" was far oftener on her lips. It was more to her taste; it suited her better.

It seemed a strange thing, this warring of education and nature; for all the girl's natural impulses were kindly. But she, who would grieve honestly over the mouse caught in a trap; who cried far more than the baby did when he cut his teeth; she, whose warm, human sympathies went forth freely to every living thing which came within the sphere of her actual observation, from the strolling beggar at the gate, to whom she gave the money from her purse, the shoes from her feet, and, it must be added, the fiercest condemnatory texts from her Bible, down to the orphan kitten that she fed with a tea-spoon, and foster-mothered up to an independent rat-catching cathood—could talk calmly of "the worm that never dies," and of "the fire that is never quenched;" and really seemed to regard the consignment of a large proportion of her fellow-beings to endless torment as a rather pleasing episode in the economy of the world, or, at any rate, as a grand and by no means unsatisfactory finale to its history.

Well is it for us poor weak mortals, so quick to mark and judge each other's offenses, that "He who is merciful in might"—He, whose love and wisdom are alike infinite, has said, "The curse *causeless* shall not come;" for poor little Rhoda, in her blind and ignorant zeal, would have

"Dealt damnation round the land," as Pope expresses it, as freely, and with as much unconcern as ever she handed round tea.

It may be questioned why Mrs. Osborn suffered such a person to be in her nursery; but she was a faithful and capable domestic, and fondly attached to the child, who was yet too young to be influenced in any way by her strangely gloomy theology. To be sure she would sometimes hush him to sleep with a pleasant little ditty, commencing,

"When I am dead and turned to clay,  
And all my bones are rotten;"

or, another, which (whether owing to the necessities of the metre, the peculiarities of the tune, or simply to her own choice, we undertake not to say) she always divided and emphasized thus:

"I'm bound *for*—the kingdom *will* you—go to glory *with* me?  
*Hal-le-lu-jar!*—*oh!*—*hal-le-lu-jar!*  
I'm bound *for*—the kingdom *will* you—go to glory *with* me?  
*Hal-le-lu-jar!*—*oh!*—praise *ye* the Lord!"

This sung in a sharp high key, and accompanied with a sort of spasmodic rocking, in a chair naturally destitute of rockers, she evidently considered as a very panacea for untimely wakefulness. But the baby's own especial favorite was a sprightly little thing, beginning,

"Remember, sinful youth! you must die! you must die!  
Remember, sinful youth! you must die!  
Remember, sinful youth! if you quit the ways of truth,  
You must die!—you must die!—you must die!"

So decided indeed was the preference of the little auditor for this particular tune, that if at any time Rhoda attempted to coax him off to sleep with,

"Where now—is weeping Mary?"

or,

"I wonder why old saints don't sing,  
And praise their Maker on the wing!"

the little Sebastian would lift the soft fringes of his sweet, sleepy blue eyes, shake his little curly head, and say, earnestly, "No, no! die, die;" the two last words being given with a coaxing persuasiveness of tone, as irresistible in effect as it is incapable of being rendered in print.

Whether it was that, knowing he was not himself an "old saint," and being yet too unfledged to aim at any striking performances "on the wing," he considered the call to sinful youth more applicable to his present condition; or whether the chosen hymn, being set to a rather peculiar air, allowed a greater amount of tributary trotting and patting, must be left to the decision of persons more conversant with babyology (perhaps the learned umpires who presided over Barnum's baby-show might be induced to undertake it). But whenever Rhoda struck back into the required song, he would close his eyes with a satisfied smile, drop his head on her shoulder, and with one little dimpled white hand on the back of hers, he would beat time with her, gradually subsiding into quiet lassitude until "Death's twin-brother, Sleep," stole from him all remembrance of his sinful youth.

This was the young person, who, having flung open the blinds, suddenly announced herself to Pomp as his auditress. She was fair, plump, and decidedly pretty, though with a certain prim demureness which was evidently the result of cultivation and training, and not indigenous (a sort of masked coquetry), which seemed to say, "It is not my fault if I *am* pretty: I can't help it; I *know* it is all dust and ashes, sin and folly, but I can't help it: I am just as my Creator made me." Yet would not have parted with a curl or a dimple if she could.

She wore a simple but becoming blue morning dress, the loose sleeves pushed up displaying her fair round arms; and with her soft, wavy, brown hair rolled plainly back from her young face, she looked cool and fresh as the early morning. She had some muslins in her hands which she was clear starching; and resting her elbows on the window-sill, she continued to clap with faithful assiduity, while she leaned out to hold a little friendly gossip with old Pomp.

"My goodness gracious!" she said, speaking

in short crisp tones, "Well, I never!—why, Uncle Pomp! is that you a singing so, and a making all that noise and ran-dan?—why, I declare, I *never did*!"

"Yes, Rhoda! massy-soul-sakes-alive," said the dusky singer, looking up at the window with a good-natured but coarse negro-laugh.

"Yes, dat are's me, I 'spect; and I 'clare I b'leve I was a singing too, but I didn't know it; can't help it nohows, I's so happy, seems as if it jest run out its own self—I's blest to Heaben if it don't. Hope I hain't been and 'sturbed nobody; 'clare I did not think nobody was a listening an' a hearing of me; but I can't help it nohows—it's so real warm an' bu'full out he'ar, and de sun so hot; and ki! how dem are birds is a singing. Guess dey can't help it nuther—ho! ho! ho!"

"Why, Pomp!" said Rhoda, affectedly, "seems to me you're terrible happy always."

"Happy!" repeated Pomp, "massy-soul-sake! yes; bress yer! I guess I is; and why shouldn't I be? Happy? yes, I's jest as happy as de days is long; and dey is pretty considerable longish now; jest as happy as de days is long! and if dey was any longer I s'pose I'd be dat much more happier, coz yer see"—and here he looked up at the window with a face of maudlin wisdom that would have done honor to some half tipsy demagogue—"coz yer see, if de days was longer, I s'pect dey'd be hotter, and I loves de hot. I dunno, Rhoda," he continued, brushing at his boot with imperturbable gravity as if propounding some weighty matter, "I dunno as yer iver made de obseruation, but I's allers minded dis fac', de longerest days dey allers comes in de hot wedder, in de summer time!"

"S'pose so," was Rhoda's laconic answer, seeing that he paused for a reply, holding his head sideways, and glancing up at her with his great white rolling eyes.

"Yes," he continued, "the most longerest days dey allers comes in de summer; in de real hot wedder; don't dey, now? Yo've took notice of dat, hay?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Rhoda.

"Dey does now, dat's a fac'; and now, Rhoda," continued the sable oracle, "why does dey kim in de summer? Does you know de reason ob why dey does it?"

"Well, I declare!" said Rhoda, hesitatingly, "I s'pose there *is* a reason, but I don't rightly know as I *do* know."

"Wa'al," said Pomp, "look a he'ar; I'll tell yer; yer sec, in de warm wedder, when 'tis hot, de days dey enjoys demselves; and dey isn't a going to hurry demselves, not for nobody; dey jest stretches demselves out, and dey lolls dis-away, and dey lolls dat-a-way." (And here Pomp, whose elocution was always very demonstrative in action, rose and stretched himself out in an "Alexandrine measure," rolling himself with a long, lazy motion from side to side.) "Laws-a-massy! dey is uncommon comfortable, dem days is: and so dey jest takes it easy like, and spends demselves a longways, and makes a

day ob it; and I 'clare I don't blame um, not a mite! But in de winter time, laws-soul-sakes-alive! it's awful cold an' shivery; an' you see, de days dey don't like it, dey can't stand it nohow; dey is all shrunk up, and mis'sible; and dey jest cut t'rough jess as tight, as tight as ever dey can, and glad enuf to hev night kim, and adone wid it; don't yer see? And I don't blame dem nuther, not a mite; an' dat's de way," said Pomp, decidedly and triumphantly, "dat de days kim to hev dat are fashion; I knows all 'bout it, I's watched um."

Here there was a few moments' pause, while Pomp brushed his boot vigorously, and Rhoda picked out the embroidered edge of the frill she was clear starching in silence; then the latter spoke again:

"Well, I do declare, Pomp! I don't see what there is to make you so dreadful happy!"

"Yer *don't*?" asked Pomp, looking up in surprise. "Why, yer on'y look a he'ar now! He'ar I is, a setting out he'ar, jest as warm as wool; wid dat yare bright sun a shining hot right on me; and look at dis yer laylock-bush alongside ob me, and dat are seringee-bush tudder side of me, don't yer see all dem white posies, jest as sweet as sugar, and de green leaves a smelling fresh as a cucumber! And ain't I a setting he'ar a free man? and hain't I got my free, and my wife's free, and de free ob all my chillun, an' my gran'chillun; all made out proper, and safe in masser's hands? Why, I couldn't help being happy, nohow, if I would! And *you* why, Rhoda, ain't yer happy?"

"No," said Rhoda, with a deprecatory shake of her head, "I ain't so mighty happy."

"Yer *ain't*!" said Pomp, gazing earnestly at the girl, with a look of combined curiosity and friendly solicitude. "Well, now, dat are seems curus. Why, yer young, and white, and healthy. Laws-a-massy! I'd tink yer'd be fit to fly yer'd be so happy."

"Well, I ain't," said the girl, gloomily.

"And why ain't yer? what's de matter ob yer? what's yer trouble, Rhoda?"

"Oh! well I dunno; I hain't got no great trouble, nothing to speak of, on'y— Well, this is a hard world, we all has our troubles, I s'pose; this 'is a vale of tears;' I have my little worries like other folks, and they fret me some."

"Yer mustn't let um," said Pomp, soothingly. "Now dat's jes' like yer Aunt Clo'."

Cloe was Pomp's wife, and highly beloved and esteemed by him, but she always served him for an illustration; he always took the liberty of holding her up as an example, either for good or evil, for warning or encouragement, as the case might require. He seemed to feel she was, as the hymn book says, "Fit for reproof and counsel too;" and whether as guide-board or beacon, he was content to hold her up to public notice.

"Dat are's jest like yer Aunt Clo'," he said, "a talking dat a ways; Aunt Clo' she's allers a worretting, and a worretting, 'bout suthing or udder; good woman too, in de gen'ral, as eber was in dis world; on'y she *will* be allers a wor-



retting. Coz it's wet, coz it's dry; coz it's cold, cos it's hot; an' what's de use? 'tain't no use at all. 'I tell yer now, Aunt Clo'!' I sez, 'what ever's the use of yer worretting so? yer can't hev tings yer own way, nohow yer can fix it. Yer can't be President, nor Gov'ner, nor even school committee man, an' 'tain't no use. If tings don't go to please yer, jest let um slide, mebbe nex' time 'ill be better luck!' I sez to yer Aunt Clo' sometime, I sez, sez I to her, 'Aunt Clo', sez I, 'yer a real honest critter, I knows yer be, and yer don't want to wrong nobody; but yer'll die in debt,' sez I, 'jest as sure as yer alive, for yer borries so much trouble yer niver can pay it all back as long as yer live, not if yer live to be as old as Hallilulah!'"

"Methuselah," suggested Rhoda, mildly.

"Wa'al, Miss Thuselar then, or any oder old lady or gentleman, I don't care who; 'tain't no use, I sez to her; but there, massy-soul-sakes! it's her nater, and she can't help it; but yer, bress yer, Rhoda! if yer begin now, young gal as yer be, where will yer bring up when yer as old as yer Aunt Clo'? Don't yer go to get dat are fashion ob worretting, I tell yer it'll spile yer! Now jes' look a he'ar—here yer is, young an' strong, an' mighty good-looking! Yer white, an' free, an' got a good home in de best place in de world! an' yer masser an' misses is de berry bestest folks in de world, ain't dey now?"

"Well, I don't know about that," said Rhoda, pertly, for the Southern terms "master and mistress" had jarred upon her Northern ear, and produced discord.

"Why, Rhoda," said Pomp, opening his eyes in wide astonishment, "ain't yer misses kind to yer?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose so; sort of."

"I guess yer tort so tudder day," said Pomp, "when she giv yer dat are han'som black silk mantle-piece for yer shoulders; didn't I hear yer a tellin our Elsie it cost fifteen dollars when it was new, an' dat it was jest as good as new now?"

"Well, yes," said Rhoda, blushing and conscious of her own ingratitude, "so she did; she is very generous to me, I'm sure; and I didn't mean she warn't kind to me; on'y you said they was *good*, and the ain't no body good; no, 'not one.'"

"Not one?" repeated the old man. "How is it den 'bout dat young Methodes minister comes to see yer Wednesday nights?"

"He ain't a Methodist minister," said Rhoda, with a blush and pert toss of her head; "and I wish you wouldn't call him so."

"Wa'al, I won't, den," said Pomp. "But ain't he, really? I 'clare I tort he was; he looks jes' so. But, Rhoda, ain't *he* good?"

"No!" said Rhoda, with an air of solemn resignation. "No, indeed! He would tell you we was *all* far enough from good. He says we are all lost sinners—guilty sinners—'vessels of wrath—broken cisterns which can hold no water!'"

"Wa'al, I dunno 'bout dat," said Pomp,

gravely. "Mebbe he is; but he kin hold a sight ob ginger-beer—I know *dat*! Yer see, he kim he'ar one day, when yer was out awalking wid de baby, an' so, as yer warn't at hum, de Judge (I s'pose he wanted to show him some 'spect on account ob you), an' he told me to take de yong man into de buttery an' lunch um; and if he didn't— Oh my! Wa'al, yer see, ginger-bread, an' cheese, and ginger-beer, dey is putty perwissions—werry putty! Can yer make dat are ginger-bread, Rhoda? Coz, if yer can't, yer'd better larn how, right off a reel; for dat yong man he is most uncommon fond on't. He is now, I tell yer."

"Well, s'pose he is," said Rhoda, flippantly; "that ain't nothing. He can't expect to have every thing he likes in this world."

"No," said Pomp, gravely, "he didn't ought; an' mebbe 'twouldn't be good for him if he did. But I dunno noffing 't all 'bout his 'spetations—on'y I'm real sorry to hear he ain't good."

"Law! yes, he is," said Rhoda, quickly.

"Good! how you talk! *He's* good enough. I guess you never heard nothing against him, nor you *won't* nuther."

Here another silence ensued, and Rhoda clapped her muslins and picked out the borders in thoughtful silence; then recurring again to her former theme, as if still unsatisfied, she said, suddenly,

"I don't see, Pomp, how in creation you can be always so terribly happy in a perishing, sinful, dying world."

"De world ain't adying," said Pomp, stoutly. "I's knowed her dis eighty year, an' I niver see her look better, han'somer, nor more healthier. She ain't agoing to die, I know!"

"Well," said Rhoda, laughing in spite of herself, "I did not mean that the world *was* adying—though she *will* one day be all burned up, and perish like a scrowl; but the folks is adying—you, and I, and every body. I s'pose you know you've got to die, Pomp?"

"Don't I?" said Pomp. "*Got to!* I'd be mighty ashamed of myself if I hadn't. Why, hain't all de best folks in de world—all de good folks and de great folks—died ever sence de world wor made? An' wouldn't I feel small enuf if I war lef' out? Die! why, I tink it's splendid! Why, I 'clare to yer, dis yere minnit, if one ob dem angels wid de shiny wings, sich as de song-book tells on, was to flounce out ob dat little white cloud, an' come flop down onter dis grabble walk, an' say to me, 'Good-morning, Misser Pomp Megus, Sir! How do you do, Sir?—hope I see yer well—how's yer health? I hev come to tell yer yer ain't agoing to die, niver; it ain't expected ob yer; yer may live he'ar forty-leven thousan' hundred years, an' more, too (if dare *be* any more ob um), and yer kindly welcome to dat same,' I wouldn't take it as no compliment at all—I jes' wouldn't. I'd jes' up and say, 'Yer sarvant, Miss Angel! How does yer do, marm? I hope I see yer well—how's yer health?' (Here Pomp, who prided himself upon his manners, rose and made

a grave and reverential salam to the imaginary angel.) 'I'm werry much obligated to yer for de trubble yer've took; but I ain't so awful per-tic'lar 'bout living. I ain't in no hurry to die; I don't want to go edactly *now*. I'd like to stay till de yong chickens an' ducks is, riz, and de husking is ober, and mebbe till arter Thanks-givin' (dat is, if so be it's agreeable all round), coz I'd like to see if *our* turkey ain't agoing to beat Colonel Frazier's man's. But any ting in reason, an' I'm ready. When de Master say, "March!" I'll go; an' dis receipt shall be yer discharge.'

This last sentence, picked up in the Judge's office, Pomp was fond of using, as giving force and dignity to his remarks.

"No, Rhoda Tibbits," continued the old man, unceremoniously dropping the celestial companion, and turning to the terrestrial; "no, Rhoda, my old mudder, all my broders an' sisters, three ob my chillun, an' two ob Elsie's, is all gone ober de riber—dey is all awalkin in white on de odder side—an' do yer tink I wants to stay poking round in dis yere ole niger-skin for ebber? No, no, Rhoda, I's on'y a *niger*, an' I don't know as much as some nigers does, but I ain't sich a fool as dat are comes to, nudder. Laws-a-massy-soul-sakes, no!"

Here a bell within the house rang, and Rhoda started.

"That's the nursery bell," she said. "I s'pose the baby's woke up, and I must go." And drawing in her head, she closed the blinds, and was gone.

While the above colloquy had been carried on two persons, a young man and a little girl, walking hand in hand, had been slowly approaching the house, observant of the speakers, though unseen by them; these were Ralph and Lottie, the only remaining children of Pomp's daughter, Elsie.

These two young persons, born in Southern slavery, and strikingly alike in person, betrayed in form and features the mixed lineaments of the two races from which they sprung. The young man was tall and slight, and with well-developed limbs; but he walked with a loose, swinging, lounging gait, as if loosely hung together, and conveyed to the mind an impression that, if taken up by the neck and suddenly shaken, his arms and legs would be apt to drop off, like those of some ill-conditioned jointed doll. His skin was of a dark, tawny brown, not coal-black like his grandfather's, but two or three generations lighter, and his features, if not quite European in their character, were yet far removed from the original African stamp; his eyes, full and intelligent, had the Southern expression of mingled fire and softness; and his hair, though thick and curling, was loose enough to be handsome. Altogether, though no one would for a moment have supposed him to be a white man, most persons would have looked twice, and hesitated, before pronouncing him a black.

Walking slowly, with his eyes bent upon the

ground, and a look of habitual grave sadness on his face, the young man, holding the hand of his little sister, who was like him in all but the pensive expression (which on her face was exchanged for that look of mingled mirth and precocious brightness so often to be observed in the young persons of her race, but which usually deadens out to dullness as they advance to maturity), drew near the house, and their shadows fell across the path before the old man a moment after Rhoda had withdrawn herself.

"Good-morning, Grandsir!" said the youth, kindly, and rousing himself to speak with an evident effort; "and how is the rheumatism this morning?"

"Hil-lo! massy-soul-sakes! he'ar yer is, ain't yer? Who'd a tort it?" said the old man, briskly. "Why, Ralphie boy, how be yer? An' how's all on um to home? An' I 'clare he'ar's my little Lottie, too! Why, my little daffy-down-dilly! my putty little pinky posie! yer come to see yer ole gran'daddy, didn't yer? Bless its soul! an' how are yer, my baby? And how's yer marm?"

"Mother's quite well, thank you. I guess Lottie has got a message for you from her—haven't you, dear?" said Ralph, looking kindly down at the little girl, who clung shyly to his hand. "Where is Master Harry, Grandsir?" he added; "I want to see him about his dog."

"Dunno, I 'clare!" said Pomp; "hain't seed him some time; guess he's in his own room, but I dunno!"

"Oh, well, I can find him, I dare say," said Ralph, who, being about the age of Harry Osborn, was his frequent companion, and had been, from their childhood, nearly as conversant of his whereabouts as if he had been his brother. "I'll leave Lottie here with you, Grandsir, and call for her when I go home;" and crossing the yard, he went in search of "Master Harry," as he always called him.

"Kim-a-he'ar, Lottie," said the old man, encouragingly. "An' what has my little gal got to say to her ole gran'sir, I wonder?—kim-a-he'ar—yer beauty bright, stars-be-night!—an' tell um, can't yer? What's dis yer marm's sint, hey?" he added, looking inquiringly at a small basket the little girl carried upon her arm.

Bashfully drawing near, the child silently raised the cover, and displayed half a dozen fresh-laid eggs.

"Eggs, I 'clare! Ain't dem beauties? An' don't yer marm know what de ole man loves? Now jes' look at dem eggs—ain't dem beauties?—mos' as han'sum as de gal wot bringed um, an' she's a reg'lar stunner! Oh! I hears on yer, Lottie dear, I hears on yer! dey tells me what a scholar yer be!—dey say, when my daffy-down-dilly gets up in de school to read she make all de white gals hang down'er head—hi, hi, hi!—dat's what dey tells me—ho, ho, ho!"

"An' now," continued the old man, returning to his seat, after unpacking and depositing the little girl's simple but acceptable present, "I

wonder if my little beauty ain't a-goin' to dance for de old man—say?"

Lottie drew back bashfully, and shook her head.

"Oh! lars, yis yer *be*, now; I *knows* yer *be*. I hain't seed yer dance for a month o' Sundays. Kim, now, my pinkie posie; don't yer be a mite bashful; kim, dance now, right away."

Another silent shake of the head was Lottie's only answer.

"Oh! lars; massy-soul-sakes-alive! yer wants to be coaxed. What shall I gib yer? Lem me see—one ob dem days I's goin' up to de blue hills; an' dare's lots ob rabbits dare, I 'spec'; an' if I kin fine un, a rael beauty, wid a long white tail an' blue eyes, I'll cotch um for yer, Lottie dear, if yer'll dance for me. *Dare*, now."

But again Lottie shook her head, although her laughing eyes were dancing and sparkling with roguish mirth; for "the schoolmaster is abroad" throughout the length and breadth of our land, and even little Lottie's limited knowledge of Natural History was enough to make the promise of a long-tailed, blue-eyed rabbit appear too chimerical to be a temptation.

"Won't!" said the old man, sadly; "o-u-g-h! dat's too bad, now. I hain't got on'y one little gal in all de worl', and *she* won't dance for her poor ole daddy. Oh, dearie me! dearie me! What 'll I do? Oh, lars! lars! lars!"

A change passed over the intelligent face of the child. She had heard, again and again, from her mother and grandmother, the story of her and their redemption from slavery by the loving labor of her grandfather, and her tender heart smote her with a sense of her black ingratitude.

"I *will*, daddy," she said, suddenly—"I will, if you want me to;" and flinging down her basket and hat, she drew a pair of rude castanets from her bosom and began to dance, accompanying herself by the music of the castanets and her own voice.

Music and dancing seem to be natural and almost universal gifts to the colored race; and though Lottie's first movements were constrained and listless, the motion, her own music, and her grandfather's rapturous applause soon roused her excitable temperament. Her little figure was lithe and graceful; and with her simple, scanty dress, her round, dusky arms tossed above her head, her loose curls, gleaming white teeth, and laughing eyes, her rapid movements had much of the untutored grace of the nautch girls of India.

Suddenly, while Lottie's dance and the old man's delight both were at the highest, she stopped, with the look of a startled fawn; her arms dropped, as if paralyzed, and her whole figure seemed to collapse, as, shrinking away, she leaned against the bole of a tree and hid her face.

"Why, Lottie, gal, what's kim to yer?" said Pomp; and turning round, he saw Ralph standing by with folded arms, and an unmistakable look of grave displeasure on his gloomy brow.

It was this sudden apparition which had checked the child's merry dance; not a word had been uttered; but her quick eye had caught the look, and her quick apprehension defined his dissatisfaction.

"Sho, sho, sho! Ralph; yer go long," said the old man, vexed on his own account, and still more at the evident discomfiture of his little favorite. "What yer kim he'ar for, a spiling ebry ting? Yer go way; let dis chile dance, can't yer?"

"Lottie is too old now to be made a monkey and a show of, Grandsir," said the young man, coldly. "Take your hat and basket, Lottie; it is time to go home:" and turning, he walked out of the yard, followed by the dejected child; silently, side by side, but not now hand in hand, as before, they walked on. Bitter thoughts were in Ralph's heart, and gloom upon his brow, till Lottie's loving heart could bear it no longer. Bursting into a passion of tears, she caught her brother's hand, and sobbed out,

"Oh! Ralph, did I do wrong? I did not want to dance, indeed I did not; but Grandsir made me. I said 'No' ever and ever so many times, till he coaxed me so I was ashamed. I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't. Was it very wrong, Ralph? Oh, I am so sorry!"

"No, no, Lottie," said Ralph, relenting at sight of the child's quick tears; "it was not wrong in you. I did not mean to blame you—only—" Ralph hesitated (he could not tell the innocent child what neither she nor her grandfather had been aware of—that several of the farm-laborers had come in to luncheon, and, unseen themselves, were watching and commenting upon the unconscious girl's performance)—"only, you know, you are getting to be a great girl now, Lottie, and I would not have you dance any where but at home. Dance and sing too, *there*, as much as you like, darling, for mother and I, and grandfather too, when he comes to the cottage; *but nowhere else*."

"And you are not *very* angry and displeased with me, Ralph?" said Lottie, with her bright eyes gleaming through tears.

"Not angry at all," said Ralph, kindly, as he opened the cottage gate for her. "And now run in, and tell mother what Grandsir said about the eggs."

Ralph waited until his sister had entered the house, and then closing the gate he turned away, and entering the wood-path, he followed it until he reached a small root-house, which he and Harry Osborn had built in their days of boyhood. Here, flinging himself down in melancholy musing, the thick-coming sighs grew to sobs, and at last, burying his face on his folded arms, he broke into passionate weeping.

A light hand touched his shoulder, and a kind voice was in his ear:

"Ralph! Ralph! my poor fellow; what is it? Ralph, my dear Ralph! stand up, and tell me what *is* the matter? do speak."

It was a moment before poor Ralph could restrain his sobs, and answer, "Nothing new, Mas-



ter Harry, nothing new; only the old, old trouble; that's all."

"Why, Ralph," said Harry, kindly, "I thought you were wiser now; I thought you had outgrown all this."

"I can not, Master Harry! it is outgrowing me."

"How is this, Ralph? has any thing happened?"

"No, no, nothing to speak of; nothing at all, in fact, only every day and hour show me more and more fully my miserable and degraded position."

"*Degraded?* Ralph, you do yourself injustice; no one else would say of you the unkind things you say of yourself: you have had advantages, and you have made a good use of them; you have a good thorough education, and—"

"And what *am* I?" said Ralph, bitterly, "but a 'd—d nigger,' after all?"

"Ralph," said Harry, in tones of kind reproof, "you are wrong to talk so: my father says you are competent to navigate a ship to any part of the globe."

"He does me justice, as he always has," said the poor fellow; "but what if I am, who would trust *me* with ship and cargo? and even if a merchant would do it, what crew would sail under a negro captain? what nation trade with him?"

There was a short pause, for Harry could not deny the truth of what Ralph had asserted: then he spoke again, encouragingly.

"Well, Ralph, commerce is not all and every thing; your education has fitted you for other things."

"Name them," said Ralph; "name a situation for which I am fitted. No, Master Harry, do not think I am ungrateful for all you and your father have done for me—I realize it all; but do you not see that my education, while it has removed me at a distance from my own race, has brought me no nearer to yours? This accursed birthmark—this brand of Cain shuts me out from every thing, closes to me every door of hope."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense, Ralph!" cried Harry, with friendly and impulsive warmth; "you think too much of it: what is the hue of the skin, if the heart and conscience and life are fair and spotless?"

"Master Harry," said Ralph, "will you answer me one question, truly and honestly?"

"Why, Ralph!" said Harry, "you are not over-civil, I think; of course, if I answer at all, I shall speak the truth."

"Master Harry, would you change skins with me, to be President of the United States?"

"What an absurd question, Ralph! No, I am no politician; I have no desire to be President of the United States."

"For all the wealth of the Indies, then?" said Ralph.

"I am not so grasping as to wish for them either," said Harry, turning away; but Ralph would not be so put off.

"For any thing, then?" he said, turning so as to look Harry full in the face; "for the best of all this world can offer, would you?"

"Ralph, this is child's play!" said Harry, evasively; "we can not change: it is folly to talk thus."

"Enough! I am answered," said the poor fellow, bitterly. "God bless you, Master Harry! you would spare me if you could; but I tell you now, if being boiled, till this hated skin came off, would leave me white, and it were just possible I could live through it, I would risk the trial! Master Harry, do not think me rash and sinful, for my heart is full. Just think what my condition is. Bring it home to yourself, if you can, even in thought; shut out from all which is useful, or noble, or lovely in life, as far above my own race as I am below yours, I belong to *neither*; love, home, and family ties are denied me—I must live and die unloved and lonely."

Poor Ralph, there was one sore spot in his heart which he had never yet revealed, even to his mother or his friend, his hopeless and unspoken love for Rhoda; who, little coquette as she was, never dreamed of his devotion, and though she always treated him and his family with kindness, would naturally have received a declaration of his attachment as an insult. He had seen her in the morning close the window and withdraw as he approached the house, and his sensitive jealousy had marked it as an intentional avoidance of him; and this, though he did not name it, was still rankling in his heart.

But of all this Harry Osborn suspected nothing; and in answer to Ralph's last remark, he only said, "I don't see that: you have your mother, Ralph, and your grandmother."

"Yes," said Ralph, with a bitter repetition of the words, "I have my mother and my grandmother, what more can a man want?"

"And your sister," pursued Harry, unconsciously; "your little Lottie."

"Yes, my sister, my poor little Lottie," said Ralph, his lip quivering as he spoke; "oh, Master Harry! that is the worst of all, my poor, poor, little Lottie; I can bear it far better for myself than for her. What is her life to be? she is happy now, poor child, for the knowledge of her misfortune has not yet broken upon her; but it will, Master Harry, it will! She is intelligent beyond her years; already she asks me questions I dare not answer. I try to keep her back; I shut up my books from her; I try to keep her in ignorance; try to prolong her days of unconscious happiness. But it can not last; I can not blind her much longer; her eyes will be opened, and then, think of it, Master Harry! She is pure, and truthful, and innocent as an angel, and has a warm, quick, loving heart; and she will find herself a despised and hated thing, that must walk through life alone, shut out from human love and sympathy; she can never love, or, loving, she will have her heart broken, and flung back to her in scorn. Poor, poor, little Lottie! And I must see all this, and can not shelter her. I am her only brother, and she has no father, and

I—what can I do for her? Oh, Master Harry! dear as she is to me, I often wish she might die now; now, in her happy ignorance, and escape the life of trial, shame, and suffering which so surely awaits her here."

"Ralph!" said Harry, mildly, "I think you take an exaggerated view of the case. All this which you anticipate, *may*, indeed, befall little Lottie; no one can assure you that it may not. But is she the only one upon whom such a lot may come? If Lottie were peculiar in this—if she was the only woman living to whom such a fate might be meted out—if it were a single case, or wholly attributable to her race and color, it might justify your remarks. But is it so? look round the world; how many women, lovely, pure, and good, ay, *fair* and beautiful too, share such a fate? How many of the best and most warm-hearted of her sex either never find an object for their affections, or worse, lose the beloved one, or, worse still, love unloved again; or, worst of all, love one unworthy of them? It is no strange or uncommon lot: who can tell it may not be the fate of my own little sisters (as well as yours), with all their apparent advantages? nor, if it should, have we any right to say their lot would be less happy or less useful. You said just now, you were Lottie's only protector—her only brother, and that she had no father; you were wrong—think again. Lottie has an 'Elder Brother' than you, and an Almighty Father! Trust her to them, Ralph; do not burden yourself with responsibilities you are unequal to sustain. And it strikes me, Ralph," said the young man, placing his hand kindly on Ralph's shoulder, and speaking with gentle gravity, as he saw his companion's face softening—"it strikes me, Ralph, that we have both been regarding this subject from a wrong point of view. We have viewed it as *men*, not as *Christians*—as if this life were all. But viewed in the light of Christian faith, and how does it appear? Who was it that was 'despised and rejected of men, the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief?' And didn't He 'endure the cross, despising the shame, for the glory set before him?' The servant is not better than his Lord; can you not trust where He trusted? There are no sorrows so deep that Heaven can not recompense for them; and surely the believer may afford to wait, 'knowing in whom he has believed.' Trust little Lottie's fate to God. The most powerful of mortals are strong only when they do this. And for the rest, do not try to cramp her mind: let it grow, and bear fruit; give it full play; let her read, let her learn. All true knowledge is healthful; and it will make her stronger to meet the trials of life, and fitter to enter upon the joys of the life to come."

"Thank you, thank you; and God bless you, Master Harry!" said poor Ralph, while tears suffused his large mild eyes. "While I listen to you I feel as if I could suffer and endure to the end. Ah! Master Harry, it is well you are to be a preacher; you will make a true and noble one, wise to counsel and powerful to comfort."

"You think so, Ralph?" said Harry, smiling. "Well, then, let me see the first-fruits of my labors by following my counsel and accepting my comfort. Try to think less upon this subject: when an evil is irremediable, think of it only to remember that He who made it so must have known, in His infinite wisdom, that it was best for us. And now rouse yourself, my good fellow, and come with me, and I will show you that new mode of grafting I told you about."

Summer had passed into autumn, and "the melancholy days had come," when Harry, who had returned overnight from a week's absence, was passing down the garden in the early morning, and seeing old Pomp at a little distance engaged with his morning duties, he turned from his path to speak a kind word to the old man, who had petted him from his infancy.

"Well, Uncle Pomp!" he said, cheerily, "here I am home again, all safe and sound; did not get drowned nor blown up, you see. And how are *you*?"

"I's pretty well, I thank yer, Sir; and how der yer do? I hope I see yer well—how's yer health?" said Pomp, using the accustomed formula that he considered true politeness demanded; but though the words were familiar to Harry's ear, they wanted the old ring of hearty hilarity.

"Why, Pomp, what's the matter?" he said. "Something's amiss, I know: any body sick at home? How's Aunt Cloe?"

"Yer Aunt Cloe's putty well, tank yer, Sir; but lors! Masser Harry, hain't yer heard?"

"Heard? No! Heard what? I only came home last night, after the family had all gone to bed. What is it, Pomp—what is there to be heard?"

"Hain't yer heard 'bout my little gal?"

"What, little Lottie? No, not a word."

"Oh! Masser Harry, she's terrible sick; I dunno as she's 'live now."

"Why, Pomp! I have not heard one word of it. What's the matter?"

"Wa'al, I dunno justly; some kin' ob a faver I'd guess it was. Yer see, she an' two odder boys dey tuck sick at de school, an' dem odder boys is *dead*, both ob 'um!"

"You don't mean so! And how long has Lottie been sick?"

"On'y two, tree days, I 'speat; but de doctor he hab a berry poor 'pinion ob her."

"And when did you hear from her?"

"Oh! I hear las' night; but Ralph he hain't been ober to-day. Yer see, Rhoda she got leab from de missis to watch dare las' night, an' I 'spected she'd bring me word; but she ain't kim yit; an' so I's going ober dare jist as soon as I's done up my chores—on'y I's so kinder struck up like I can't get my work done; an' I'm shaky like on my legs, somehow, too. Oh! lors, lors, lors! my putty little gal! Oh! massy-soul-sakes-alive! Oh, Masser Harry! what 'll I do?"

"Sit down and rest yourself, Pomp," said the young man, kindly; "there is no hurry about the work. You sit and rest, and I will go over myself and bring you word how she is. It is

too far for you to walk to-day; you are all in a tremble now;" and with a few words of hope and comfort Harry led the old man to his favorite seat by the window, and left him.

Harry had gone but half way to the cottage when he saw Ralph coming toward him, and one glance at his face convinced him that old Pomp had not magnified the danger. As the two young men met, Harry held out his hand, saying, kindly,

"I have just learned there was sickness at your house, Ralph; and I was on my way there now. How is your little sister?"

"Lottie died at sunrise, Master Harry," said Ralph, in quiet tones, but with the muscles of his face all working with strong emotion; "and I thank God for it! Yes!" he exclaimed, suddenly tossing up his arms in vehement action, "I thank God for it! Lottie! Lottie! my darling Lottie! if your pure spirit hears me you will understand now why I say it." Then his mood suddenly changing, he flung himself upon the ground in a paroxysm of passionate weeping.

"Ralph—my poor Ralph," said Harry, soothingly, "you are not fit to be out. You had better go home. You are worn out with grief and watching. Come, turn, and I will go with you."

"No, Master Harry, I must go and tell my grandfather."

"I will do that, Ralph. Had you not better go home?"

"No, Master Harry, I am better in the open air. See, I am calm now. But if you will be so kind, will you keep on and speak a comforting word to my poor mother? Of course she can not see this as I do, and her grief is very heavy."

"Certainly; I will, if you wish it. I will go at once."

And with another friendly grasp of hands the two parted.

As Harry entered the cottage he saw the trim little figure of Rhoda gliding about in the outer room, and he knew the kind-hearted girl had remained to perform the necessary household duties, and let the afflicted mother and grandmother take their appointed stations, one on either side of the bed where little Lottie lay.

Harry knew well the gorgeous taste of the African race, and he had anticipated during his walk that upon such an occasion the tropical luxuriance of fancy might, like the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, break out into rank excess; and he was consequently struck with the perfect good taste with which all the necessary arrangements had been made.

The covering of the bed, and the drapery of the little dusky figure reclining there, were spotlessly white. Lottie's hair and features were like her brother's, and the wanness of death, and the shaded light of the room, had subdued her complexion to a rich creamy hue, scarce darker than the glowing tint of some full brunette; her loose, curling hair was parted, and fell on either side; while across her brow was a wreath of

white immortelle flowers. A small cross, of the same suggestive blossoms, rested upon her bosom; above it, the round, plump arms were crossed, and the small, dusky hands meekly folded; and just below the little quiet feet was a crown of thorns.

High up on the pillow, but not touching her head, was a showy wreath of bright-hued autumn flowers.

"Rhoda done dat yar," said the grandmother, Aunt Cloe, admiringly, as she saw Master Harry's eye fix for one moment on what she evidently considered the crowning glory of the whole. "Ain't it nice? Rhoda, she done dat for de poor chile, she did."

Harry had no need to ask who arranged the others—the cross clasped to the breast, the thorns beneath the feet, the unfading crown upon the brow—he felt instinctively that these were Ralph's offerings.

The poor mother sat on the right hand of her child, now singing Methodist hymns of joy and triumph, now quoting well-worn texts of Scripture (commonplace only because of their universal aptitude to the wants of human nature); and now, as the full sense of her bereavement broke upon her anew, giving way to a low wail of deep-felt sorrow; at which poor old Aunt Cloe, half-nodding in her chair, from loss of her accustomed sleep, would rouse up and offer an unavailing remonstrance of, "Oh! don't yer, now—don't yer, now. Elsie, honey, *don't* yer do dat, now!"

Approaching the bed, Harry took a seat near the poor mother, and addressed her with ready words of sympathy and religious consolation; and before he left her he had succeeded in quieting her outward demonstrations of grief.

The soft light of October was shining on the earth, and the swelling turf in the little hill-side burial-place was green as summer, though the fast-falling autumn leaves were drifting silently into a little, newly-opened grave, when a scanty train of mourners bore into its gate the remains of little Lottie.

First came Ralph, his outward bearing composed and firm almost to sternness, but supporting with affectionate assiduity the trembling and uncertain steps of his weeping mother.

Next came Pomp and Aunt Cloe, clinging together for mutual support; his tall form bowed more by sorrow than years; her dark face knotted, and seamed, and worn with the toil, and anxieties, and worriments of years. Following them walked the Judge and his son; and behind came Rhoda, and a few humble friends and neighbors.

Silently and reverently they stood around, till the few brief burial rites were over, and the turf replaced above the grave; then, when the other spectators, less interested, had retired, the little mourning band gathered more closely round the bed of the departed. On one side knelt Ralph, his face hidden in his hands; while by him, with his hand resting affectionately on his shoulder, stood Harry Osborn. On the other side



were the poor mother and grandmother; while Rhoda stood at the head, and old Pomp sat at the foot of the little mound.

"Well, there!" said Rhoda, wiping away the honest and unbidden tears of sympathy from her cheeks. "Poor Lottie, she's gone! Well, it's what we've all got to come to, and we don't none of us know how soon. She died real sudden; she didn't expect to go so soon, no more'n nothing. Well, she was a good child, Lotty was; and I do hope she's happy. But there! we none of us knows. They say goodness ain't nothing—works don't count."

Harry felt the bowed frame of his poor friend quiver under his hand, and he said, with prompt readiness and solemn emphasis,

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"Oh, my baby! my baby!" wailed out the poor, stricken mother. "My darling, darling Lottie! sha'n't I never see yer dear face agin?"

Again Harry's voice rose, in low, clear, sweet tones:

"And all wept and bewailed her; but Jesus said, Why make ye this ado and weep? The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth."

"Oh lora, yes—poor lamb! poor lamb!" said Aunt Cloe, with the feeble wail of weakness and age. "Poor lamb! poor lamb!"

And once more Harry answered,

"Yes, one of Christ's own lambs: such as he will carry in his arms, and bear tenderly in his bosom, and lead by the still waters and green pastures."

"Children!" said old Pomp, rising, and standing reverently with uncovered head, at the foot of the little grave; "Children, listen to me. I's got sumpen to tell yer. What Masser Harry sed made me tink on't now; but it's been a comfort to me; an' I'd like to tell yer he'ar. Two Sabba'-days ago, arter meetin', whin I kim home wid yer Aunt Clo', little Lottie she hab got home fust, an' dar she sot on de back steps a-larnin' her Sabba'-day lessing; leastways, I 'spect she was, coz she hab her Bible on 'ee knee. An' so I sez, 'Kim he'ar, little Lottie, an' read to me, can't yer?'—coz Lottie could read proper nicé, Lottie could," said he, his tearful eye running round the sympathizing circle till it met Harry's, who bowed a grave confirmation of the fact.

"Wa'al, so she did; she kim an' sot by me, an' she read how, whin de Blessed Lord was on de yerth, an' dem folks dey was a-sputing who should be de furthest and foremostest, de Lord 'he tuck a little chile, an' sot um in de midst ob um;' an' whin she read dat she stops, an' I see she was a-sidering; an' I sez to her,

"Go ahead, Lottie. What stops yer?"

"An' she sez,

"I was jest tinkin', Gran'sir. How do yer s'pose dat are little chile he felt whin de Lord sot um up dare, 'mongst all dem peoples?"

"Oh, lora-a-massy!" sez I, 'I's sure I dunno. Sartin,' sez I, 'yer ought ter know best,

coz yer a little chile yerself,' sez I. 'How der yer tink yer would felt?'

"Oh!" sez she, 'I'd be awful scart, I guess. No, I wouldn't, nudder,' she sez. 'I wouldn't be feared if de Lord tuck me dare; I wouldn't be feared to go war de Lord 'ud take me, no-how!'

"Now, childun, de Lord isn't upon de yerth now. He's up in haben wid all de holy angels; an' he hab kim 'an' tuck our little chile an' sot her in de midst ob dem.' An', mind yer, she warn't a mite afeared to go, coz de Lord he tuck her dare; an' he said, 'Ob sich is der kingdom ob heaben.'"

Not a sound broke the impressive stillness which followed old Pomp's words. In reverent silence they stood a few moments, with bowed heads and tearful eyes; then moving gently away, with slow, lingering steps, and loving backward glances, they turned from the little hill-side burying-place.

"And left the sleeper with her God to rest."

## IF I WERE ONLY IN HEAVEN!

"IF I were only in heaven!"

There are few mortal lips from which these words, or something equivalent to them, have not fallen in hours of pain, sorrow, or disappointment, when hope in the world grew faint, and the old foundations of happiness seemed crumbling into ruin.

"If I were only in heaven!"

The words came sighing through pale lips.

"And you expect to go there?"

The tone in which this was said expressed a doubt.

"We all expect to reach heaven at last. God is merciful."

"He is good to all, and kind even to the unthankful and evil. But what is heaven? Three times, within a few days, I have heard you wish yourself there."

"Heaven is a place of happiness. There are no tears there; no sorrow; no pain; no cruel disappointments, nor heart-rending separations. Heaven is heaven. The very word is full of signification."

"And you expect to go there?"

A second time was this uttered, and now the doubt it expressed quickened in the mind of the complainer a feeling that was rather more of earth than heaven.

"You seem to question my fitness," she said, with just a shadow of indignation in her voice.

"Far be it from me to judge the state of any one. God alone knoweth the hearts of his children."

"And still, you ask, in a doubting way, if I expect to go to heaven when I die."

"To a place of happiness, which lies in the far distance, and toward which we sail through life as mariners on a perilous voyage?"

"Yes; the haven of felicity."

"Where you trust to moor your time-worn bark, when the stormy ocean is crossed?"

"Yes; trusting in God's mercy."

"I'm afraid you will be disappointed," said she who had assumed the office of monitor.

The pale cheek of the complainer flushed, and her sad eyes threw out some rays of light that gleamed from an earth-enkindled fire.

"Heaven is not in the far distance," continued her friend. "We do not reach it at the end of our earthly journey. We must enter long, long before that time, or its sweet rest and peace can never be ours. And we are in heaven when our souls are filled with heavenly affections. This infilling of the soul alone takes place on earth; and thus we enter. We must have some of the joys of heaven here, or we can not receive its fuller delights when mortal puts on immortality. The life of heaven must be born in us in time, or it can not be developed in eternity. Your present state, my dear friend, is not one of preparation for that paradise toward which your eyes stretch so longingly, but one of self-affliction and vain repinings. You are closing your heart to heavenly influences instead of opening it to their reception. I speak plainly, for you have all at stake."

The flush faded from the complainer's cheeks; her eyes lost the sudden brightness which had gleamed out upon her friend; and she sat silently pondering this strange language—strange to her—while a shade of fear crept into her heart. Were her hopes of heaven resting, indeed, on so sandy a foundation? Was she vainly looking beyond the darkness in which she sat to a world of brightness and beauty? Would there be no heaven for her to enter when the weary burden of life was laid down? The questions crowded upon her.

"Come out from beneath the shadows with which you have surrounded yourself," said the friend, "and enjoy the cheerful sunlight. Instead of idly longing for a heaven that lies afar off, receive heaven into your heart in the delight that flows in with all good deeds. Be a worker in the vineyard of your Lord, not a weak repiner; a faithful servant, not a talent hider. They who are entering heaven grow more and more peaceful in spirit; more and more resigned to the Father's will; more and more willing to work and wait in patient hope. Instead of wishing themselves in heaven, as a place of rest afar off, they are daily tasting of its sweet felicities."

"You take away the foundations on which my feet have rested. You scatter my hopes to the wind. I have looked to you for consolation, but you have none to offer."

"If I have broken the foundations on which your feet rested, it is that you may plant them more surely on the Rock of Ages. If I have scattered vain hopes to the wind, it is in order that living hopes may spring up in your heart. If you have looked to me for consolation and found it not, then, I pray you, look higher; even unto Him who says 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"But my heart is crushed. I have no strength; no hope in life: all that I held dear has departed. And I have only wished to die and be at peace."

"There are other crushed hearts; others without hope; others from whom all the dear ones have departed. Think of them, and of their loneliness and suffering instead of your own; and as pity comes into your heart, think whether it is in your power or not to ease a pain; to send a ray of comfort into a mind sitting in darkness; to speak a word that may reach the mourner with consolation. God is the great Comforter, but he acts through angels and men in his ministrations of good, thus making his blessings double. They who act with him are partakers in the peace, joy, and consolation that flow through them, and are thus received into heaven, while, as to the body, they are still in the world of nature."

For a while after this plain-talking friend had left the lady sat in her usual place in the dim, closely-curtained room where most of her time was spent. But the truths which had been uttered in her ears did not pass as the idle winds. She dwelt on them, pondering their scope and meaning, and seeing them in clearer and clearer light. But states of feeling soon turn our thoughts in their own direction. It was not long before she was musing on her unhappy condition, and in the weariness of life that came back upon her she murmured the oft-repeated words,

"Oh, if I were only in heaven! If I could only die and be at peace!"

Then came back the suggestions of her friend; and with such a force of conviction that she clasped her hands together, and, rising up, moved in some agitation of mind about the room. As she did so, the thought of a poor sick woman in the neighborhood came into her mind. She had heard of her serious illness on the day before, but let the intelligence pass with only a word of pity. It did not once occur that she ought to go or send to the woman's relief. Now the thought of her came with a suggestion of duty, and acting upon that suggestion she rung the bell.

"Mary," she said, as a domestic came, in answer to the bell, "have you heard from Mrs. Ellis to-day?"

"Yes, Ma'am," was replied.

"How is she?"

"Very sick, Ma'am, they say."

"What ails her?"

"Pleurisy, I think, Ma'am."

"Have you been over to see her?"

"No, Ma'am."

"I wish you would step in and see how she is, Mary. She may be suffering for want of proper attention. I would like to know."

The girl left the room with a look of surprise on her face that did not escape the lady's notice. Its meaning was partly understood.

"How did you find her, Mary?" was asked when the girl returned.

"I wish you could only see for yourself, Ma'am," said Mary. "It would make your heart ache. If somebody don't look after her she'll die, and then what will become of her poor little babies?"

There was a look of real distress in the girl's face.

"Is she in want of any thing?" inquired the lady.

"Oh, Ma'am, won't you just step over and see for yourself," was answered in an appealing way. "She is in want of every thing; I don't believe her poor little children have had any thing to eat this day."

"Mary!"

"Indeed, Ma'am, and I shouldn't wonder at all. To think of it in a Christian neighborhood!"

"Somebody should have looked after her," said the lady, in a tone meant to blame every other person in the neighborhood but herself.

"What's every body's business is no body's business," replied the girl.

The sight that met the lady's eyes when, under the force of a strong self-compulsion, she entered the room where this sick woman lay gave her, too, the heart-ache. Alone, exhausted with pain, without fire or food for her children, or medicine for herself, she was stretched on a hard straw bed which no hand had beaten up or smoothed for days. As the lady came in a gleam lit up her dull eyes, which turned with an appealing look to three little children who were sitting close together in silence on the floor. From the instant that weary complainer entered this room she forgot herself in an overpowering pity. A few questions were asked and answered—then prompt hands and a prompt will soon changed the whole aspect of things. There were food, medicine, warmth, and comfort in the rooms where, a little while before, all was cold, desolate, and exhausted. As the lady looked around and thought of the change a few words and deeds had wrought as if by magic—saw the look of peace, rest, and hope which had settled over the sick woman's pale face, and followed her almost smiling eyes as she looked after her cleanly dressed and now happy children—she felt a deeply penetrating glow of satisfaction, and a sense of tranquillity to which she had long been a stranger. She had forgotten herself in an earnest desire to help another, and the heavenly delight that always springs from good deeds done from right impulses was flowing into her soul.

"How is it with you to-day?" asked the friend who had spoken so plainly. It was a week after this first visit to the sick woman. She was holding the lady by the hand and looking earnestly into her countenance, which had more light and hope in it than she had seen there for a long time.

"As well as I could expect." A faint smile hovered around her sad lips, hiding the pain which lay there like a shadow from some mountain of sorrow.

"Ah! what little girl is this?"

A child had entered the room with a quiet, half-timid step, as if not feeling the confidence of a genuine home feeling.

"The child of a poor sick woman in the neighborhood," was answered. "The mother was very ill, and as there was no one to see after this little one I brought her home. She has been here for several days."

"You have been to see her mother, then?"

"Oh yes; I've called over every day to see after her. She would have died, I believe, if I had not met her case promptly. It is shameful to think how, in the very midst of a rich neighborhood of people calling themselves Christians, a sick woman may be left to suffer and die without a hand being raised to help her. I wouldn't have believed it, if this case had not come under my immediate notice."

"I see," said the friend, still holding the lady's hand and smiling into her face, "why that old sad, life-weary look has departed."

An answering smile lit up, suddenly, the lady's countenance.

"Has it departed?" she asked, half wondering at her friend's remark.

"Yes, and may it never return to tell of brooding self-torture, and idle longings after that heavenly peace in the far-off future which never comes except as the fullness of a heavenly peace that flows into the soul while patiently doing its work in the harvest-fields of time. You have opened the gate of heaven, my dear friend, and your feet are upon the threshold. The first draught of its pure, crystalline air has swelled your lungs with a new sense of pleasure, and given to your heart new pulsations of delight. Do not linger in the outer courts, but enter in, daily, by good deeds done in the name of our common humanity. Sit no longer idle. A stagnant mind, like stagnant waters, breeds noxious vapors and hideous monsters. Health and happiness come only in active duty. If, at home, you find not work enough to keep your thoughts and hands busy go abroad, and by good deed and good example become a co-worker with the angels into whose blessed company you have so many times desired to enter through the gate of death. We must become associated with them here, my friend, or we can not enter into their society above. Heaven is a state of mutual love; but if we are mere lovers of self here—idle repiners instead of active servants in the Lord's work of doing good—how can we pass by death into heaven? Death only separates the soul from its mortal body: it makes no change in its quality. What we are when we depart hence will we remain to eternity. And so, my friend, if you wish to come fully into heaven when you die, press forward through the gate by which you have now entered, and the further you progress here the higher will be your position when, at the close of this earthly life, it shall be said unto you: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!'"



"UNTO THIS LAST."

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

IV.—AD VALOREM.

IN the last paper we saw that just payment of labor consisted in a sum of money which would approximately obtain equivalent labor at a future time: we have now to examine the means of obtaining such equivalence. Which question involves the definition of Value, Wealth, Price, and Produce.

None of these terms are yet defined so as to be understood by the public. But the last, Produce, which one might have thought the clearest of all, is, in use, the most ambiguous; and the examination of the kind of ambiguity attendant on its present employment will best open the way to our work.

In his chapter on Capital,\* Mr. J. S. Mill instances, as a capitalist, a hardware manufacturer, who, having intended to spend a certain portion of the proceeds of his business in buying plate and jewels, changes his mind, and "pays it as wages to additional work-people." The effect is stated by Mr. Mill to be, that "more food is appropriated to the consumption of productive laborers."

Now I do not ask, though, had I written this paragraph, it would surely have been asked of me, What is to become of the silversmiths? If they are truly unproductive persons, we will acquiesce in their extinction. And though in another part of the same passage, the hardware merchant is supposed also to dispense with a number of servants, whose "food is thus set free for productive purposes," I do not inquire what will be the effect, painful or otherwise, upon the servants, of this emancipation of their food. But I very seriously inquire why ironware is produce, and silverware is not? That the merchant consumes the one, and sells the other, certainly does not constitute the difference, unless it can be shown (which, indeed, I perceive it to be becoming daily more and more the aim of tradesmen to show) that commodities are made to be sold, and not to be consumed. The merchant is an agent of conveyance to the consumer in one case, and is himself the consumer in the other:† but the laborers are in either case equal-

ly productive, since they have produced goods to the same value, if the hardware and the plate are both goods.

And what distinction separates them? It is indeed possible that in the "comparative estimate of the moralist," with which Mr. Mill says political economy has nothing to do (III. i. 2), a steel fork might appear a more substantial production than a silver one: we may grant also that knives, no less than forks, are good produce; and scythes and plowshares serviceable articles. But how of bayonets? Supposing the hardware merchant to effect large sales of these, by help of the "setting free" of the food of his servants and his silversmith—is he still employing productive laborers, or, in Mr. Mill's words, laborers who increase "the stock of permanent means of enjoyment" (I. iii. 4). Or if, instead of bayonets, he supply bombs, will not the absolute and final "enjoyment" of even these energetically productive articles (each of which costs ten pounds\*) be dependent on a proper choice of time and place for their *enfusement*; choice, that is to say, depending on those philosophical considerations with which political economy has nothing to do?†

I should have regretted the need of pointing out inconsistency in any portion of Mr. Mill's work, had not the value of his work proceeded from its inconsistencies. He deserves honor among economists by inadvertently disclaiming the principles which he states, and tacitly introducing the moral considerations with which he declares his science has no connection. Many of his chapters are, therefore, true and valuable; and the only conclusions of his which I have to dispute are those which follow from his premises.

Thus, the idea which lies at the root of the passage we have just been examining, namely, that labor applied to produce luxuries will not support so many persons as labor applied to produce useful articles, is entirely true; but the instance given fails—and in four directions of failure at once—because Mr. Mill has not defined the real meaning of usefulness. The definition

\* Book I. chap. iv. ss. 1. To save space, my future references to Mr. Mill's work will be by numerals only, as in this instance, I. iv. 1. Ed. in 2 vols. 8vo. Parker, 1848.

† If Mr. Mill had wished to show the difference in result between consumption and sale, he should have represented the hardware merchant as consuming his own goods instead of selling them; similarly, the silver merchant as consuming his own goods instead of selling them. Had he done this, he would have made his position clearer, though less tenable; and perhaps this was the position he really intended to take, tacitly involving his theory, elsewhere stated, and shown in the sequel of this paper to be false, that demand for commodities is not demand for labor. But by the most diligent scrutiny of the para-

graph now under examination, I can not determine whether it is a fallacy pure and simple, or the half of one fallacy supported by the whole of a greater one; so that I treat it here on the kinder assumption that it is one fallacy only.

\* I take Mr. Helps's estimate in his essay on War.

† Also when the wrought silver vases of Spain were dashed to fragments by our custom-house officers, because bullion might be imported free of duty, but not brains, was the axe that broke them productive?—the artist who wrought them unproductive? Or again. If the woodman's axe is productive, is the executioner's? as also, if the hemp of a cable be productive, does not the productiveness of hemp in a halter depend on its moral more than on its material application?

which he has given—"capacity to satisfy a desire, or serve a purpose" (III. i. 2)—applies equally to the iron and silver; while the true definition—which he has not given, but which nevertheless underlies the false verbal definition in his mind, and comes out once or twice by accident (as in the words "any support to life or strength" in I. i. 5)—applies to some articles of iron, but not to others, and to some articles of silver, but not to others. It applies to plows, but not to bayonets; and to forks, but not to filigree.\*

The eliciting of the true definition will give us the reply to our first question, "What is value?" respecting which, however, we must first hear the popular statements.

"The word 'value,' when used without adjunct, always means, in political economy, value in exchange" (Mill, III. i. 8). So that, if two ships can not exchange their rudders, their rudders are, in politico-economic language, of no value to either.

But "the subject of political economy is wealth."—(Preliminary remarks, page 1.)

And wealth "consists of all useful and agreeable objects which possess exchangeable value."—(Preliminary remarks, page 10.)

It appears, then, according to Mr. Mill, that usefulness and agreeableness underlie the exchange value, and must be ascertained to exist in the thing, before we can esteem it an object of wealth.

Now, the economical usefulness of a thing depends not merely on its own nature, but on the number of people who can and will use it. A horse is useless, and therefore unsalable, if no one can ride; a sword, if no one can strike; and meat, if no one can eat. Thus every material utility depends on its relative human capacity.

Similarly: The agreeableness of a thing depends not merely on its own likeableness, but on the number of people who can be got to like it. The relative agreeableness, and therefore salableness, of "a pot of the smallest ale," and of "Adonis painted by a running brook," depends virtually on the opinion of Demos, in the shape of Christopher Sly. That is to say, the agreeableness of a thing depends on its relative human disposition.† Therefore, political economy, being a science of wealth, must be a science re-

\* Filigree: that is to say, generally, ornament dependent on complexity, not on art.

† These statements sound crude in their brevity; but will be found of the utmost importance when they are developed. Thus, in the above instance, economists have never perceived that disposition to buy is a wholly moral element in demand: that is to say, when you give a man half a crown, it depends on his disposition whether he is rich or poor with it—whether he will buy disease, ruin, and hatred, or buy health, advancement, and domestic love. And thus the agreeableness or exchange value of every offered commodity depends on production, not merely of the commodity, but of buyers of it; therefore on the education of buyers, and on all the moral elements by which their disposition to buy this, or that, is formed. I will illustrate and expand into final consequences every one of these definitions in its place: at present they can only be given with extreme brevity; for in order to put the subject at once in a connected form before the reader,

specting human capacities and dispositions. But moral considerations have nothing to do with political economy (III. i. 2). Therefore, moral considerations have nothing to do with human capacities and dispositions.

I do not wholly like the look of this conclusion from Mr. Mill's statements: let us try Mr. Ricardo's.

"Utility is not the measure of exchangeable value, though it is absolutely essential to it."—(Chap. I. sect. i.) Essential in what degree, Mr. Ricardo? There may be greater and less degrees of utility. Meat, for instance, may be so good as to be fit for any one to eat, or so bad as to be fit for no one to eat. What is the exact degree of goodness which is "essential" to its exchangeable value, but not "the measure" of it? How good must the meat be, in order to possess any exchangeable value? and how bad must it be—(I wish this were a settled question in London markets)—in order to possess none?

There appears to be some hitch, I think, in the working even of Mr. Ricardo's principles; but let him take his own example. "Suppose that in the early stages of society the bows and arrows of the hunter were of equal value with the implements of the fisherman. Under such circumstances the value of the deer, the produce of the hunter's day's labor, would be *exactly*" (italics mine) "equal to the value of the fish, the product of the fisherman's day's labor. The comparative value of the fish and game would be *entirely* regulated by the quantity of labor realized in each."—(Ricardo, chap. iii. On Value.)

Indeed! Therefore, if the fisherman catches one sprat, and the huntsman one deer, one sprat will be equal in value to one deer; but if the fisherman catches no sprat, and the huntsman two deer, no sprat will be equal in value to two deer?

Nay; but—Mr. Ricardo's supporters may say—he means, on an average; if the average product of a day's work of fisher and hunter be one fish and one deer, the one fish will always be equal in value to the one deer.

Might I inquire the species of fish. Whale? or whitebait?\*

I have thrown into one the opening definitions of four chapters; namely, of that on Value ("Ad Valorem"); on Price ("Thirty Pieces"); on Production ("Demeter"); and on Economy ("The Law of the House").

\* Perhaps it may be said, in farther support of Mr. Ricardo, that he meant, "when the utility is constant or given, the price varies as the quantity of labor." If he meant this, he should have said it; but, had he meant it, he could have hardly missed the necessary result, that utility would be one measure of price (which he expressly denies it to be); and that, to prove salableness, he had to prove a given quantity of utility, as well as a given quantity of labor: to wit, in his own instance, that the deer and fish would each feed the same number of men, for the same number of days, with equal pleasure to their palates. The fact is, he did not know what he meant himself. The general idea which he had derived from commercial experience, without being able to analyze it, was, that when the demand is constant, the price varies as the quantity of labor required for production; or—using the formula I gave in last paper—when  $y$  is constant,  $xy$  varies as  $x$ . But demand never is, nor can be, ultimately

It would be waste of time to pursue these fallacies farther; we will seek for a true definition.

Much store has been set for centuries upon the use of our English classical education. It were to be wished that our well-educated merchants recalled to mind always this much of their Latin schooling—that the nominative of *valorem* (a word already sufficiently familiar to them) is *valor*; a word which, therefore, ought to be familiar to them. *Valor*, from *valere*, to be well, or strong (*ὕψαινω*); strong, in life (if a man), or valiant; strong, for life (if a thing), or valuable. To be "valuable," therefore, is to "avail toward life." A truly valuable or availing thing is that which leads to life with its whole strength. In proportion as it does not lead to life, or as its strength is broken, it is less valuable; in proportion as it leads away from life it is unvaluable or malignant.

The value of a thing, therefore, is independent of opinion and of quantity. Think what you will of it, gain how much you may of it, the value of the thing itself is neither greater nor less. Forever it avails, or avails not; no estimate can raise, no disdain depress, the power which it holds from the Maker of things and of men.

The real science of political economy, which has yet to be distinguished from the bastard science, as medicine from witchcraft, and astronomy from astrology, is that which teaches nations to desire and labor for the things that lead to life; and which teaches them to scorn and destroy the things that lead to destruction. And if, in a state of infancy, they suppose indifferent things, such as excrescences of shell-fish, and pieces of blue and red stone, to be valuable, and spend large measure of the labor which ought to be employed for the extension and ennobling of life in diving or digging for them, and cutting them into various shapes—or if, in the same state of infancy, they imagine

constant, if  $x$  varies distinctly; for, as price rises, consumers fall away; and as soon as there is monopoly (and all scarcity is a form of monopoly: so that every commodity is affected occasionally by some color of monopoly),  $y$  becomes the most influential condition of the price. Thus the price of a painting depends less on its merit than on the interest taken in it by the public; the price of singing less on the labor of the singer than the number of persons who desire to hear him; and the price of gold less on the scarcity which affects it in common with cerium or iridium, than on the sun-like color and unalterable purity by which it attracts the admiration and answers the trust of mankind.

It must be kept in mind, however, that I use the word "demand" in a somewhat different sense from economists usually. They mean by it "the quantity of a thing sold." I mean by it "the force of the buyer's capable intention to buy." In good English, a person's "demand" signifies, not what he gets, but what he asks for.

Economists also do not notice that objects are not valued by absolute bulk or weight, but by such bulk and weight as is necessary to bring them into use. They say, for instance, that water bears no price in the market. It is true that a cupful does not, but a lake does; just as a handful of dust does not, but an acre does. And were it possible to make even the possession of the cupful or handful permanent (i. e. to find a place for them), the earth and sea would be bought up by handfuls and cupfuls.

precious and beneficent things, such as air, light, and cleanliness, to be valueless—or if, finally, they imagine the conditions of their own existence, by which alone they can truly possess or use any thing, such, for instance, as peace, trust, and love, to be prudently exchangeable, when the market offers, for gold, iron, or excrescences of shells—the great and only science of Political Economy teaches them, in all these cases, what is vanity and what substance; and how the service of Death, the Lord of Waste, and of eternal emptiness, differs from the service of Wisdom, the Lady of Saving, and of eternal fullness; she who has said, "I will cause those that love me to inherit SUBSTANCE, and I will FILL their treasures."

The "Lady of Saving," in a profounder sense than that of the savings' bank, though that is a good one: Madonna della Salute—Lady of Health—which, though commonly spoken of as if separate from wealth, is indeed a part of wealth. This word, "wealth," it will be remembered, is the next we have to define.

"To be wealthy," says Mr. Mill, "is to have a large stock of useful articles."

I accept this definition. Only let us perfectly understand it. My opponents often lament my not giving them enough logic: I fear I must at present use a little more than they will like; but this business of Political Economy is no light one, and we must allow no loose terms in it.

We have, therefore, to ascertain the above definition, first, what is the meaning of "having," or the nature of Possession. Then, what is the meaning of "useful," or the nature of Utility.

And first of possession. At the crossing of the transepts of Milan Cathedral has lain, for three hundred years, the embalmed body of St. Carlo Borromeo. It holds a golden crozier, and has a cross of emeralds on its breast. Admitting the crozier and emeralds to be useful articles, is the body to be considered as "having" them? Do they, in the politico-economical sense of property, belong to it? If not, and if we may, therefore, conclude generally that a dead body can not possess property, what degree and period of animation in the body will render possession possible?

As thus: lately in a wreck of a Californian ship, one of the passengers fastened a belt about him with two hundred pounds of gold in it, with which he was found afterward at the bottom. Now as he was sinking—had he the gold? or had the gold him?\*

And if, instead of sinking him in the sea by its weight, the gold had struck him on the forehead, and thereby caused incurable disease—suppose palsy or insanity—would the gold in that case have been more a "possession" than in the first? Without pressing the inquiry up through instances of gradually increasing vital power over the gold (which I will, however,

\* Compare GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church Porch*, Stanza 28.



give, if they are asked for), I presume the reader will see that possession, or "having," is not an absolute, but a gradated, power; and consists not only in the quantity or nature of the thing possessed, but also (and in a greater degree) in its suitability to the person possessing it, and in his vital power to use it.

And our definition of Wealth, expanded, becomes: "The possession of useful articles *which we can use*." This is a very serious change. For wealth, instead of depending merely on a "have," is thus seen to depend on a "can." Gladiator's death, on a "habet;" but soldier's victory, and state's salvation, on a "quo plurimum posset." (Liv., VII. 6.) And what we reasoned of only as accumulation of material, is seen to demand also accumulation of capacity.

So much for our verb. Next for our adjective. What is the meaning of "useful?"

The inquiry is closely connected with the last. For what is capable of use in the hands of some persons, is capable, in the hands of others, of the opposite of use, called commonly, "from-use," or "ab-use." And it depends on the person, much more than on the article, whether its usefulness or ab-usefulness will be the quality developed in it. Thus, wine, which the Greeks, in their Bacchus, made, rightly, the type of all passion, and which, when used, "cheereth god and man" (that is to say, strengthens both the divine life, or reasoning power, and the earthly, or carnal power, of man); yet, when abused, becomes "Dionusos," hurtful especially to the divine part of man, or reason. And again, the body itself, being equally liable to use and to abuse, and, when rightly disciplined, serviceable to the State, both for war and labor; but when not disciplined, or abused, valueless to the State, and capable only of continuing the private or single existence of the individual (and that but feebly)—the Greeks called such a body an "idiotic" or "private" body, from their word signifying a person employed in no way directly useful to the State; whence, finally, our "idiot," meaning a person entirely occupied with his own concerns.

Hence, it follows, that if a thing is to be useful, it must be not only of an availing nature, but in availing hands. Or, in accurate terms, usefulness is value in the hands of the valiant; so that this science of wealth being, as we have just seen, when regarded as the science of Accumulation, accumulative of capacity as well as of material, when regarded as the Science of Distribution, is distribution not absolute, but discriminate; not of every thing to every man, but of the right thing to the right man. A difficult science, dependent on more than arithmetic.

Wealth, therefore, is "THE POSSESSION OF THE VALUABLE BY THE VALIANT;" and in considering it as a power existing in a nation, the two elements, the value of the thing, and the valor of its possessor, must be estimated together. Whence it appears that many of the persons commonly considered wealthy, are in reality no more wealthy than the locks of their own strong boxes are; they being inherently and eternally incapa-

ble of wealth; and operating for the nation, in an economical point of view, either as pools of dead water, and eddies in a stream (which, so long as the stream flows, are useless, or serve only to drown people, but may become of importance in a state of stagnation, should the stream dry); or else, as dams in a river, of which the ultimate service depends not on the dam, but the miller; or else, as mere accidental stays and impediments, acting, not as wealth, but (for we ought to have a correspondent term) as "illth," causing various devastation and trouble around them in all directions; or lastly, act not at all, but are merely animated conditions of delay (no use being possible of any thing they have until they are dead), in which last condition they are nevertheless often useful as delays, and "impedimenta," if a nation is apt to move too fast.

This being so, the difficulty of the true science of Political Economy lies not merely in the need of developing manly character to deal with material value, but in the fact, that while the manly character and material value only form wealth by their conjunction, they have nevertheless a mutually destructive operation on each other. For the manly character is apt to ignore, or even cast away, the material value: whence that of Pope:

"Sure, of qualities demanding praise,  
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise."

And on the other hand, the material value is apt to undermine the manly character; so that it must be our work, in the issue, to examine what evidence there is of the effect of wealth on the minds of its possessors: also, what kind of person it is who usually sets himself to obtain wealth, and succeeds in doing so; and whether the world owes more gratitude to rich or to poor men, either for their moral influence upon it, or for chief goods, discoveries, and practical advancements. I may, however, anticipate future conclusions so far as to state that in a community regulated only by laws of demand and supply, but protected from open violence, the persons who become rich are, generally speaking, industrious, resolute, proud, covetous, prompt, methodical, sensible, unimaginative, insensitive, and ignorant. The persons who remain poor are the entirely foolish, the entirely wise,\* the idle, the reckless, the humble, the thoughtful, the dull, the imaginative, the sensitive, the well-informed, the improvident, the irregularly and impulsively wicked, the clumsy knave, the open thief, and the entirely merciful, just, and godly person.

Thus far then of wealth. Next, we have to ascertain the nature of PRICE; that is to say, of exchange value, and its expression by currencies.

Note first, of exchange, there can be no *profit* in it. It is only in labor there can be profit—that is to say, a "making in advance," or "making in favor of" (from *proficio*). In exchange, there is only advantage, i.e. a bringing of van- tage or power to the exchanging persons. Thus,

\* "ὁ Ζεὺς δῖπον πένεται."—*Arist. Polit.* 1292. It would but weaken the grand words to lean on the preceding ones: οὐ τοῦ Πλούτου παρέχω βελτίονας ἀνδρας, καὶ τὴν γνώμην, καὶ τὴν ιδέαν."

one man, by sowing and reaping, turns one measure of corn into two measures. That is Profit. Another by digging and forging, turns one spade into two spades. That is Profit. But the man who has two measures of corn wants sometimes to dig; and the man who has two spades wants sometimes to eat:—They exchange the gained grain for the gained tool; and both are the better for the exchange; but though there is much advantage in the transaction, there is no profit. Nothing is constructed or produced. Only that which had been before constructed is given to the person by whom it can be used. If labor is necessary to effect the exchange, that labor is in reality involved in the production, and, like all other labor, bears profit. Whatever number of men are concerned in the manufacture, or in the conveyance, have share in the profit; but neither the manufacture nor the conveyance are the exchange, and in the exchange itself there is no profit.

There may, however, be acquisition, which is a very different thing. If, in the exchange, one man is able to give what cost him little labor for what has cost the other much, he "acquires" a certain quantity of the produce of the other's labor. And precisely what he acquires the other loses. In mercantile language, the person who thus acquires is commonly said to have "made a profit;" and I believe that many of our merchants are seriously under the impression that it is possible for every body, somehow, to make a profit in this manner. Whereas, by the unfortunate constitution of the world we live in, the laws both of matter and motion have quite rigorously forbidden universal acquisition of this kind. Profit, or material gain, is attainable only by construction or by discovery; not by exchange. Whenever material gain follows exchange, for every *plus* there is a precisely equal *minus*.

Unhappily for the progress of the science of Political Economy, the *plus* quantities, or—if I may be allowed to coin an awkward plural—the *pluses* make a very positive and venerable appearance in the world, so that every one is eager to learn the science which produces results so magnificent; whereas, the *minuses* have, on the other hand, a tendency to retire into back streets, and other places of shade—or even to get themselves wholly and finally put out of sight in graves: which renders the algebra of this science peculiar, and difficultly legible; a large number of its negative signs being written by the account-keeper in a kind of red ink, which starvation thins, and makes strangely pale, or even quite invisible ink, for the present.

The Science of Exchange, or, as I hear it has been proposed to call it, of "Catallactics," considered as one of gain, is, therefore, simply nugatory; but considered as one of acquisition, it is a very curious science, differing in its data and basis from every other science known. Thus: If I can exchange a needle with a savage for a diamond, my power of doing so depends either on the savage's ignorance of social arrangements in Europe, or on his want of power

to take advantage of them, by selling the diamond to any one else for more needles. If, farther, I make the bargain as completely advantageous to myself as possible, by giving to the savage a needle with no eye in it (reaching, thus, a sufficiently satisfactory type of the perfect operation of catallactic science), the advantage to me in the entire transaction depends wholly upon the ignorance, powerlessness, or heedlessness of the person dealt with. Do away with these, and catallactic advantage becomes impossible. So far, therefore, as the science of exchange relates to the advantage of one of the exchanging persons only, it is founded on the ignorance or incapacity of the opposite person. Where these vanish, it also vanishes. It is therefore a science founded on nescience, and an art founded on artlessness. But all other sciences and arts, except this, have for their object the doing away with their opposite nescience and artlessness. *This* science, alone of sciences, must, by all available means, promulgate and prolong its opposite nescience; otherwise the science itself is impossible. It is, therefore, peculiarly and alone, the science of darkness; probably a bastard science—not by any means a *divina scientia*, but one begotten of another father, that father who, advising his children to turn stones into bread, is himself employed in turning bread into stones, and who, if you ask a fish of him (fish not being producible on his estate), can but give you a serpent.

The general law, then, respecting just or economical exchange, is simply this: There must be advantage on both sides (or if only advantage on one, at least no disadvantage on the other) to the persons exchanging; and just payment for his time, intelligence, and labor, to any intermediate person effecting the transaction (commonly called a merchant): and whatever advantage there is on either side, and whatever pay is given to the intermediate person, should be thoroughly known to all concerned. All attempt at concealment implies some practice of the opposite, or undivine science, founded on nescience. Whence another saying of the Jew merchant's—"As a nail between the stone joints, so doth sin stick fast between buying and selling." Which peculiar riveting of stone and timber, in men's dealings with each other, is again set forth in the house which was to be destroyed—timber and stones together—when Zechariah's roll (more probably "curved sword") flew over it: "the curse that goeth forth over all the earth upon every one that stealeth and holdeth himself guiltless," instantly followed by the vision of the Great Measure—the measure "of the injustice of them in all the earth" (*ἀντὴ ἡ ἀδικία αὐτῶν ἐν πάσῃ τῇ γῇ*), with the weight of lead for its lid, and the woman, the spirit of wickedness, within it; that is to say, Wickedness hidden by Dullness, and formalized, outwardly, into ponderously established cruelty. "It shall be set upon its own base in the land of Babel."\*

\* Zech. v. 11. See note on the passage, at page 105.

I have hitherto carefully restricted myself, in speaking of exchange, to the use of the term "advantage;" but that term includes two ideas; the advantage, namely, of getting what we need, and that of getting what we wish for. Three-fourths of the demands existing in the world are romantic; founded on visions, idealisms, hopes, and affections; and the regulation of the purse is, in its essence, regulation of the imagination and the heart. Hence, the right discussion of the nature of price is a very high metaphysical and psychical problem; sometimes to be solved only in a passionate manner, as by David in his counting the price of the water of the well by the gate of Bethlehem; but its first conditions are the following: The price of any thing is the quantity of labor given by the person desiring it, in order to obtain possession of it. This price depends on four variable quantities. A. The quantity of wish the purchaser has for the thing; opposed to  $\alpha$ , the quantity of wish the seller has to keep it. B. The quantity of labor the purchaser can afford to obtain the thing; opposed to  $\beta$ , the quantity of labor the seller can afford, to keep it. These quantities are operative only in excess; i.e. the quantity of wish (A) means the quantity of wish for this thing, above wish for other things; and the quantity of work (B) means the quantity which can be spared to get this thing from the quantity needed to get other things.

Phenomena of price, therefore, are intensely complex, curious, and interesting—too complex, however, to be examined yet; every one of them, when traced far enough, showing itself at last as a part of the bargain of the Poor of the Flock (or "flock of slaughter"), "If ye think good, give me my price; and if not, forbear"—Zech. xi. 12; but as the price of every thing is to be calculated finally in labor, it is necessary to define the nature of that standard.

Labor is the contest of the life of man with an opposite; the term "life" including his intellect, soul, and physical power, contending with question, difficulty, trial, or material force.

Labor is of a higher or lower order, as it includes more or fewer of the elements of life: and labor of good quality, in any kind, includes always as much intellect and feeling as will fully and harmoniously regulate the physical force.

In speaking of the value and price of labor, it is necessary always to understand labor of a given rank and quality, as we should speak of gold or silver of a given standard. Bad (that is, heartless, inexperienced, or senseless) labor can not be valued; it is like gold of uncertain alloy, or flawed iron.\*

\* Labor which is entirely good of its kind, that is to say effective, or efficient, the Greeks called "weighable," or  $\alpha\gamma\iota\omicron\varsigma$ , translated usually "worthy," and because thus substantial and true, they called its price  $\tau\iota\mu\eta$ , the "honorable estimate" of it (honorarium): this word being founded on their conception of true labor as a divine thing, to be honored with the kind of honor given to the gods; whereas the price of false labor, or of that which led away from life, was to be, not honor, but vengeance; for which they reserved another word, attributing the exaction of such price

The quality and kind of labor being given, its value, like that of all other valuable things, is invariable. But the quantity of it which must be given for other things is variable: and in estimating this variation, the price of other things must always be counted by the quantity of labor; not the price of labor by the quantity of other things.

Thus, if we want to plant an apple sapling in rocky ground, it may take two hours' work; in soft ground, perhaps only half an hour. Grant the soil equally good for the tree in each case. Then the value of the sapling planted by two hours' work is nowise greater than that of the sapling planted in half an hour. One will bear no more fruit than the other. Also, one half hour of work is as valuable as another half hour; nevertheless the one sapling has cost four such pieces of work, the other only one. Now the proper statement of this fact is, not that the labor on the hard ground is cheaper than on the soft, but that the tree is dearer. The exchange value may, or may not, afterward depend on this fact. If other people have plenty of soft ground to plant in, they will take no cognizance of our two hours' labor in the price they will offer for the plant on the rock. And if, through want of sufficient botanical science, we have planted a upas-tree instead of an apple, the exchange-value will be a negative quantity; still less proportionate to the labor expended.

What is commonly called cheapness of labor, signifies, therefore, in reality, that many obstacles have to be overcome by it; so that much labor is required to produce a small result. But this should never be spoken of as cheapness of labor, but as dearness of the object wrought for. It would be just as rational to say that walking was cheap, because we had ten miles to walk home to our dinner, as that labor was cheap, because we had to work ten hours to earn it.

The last word which we have to define is "Production."

I have hitherto spoken of all labor as profitable; because it is impossible to consider under one head the quality or value of labor, and its aim. But labor of the best quality may be various in aim. It may be either constructive ("gathering," from *con* and *struo*), as agriculture; nugatory, as jewel-cutting; or destructive ("scattering," from *de* and *struo*), as war. It is not, however, always easy to prove labor, apparently nugatory, to be actually so;\* generally,

to a peculiar goddess, called Tisiphone, the "requiter (or quittance-taker) of death;" a person versed in the highest branches of arithmetic, and punctual in her habits; with whom accounts current have been opened also in modern days.

\* The most accurately nugatory labor is, perhaps, that of which not enough is given to answer a purpose effectually, and which, therefore, has all to be done over again. Also, labor which falls of effect through non-co-operation. The curé of a little village near Bellinzona, to whom I had expressed wonder that the peasants allowed the Ticino to flood their fields, told me that they would not join to build an effectual embankment high up the valley, because every body said "that would help his neighbors as much as himself." So every proprietor built a bit of low embankment



the formula holds good: "he that gathereth not, scattereth;" thus, the jeweler's art is probably very harmful in its ministering to a clumsy and inelegant pride. So that, finally, I believe nearly all labor may be shortly divided into positive and negative labor: positive, that which produces life; negative, that which produces death; the most directly negative labor being murder, and the most directly positive, the bearing and rearing of children: so that in the precise degree in which murder is hateful, on the negative side of idleness, in that exact degree child-rearing is admirable, on the positive side of idleness. For which reason, and because of the honor that there is in rearing\* children, while the wife is said to be as the vine (for cheering), the children are as the olive-branch, for praise; nor for praise only, but for peace (because large families can only be reared in times of peace): though since, in their spreading and voyaging in various directions, they distribute strength, they are, to the home strength, as arrows in the hand of the giant—striking here and there, far away.

Labor being thus various in its result, the prosperity of any nation is in exact proportion to the quantity of labor which it spends in obtaining and employing means of life. Observe—I say, obtaining and employing; that is to say, not merely wisely producing, but wisely distributing and consuming. Economists usually speak as if there were no good in consumption absolute.† So far from this being so, consumption absolute is the end, crown, and perfection of production; and wise consumption is a far more difficult art than wise production. Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital question, for individual and for nation, is, never "how much do they make?" but "to what purpose do they spend?"

The reader may, perhaps, have been surprised at the slight reference I have hitherto made to "capital," and its functions. It is here the place to define them.

Capital signifies "head, or source, or root material"—it is material by which some derivative or secondary good is produced. It is only capital proper (*caput vivum*, not *caput mortuum*) when it is thus producing something different from itself. It is a root, which does not enter into vital function till it produces something else than a root; namely, fruit. That fruit will in time again produce roots; and so all living capital issues in reproduction of capital; but capital

about his own field; and the Ticino, as soon as it had a mind, swept away and swallowed all up together.

\* Observe, I say, "rearing," not "begetting." The praise is in the seventh season, not in *σπορητός*, nor in *φωταλὰ*, but in *ὄσπερα*. It is strange that men always praise enthusiastically any person who, by a momentary exertion, saves a life; but praise very hesitatingly a person who, by exertion and self-denial prolonged through years, creates one. We give the crown "*ob civem servatum*;" why not "*ob civem natum*?" Born, I mean, to the full, in soul as well as body. England has oak enough, I think, for both chaplets.

† When Mr. Mill speaks of productive consumption, he only means consumption which results in increase of capital, or material wealth. See I. iii. 4, and I. iii. 5.

which produces nothing but capital is only root producing root; bulb issuing in bulb, never in tulip; seed issuing in seed, never in bread. The Political Economy of Europe has hitherto devoted itself wholly to the multiplication, or (less even) the aggregation, of bulbs. It never saw, nor conceived such a thing as a tulip. Nay, boiled bulbs they might have been—glass bulbs—Prince Rupert's drops, consummated in powder (well, if it were glass-powder and not gunpowder), for any end or meaning the economists had in defining the laws of aggregation. We will try and get a clearer notion of them.

The best and simplest general type of capital is a well-made plow-share. Now, if that plow-share did nothing but beget other plow-shares, in a polypous manner—however the great cluster of polypous plow might glitter in the sun, it would have lost its function of capital. It becomes true capital only by another kind of splendor—when it is seen "*splendescere sulco*," to grow bright in the furrow; rather with diminution of its substance, than addition, by the noble friction. And the true home question, to every capitalist and to every nation, is not, "how many plows have you?" but, "where are your furrows?" not—"how quickly will this capital reproduce itself?"—but, "what will it do during reproduction?" What substance will it furnish, good for life? what work construct, protective of life? if none, its own reproduction is useless—if worse than none—for capital may destroy life as well as support it, its own reproduction is worse than useless; it is merely an advance from Tisiphone, on mortgage, not a profit by any means.

Not a profit, as the ancients truly saw, and showed in the type of Ixion;—for capital is the head, or fountain-head of wealth—the "well-head" of wealth, as the clouds are the well-heads of rain: but when clouds are without water, and only beget clouds, they issue in wrath at last, instead of rain, and in lightning instead of harvest; whence Ixion is said first to have invited his guests to a banquet, and then made them fall into a pit filled with fire; which is the type of the temptation of riches issuing in imprisoned torment—torment in a pit (as also Demas's silver mine), after which, to show the rage of riches passing from lust of pleasure to lust of power, yet power not truly understood, Ixion is said to have desired Juno, and instead, embracing a cloud (or phantasm), to have begotten the Centaurs; the power of mere wealth being, in itself, as the embrace of a shadow—comfortless (so also "Ephraim feedeth on wind and followeth after the east wind;" or "that which is not"—Prov. xxiii. 5; and again Dante's Geryon, the type of avaricious fraud, as he flies, gathers the "air up with retractile claws"—*l' aer a so raccoglie\**), but in its offspring, a mingling of the

\* So also in the vision of the women bearing the ephah, before quoted, "the wind was in their wings," not wings "of a stork," as in our version; but "*mliloi*," of a kite, in the Vulgate; or perhaps more accurately still in the Septuagint, "*hoopoe*," a bird connected typically with

brutal with the human nature: human in sagacity—using both intellect and arrow; but brutal in its body and hoof, for consuming and trampling down. For which sin Ixion is at last bound upon a wheel—fiery and toothed, and rolling perpetually in the air;—the type of human labor when selfish and fruitless (kept far into the Middle Ages in their wheel of fortune); the wheel which has in it no breath or spirit, but is whirled by chance only; whereas of all true work the Ezekiel vision is true, that the Spirit of the living creature is in the wheels, and where the angels go, the wheels go by them; but move no otherwise.

This being the real nature of capital, it follows that there are two kinds of true production always going on in an active State; one of seed, and one of food; or production for the Ground, and for the Mouth; both of which are by covetous persons thought to be production only for the granary; whereas the function of the granary is but intermediate and conservative, fulfilled in distribution; else it ends in nothing but mildew, and nourishment of rats and worms. And since production for the ground is only useful with future hope of harvest, all *essential* production is for the Mouth, and is finally measured by the mouth; hence, as I said above, consumption is the crown of production; and the wealth of a nation is only to be estimated by what it consumes.

The want of any clear sight of this fact is the capital error, issuing in rich interest and revenue of error among the political economists. Their minds are continually set on money-gain, not on mouth-gain; and they fall into every sort of net and snare, dazzled by the coin-glitter as birds by the fowler's glass; or rather (for there is not much else like birds in them), they are like children trying to jump on the heads of their own shadows; the money-gain being only the shadow of the true gain, which is humanity.

The final object of political economy, therefore, is to get good method of consumption, and great quantity of consumption: in other words, to use every thing, and to use it nobly; whether it be substance, service, or service perfecting substance. The most curious error in Mr. Mill's entire work (provided for him originally by Ricardo), is his endeavor to distinguish between direct and indirect service, and consequent assertion that a demand for commodities is not demand for labor (*I. v. 9, et seq.*). He distinguishes between laborers employed to lay out

pleasure grounds, and to manufacture velvet; declaring that it makes material difference to the laboring classes in which of these two ways a capitalist spends his money; because the employment of the gardeners is a demand for labor, but the purchase of velvet is not.\* Error colossal as well as strange. It will, indeed, make a difference to the laborer whether we bid him swing his scythe in the spring winds, or drive the loom in pestilential air; but, so far as his pocket is concerned, it makes to him absolutely no difference whether we order him to make green velvet, with seed and a scythe, or red velvet, with silk and scissors. Neither does it any wise concern him whether, when the velvet is made, we consume it by walking on it, or wearing it, so long as our consumption of it is wholly selfish. But if our consumption is to be in any wise unselfish, not only our mode of consuming the articles we require interests him, but also the *kind* of article we require with a view to consumption. As thus (returning for a moment to Mr. Mill's great hardware theory†): it matters, so far as the laborer's immediate profit is concerned, not an iron filing whether I employ him in growing a peach or forging a bombshell; but my probable mode of consumption of those articles matters seriously. Admit that it is to be in both cases "unselfish," and the difference, to him, is final, whether, when his child is ill, I walk into his cottage and give it the peach, or drop the shell down his chimney and blow his roof off.

The worst of it, for the peasant, is, that the capitalist's consumption of the peach is apt to be selfish, and of the shell, distributive;‡ but, in all

\* The value of raw material, which has, indeed, to be deducted from the price of the labor, is not contemplated in the passages referred to, Mr. Mill having fallen into the mistake solely by pursuing the collateral results of the payment of wages to middlemen. He says—"The consumer does not, with his own funds, pay the weaver for his day's work." Pardon me; the consumer of the velvet pays the weaver with his own funds as much as he pays the gardener. He pays, probably, an intermediate ship-owner, velvet merchant, and shopman; pays carriage money, shop rent, damage money, time money, and care money: all these are above and beside the velvet price (just as the wages of a head gardener would be above the grass price); but the velvet is as much produced by the consumer's capital, though he does not pay for it till six months after production, as the grass is produced by his capital, though he does not pay the man who mowed and rolled it on Monday, till Saturday afternoon. I do not know if Mr. Mill's conclusion—"the capital can not be dispensed with, the purchasers can" (p. 98)—has yet been reduced to practice in the City on any large scale.

† Which, observe, is the precise opposite of the one under examination. The hardware theory required us to discharge our gardeners and engage manufacturers; the velvet theory requires us to discharge our manufacturers and engage gardeners.

‡ It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them: for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides; which makes such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an

the power of riches by many traditions, of which that of its petition for a crest of gold is perhaps the most interesting. The "Birds" of Aristophanes, in which its part is principal, are full of them; note especially the "fortification of the air with baked bricks, like Babylon," l. 550; and, again, compare the Plutus of Dante, who (to show the influence of riches in destroying the reason) is the only one of the powers of the Inferno who can not speak intelligibly; and also the cowardliest; he is not merely quelled or restrained, but literally "collapses" at a word; the sudden and helpless operation of mercantile panic being all told in the brief metaphor, "as the sails, swollen with the wind, fall, when the mast breaks."

cases, this is the broad and general fact, that on due catallactic commercial principles, *somebody's* roof must go off in fulfillment of the bomb's destiny. You may grow for your neighbor, at your liking, grapes or grape-shot; he will also, catallactically, grow grapes or grape-shot for you, and you will each reap what you have sown.

It is, therefore, the manner and issue of consumption which are the real tests of production. Production does not consist in things laboriously made, but in things serviceably consumable; and the question for the nation is not how much labor it employs, but how much life it produces. For as consumption is the end and aim of production, so life is the end and aim of consumption.

I left this question to the reader's thought two months ago, choosing rather that he should work it out for himself than have it sharply stated to him. But now, the ground being sufficiently broken (and the details into which the several questions here opened must lead us being too complex for discussion in the pages of a periodical, so that I must pursue them elsewhere), I desire, in closing the series of introductory papers, to leave this one great fact clearly stated. THERE IS NO WEALTH BUT LIFE. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and, by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

A strange political economy; the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be: all political economy founded on self-interest\* being but the fulfillment of that which once brought schism into the policy of angels, and ruin into the economy of heaven.

"The greatest number of human beings noble and happy." But is the nobleness consistent with the number? Yes, not only consistent with it, but essential to it. The maximum of life can only be reached by the maximum of virtue. In this respect the law of human population differs wholly from that of animal life. The multiplication of animals is checked only by want of food, and by the hostility of races; the population of the gnat is restrained by the

hour's peace of mind with: as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions sterling worth of consternation annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen-leaves—sown, reaped, and granaried by the "science" of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person.

\* "In all reasoning about prices, the proviso must be understood, 'supposing all parties to take care of their own interest.'"—MILL, III. l. 5.

hunger of the swallow, and that of the swallow by the scarcity of gnats. Man, considered as an animal, is indeed limited by the same laws: hunger, or plague, or war are the necessary and only restraints upon his increase—effectual restraints hitherto—his principal study having been how most swiftly to destroy himself, or ravage his dwelling-places, and his highest skill directed to give range to the famine, seed to the plague, and sway to the sword. But, considered as other than an animal, his increase is not limited by these laws. It is limited only by the limits of his courage and his love. Both of these *have* their bounds, and ought to have: his race has its bounds also; but these have not yet been reached, nor will be reached for ages.

In all the ranges of human thought I know none so melancholy as the speculations of political economists on the population question. It is proposed to better the condition of the laborer by giving him higher wages. "Nay," says the economist, "if you raise his wages, he will either people down to the same point of misery at which you found him, or drink your wages away." He will. I know it. Who gave him this will? Suppose it were your own son of whom you spoke, declaring to me that you dared not take him into your firm, nor even give him his just laborer's wages, because if you did he would die of drunkenness, and leave half a score of children to the parish. "Who gave your son these dispositions?" I should inquire. Has he them by inheritance or by education? By one or other they *must* come; and as in him, so also in the poor. Either these poor are of a race essentially different from ours, and unredeemable (which, however often implied, I have heard none yet openly say), or else by such care as we have ourselves received, we may make them continent and sober as ourselves—wise and dispassionate as we are—models arduous of imitation. But, it is answered, they can not receive education. Why not? That is precisely the point at issue. Charitable persons suppose the worst fault of the rich is to refuse the people meat: and the people cry for their meat, kept back by fraud, to the Lord of Multitudes.\*

\* James, v. 4. Observe, in these statements I am not taking up, nor countenancing one whit, the common socialist idea of division of property; division of property is its destruction; and with it the destruction of all hope, all industry, and all justice: it is simply chaos—a chaos toward which the believers in modern political economy are fast tending, and from which I am striving to save them. The rich man does not keep back meat from the poor by retaining his riches; but by basely using them. Riches are a form of strength; and a strong man does not injure others by keeping his strength, but by using it injuriously. The socialist, seeing a strong man oppress a weak one, cries out, "Break the strong man's arms;" but I say, "Teach him to use them to better purpose." The fortitude and intelligence which acquire riches are intended, by the Giver of both, not to scatter, nor to give away, but to employ those riches in the service of mankind; in other words, in the redemption of the erring and all of the weak—that is to say, there is first to be the work to gain money; then the Sabbath of use for it—the Sabbath, whose law is, not to lose life, but to save. It is continually the fault or the folly of the poor that they are poor, as



Alas! it is not meat of which the refusal is cruelest, or to which the claim is validest. The life is more than the meat. The rich not only refuse food to the poor; they refuse wisdom; they refuse virtue; they refuse salvation. Ye sheep without shepherd, it is not the pasture that has been shut from you, but the presence. Meat! perhaps your right to that may be pleadable; but other rights have to be pleaded first. Claim your crumbs from the table, if you will; but claim them as children, not as dogs; claim your right to be fed, but claim more loudly your right to be holy, perfect, and pure.

Strange words to be used of working people: "What! holy; without any long robes nor anointing oils; these rough-jacketed, rough-worded persons; set to nameless and dishonored service? Perfect!—these, with dim eyes and cramped limbs, and slowly wakening minds? Pure!—these, with sensual desire and groveling thought; foul of body, and coarse of soul?" It may be so; nevertheless, such as they are, they are the holiest, perfectest, purest persons the earth can at present show. They may be what you have said; but if so, they yet are holier than we, who have left them thus.

But what can be done for them? Who can clothe—who teach—who restrain their multitudes? What end can there be for them at last but to consume one another?

I hope for another end, though not, indeed, from any of the three remedies for over-population commonly suggested by economists.

These three are, in brief—Colonization; Bringing in of waste lands; or Discouragement of Marriage.

The first and second of these expedients merely evade or delay the question. It will, indeed, be long before the world has been all colonized, and its deserts all brought under cultivation. But the radical question is not how much habitable land is in the world, but how many human beings ought to be maintained on a given space of habitable land.

Observe, I say, *ought* to be, not how many *can* be. Ricardo, with his usual inaccuracy, defines what he calls the "natural rate of wages" as "that which will maintain the laborer." Maintain him! yes; but how?—the question was instantly thus asked of me by a working girl, to whom I read the passage. I will amplify her question for her. "Maintain him, how?" As, first, to what length of life? Out of a given number of fed persons how many are to be old—how many young; that is to say, will you arrange their maintenance so as to kill them early—say at thirty or thirty-five on the average,

it is usually a child's fault if it falls into a pond, and a cripple's weakness that slips at a crossing; nevertheless, most passers-by would pull the child out, or help up the cripple. Put it at the worst, that all the poor of the world are but disobedient children, or careless cripples, and that all rich people are wise and strong, and you will see at once that neither is the socialist right in desiring to make every body poor, powerless, and foolish as he is himself, nor the rich man right in leaving the children in the mire.

including deaths of weakly or ill-fed children?—or so as to enable them to live out a natural life? You will feed a greater number, in the first case,\* by rapidity of succession; probably a happier number in the second: which does Mr. Ricardo mean to be their natural state, and to which state belongs the natural rate of wages?

Again: A piece of land which will only support ten idle, ignorant, and improvident persons will support thirty or forty intelligent and industrious ones. Which of these is their natural state, and to which of them belongs the natural rate of wages?

Again: If a piece of land support forty persons in industrious ignorance; and if, tired of this ignorance, they set apart ten of their number to study the properties of cones, and the sizes of stars; the labor of these ten, being withdrawn from the ground, must either tend to the increase of food in some transitional manner, or the persons set apart for sidereal and conic purposes must starve, or some one else starve instead of them. What is, therefore, the natural rate of wages of the scientific persons, and how does this rate relate to, or measure, their reverted or transitional productiveness?

Again: If the ground maintains, at first, forty laborers in a peaceable and pious state of mind, but they become in a few years so quarrelsome and impious that they have to set apart five to meditate upon and settle their disputes—ten, armed to the teeth with costly instruments, to enforce the decisions; and five to remind every body in an eloquent manner of the existence of a God—what will be the result upon the general power of production, and what is the "natural rate of wages" of the meditative, muscular, and oracular laborers?

Leaving these questions to be discussed, or waived, at their pleasure, by Mr. Ricardo's followers, I proceed to state the main facts bearing on that probable future of the laboring classes which has been partially glanced at by Mr. Mill. That chapter and the preceding one differ from the common writing of political economists in admitting some value in the aspect of nature, and expressing regret at the probability of the destruction of natural scenery. But we may spare our anxieties on this head. Men can neither drink steam nor eat stone. The maximum of population on a given space of land implies also the relative maximum of edible vegetable, whether for men or cattle; it implies a maximum of pure air and of pure water. Therefore: a maximum of wood, to transmute the air, and of sloping ground, protected by herbage from the extreme heat of the sun, to feed the streams. All England may, if it so chooses, become one manufacturing town; and Englishmen, sacrificing themselves to the good of general humanity, may live diminished lives in the midst of noise, of darkness, and of deadly exhalation. But the world can not become a factory, nor a mine. No amount of ingenuity will ever make iron digest-

\* The quantity of life is the same in both cases; but it is differently allotted.

ible by the million, nor substitute hydrogen for wine. Neither the avarice nor the rage of men will ever feed them, and however the apple of Sodom and the grape of Gomorrah may spread their table for a time with dainties of ashes, and nectar of asps—so long as men live by bread, the far away valleys must laugh as they are covered with the gold of God, and the shouts of His happy multitudes ring round the wine-press and the well.

Nor need our more sentimental economists fear the too wide spread of the formalities of a mechanical agriculture. The presence of a wise population implies the search for felicity as well as for food; nor can any population reach its maximum but through that wisdom which "rejoices" in the habitable parts of the earth. The desert has its appointed place and work; the eternal engine, whose beam is the earth's axle, whose beat is its year, and whose breath is its ocean, will still divide imperiously to their desert kingdoms, bound with unfurrowable rock, and swept by unarrested sand, their powers of frost and fire: but the zones and lands between, habitable, will be loveliest in habitation. The desire of the heart is also the light of the eyes. No scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich by joyful human labor; smooth in field; fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent; it is only sweet when full of low currents of under sound—triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood. As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary: the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God. Happy, in that he knew them not, nor did his fathers know; and that round about him reaches yet into the infinite, the amazement of his existence.

Note, finally, that all effectual advancement toward this true felicity of the human race must be by individual, not public effort. Certain general measures may aid, certain revised laws guide, such advancement; but the measure and law which have first to be determined are those of each man's home. We continually hear it recommended by sagacious people to complaining neighbors (usually less well placed in the world than themselves), that they should "remain content in the station in which Providence has placed them." There are perhaps some circumstances of life in which Providence has no intention that people *should* be content. Nevertheless, the maxim is on the whole a good one; but it is peculiarly for home use. That your neighbor should, or should not, remain content with *his* position, is not your business; but it is very much your business to remain content with your own. What is chiefly needed in England at the

present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed, and laborious. We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honoring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.

Of which lowly peace it is written that "justice and peace have kissed each other;" and that the fruit of justice is "sown in peace of them that make peace;" not "peace-makers" in the common understanding—reconcilers of quarrels (though that function also follows on the greater one); but peace-Creators; Givers of Calm. Which you can not give, unless you first gain; nor is this gain one which will follow assuredly on any course of business, commonly so called. No form of gain is less probable, business being (as is shown in the language of all nations—*πωλεῖν* from *πέλω*, *πρῶσις* from *περάω*, venire, vendre, and venal, from venio, etc.) essentially restless—and probably contentious;—having a raven-like mind to the motion to and fro, as to the carrion food; whereas the olive-feeding and bearing birds look for rest for their feet: thus it is said of Wisdom that she "hath builded her house, and hewn out her seven pillars;" and even when, though apt to wait long at the door-posts, she has to leave her house and go abroad, her paths are peace also.

For us, at all events, her work must begin at the entry of the doors: all true economy is "Law of the house." Strive to make that law strict, simple, generous: waste nothing, and grudge nothing. Care in nowise to make more of money, but care to make much of it; remembering always the great, palpable, inevitable fact—the rule and root of all economy—that what one person has, another can not have; and that every atom of substance, of whatever kind, used or consumed, is so much human life spent; which, if it issue in the saving present life, or gaining more, is well spent, but if not, is either so much life prevented, or so much slain. In all buying, consider, first, what condition of existence you cause in the producers of what you buy; secondly, whether the sum you have paid is just to the producer, and in due proportion, lodged in his hands;\* thirdly, to how much clear use, for food, knowledge, or joy, this that you have bought can be put; and fourthly, to

\* The proper offices of middle-men, namely overseers (or authoritative workmen); conveyancers (merchants, sailors, retail-dealers, etc.), and order-takers (persons employed to receive directions from the consumer), must, of course, be examined before I can enter farther into the question of just payment of the first producer. But I have not spoken of them in these introductory papers, because the evils attendant on the abuse of such intermediate functions result not from any alleged principle of modern political economy, but from private carelessness or iniquity.

whom and in what way it can be most speedily and serviceably distributed: in all dealings whatsoever insisting on entire openness and stern fulfillment; and in all doings, on perfection and loveliness of accomplishment; especially on fineness and purity of all marketable commodity; watching at the same time for all ways of gaining, or teaching, powers of simple pleasure; and of showing "*ὅσον ἐν ἀσφοδίλῳ γίγ' ὄνειαρ*"—the sum of enjoyment depending not on the quantity of things tasted, but on the vivacity and patience of taste.

And if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one;—consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all, and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruellest man living could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfold. Raise the veil boldly; face the light; and if, as yet, the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace shall be Unto this last as unto thee; and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the Wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the Weary are at rest.

### A MAN'S REPENTANCE.

HOW still the noon was! Scarcely a shiver thrilled along the maple boughs. There were no clouds in the blue sky. The flowers held up their heads, and gave out their perfume steadily. The birds had hushed their songs. Was all nature waiting for Margaret Vane to die? She had loved tree, and breeze, and flower as a passionate heart, having no true home or kindred, and turning for comfort to the gentle mother earth learns to love them. And they had loved her. The violet had given its blue to her eyes; the rose its flush to her cheeks; the music of the winds whispered in her voice.

It was not strange that Owen Wyndham loved her, too. Nor was it strange that she loved him. She had been all alone till he came. I think he cared for her as well as he knew how, or could. It was not his fault that his nature was not deep and earnest like hers; or that sometimes the very strength and devotion of her affection wearied him. It was her blame, more likely, that she fancied her clay deity marble without flaw, and expected of him more than he could possibly be.

He had been on his good behavior all summer, and, though he honestly loved Margaret

and meant to marry her, it was a relief to him to get back to town, in the late autumn, and meet Claire Weston. He only flirted with Claire, but she was a beguiling little sinner, and it came to pass by spring that, without realizing his neglect, he had not written to Margaret for two months. It was an utter surprise to him when her friend, the only friend she had, wrote to him that his betrothed had heard rumors of his approaching marriage to Miss Weston, and that she was dying. Margaret had one of those temperaments which die easily. They have a stronger hold on heaven than on earth. An iron vessel will bear a great deal, but a slight blow shatters a porcelain vase.

Owen Wyndham was as impulsive in good as in evil. He did not think, even, of bidding Claire Weston good-by. He took the first train from New York to Woodstock. He reached there that night. He walked along the common where the tall trees are, and he thought of Margaret until all his love surged back into his heart, fresh and strong and powerful. He had seen her there, under those trees, first. It was a year ago, for now it was June again. He remembered her, with her dark braided hair, her blue dreamy eyes, and the full lips underneath whence the music came. He heard her rich, low voice singing, as she sang then:

"The world buds every year:  
But the heart just once, and when  
The blossom falls off ere  
No new blossom comes again.  
Ah, the rose goes with the wind:  
But the thorns remain behind."

He loved her again, as he had loved her then, and he hurried on toward the cottage where she lived. He forgot that the letter had said she was dying. He remembered only her beauty and her youth, and that she was his promised wife. He almost wondered that she did not meet him on his way.

He went in, and the sound of her voice guided him to where she lay. Her friend was by her side, but she rose and went out when he came in, and he stood alone before Margaret. Now, indeed, where were the cheeks' rose and the mouth's crimson? Did Margaret's well-remembered voice come from those thin, white lips? But for that voice I think he would not have known her. She was not expecting him. She did not know that her friend had written him, but she manifested no surprise at his appearance. One so near heaven can take what is left of earth calmly. She put out her thin hand to welcome him, but it was so white and transparent it moved him to tears, and he could not speak.

"Do not weep, Owen. It has all been for the best. I think you love me still, or you would not have come to be with me when I die."

"Love you, oh Margaret!"

He sank on his knees beside her. He burst into passionate protestations that he never had and never could love any other. He cried out wildly that she must not talk of death, she should not die, she would live, to be his own, his blessing, his wife.



She put out her hand and stopped him, with a motion in which was no impatience, only an authority which he could not resist.

"I shall not live. Do not deceive yourself. My longings for life are all past. I should never have made you or myself happy. Life with me was too real and solemn. You are different, and I do not blame you. Your temperament is the happier. Even if you had ceased to love me I should never have complained. We can not command our impulses, and duty is but an iron fetter where love is wanting. I am glad you have come. You were the magician who awakened my heart from its sleep. I shall like to hold your hand while I am dying, to know that for a time you will mourn for me deeply and truly."

"Forever, Margaret! Would that I might die too. But while I live I shall mourn for you. It will not be long. My heart is breaking."

Margaret smiled. It was a sad smile with no mirth in it. She looked at him with a calm superiority in her eyes.

"For a time you will mourn me, Owen. Then you will be consoled, and I would have it so. Only, whenever you think of me, always remember that my love was no fiction. I would have died to shield you from one agony."

He sat beside her all that night. He could not sleep, remorse was too busy. Margaret slept tranquilly for several hours, and awoke only when the dawn-rays came in at the eastern window.

"I must see the sun rise," she said, calmly; "the sun of my last day on earth."

As the full light streamed over the ghastliness of her wan face Owen saw, as he had not seen before, that there was no hope—not even for a few weeks or days. They were not alone—Death made a third beside them. He sank on his knees, and cried out, shudderingly,

"I have killed you—I know it, Margaret. You will never forgive me on earth or in heaven."

She drew herself along toward him. Her thin, weak arm dropped around his neck, and she kissed him. It was the first time since he had come back.

"I do forgive you, Owen, if you think you have any need to be forgiven. I have never loved any one else. I shall die loving you."

They were together all the long hours of that forenoon. Sometimes Margaret's friend was with them, sometimes they were alone. I think that in those hours Owen Wyndham learned more of Margaret Vane than he had ever known before. He felt then that he could never have satisfied her heart. The thick veil of his self-conceit was parted for the time, and he knew that his nature was too shallow to mate with the strength of hers. Perhaps she felt this too, and this was why she was so glad to die.

Time went on. Death waited. The noon was still. Did Margaret hear some voice inaudible to the ears that listened beside her? She only said,

"It is time. I am going now."

Her friend—the one friend who had never failed or forsaken her—knelt silently by her bed; but holding her hands and covering them with frantic kisses, Owen Wyndham cried passionately, trying to snatch her back from death,

"Do not go! Live, live for me, or take me with you, my Margaret! Would I could die for you!"

Die for her! But for him she might have counted, perhaps, her three-score years. She was an angel. There was no scorn in the smile which answered him, no reproach in the clear voice, clear and musical still.

"It is best, dearest. God knows all, and I can trust."

She turned her face toward him. Her last breath passed with her parting kiss.

Owen Wyndham mourned her truly, but his was not a nature to mourn forever. He deceived himself. Claire Weston is his wife to-day, and the mother of his children, but he has never forgotten Margaret.

It is a day in June—he remembers the date but too well. He does not hear his wife's words or his children's laughter. He sees Woodstock Common, and the green trees waving their boughs between him and the blue sky—he hears a young girl, with dark, braided hair and eyes of dreamy blue, sing to a pensive tune,

"The world buds every year;  
But the heart just once, and when  
The blossom falls off ere  
No new blossom comes again."

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

**T**HE Presidential election took place on Tuesday, November 6. The polls closed at sunset; by midnight the electoral votes had been counted, and telegraphic dispatches received from almost every section of the Union except the Pacific States, which placed the general result beyond question. All the Free States, with the exception of New Jersey, and probably California and Oregon, cast their votes for Lincoln and Hamlin. These States cast 169 electoral votes; and the whole number being 303, of which 152 are required for a majority, the Repub-

lican candidates have 17 more than a majority, leaving 134 votes to be divided among all their competitors. The vote in some of the remaining States is yet doubtful; but it will be interesting to compare the indications furnished in less than seven hours, from points more than 3000 miles apart, with the actual result, as shown by the official count.—Missouri, and probably California and Oregon, having 16 electors, vote for Mr. Douglas; New Jersey, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee, and Virginia, having 57 electors, probably vote for Mr. Bell; the remaining States, nine in number, having

61 electors, undoubtedly vote for Mr. Breckinridge, who, it is possible, has also received the votes of a part of the States given above to Mr. Bell.

This result was clearly foreshadowed by the October elections in the North. Thus, in *Pennsylvania*, Mr. Curtin, the Republican candidate for Governor, received a majority of 32,000; in *Indiana* Mr. Lane's majority was 15,000; and in *Ohio* at least 13,000. These votes indicated the almost inevitable result in New York, which would decide the question, the vote in New England and the Northwestern States being beyond doubt. The Republican majorities obtained at the State elections have been nearly doubled at the Presidential elections; while in the extreme South the majorities for Mr. Breckinridge are equally decided. The States which vote for Mr. Bell give comparatively slight majorities.

The probability of the election of a Republican President occasioned great excitement at the South. The press, with few exceptions, and many prominent statesmen and politicians advocate immediate and unconditional secession, in such an event. As a specimen of what has appeared to be the prevailing sentiment on this subject, we condense the following from speeches and letters of prominent men: Hon. J. W. Orr would counsel no hasty action on the part of the State of *South Carolina*. He thought that it would not be prudent for the Legislature to call a Convention of the people, as soon as the election of Mr. Lincoln was ascertained. He thought the wiser course would be to appoint Commissioners to consult with the other Southern States. These States should meet in Conference to ascertain the course they intended to pursue, and secure harmony of action.—Governor Moore, of *Louisiana*, in reply to a note asking his opinion as to the proper course to be pursued, would not commit himself to any extreme measure, but considered that the success of Mr. Lincoln would justify the Southern States in withdrawing from the Union. He was in favor of a Conference of the Southern States.—Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of *Georgia*, says that should Breckinridge get the entire South, and Lincoln the entire North, he fears that no earthly power can prevent civil war; but if those whose folly or wickedness have brought it about should not be sustained at the South, in favor of their secession movements, they may pause before pushing their secession movements to extremes.—The foregoing may be considered as types of the views of the more conservative portion of Southern leaders. Plans for immediate and unconditional secession and the seizure of the public establishments, immediately upon the receipt of intelligence of the election of Mr. Lincoln, have been formally announced, though they have not received the sanction of men of decided position and influence. Thus far, the only definite action, having any official importance, is a resolution of the Legislature of *Alabama* instructing the Governor of that State to call a Convention immediately upon the election of a Republican President, and the course of the Legislature of *South Carolina*. This body having been convened by the Governor to choose Presidential electors, and to take such other measures as might be required, was in session when it became evident that electors had been chosen who would choose Mr. Lincoln by a clear majority. Governor Gist presented a Message recommending that the Legislature should remain in permanent session, and take action to prepare the State for the crisis. Personally he considered secession the only remedy, and thought that such a step on the part of *South Carolina* would be followed by the entire South. He recommended

military reorganization, every able-bodied citizen to be furnished with the most approved fire-arms, and ten thousand volunteers to be in readiness at the shortest notice. The Legislature adopted resolutions indorsing the views of the Governor.—Governor Brown, of *Georgia*, sent a special Message to the Legislature, opposing secession, and advising that delegates should not be appointed to the proposed Southern Convention. He recommends that reprisals be made upon those States which have passed laws infringing upon the rights of the South, by seizing the property of their citizens to indemnify those of *Georgia* for any losses which they have sustained. He advises the enactment of a law imposing a tax of 25 per cent. upon goods manufactured in or brought from certain specified States, to be remitted when their unfriendly legislation is repealed; such action, he says, will destroy sectional controversy, by narrowing the issue to a contest between individual States. He also recommends the immediate appropriation of a million of dollars for the purpose of putting the State in a defensive position.

The steamer *Connaught*, of the line from Galway to Boston, was lost on the 7th of October. She had left Newfoundland on the 5th, and when within 140 miles of Boston was found to have sprung a leak in the engine-room. In a few hours the leak had gained so far as to extinguish the fires in the furnaces, and at half-past nine in the morning it was found that the ship was on fire. The boats were got ready to save the passengers, the sea running so heavily that the first was stove in. At noon the little brig *Minnie Schaffler*, of New Orleans, Captain Wilson, came in sight, and bore down upon the burning steamer. It was seven o'clock before the task of embarking the passengers was begun; at this time the starboard side of the steamer was hot from the flames. At dark only two hundred, out of more than three hundred on board the steamer, had been placed on board the brig, and several of the boats' crews refused to return for more. Captain Wilson persevered, took a hawser from the brig to the steamer, and succeeded in saving the whole number of passengers, who were placed on board his vessel by eleven o'clock at night. The steamer was lost. But to reward Captain Wilson for his gallant service in saving some hundreds of lives, a public subscription was opened, and some thousands of dollars were inscribed upon the lists.

The American tour of the Prince of Wales has closed. He reached New York on the 11th of October; he was welcomed by a grand military and civic display. On the following evening he attended a grand ball given in his honor by a Committee of 400 prominent citizens, each of whom contributed \$100 to defray the expense. On the evening of the 13th a torch-light procession of firemen paraded in his honor. On Monday, the 15th, he visited the Military Academy at West Point, thence proceeded to Albany, where he was entertained by the Governor of the State. From Albany he went to Boston, where he was welcomed by a procession and a ball. He then traveled to Portland, where he arrived on Saturday, October 20. After a brief interview with the city officials he proceeded on board the vessel which was awaiting him, and set out on his homeward voyage.

#### SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we learn that after various alternations of defeat and success, the balance appears to incline decisively in favor of the Liberals, who have captured Guadalajara, one of the three strong places

hitherto held by the Church party, of which Miramon is the leader.—The revolutionary movements in *New Granada*, which have been in progress for some months, appear to be checked. At the latest dates the regular government seems to be regaining its ascendancy.—In *Costa Rica* President Mora, who was displaced and banished nearly two years ago, made a descent upon the country. He was defeated, made prisoner, and shot, in company with some of his prominent adherents.

## EUROPE.

We have space, in this Record, to furnish only a brief outline of the affairs of Italy, in which at present is centred the chief interest of European intelligence.—The difference of views between Garibaldi and Cavour appears to have been adjusted, and both are willing to labor together for the formation of a united Kingdom of Italy. Several important engagements have taken place between the Piedmontese and Neapolitan troops, in which success was in favor of the former. The most important of these took place on the 1st of October, at Volturno. The Neapolitans, 30,000 strong, attacked the Piedmontese, under the cover of a thick mist, and succeeded in driving them back. Garibaldi pressed on in person, and after a fight which lasted eight hours, the Neapolitans were routed with severe loss. The King of Naples and his brothers were present at this battle. Capua, where the Neapolitans have intrenched themselves, is expected to be soon abandoned by them. The question of the annexation of the Two Sicilies to Piedmont has been submitted to a popular vote, and the result has been almost unanimously in favor of annexation. The question with respect to the Papal States seems to be in abeyance, depending upon the action of the European Powers. The Russian, Spanish, and Portuguese Ministers have been withdrawn from Turin, indicating the disapproval of these Governments of the course of King Victor Emanuel. The withdrawal of the Russian Minister was accompanied by a sharp note censuring the policy of Piedmont. The Prussian Government, in consequence of a communication from Count Cavour, apparently inviting an expression of opinion, addressed to him a note complaining of the whole policy of his Government in relation to Italian affairs.—A meeting has been held at Warsaw between the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the Prince Regent of Prussia. It is presumed that the main object of this conference was to decide upon the affairs of Europe. The conference was

adjourned, ostensibly on account of the illness of the Empress Dowager of Russia. If any political action was taken it has not been made public.—The views of the French Emperor, which are of more consequence than all others, are still unexplained. He has strongly reinforced the French garrison at Rome, as if with the design of protecting the Pope from the attack of Piedmont; and yet he fails to discountenance the invasion of the States of the Church. A semi-official article in the *Paris Constitutionnel* indicates what appears to be the Imperial sentiment. It says that "an organized and powerful Italy is henceforth for the interest of Europe." Yet in an official document the Emperor says that no one deplored more than himself the course taken by Sardinia; but, under actual circumstances, the use of force, instead of diminishing the evil, would aggravate it, by plunging Italy into a struggle from which a general war might arise. Among the reports with which we are furnished by our European files we note the following, the correctness of which will be tested by the intelligence of the ensuing weeks: That the Emperor Napoleon had received an autograph letter from the Czar of Russia explaining the intent of the meeting at Warsaw, and declaring that it had no design hostile to France; and that Russia would enter into no alliance with Austria which might lead to war; that Austria had declared that she would not have recourse to arms unless an attack was made upon Rome, and had proposed an understanding with France for the definite arrangement of the Italian question; and that the British fleet were about to proceed to Gaeta to protect the King of Naples in his meditated flight from that place.—Austria is said to be largely increasing her military forces in Italy, apprehending that the next movement of the united Italians will be directed against her province of Venetia.

## THE EAST.

From *Syria* it is reported that the massacres had recommenced, and that the Mussulmans were furious against the Christians, threatening the lives of the foreign consuls.—The war in *China* has opened. The allied forces of France and Great Britain reached the mouth of the Pei-ho on the 1st of August, and established camps. On the 12th of that month a skirmish took place, when the Chinese troops fled in disorder. An attack on the Taku forts, where the British suffered so severely last year, was on the point of being made.

## Literary Notices.

*Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman*, by J. F. H. CLAIBORNE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The brilliant career of the distinguished statesman and soldier of the Southwest is here depicted by a writer whose almost life-long friendship with the subject, cemented by warm personal and political sympathies, has enabled him to engage in the task with a glow of enthusiasm that lends a constant animation and interest to the narrative. General Quitman was a remarkable instance of devotion to the welfare and glory of his adopted State, although his birth and education had been received in a distant and colder clime. He was a native of Rhinebeck, on the Hudson River, where his father for many years was an eminent clergyman of the Lutheran Church, having emigrated to America

from Prussia at an early age. Young Quitman, who was born September 1, 1798, was distinguished in his boyhood for the love of enterprise and adventure, which formed a prominent feature in his character in after-life. When not at school, he was always at some athletic sport, or engaged in some mechanical device with the knife and saw. He was, by the unanimous consent of the family, the general lock-maker about the house; he constructed the furniture of his own room; and among other products of his skill, made a violin, which, though not a Cremona, was pronounced by amateurs a highly respectable instrument. His taste for out-door life led him much into the woods; and, fond of exploring the various localities of the neighborhood, he collected, while yet a boy, an extensive cabinet



of birds, reptiles, and insects. After receiving his early education, for the most part under the direction of his excellent father in his own house, he engaged for a year or two in the business of teaching, previous to commencing the study of law. With his spirit of enterprise, he was not likely to remain long in the rural districts of the State of New York. At the age of twenty-one, accordingly, we find him, with gun in hand and knapsack on back, tramping over the Alleghenies, to seek his fortune in what was then the distant West. He arrived at Chillicothe in the fall of 1819, and at once became a student in the office of a prominent lawyer in that place, whose acquaintance he had accidentally made while traveling in a stage-coach. On the completion of his legal studies, and in accordance with a long-cherished purpose, he directed his steps toward the South, and at the close of 1821 took up his residence in Natchez, thus becoming a citizen of Mississippi—a State in which he was destined to play a conspicuous part, and with which from that time he identified the favorite aspirations and purposes of his life.

Immediately after his admission to the bar he was brought into close relations with the most prominent business and professional men from all parts of the State, and rapidly sprang into notice as a young man of high character and splendid promise. In 1824 he married a lady from a wealthy family of Virginia, by which he came into possession of a large fortune. He soon engaged in the contests of political life, and in 1827 was a candidate for the Legislature, as representative of the city of Natchez and the county of Adams. His competitor was Colonel Adam Bingaman, a native of the county, and a man of great personal popularity and influence, as well as of superior talents. The canvass was an exciting one, and the ambitious young lawyer engaged in it with characteristic energy and zeal. During its progress an incident occurred which presents a curious illustration of the "genius of the place." Just before the election there was a large gathering of the free and independent voters, at a famous place of resort, called Hering's Store, near the extreme limit of the county. Quitman made his appearance among the crowd in his usual neat dress, but soon threw off his coat, and astonished the spectators by his feats in wrestling, leaping, and boxing. A foot-race was got up, in which he beat the swiftest runners on the ground. On a trial of lifting heavy weights at arm's-length, the strongest man present was forced to yield to his superior prowess. A shooting-match was the next thing in order, and a fat ox, the prize of the day, was driven up, and the target fixed at the distance of sixty yards. Among the expert riflemen eager for a venture, was the noted John Hawkins, the crack shot of the whole country round. No one would shoot against him and "Brown Bess," as he called his favorite rifle, without the odds. The crowd were struck with amazement when Quitman offered to take an even chance. Every body else retired from the contest. The blood of the old marksman was up, and he shot more deliberately than usual. Three times they tried their skill, and three times the veteran was beaten. This was a new experience on his part, and he was at a loss how to bear it. He seemed perfectly thunder-struck, and pierced with grief and anger. At length his admiration got the better of his wrath; he stepped up to Quitman, and, taking off his hat, said, "Sir, you have done what no other man has been able to do. The beef is yours, and John Hawk-

ins is yours too." Quitman took his hand, praised his shooting, caressed Brown Bess, presented him the beef, and proposed a general treat. The crowd chimed in with three cheers for Quitman. From that moment the contest was decided, and he was chosen by a large majority.

His career henceforward was one of distinguished success. He was successively chosen Chancellor of the State, President of the Senate, Major-General of the Militia, and to other responsible offices of a more private character, in all of which he enhanced his reputation for rigid integrity of character, untiring energy of purpose, uncommon practical sense, and great executive ability. On the breaking out of the Mexican war he at once tendered his services to the President, and in the month of June, 1846, was appointed a Brigadier-General of volunteers. From that time until his decease, in 1858, he occupied a prominent position before the whole country, and his career during that period forms an important chapter in the history of the United States.

According to the portraiture which his biographer has drawn in lively colors, General Quitman was remarkable for his earnestness, constancy, and integrity, and the boldness of his views, rather than for brilliant and imposing talents. He studied the future more than the lessons of antiquity, and the actual present more than either. He had no worship of the ideal, but was devoted to liberty, as a practical inheritance or a boon won from tyrants by the sword, and secured by charters and muniments. His notion of freedom was freedom defined and regulated by law, and the rigid enforcement of law as applied to persons, property, and government. His politics were based on the covenants of the Constitution, and he acted with the party that, in his view, adhered most closely to them. Hence he classed himself not as a Whig nor as a Democrat, but as a State-rights man. He was ambitious of political distinction and military fame. He had a natural taste for the pomp and clash of arms. His courage amounted to indifference to danger; in the thickest of the fight he was as calm and cheerful as though merely on parade; and heroism in battle sat upon him as gracefully as gentleness and goodness in private life. He was ever faithful to his promises, true to his friends, firm and unshrinking in the discharge of duty, stooping to no artifice, and even in war preferring assault to strategy. In the family circle he was cordial and affectionate, playful in his manners, and a lover of cheerful conversation. He was a favorite in general society; in early life he was a model of manly beauty, but during the war his fair complexion was bronzed, his features became more rigid and austere, his mustache grim and grizzled; and he looked, when motionless and in thought, like the effigy of a warrior mossed and weather-beaten by the storms of sixty winters. The memoir now published is ample in its details, graphic in description, and earnest in tone. It is a valuable accession to American biography, both as an interesting narrative of the career of its subject, and a lucid exposition of the political system of which he was a prominent representative.

*The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter, of California*, by THEODORE H. HITTELL. (Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee, and Co.) The wonderful exploits of a famous bear-hunter among the mountains of Oregon and California form the subject of this entertaining volume. "Old Adams," as he was familiarly called, seems to have been a sort of natural

Leather Stocking, with an inborn taste for the forest and its inhabitants, preferring the companionship of savages and wild animals to the society of civilized men, and full of enterprise and ingenious resource in the pursuit of his favorite occupation. It seems that the veteran of the woods has baited his last trap, fired his last shot, and captured his last bear—his death from an old wound received in his perilous conflicts having been recently announced in the papers of the day. This mighty hunter was a native of Massachusetts, having been born in the rural town of Medway, about fifty-three years ago. He early showed a distaste for plodding in the beaten track of regular industry, and, as soon as he became of age, threw aside the lap-stone and pegging awl—for he had been apprenticed to the trade of shoemaking—and hired himself to a company of showmen as a collector of wild beasts. In this capacity he explored the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, captured a host of panthers, wolves, wild-cats, foxes, and other animals, and thus laid the foundation for the knowledge and love of woodcraft in which he has since acquired such signal distinction. A temporary stop was put to his career, soon after its commencement, by an unlucky incident, which had nearly proved fatal to the young adventurer. Attempting to tame down a royal Bengal tiger, in the menagerie with which he was connected, the ferocious beast struck him to the floor of the cage, which Adams had entered for the purpose of giving him a lesson of good manners, and buried his teeth and claws in the flesh of his victim. He was taken out almost dead from the wounds; and when, after a tedious lapse of time, he finally recovered, his constitution was so shattered that for many years his hunting was at an end. Quietly returning to the shoemaker's bench, he worked at the trade for some fifteen years, and at the end of that time found himself in possession of a snug little property, amounting to some six or eight thousand dollars. With this sum his Yankee blood tempted him to engage in speculation, and venturing the whole in a cargo of boots and shoes for the St. Louis market, he lost every thing by a great fire in that city, and in one short night became a ruined man. This event took place soon after the discovery of gold in California; and sharing in the excitement which prevailed over the whole country, he made his way to the land of promise in the fall of 1849. Here, in the first instance, he turned his hand to almost every thing—sometimes mining, sometimes trading, sometimes farming and raising stock, and rich and poor alternately. At one time he was the owner of immense herds of cattle, worth thousands of dollars, most of which were stolen from him in a single night. Then he had large mining claims, which promised untold amounts of wealth; soon after, valuable lands, which he lost partly by his own reckless speculations, partly by the villainy of others; until, within the space of three years, he failed as many times, and from the heights of prosperity was plunged into the depths of pecuniary trouble. At length, in the fall of 1852, disgusted with the world and dissatisfied with himself, he gave up all his schemes for the accumulation of wealth, turned his back upon the charms of civilized life, and taking the road toward the wildest parts of the Sierra Nevada, resolved to make his home among the fierce animals of the wilderness. The volume before us is devoted to an account of his adventures in this new mode of life, and, apparently prepared for the press by the hands of a friend, forms an exciting and a truly instruct-

ive narrative. Although it relates so many astounding stories, it has a certain air of credibility, which is confirmed by what is known of the subject since his return to civilization. The trophies he brought with him were proofs of his veracity, and the appearance of the man was in keeping with his narrations. The wish with which he closes the volume was doomed to be disappointed. "As I come to the end of my book," says he, "I can not but reflect that my life likewise approaches its close. I have looked on death in many forms, and trust that I can meet it, whenever it comes, with a stout heart and steady nerves. If I could choose, I would wish, since it was my destiny to become a mountaineer and grizzly bear hunter of California, to finish my career in the Sierra Nevada. There would I fain lie down with the Lady, Ben, and Rambler at my side; there, surely, I could find rest through the long future, among the eternal rocks and evergreen pines."

*Odd People: being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Men*, by Captain MAYNE REID. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) If one is in pursuit of human oddities he need not leave this country, or even go far from this famous city, to discover a variety of specimens sufficiently striking to gratify the most eager curiosity. Captain Mayne Reid, however, sets out upon his travels, and penetrates into "deserts vast and antres wild" in the hunt for queer, out-of-the-way races of men, which vocation he seems to prefer to that of Nimrod and Gordon Cumming, whose taste was more decidedly in the line of the four-footed wonders of creation. He has certainly succeeded in bringing to light several odd enough patterns of humanity, and furnishing fresh proof of the old adage that "it takes all sorts of people to make the world." Here, for instance, we have the Bosjesmen, or, to adopt the easier name, the Bushmen of Africa—little yellow savages, who range at large over the southern portion of that continent. But in spite of this locality, the Bushmen, be it known, are not Hottentots. To be sure, they have certain points of resemblance with each other. They look enough alike to be cousins, but not brothers and sisters. Both are woolly-haired. Both have a Chinese cast of features, especially in the form and expression of the eye. Their color, too, is nearly the same; but, on the other hand, the Hottentots are larger than the Bushmen. The Bushman is the smallest man known in history. He stands only about four feet six upon his naked soles, and his wife is of a still more diminutive stature, often not exceeding three feet nine, though crowned with the honors of maternity. His other proportions are in keeping with his height. When young, he is sometimes a pretty stout boy; but at the age of sixteen he begins to lose the little manhood he had attained, and, instead of advancing, rather grows backward. His flesh disappears, his body takes a meagre outline, his arms and limbs grow thin, he loses the calf of his legs and the plumpness of his cheeks. As he becomes older, his skin grows dry and scaly, his bones stick out in all directions, and his legs and arms look like straight sticks, with prominent horny knobs in place of joints. His complexion is naturally a shade of yellow brown, but it appears darker than it is from the grease and filth which he wipes off his fingers on his skin instead of a towel. His hair is short, crisp, and curly, very scant in quantity, and he has no beard at all. His nose is low-bridged, with wide, flattened nostrils; his eye is a mere slit between the eyelids; his

cheek-bones are high, his forehead small and receding; but he has a set of fine white teeth, which do not decay as he grows old, but are worn down to stumps like those of cows and sheep.

Though, as has been seen, the Bushman is no beauty, his frame is wiry and capable of great endurance, and he has the agility of an antelope. Nor is he quite destitute of claims to intellect. He has a quick, cheerful mind, always on the alert, and often not a little skill in the manufacture of his weapons and other implements and utensils. His character for courage is not so bad as it might be. Small as he is, he is full of pluck, and when brought to bay fights to the death, discharging his poisoned arrows as long as he can bend a bow.

The costume of the Bushman is of the most primitive character, differing little from that of our first parents after the fall. Instead of the fig-leaf, the men wear a little apron of jackal skin, and the women a sort of fringed or bunch of leather thongs, suspended around the waist by a strap, and hanging down to the knees. Their feet are protected from the sharp stones by a kind of rude sandal; and an attempt at ornament is displayed in a leathern skull-cap, or, more commonly, a circlet around the head, upon which are sewed a number of small shells. Other decorations consist of old brass or copper buttons attached to the little curls of woolly hair; and, among the women, beads of small pieces of ostrich egg-shells, besides a profusion of leathern bracelets on the arms and limbs, often reaching from the knee to the ankle-joint. Red ochre is the fashionable cosmetic. A perfume is obtained from the powdered leaves of a species of diosma.

The domicile of these people is no less primitive than their dress. If the Bushman can find a cleft or cave in the rocks large enough to hold his own body and those of his family he will never build a house. If nothing of this kind can be found in his neighborhood, he chooses a bush that grows near to two or three others, the branches of all meeting in a common centre. These he fastens together at the ends, and wattles some into the others. Over this frame-work a quantity of grass is scattered, so as to shed the rain; a large hole is scraped out in the middle of the floor, wide enough to hold the bodies of three or four persons of about his size, and into this is thrown another parcel of dry grass, so as to form what looks like a gigantic nest. Here the whole family find a bed, sleeping all together in it, coiled like so many monkeys, and covered with their skin karosses.

The Bushman procures his food chiefly by the chase. The desolate region in which he lives is shared also by the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the quagga, the zebra, and several species of antelope. In the capture of these animals he displays no little dexterity and cunning. The pit-trap is one of his favorite contrivances. Poisoned arrows become a formidable weapon in his hands. These are mere reeds tipped with pieces of bone, with a split ostrich quill lapped behind the head, and answering for a barb. The poison is obtained from various kinds of vegetables with whose properties he has a familiar acquaintance, and from the fluid found in the fangs of venomous serpents. This he works up into a deadly ointment, making the poison of different degrees of potency, according to the purpose for which it is designed. He also makes an occasional raid into the settlements, and succeeds in carrying off a herd of cattle into his desert fastness. A time of high wassail ensues. Not one ox alone is

slaughtered for the feast, but a score of them all at once. They kill them from sheer wantonness, and no longer eat, but raven on the flesh. The feasting is kept up without interruption until all are finished; even if the flesh has begun to taint it is all the same. The kraal exhibits an altered spectacle; the starved, meagre wretches, who were lately seen flitting about the tents, now present a plump, and almost portly appearance. When every ox has been eaten the scene changes. A complete reaction comes over the spirit of the Bushman. He falls into a state of languor, and often sleeps for twenty-four hours at a stretch. It is not until he is compelled by fear of starvation to bestir himself that he recovers a little of his energy, and once more takes to hunting, or, if near a stream, endeavors to catch a few fish. When other resources fail, he attacks the nests of white ants, and fills his bag with the eggs, the insects themselves, and perhaps large quantities of their larvæ. Another source of supply is found in the various bulbous roots which grow in the desert. Ostrich eggs furnish him with many a meal, with an occasional relish of lizards or land-tortoises. His time of greatest plenty, however, is when the locusts appear, and as long as these insects remain with him he knows no hunger, and grows fat.

The Bushmen have no form of religious worship nor marriage ceremony, though they appear to pay some respect to the memory of the dead, usually erecting a large pile of stones over the body. They are not without a love of amusement, and come forth at night from their caves and dens to chatter and make merry with each other. During fine moonlight they dance all night, and don't go home till morning. They have no government—not even that of a headman, or chief, or of the father of a family. They are without tribal organization, living in little communities of about a hundred persons, since, from the nature of their country, a large number could not find subsistence in any one place. Missionary efforts made among them have all proved without effect.

Other examples of strange forms of humanity are found by Captain Reid among the Indian tribes of North and South America, the Turcomans, the Tongans, the Laplanders, and others, from almost every portion of the habitable globe. He writes in an easy, familiar style, and has produced narratives of remarkable interest, not only to the young, for whom they were primarily intended, but for readers of every degree of intelligence and culture.

*The Kangaroo Hunters; or, Adventures in the Bush*, by ANNE BOWMAN. (Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee, and Co.) An agreeable narrative of fictitious adventure is here wrought out from the experience of Australian life. It contains no incidents which startle our sense of probability; and from the information which it imparts, no less than from its lively and attractive style, is well adapted to prove a favorite with youthful readers.

*Curiosities of Natural History*, by FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND. (Published by Rudd and Carleton.) Our literary record this month, consisting chiefly of books describing strange varieties of man and beast, is appropriately closed with the announcement of a new series of the entertaining papers by Mr. Buckland, which, on their first appearance, excited so much popular and scientific interest. The present volume is full of lively descriptions of the habits and instincts of several of the more familiar members of the animal kingdom.



## Editor's Table.

**OUR AMERICAN DIGNITY.**—It must be confessed that our dignity has lately been put to a test wholly unprecedented, and being called to play the part of host to a prince of the blood—to no less a person than the eldest son of Victoria and the heir of the English throne—we find ourselves earnestly feeling our pulse, and looking at ourselves in the glass, to learn how we have borne the ordeal, and how well we stand in our own opinion as well as in that of our royal guest and his noble attendants. If our anticipations were any criterion of the result we surely need have nothing to fear; for we were very eager to have the Prince come among us, and we had none of the misgivings that are so common among housekeepers who count their silver spoons and tea-cups, and examine their carpets and curtains, when stylish company is expected, not a little doubtful of the adequacy of the supply to the demand, or of the entertainment to the expectation. We felt that we had something to show the young man well worth his seeing; and the anxiety as to our suitable appearance, was either an after-thought of our national pride or the tremor of a nervous caste of exclusives. Our great body of industrious, well-taught, self-relying people took it for granted that the country that God made for us is good enough to receive any body upon its soil, and that they were good enough to welcome any body on earth to its free range and hearty hospitality. They might have some doubt as to their knowledge of court etiquette, and as to the interest that royalty and nobility might take in our republican ways; but they never doubted that all difficulties would in some way be overcome, and that host and guest would have a good time, and be glad that they had been brought together.

If any thing has especially surprised us in our reception of the Prince, it has not been from any strange jealousy or democratic coldness on our part, but from the spontaneous and hearty enthusiasm that has taken possession of us, in spite of ourselves, and made us act as if we were the most loyal people on the face of the earth, and had learned loyal manners in the atmosphere of courts. Yet if we look into the spirit of the most enthusiastic of the popular demonstrations, we shall find that the loyal outburst of welcomes had not a particle of sycophancy in its composition, but was rather the most satisfactory proof of republican independence. Our people felt strong enough in themselves, and in their institutions to afford to be hospitable; and the crowds of well-dressed, well-behaved persons in our streets, who cheered the passing guest with such right good-will, evidently had no fear of him and his kingdom, nor sought any favors of him. They neither wished to engage his hand for a dance, nor to have his name in their albums, nor expected him to buy goods at their counters, nor make presents to their sons and daughters. They thought well of Victoria as a woman and a mother, well of England as a nation, and wished well to the Prince of Wales. Their presence and cheers were not merely the result of curiosity and excitement, but of hearty good-will; and never on earth, we believe, has such a hearty "God bless you!" been given to an utter stranger by voices so many and so free. By certain persons, and in certain circles, some things were said and done, as we shall see in the course of this article, that had better have been otherwise; but our *people* have borne themselves well, and their conduct enables us

to name our subject with satisfaction, and with cheerful hopes to treat of our American Dignity.

We, perhaps, feel our importance sufficiently as a nation, yet we have not as clear an idea as we ought to have of its essential grounds; and, moreover, when we sometimes find ourselves most stoutly vindicating ourselves from assault, we betray a sensitiveness that implies suspicion of defect more than consciousness of strength. The spread-eagle style, which has become so proverbial, is not the tone of conscious power; and the noble bird that we have chosen for our symbol shows more majesty by folding his wings in repose than in forever stretching them in weary flight. We are by no means disposed to claim perfection for our people or our institutions, yet we are convinced that a little candid reflection, alike upon our good points and our deficiencies, may put us in the way to win a better self-respect. Our words will not be in vain if they may hit some prevailing follies while they set forth some comforting truths.

One cheering sign of the rise of a truer dignity in our people is the rapid disappearance of the preposterous vanity that claimed for us a wholly independent origin, and almost self-existent being, without our owing any thing to any antecedents. The staple boast of our Fourth of July orators used to be that a magical piece of paper, called the Declaration of Independence, made us a nation in a day, and cut us wholly off from the old stock of European civilization on which we grew. It seemed to be supposed that this document made the nation, instead of the nation making the document; and the best proof that a man could give of his being a thorough American was his constant pity of every thing colonial, and contempt for every thing foreign, especially English. We have learned a great deal better now, and have mostly outgrown the folly of looking upon ourselves as wholly a self-made people, or as having sprung up from the ground in a night. We find ourselves carefully and reverently studying the annals of colonial enterprise and wisdom, tracing our origin to the stout men and worthy women of the olden time, and discovering affinities between our laws and institutions and those which have had the stamp of centuries upon them in the best countries of the Old World. Our sense of importance, therefore, has lost some of its insolence, and risen in dignity by humbling its conceit. We are now thinking more of our antecedents than ever since the first days of the revolution, before our patriots could make up their minds to cut themselves off from their allegiance to the mother country; and we have no doubt that the welcome given to our royal guest came, in great part, from a growing sense of the close connection between his antecedents and our own.

At one time we might have hesitated to affirm what we must now do—that a man's dignity begins not with what he does, but with what he carries to his work, and that his personal effort is but one of the factors of his honor. Before we begin to do any thing at all, we claim surely an honor that we never can create, but at best can only confirm—the honor of being men, or human; and the child is ranked above the brute not by the scale of merit, but by the fact of blood, being carefully watched over and loved before putting forth any sign of rational intelligence, and when far less active and playful than a kitten, or puppy, or bird of the same age. The child is great by antecedents, while so

little in presence; and what is true of the child is true of the man and the nation. The birth-right—or what a man is born to—gives him his position before he has done any thing for himself. It is this that makes us not only human but also national, and enables us to start with our capital of life, constitution, and power. The great birth-right of our common humanity is the essential title to dignity, and should entitle all who hold it to respect: yet the generic title is very much qualified by specific differences; and no sensible person will say that a Guinea negro or a Hottentot starts with the same antecedents, either of blood or position, as a native American citizen, who is born of the old Revolutionary stock, that had been nurtured in the atmosphere of civil liberty since the days of the Barons of Runnymede or William of Orange, and perhaps for ages before. As Americans, we may well claim to come of good blood; and the early colonists, who formed our institutions, and led our armies and legislatures, and give character to our people, were born and bred among the best and freest nations of the Old World. They affirmed, instead of renouncing, their birth-right by the act of Revolution; and Washington gave proof of being of the stock of Alfred and Cromwell, in leading the armies of the Revolution and signing the Constitution of the United States. He and his compeers were willing to be subjects of constitutional law, but not willing to be slaves of arbitrary power; and the illustrious Englishmen who lately paid their reverential visit to Mount Vernon honored their own birth-right and country by the act.

Mere blood of itself avails little unless indorsed by virtues; and when we speak of our birth-right of blood, we mean to connect with it the whole course of its history, and to affirm that a nation, like a family, has a corporate and continuous life, that beats in its heart and works in its hand. Estimated thus, America may claim noble antecedents; and for more than two centuries she has been animated by a spirit of industry and reverence, liberty and order. New elements, indeed, come in to modify the old tendencies; and the solidity and freedom of our English and Dutch ancestry have been brought into new and close relations with Germanic egoism and Irish clannishness. Yet these two extremes have pretty effectually balanced each other; and in spite of serious forebodings to the contrary, our nation is likely to be saved alike from a false individualism and a false centralization, and to go on in the old paths of regulated liberty. Without entering into the philosophy of the subject, or heaping up elaborate statistics, we may point to our people themselves as living proof of our hereditary and constitutional habit. Hundreds of thousands gathered in our streets to welcome the royal Prince, in liberty without license, and in order without menace. The multitude was not a mob, but a people, and as such it was noticed and honored by our sagacious and distinguished guests. We were proud to be among them—one of that vulgar crowd, as a saucy newspaper called it—and were all the more sure of their good behavior because nothing less could be expected of them, after the teaching and habit that two centuries of virtual liberty and order have tended to domesticate on these shores. The fathers, though dead, are still with the children, and the Dutch burgomasters and the English freemen of years long gone lived in the veins and looked out of the eyes of the great company who filled the streets of this vast metropolis.

Of course when we count the antecedents of blood and institutions, we can not omit the land which has given us our home and field. All dignity must have a material basis, and even that Gospel which came to establish a spiritual kingdom claimed also a terrestrial jurisdiction, and promised to its gentle heroes and heroines, God's meek children, that they should inherit the earth. To own land always gives a sense of independence; and while, as a nation with a continent and two oceans for our patrimony, we have a comfortable assurance of having a handsome property, and every school-boy and plowman regards himself as a general partner in the concern, we are not obliged as individuals to plead poverty in the ears of illustrious strangers, and our people are landholders to a degree unknown in the Old World. We are owning land more and more; and while our territory, in its growing vastness, is giving us a new sense of our common national domain, the constant division of the soil among the many by purchase is marvelously extending that feeling of self-respect that is so closely connected with the ownership of land. The Roman gentry took the title of Equites, or horsemen, and there is a good deal of meaning, surely, in the ownership of a horse. Our landholders are generally of the equestrian order; and probably, in proportion to our numbers, we have more of this class of gentry among us than any nation on earth; and that would be a wonderful parade that should marshal on one field all of our cavalry, from the master of a hundred blood-horses on some of our stock farms to the owner of the solitary nag that so often carries civilization to the margin of the Rocky Mountains.

Put all these elements together—our lineage, our institutions, our land, alike in its productiveness and its beauty—and surely we have some antecedents to be proud of. Before we point to any thing that we have done for ourselves, we have something to show for our birth-right. We have a history that enriches every good citizen's pedigree, and enables him to hold up his head wherever he goes. The more reverential and religious is the spirit of our claim so much the better; and the feeling that was so strong in the old Revolutionary times, that our country had a providential mission, and Washington and his compeers were divinely led, is wholesome and rational. No nation is well-born that is not born of God, and no man has any true sense of dignity who is not in some way under a providential commission. When the American connects his faith in the divine calling of his country with a just conviction of his own personal birth-right as a citizen, a Christian, and a man, he is not likely to play the sycophant in any society, or to fawn in the saloons of nobles or before the thrones of kings. The old Puritan character, that has been, on the whole, the most powerful element of our civilization, was based upon this sense of a providential calling, and every man of this stamp started in his career with the idea that God sent him, and that therefore he had a right to be and to work without asking leave of thrones or apologizing to courts. What may be called, in the good sense of the term, our American *quality* or *gentility* partakes largely of this disposition; and the men who have done most to form our standard of character united a deep sense of God's care for them with a strong determination to take good care of themselves. The union of personal faith with personal energy is exemplified in our leaders and communities of the old colony times; and when the stout individualism and clannish neighborhoods of those

times were brought together under the pressure of common danger during the War of the Revolution, the result was that combination of personal courage and public spirit that has so stamped itself on our history. Thus we maintain that the true American is reverential, brave, and patriotic; and the type of character that we inherit with our blood and history is so eminently dignified that we need only be true to our antecedents to stand upon the true ground of dignity. Our *gentility*, or our *family* temperament, has a good deal of the air noble in its tone and bearing, and every man who holds up his head as one of God's children, and puts forth his hand bravely in honest work, proves himself to be of the lineage of Washington, and Franklin, and Adams, and their compeers. What usually passes as *gentility* is a poor pretense that claims for a few branches of the family what belongs to the family as such, and even they who claim to be lineal descendants of our noted men can no more assume to inherit the virtues of the whole stock than the buds of a single twig can presume to exhaust the sap of the whole trunk. It is our stock as such—the corporate, continuous life of the true American people—that gives us our lineage, or our gentility, or family unity, and the best specimens of its quality are likely to be found elsewhere than in the exclusive cliques that base their dignity upon inheriting an ancient name, while they are strangers to the virtues that gave that name honor.

But whatever may be thought of our antecedents, we must allow that our dignity must at once totter and fall unless it has some present proofs of its worth and its work to stand upon. *Antecedence*, of course, is as essential to growth as the seed or root is essential to the tree; but *presence* of growth is the only satisfactory proof that the antecedence has any vital power, or that the seed or root is alive. What is there in our *presence* as a nation or as individuals that we can build any dignity upon? The question may be answered in two ways, either in respect to our material or our mental developments, or perhaps what may be justly called our wealth and our worth.

Looking to our material presence, we surely need not be ashamed of ourselves. Our country, in its soil and scenery, need not hide its head before our titled guests; and Niagara, the Hudson, and the Catskills—the prairies of the West, and the meadows and forests of the East—need not apologize for asking the young Lord of the British Isles and his ducal companion to look upon them. Of the fruits of our soil, also, we have no reason to be ashamed; and the Goliath who showed to the Prince the granaries of the West—the huge Mayor of Chicago, in his ample bulk—was no inapt impersonation of the wealth of our soil. Long John Wentworth, like our land, is not only big enough for himself, but with a good fund of strength to spare occasionally for the service of a neighbor. We believe, too, that we are less wasteful of our natural resources than before; and, from what we read and what we see, it is obvious that our people are learning and practicing the fundamental principles of good husbandry, and making great advances in the science and art of manuring, draining, and all the branches of horticulture and agriculture. While the wild prairies and dense forests of the West have been peopled with an industrious race, and the land cheered with thriving farms and villages, the old States have been rejuvenated, and the last twenty years have brought a wonderful transformation to all our rural districts, especially to those in the vicinity of our great cities and towns.

Perhaps our business affairs never looked better than at present; and any intelligent American who observes what is now doing in our villages and cities—the enterprise at work in producing, and transforming, and exchanging the products of the soil—can not but take to himself some share of the self-respect that belongs to a people so laborious and so intelligent. The sense of prosperity comes home to great numbers of our people who may seem little active in promoting it; and thousands and hundreds of thousands of quiet citizens have capital invested in the mines, ships, roads, and steamers that enrich the nation, and unite the Atlantic with the Pacific shores. Other marks of prosperity we have that rise into intellectual and moral grandeur; and the schools, charitable asylums, and churches that are covering our land may well give us a new sense of worth that is far more important than wealth. We are quite well aware, indeed, that we have not the imposing signs of greatness which so impress a visitor to the Old World. We have few palaces, and next to no standing army. Nor have we a class of persons whose position entitles them to be regarded as the set dignitaries and established representatives of the nation, such as the kings, princes, nobles, and generals of Europe. Our Government itself is a very feeble expression of the nation, and most of our work is done without its aid, the leaders of enterprise asking little more than to be let alone; somewhat in the language, though not in the surly temper, of Diogenes asking the Alexander at Washington just to get out of the sunshine and allow the light to have its way. Strangers who look for our Government can not find it either in any magistrates, or police, or army; simply because the people are the Government, and their inherent power they hold in their own hands, having only delegated a small portion of it to public functionaries.

Our governing power is most conspicuous at elections, especially at the great State and National elections. Then our people show themselves, and review their magistracies and renew their magistracies. There is something, indeed, in our elections to regret, especially in the growing disposition to employ bribery, directly or indirectly, in influencing votes. But elections in other countries are not immaculate; and we suppose that the ballot-box is quite as pure, on the whole, as in England, considering the immense results that often hang on the contest here—nothing less, in fact, than the change of the whole policy of the Government, and virtually the election of a temporary king. We are afraid that political corruption with us, in this respect, may be worse before it is better; but we are quite sure that causes are at work that must in the end make our political agitations less objectionable. No thoughtful American need be ashamed of the manner in which the present canvass has, on the whole, been conducted. Our first statesmen have laid their most mature thoughts before the nation; and the people themselves, in their various party demonstrations, have generally shown a moderation and order that are most cheering. We have watched processions of enormous numbers, far exceeding in size any of our military parades, and have been astonished at the decorum, and even the good taste and good feeling displayed in the mottoes and manners of the march. In fact, during the Prince's visit there has been something in every great popular demonstration under his eye that has been satisfactory. Our people have done better than their functionaries; and generally the multitude have shown



a better *quality* than the exclusives who claim to be the only quality. They have looked well and done well, and we are proud of them.

Perhaps it is best that it should be so, and that the great middle class, who constitute the bone and sinew, the head and heart of the nation, should best represent us. Yet we confess to feeling some regret that the dignity of our nation has not shown itself in some more conspicuous and organic embodiment. Our President did very well, and we never had a warmer sense of American loyalty than when we read of the hearty welcome to the royal stranger by our venerable chief magistrate, and of the visit of the whole company of guests, with their host, to the tomb of Washington. Prince and President had both antecedents to be proud of; and he who wears officially the mantle of Washington is qualified to meet on equal terms the son of Victoria and the heir of the throne of Alfred. Yet, on the whole, we confess to not being satisfied with the conduct of our officials and managers in the late act of international hospitality. Here, in this metropolis, the mismanagement was most monstrous and disgraceful. Hundreds of thousands of people gathered in our magnificent thoroughfare to see the expected guest, and to give him a hearty cheer, and he was detained for hours to witness, over and over again, the marching and countermarching of our excellent volunteer soldiery. Their evolutions were, as they always are, admirable, and must have given our guests an idea of the instinctive aptitude of our people for military organization: an aptitude which relieves us from the necessity of keeping up a large standing army, since it assures us that at a few weeks' warning all the able-bodied men in the country can be transformed into an army, equal, man for man, to any troops in the world. Their appearance and conduct were worthy of themselves and of the occasion. But why should the review have been repeated, depriving our guests of the opportunity of seeing the brilliant crowds gathered to welcome them, and depriving thousands of the people of occasion to look upon the visitors in honor of whom they had gathered. Somebody blundered, certainly. But it was not the people or our volunteer soldiers. The disappointment was cruel to all parties—to our people and their guest—sending thousands home, in town and country, cold and out of temper, and robbing our guest of probably the best display of popular intelligence, order, and enthusiasm that he ever saw in his life. The conduct of our social functionaries was no more judicious; and we can hardly believe, what is unquestionably true, that the wealth and fashion of this city expended forty thousand dollars on a ball, and neglected to see that the building was safe, and that the temporary floor was secure against the great and unexampled pressure. Twelve thousand dollars was paid for the supper—four dollars for each person—and not four dollars was thought of being devoted to paying a good mechanic or engineer for inspecting the supports that kept royalty and democracy from tumbling into the cellar amidst the stock of pasteboard crowns for tragedy kings, and fustian frocks for simple people. We confess to having a good deal of city as well as national pride; and we find comfort in this mortification only from the fact that it is so positive and so well deserved as to be taken as a retribution, instead of being passed over as a mere accident. It was so *like* what we are said to be, that we have actually played into the hands of the caricaturists, and put on a bigger fool's-cap than they have ever drawn for us.

Probably a better representation of the intelligence and taste of the city would have averted the scandal of bad manners and poor management which arose at the hands of the self-styled wealth and fashion. Our artists generally were ignored, and our brilliant professional men were postponed to dull capitalists and accomplished dancers. Undoubtedly, many intelligent and estimable persons were engaged in the affair, but good sense was kept in the back-ground; and never in America, surely, was so much money spent in a single evening, with so little good result. The whole thing was a virtual repudiation of American dignity, and a poor imitation of foreign usages. It was not republican either in plan or execution; and surely nothing can be further from our best American manners than to rob a guest of his liberty by obtrusion, and to unite the snob and the sycophant in elbowing, rudeness, and servile adulation. Our people, as a whole, have little sympathy with such proceedings; and we prefer to point to our firemen, our soldiery, and our citizens at large, as specimens of American men and manners.

We do wish that our guests could judge us by some more favorable manifestations of our public men and public occasions than have been set before them. Probably in private they have been more favored, and the choice men and women of the land have been presented to them. What has been said to them in public has been so little satisfactory to our people, indeed, as to make us content that the speech-making has been rare, unless the speakers could be changed. We must confess that our official men who do those things are not generally our ablest men; and as we measure their performances with the best standard we can not help asking, somewhat earnestly, whether we are as well represented in public positions as we ought to be, and whether there are not some causes at work that keep our ablest citizens out of office. The popular vote is surely more likely to fall on the man whom party tact has kept within the lines of prudent mediocrity than the brilliant leader, whose gifts and boldness win admiration and envy, creating, perhaps, an animosity in opponents more than enough to counterbalance the enthusiasm of friends. Again and again we have seen mediocre men raised to high office, while superior gifts and characters have been left to comparative neglect. Thus here, as in the old aristocracies, it is not personal merit that wins the palm, but a kind of hereditary caste; and as in the Old World it is the family blood that regulates the descent of honors, so here it is a traditional party policy that bases its succession more upon party lineage than personal merit. The least offensive man who inherits the party name and spirit, and is conspicuous enough to bear its banner in his name, is more sure of success than the statesman of well-tried service and ripe experience. The check on this mediocrity ought to be found here, as in the Old World, in the selection of superior men to fill the chief places in our cabinets and councils. Probably our ablest officials are not such as are appointed directly by the popular vote; and the State and the nation have been served by heads of departments and judges chosen by the few best acquainted with their merits. But even here there is a great difficulty, for the emoluments of office are generally so small that first-class men are not ambitious of filling them, and thus they sometimes go begging until they fall into the hands of inferiors. Whatever may be the cause, we must confess that the best dignity

of our nation is not generally in its officials; and if we would make out our roll of honor, the shining names would be drawn not from the political firmament. Our professional men, editors, teachers, merchants, farmers, mechanics might furnish an ample list; and even the names of statesmen entitled to a place would be quite as likely to be drawn from the retirement to which their minority or their merits have consigned them as from the walks of public life. What check shall be put to this frequent withdrawal of the best men from office we can not predict, sure as we are that a better idea of dignity, as consisting less in wealth than in usefulness, might make office more honorable and money-making less essential. Whatever may be the effective cause, we shall be glad to see the result accomplished, and the public service put upon the good old basis of the Washingtonian times. We certainly are quite ready to be loyal to able public men, and the few eminent statesmen who are known to the whole nation are sure of honor and audience wherever they go. We hope to see the day when the nation, without distinction of party, shall have its leaders; and as we looked upon General Scott during the late ovation, and saw him receiving a measure of honor such as was accorded to no other citizen, we could not but wish that the civil as well as the military service might have its accredited chiefs, with honors above party passions and aims beyond party aggrandizement. With all our personal confidences and hard individualism we are full of social loyalty, and are ready to do honor to every commanding man who comes before us. It will be a great day for us when we find public leaders of gifts and presence corresponding with the intelligence and energy of the people. Our ready enthusiasm for a foreign prince, whose title comes wholly from his blood, should reveal to us our unconscious craving for a prince after our own kind, a kingly man of the true make, by blood and breeding, faith and force, able to command the respect of a brave and free people, and lead them as one among them, not as one above them. It may be, however, that the absence of such a chief is a Providential hint that our people in themselves are to be royal; and the great aim should be to cherish in our children a reverence and a courage that gives each worthy citizen the royal dignity, and so makes the pomp of courts ridiculous. Specimens of such dignity we have, and thousands of solid men and fair women who cheered the royal guest did so with the feeling that humanity is the only royal birth-right; and this Prince is honorable only so far as he and his race stand identified with the human rights and human worth that are the honor of all souls and the safeguard of all nations.

As this feeling rises and spreads among us we shall not only prove a greater *antecedence* and show a better *presence*, but we shall have a wider and higher *consequence*. A man's consequence, indeed, is sometimes measured by his self-esteem or assumption, and many very consequential people are called such apparently because no consequences at all come from them. We attach consequence justly only to those whose character and conduct have important results, and therefore we are entitled to consequence as a people according to the results that are likely to flow from our ideas and works. We allow, indeed, that a king has consequence because he has position and power, and all that he says and does has very significant results. It is not only the thing said or done that is important, but the position from which, and the people to whom it is said or done. And as we all live in social fellowship more or less extended;

we measure our consequence by the quantity and quality of influence that we exert. This consequence is sometimes both personal and impersonal, as in the case of the pilot, who is more important than any other man, not only because he knows the soundings and the coast, but because he stands at the helm, and turns the ship and all on board by his hand. It is useless to deny that, as Americans, we have consequence by our position as masters of this New World, and ought to confirm by our ideas and labors the promise of our position. It is well for us to unite both elements in our schemes of influence, and develop our resources in the providential channels opened for us by the Lord of Ages. The highest law of conquest is growth, not mere diffusion; and as we grow from the organic root we shall spread and rise in true dignity and power. We measure health not by the bulk of what we eat, but by the perfection in which we assimilate it, and renew the exhausted forces and members of our body; and every novice knows that bloated corpulence is not vigor but disease. The health of a nation depends upon the amount of territory and people assimilated by its vital ideas and powers. Evidently, then, our social consequence is to be measured by the same principle, and the better we comprehend and apply the organic laws and usages that have made us a nation, the greater our promise of influence both in America and Europe. At home, we are strong by submitting individual willfulness to the order of free and effective institutions, and distributing power in due degree, so as to unite the people in towns, the towns in States, and the States in the Confederacy, thus guaranteeing local liberty and central law. Abroad, we are strong by appearing in our solid citizenship and personal independence, presenting a great organic power to Europe, alike encouraging to free principles and adverse to all tyranny. Each man confirms his personal dignity by uniting in himself the largeness and the order of the nation, and cherishing free affinities with all men, while he speaks his own mind and does his own work with all energy and self-reliance.

The more thoroughly the citizen identifies himself with the great forces of law, liberty, education, industry, faith, that are working out our mighty future, the more thoroughly he incorporates himself into the body of humanity, and its growth is his growth, and its coronation is his honor. The moment he affirms his own self-sufficiency he destroys his consequence, as the branch that is cut from the root dies in the very attempt to grow of itself. The true man, therefore, proves his consequence by following his antecedents in all present faith and fidelity. He rules by right divine; and the royalty that he wins and wears will hold good under all empires, and last when earthly thrones shall crumble to dust. We ought to be willing to take some lessons in this higher royalty from the gentle, and sensible, and manly, and modest young Prince who has just gone from us. Richter, that profound thinker and rich humorist, has said, in his letter on the Education of a Prince: "I could recommend no other refuge from anticipated courts for an heir-apparent than a foreign country, where the native prince would draw away all flatterers from the stranger." It may be that our native prince, Young America, needs the lesson more than the stranger; and if our sovereign is half as shrewd as he is said to be, he will learn of his visiting brother's simple manners, quiet ease, and thorough good-breeding—to understand better that assumption is not courage, irreverence is not manliness, and self-will is not dignity.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THACKERAY has finished the publication of his *Georges in the Cornhill*, and they are republished here in a volume. How intensely English they are! All the details and phenomena of the court life and the society they describe are utterly strange to us. The spirit of that society is not so entirely unknown here, perhaps. We worship gilded people, and call them gentlemen too. We don't gamble, and drink, and swear, and riot quite as much as the penultimate Prince of Wales and his crew, but we do our share to keep up the world's reputation for disgraceful misconduct.

The four Georges had, upon the whole, as few admirable or respectable qualities as any series of four monarchs in any history. It shows the inherent vigor of the English people, and the independence of its government of the nominal head of the State, that the country did not succumb under a whole hundred years of King Georges. Their reigns cover a great part of that eighteenth century which Carlyle despises, and they are the least of all the little men who are conspicuous in it. Their contemporary kings were often great men: Frederick the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte were in their time. And they had famous and great men for subjects. Addison, Pope, Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, Gibbon, Hume, Gray, Sterne, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Clive, Warren Hastings, Robert Walpole, Wellington, James Watt, Jenner, and a galaxy more. These were all subjects and servants of the Georges.

But in his lectures upon the Humorists Thackeray has treated of the literary men and things of the epoch. In the Georges he draws more from social gossip. The narrative is melancholy enough. You follow on through the glittering, racy pages—but that high life is shocking; for it is morning now, and the rouge and tinsel and hollow humbug are so plain, so painful! It is pitiful to contrast—as Thackeray does in the cases of Southey, Colingwood, and Heber, in the last lecture—the wealth wasted upon such wretched frumps as the Georges of England and the patient, life-long, poorly-paid labor, or the miserable struggle and starving, of so many noble Englishmen. The incessant moral is—and it urges itself quietly all the time—"Is it worth while to pay for all this pageantry? Can not sensible, educated men dispense with this expensive and cumbrous machinery?"

Probably the people who listened to the pleasant flow of the lectures neither thought of such things nor asked such questions. When they were first delivered here, in New York, in the autumn of 1855, there was a little shrugging of shoulders and regret that he had not chosen a better subject than a pack of dull kings and their mistresses. But they were the symptoms of the time. Did not Samuel Johnson wait for an hour, hat in hand, in Lord Chesterfield's ante-room? Did not that smart and absurd Horace Walpole call Goldsmith "an inspired idiot?" The time was tainted with the spirit which reveled in high life. You may smile at Mr. Pepys's careful memoranda of trivialities; but Lord Clarendon says that the spirit of the court was the spirit of England.

Besides, do you mean to read only about good and great people? about a pure and cultivated society? It is pleasant reading, but it is limited. It is not only pleasant reading, but it is inspiring. Study

the great men. Let your memory be a gallery of the portraits that history and the heart love. But also you must know the men among whom you live, and with whom and upon whom you are to work.

There is a report, which ought to be true, that Thackeray is to write a history of the time of Queen Anne. No man could do it with sincerer interest, for his studies have lain especially in that period, and he has a peculiar sympathy with that quaint aspect of character and manners. There is rich material for such a work, with which he is familiar; and perhaps no man in England could write so good a sequel to Macaulay's volumes. "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians" show how interesting he could make a history; and as his invention may well be a little weary, it would be agreeable for him to work upon material already at hand. But his constant employment upon the *Cornhill*, and his indolence—an indolence apparently characteristic of the society of authors—will be serious impediments. We wish he would, but we don't believe he will.

In a late Roundabout paper there is an extract from the famous London novel of forty years ago, "Tom and Jerry." Thackeray has a true relish for it, and serves up the old story with affectionate gusto. He doesn't find it very funny now. But he turns it over so curiously, and looks at it and wonders over it so quaintly, that the mind is carried back to that time, and forced to contemplate the fact that the fashion of the novel passeth away. Who of this generation knows any thing, even by name, of Corinthian Tom and Bob Logic? Yet, as people generally prefer the stories they read in their youth, and continue to read them over and over—as those who were familiar with Scott's novels when they appeared regularly read them now—it would be interesting to know whether there are old English squires in the country who still read that old novel of London life as it was in their youth.

It is instructive, and a little melancholy, to look over a publisher's old book-list. Turn to the end of books printed twenty or twenty-five years ago by any of our leading houses, and scan the names of the new works upon the catalogue. How gently they have sunk into oblivion! How quietly the world has passed over them to study the names of newer works upon newer catalogues! Well, the consolation is that the good things in them have been overlooked and forgotten because the capacity of the world is limited, and the old good things have been replaced by the new.

THE lively Mr. Sala has completed his "Memoirs of Hogarth," which have appeared serially in the *Cornhill*: "the labor of sixty-seven happy nights," he calls it. He has evidently made it a labor of love, and has accumulated stores of interesting and rare information. The style in which the papers are written is, however, rather ambitious, and not quite his own. Sala's writings have generally tasted of Dickens or Thackeray; but this has a strong flavor of Carlyle. Yet it has all his own talent, and is a valuable biography.

Hogarth was a genuine John Bull. His pictures preach the John Bull morality, which is widely spread. Honesty is the best policy; Tommy be a good boy, and you shall have a tart. Yet in the details of his pictures there is a fullness and dramatic power which make him great among artists as well as moralists. Sala follows the lines of Hogarth's great works with tender fidelity. He edits each picture, so that its significance is clear, and all its



allusions are explained. In all of them there is that homely London tone which you find in Fielding and Smollett. If Fielding had had more conscience, and had been a painter or engraver, he would have done similar things to Hogarth's. Indeed, you seem to be reading Fielding when you are looking at Hogarth. They both have the open air, everyday freedom of handling which shows the greatest power. For such skill has no adventitious aids. If some of our own artists should exhibit in the spring at the Academy a series of pictures representing any special current of New York life with the graphic force and courageous detail of Hogarth, and should persuade us as we looked that there was nothing low in such a work, but that it belonged to the highest range of art, how ludicrously small the going to Italy to study the old masters would instantly seem!

Not, of course, that such art is the only great art, nor that it is not a good thing to go to Italy. Not at all; the point would be to remind us that it is not the subject nor the association, but the treatment, which makes the true greatness of art. In another department of art, the "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" are the most triumphant illustrations of the same principle. The life of a starving seamstress, and the death of a prostitute, are as familiar and fearful subjects as could well be proposed. Artists who think that Madonnas are essential to high art, and Sir William Wallace to tragical romance, may learn memorable lessons from William Hogarth and Thomas Hood. They were both Englishmen; they both saw the essential fact that it is the business of art, of whatever kind, to use life as its subject: and to both of them humor had a lambent richness which decorated but did not debase life.

AND apropos of art of an older kind, there is an effort to awaken, or develop, a taste for the Italian masters in the gallery of Mr. James Jackson Jarves. He is not unknown to the readers of this Magazine, and his racy books upon French and Italian life are among the most instructive and entertaining of their kind. Mr. Jarves has been for several years resident in Italy, and has collected many pictures illustrative of the progress of art, so that the careful study of them will show the student the "chronological and historical sequence of paintings."

His hope is that there may be sufficient interest in the matter to retain the collection in New York, that we may have the nucleus of a historic gallery such as those of Florence and other chief European cities. This is partly supplied by the well-known and curious collection of Mr. Bryan.

In order to found such a gallery permanently, it is necessary that those who are interested in the subject should labor for it. For the work to be done is not only to have the collection and to know about it, but to inspire other people with the desire to know about it too. There is no popular interest whatever in the "old masters" as such. Their names, with a few exceptions, are entirely unknown, and the few that are somewhat familiar are ignorantly worshiped. How many people in New York would make it a point to go and see an undoubted Giovanni Bellini? Some, doubtless; but not many. Now those "some" are the persons to whom such a collection as this of Mr. Jarves first appeals. They are *ex-officio*, by their taste, cultivation, and interest, the guardians of the youth of art in this country. They are the Newcastles of that H.R.H.

Well—these must take care that their friends see pictures, and understand why pictures should be seen. Every nation is glorious just in the degree that it encourages the development of the highest human power. The painting of pictures may or may not be one of the results of that encouragement, but the presence, and study, and influence of pictures unquestionably helps that development. It may be doubtful whether any particular form of civilization will be reproduced; but undoubtedly the careful study of all precedent forms assists the new era, whatever it may be. The end of the study of pictures is not that pictures may be painted, but that the soul may be inspired and strengthened.

It should be well understood, therefore, that a distinct duty is laid upon those who share a love of art in every form. Nothing of the kind moves in this country unless it be pushed along. Pictures may be left to make their own way with people—but people must not be left to make their own way to pictures. The gallery of Mr. Jarves will stand upon its merits like other galleries. But pictorial art, this shy stranger, speaks no tongue familiar to our society. She stands among us, glowing and beautiful, but silent. Will those who speak her language not help interpret her to those who would gladly know her and talk with her?

Next month we can all speak of Mr. Jarves's pictures in detail more intelligibly.

THE novel of "Evan Harrington; or, He Would be a Gentleman," is just completed in *Once a Week*, and is issued here. It is a story of contemporary English life, full of subtlety and spirit, depending for its impression upon the skill and detail with which its characters are delineated.

It is—curiously enough, and perhaps unconsciously—a tale in which the women are more variously and strongly pronounced than the men, and they are the cleverest and most effective actors throughout. The "argument" is the love of a tailor's son, whom Nature made a gentleman, for a baronet's daughter, whom Nature also made a lady. There is no mawkish moralizing in it, but the simple and frequent experience of all society confirms the justice of the plot. The book is quiet, but most interesting, from the author's ability to state the shadowy, evanescent, and glimmering emotions that play through every sensitive mind brought in contact with what it despises as prejudice, and yet can not exactly escape. The Countess is a portrait of very great skill—so is Rose—so is Evan himself—so is his mother.

The moral of the book is not that every tailor is as much a gentleman as every nobleman, but simply that gentlemanhood is determined by causes which can not be calculated, and may appear in a tailor's son and not appear in an earl's. Its farther moral is the picture of the perfectly heathen spirit of modern Christian society, which stigmatizes one man because he is useful, and worships another because his great-grandfather was useful. Certainly George Fourth's tailor was a truer gentleman than George Fourth. He may have been as bad a man, but then he was good for something. Not because he made George's coats. That certainly does not prove it; but because he made coats for other people—honest people, some of them, let us hope, who had an honest business in life.

In Evan Harrington we have one of the most fascinating heroes of the modern novel. Usually the fascinating people in novels do not fascinate. But

Evan does. Rose's love is perfectly intelligible. Every girl who reads the book will fall in love with Evan, and that not because he is described with tinted ink as a pirate, or a statesman, or a saint, or a hero; nor because he is invested with some obscure antecedents full of the possibility that he is a king's son, after all. There is nothing of this: nothing of the rose romance. The book is pure daylight throughout, dear young lady. Mr. Evan Harrington is a tailor's son; but he is, somehow, so essentially noble and lovely, that it is like the warmth of the June air, inevitable and universal.

He tells a falsehood once, indeed. It was intended to draw blame upon himself, and to prevent suffering to others. But, as usual, such falsehood was a fault; yet a fault that we can justly pardon, because nobly committed. And Rose, surely she is a true-hearted girl; and her mother, Lady Jocelyn, a most womanly woman. Every one must admire the cool, neutral tint of the story, while the passionate romance of love is touched with a power that few possess.

Among the many novels it is remarkable for its masculine nerve—a tone which springs from knowledge. Too many of the clever novels, nowadays, which are written by women, lack a centre of gravity. They are vague and unsatisfactory. Apparently they are the product of intolerable ennui—with obscure aims and efforts, but without experience. A great novel is written by a man of great genius, whether he have experience or not. Genius is vicarious. It interprets for us emotions it never itself experienced. But very entertaining novels are written by people of tact and talent, provided they have experience or observation. There is Bulwer, for instance.

Then there is a quaint originality in the style of Evan Harrington which is fascinating. The author, George Meredith, is not a new man. He has written other books, of which "The Shaving of Shagpat" is most familiar to us, and a novel called "Richard Feverel," which has a luxuriant power that has been trained and trimmed in Evan Harrington.

THE great ball to the little Prince, of which we chatted together last month, was, alack the day! a failure. There were too many people, and they fell through the floor. It was disgraceful; but the four hundred were not to blame. No, seriously. If you yourself had been one of the Floor Committee you would have gone to Mr. Plank, the builder, and would have said to him, "Floor the parquette of the Academy to hold as many people as can stand upon it." It was a matter that must be confided to an expert. If you had said, when you saw it, "The supports are too weak," and Mr. Plank had answered, "Sir, you are mistaken; and I am a builder," doubtless you would have gracefully held your tongue. And when Mr. Plank added, "Sir, is it likely I should have suffered the floor to be unsupported when I expect to bring Mrs. Plank and my daughter to the ball?" then you would have replied, "Sir, I beg your pardon."

The duties of the Floor Committee could not be so broadly construed as to include the building of the floor or the setting its supports with their own hands. And yet it was disgraceful that the floor fell, because we have a reputation, and we have won it, for shiftlessness—for letting things take care of themselves—for guessing that it will answer—for going it blind—for putting it through with a light

heart and a thin pair of breeches. The solid English work, which shows itself in every article of the toilet, in portmanteaus, in printing and binding, in every department of use or comfort, contrasts proudly with our showy and weak way of doing the same things.

But it was a pity that this characteristic of our workmanship should have displayed itself just then and there. How H.R.H., who appears to enjoy jokes, must have laughed at breakfast the next morning with his grim Mentor, Newcastle, and the rest of the lofty company! What good things he must have written his mother! The New Yorkers, we can imagine him saying, gave us a great ball, which was perfectly successful, except that there was such a crowd that there could be no dancing; which was fortunate, because there was no floor to dance upon.

The great partner question of which we had so much speculation last month was easily settled. The Prince's first partner was the wife of the Governor of the State, and the rest were named by the Committee. There was a great agitation of the minds of all the lovely ladies in the city upon this subject; and the air is murmurous with strange whispers since the celestial visitants returned to their native heaven. One story, told in the choicest circles and fully believed, declares that upon entering the Academy the soft eyes of H.R.H. fell upon Juno, the most gorgeous of women, and he announced that it was necessary he should dance with that lady. And H.R.H. persisted and wished to be presented without delay. But one of the Committee replied sententiously, that all his partners were already selected, and that Juno was not upon the list. Now Juno overheard these dreadful words! The Prince danced according to the bill of fair; but the gorgeous Juno, with lightning in her eyes, declared that Mr. Fourhundredth, the Committee man, had openly insulted her. Do you envy Fourhundredth's position? Do you think he will enjoy his balls this winter? Do you not see in imagination those superbly-scornful eyes of Juno, burning him through and through as he shrinks behind the fans and the feathers, trying to escape a roasting! Poor shivering Fourhundredth, answer this question asked by that magnificent Junonine contempt, "What right had you and your fellows to select partners for the Prince, or to prevent from dancing with him any lady whose appearance attracted him? When the society of New York gave him a ball at which all the ladies were equally unknown to him, it was to be supposed that all were of the same social claims, was it not? Every lady in the building had an equal right with every other to be his partner, isn't it so? Well, you, and Smith, and Jones, and the rest of your set, selected certain people to dance with him; yes, but by what authority? Do you say that he couldn't dance with every body? Yes, that is true, but why should not he have made his own selection? We women were all of the same social standing—I don't mean of the same set—and we were all equally unknown to him. We had all paid for our tickets, and for a chance in the lottery of the dance. And you interfered, you miserable Fourhundredth, and I have lost the only opportunity I shall ever have of dancing with a Prince of Wales."

Mercy! mercy! who would be in the shoes of that hapless young gentleman?

H.R.H. seems to have been thwarted in many ways. Thus it is related by the veracious tongue of private gossip that, when the Boston gentleman who carried the invitation from that city to the review, arrived in the presence, and stated the object of his

mission, Mentor Newcastle turned to Telemachus and said, "Your Royal Highness, the city of Boston invites you to a review."

"Oh, dear! I am tired to death of reviews," replied Telemachus. "I won't have any more. I can't stand it."

"But your Royal Highness, the city has taken great trouble, and will be very much disappointed; and we have been so kindly received, that it really seems worth while to strain a point."

"No, no. I don't care, and I'm very tired; and I won't have any review."

Whereupon the severe Newcastle smiles blandly upon the Boston Ambassador and replies:

"His Royal Highness is deeply moved, and accepts with great pleasure the kind offer of the review in the city of Boston."

Poor little Renfrew! He couldn't dance with Juno when he wanted to, and had to have a review when he didn't want to.

THE ball inevitably reminded every New Yorker of the ball given some twenty years ago to another Englishman, not famous as the son of a line of kings, but for writing his own name in history—the ball to Charles Dickens at the old Park Theatre. That was called very splendid in those days, and it is a historical fact that the floor did not break down. Since Lafayette came over to us in 1825, there had been no such overflowing enthusiasm as was shown in the reception of Dickens; and the worth of it was, that it was all his own doing. He had made a foreign country love him.

Carlyle, in his "Past and Present," had his little sneer at "Schnauspiel, the distinguished novelist;" but was there ever a more honorable homage than that we offered to the greatest of living authors? Very possibly we overdid it. Love and reverence and enthusiasm are very apt to overdo it. If Julius Cæsar were in love, Julius Cæsar would probably be spoony, and would be caught ogling his mistress and pressing her hand; performances which are not edifying to the cool spectator, but are as serious as the conquest of Gaul to Julius Cæsar in love.

We were that enamored chieftain when Boz came to us, and if we were demonstrative, and very ardent, and what you derisively call "spoony," what then? Are we ashamed of it? Good Heavens! can we run after Japanese Embassadors, can we set the whole country koo-tooing before a fair-haired young Oxonian, nineteen years old, who has never done any thing but be the great grandson of George Third—and yet feel red and flushed at remembering how we honored a man of genius, whose works help make the renown of England and the delight of civilized mankind? Come! come! you may be proud that you were at the Prince's ball: the Easy Chair is proud that it saw the Boz ball.

It was given in the old Park Theatre. You can not find it now. You can look up a narrow street, from Ann Street to Beekman, which is known as Theatre Alley. That was in the rear of the temple of the muses. The building was coated with cement or plaster, I think, and there was a row of doors arched at the top, and a row of stately arched windows over them, the windows of the "saloon," or a *foyer* with a bar attached. All the theatrical sentiment of New York—and it is sadly second-hand—clusters about the old Park Theatre. That it was second-hand you may understand from the fact that it was called our "Old Drury." In like manner Fenimore Cooper was called the Walter Scott of America.

The resemblance lay in their both writing novels, and there it ceased. Drury Lane Theatre in London and the Park in New York had the same kind of resemblance; they were both play-houses.

But it had some interesting associations. It was built in 1798, and opened upon three evenings in the week. It was burned in 1820 and again in 1849. Here Cooke acted, and Kean, Cooper, Booth, Wallack, Conway, Matthews, Powers, Ellen Tree, and Fanny Kemble. Here Incledon, Braham, and Phillips, had sung; and here Malibran was crowned Queen of Song. In 1825 she sang on the 29th of November in the Barber of Seville. Many have sung it since, and sung it sweetly. But those who heard Malibran's Rosina have never heard any other: at least they say so.

The building was historic, therefore, in its way. There had been dancing there, too. Celeste—do you remember Celeste, venerable Sir of fifty-five? Augusta—most fascinating of bayadères. Do you remember "Buy-it-dear" at Mitchell's Olympic? And last and greatest and most memorable of all, Fanny Ellsler had victoriously trodden the town under her sublime feet, and the wild fascination of her foreign dances, with their marked and melodious music, still invested the old Park with peculiar interest, when it was resolved by "people" that a ball should be given to Mr. Dickens in that very place.

He had had a dinner at the old City Hotel, at which Washington Irving presided. The whole town of young ladies had intrigued to secure locks of his hair. His autograph was a boon beyond hope. To look at him was joy. To talk with him was bliss. He should have a ball, and we would all have a chance at him. Well, we had the ball. At least, as I said, the floor did not break down. We didn't go in at the front door and come out through the cellar. And we were not crushed and crowded. The New York of those days was well-bred, and understood how to give balls. Ask any gentleman turned of forty-five if it were not so.

The only difficulty was that of Dr. Johnson's biographer. The ball was too Boz-y. The front of the balconies were painted in fresco (I am quite sure it was upon canvas) to represent library shelves and piles of books; and all the libraries were composed of the works of the immortal Boz. And at the bottom of the stage—or rather where the stage should have been—there was a little curtain which constantly drew aside and displayed a series of tableaux, and all the pictures were drawn from the works of the immortal Boz. Gentlemen moved about and ladies looked about, all awaiting the coming of the guest; and by-and-by there was the flutter and the rush and the "now for it," and behold! advancing through a lane of admiring and curious ladies and gentlemen, a young man thirty years old, with a splendid chevelure of dark hair, with large, soft, brilliant eyes—with an extraordinary red waistcoat covered with bright buttons and chains, and with the air of a man overwhelmed by unexpected homage. It was the immortal Boz. It was the English author of the most affluent and delightful genius since Shakespeare.

The venerable Sirs, turned of forty-five and fifty now, found it hard to forgive that red waistcoat. Take any shape but that, they seemed to say. But they forbore remark. They bowed and turned again to the dance, which they performed with that painful solemnity which distinguished the New York dandy of the time—for there were dandies in that day—and all was happiness and peace.



So far as I remember nothing marred that festal night, and every body went home as satisfied as people are after a great ball. Boz did not waltz. The polka had not come in; and I seem to remember his walking through a quadrille.

It is all over now. The last set of that ball was danced eighteen years ago. Maidens who were there may have had daughters at the Prince's ball the other evening. Gentlemen who were conspicuous in its management—Philip Hone, for instance—well known in their time, have departed. The guest of the evening long ago sailed from our shores, and with more banning than blessing. We have crossed swords with him since. We have bombarded him with indignation, and he has poured into us sharp volleys of sarcasm. It was unfair and unkind all round. That splendid chevelure is thinner and grayer now. That smooth, boy's face is now heavily bearded. But the great, generous, genial genius is untouched by time. Humane and humorous, it still enriches the world and draws men nearer to each other. Thackeray says he should like to have been Shakespeare's errand boy. Who wouldn't be glad to have seen Fielding? May you hereafter remember that you went to the Prince's ball at the Academy with the same satisfaction with which the Easy Chair recalls the Boz ball at the Park!

THE question has been asked a great many times whether our reception of the Prince showed that we were a nation of snobs. Why should not the son of the Queen of England travel among us, says Mr. Tammany, like the son of any body else? Why, Mr. Tammany, why didn't Mr. Martin Van Buren, when he was President, travel among us like Mr. Anybody else? He was no more of a man when he was President than when he wasn't, was he? Why, then, did you and your friends parade in the streets, and hang out banners and shout and drink?

Simply because it was not Mr. Martin Van Buren at all, but the President of the United States; and the Baron Renfrew, or the Prince of Wales, was received by us, not as Master Albert Edward Guelph, but as son and successor of the Queen of England. The jubilee of his journey was merely the expression of our good-will for a friendly nation. The Prince himself may be a very amiable young man, but America grows amiable young men too. In the person of Albert Edward this nation saw England symbolized; and it was to the symbol it made its bow.

Now snobbishness is obsequiousness to the person simply. Your genuine snob wants a bottle of the water in which the Prince washed, or a piece of the sofa on which he sat—not because he is a hero, but because he is a Prince; and not because, as a Prince, he is a symbol, but because as Prince he is a conspicuous person. That part of a Prince which is princely can not be washed off, nor cut out of his clothes. In his bath-room and dressing-room he is a man like the rest of us. His interest is in his symbolical character, and you can't carry off specimens and chips and drops of that. How sad it is to read that, of all men in the world, Walter Scott was the man who carried away the glass out of which his sacred Majesty George Fourth had drunk his toddy! I am glad he sat down on it and broke it when he reached home. A kind Providence could not suffer Walter Scott to show George Fourth's wine glass as a holy relic. If the regal symbolism could save the person of George from

contempt, certainly it did not extend to his boots and fur collars and cravats. Great Britain might have blushed that its majesty was represented by that man—but under the burly, bad man it would have honored itself. We can understand that.

So when the innocent little Renfrew drove up Broadway, that mighty welcome of a million people was a friendly word to Great Britain.

At least it was so in part. Another part was our entire willingness to be amused. We are sober, but we do like spectacles. We like to have somebody come and be "received." Above all, we like to have that somebody make a speech. How lucky the Prince was! He didn't make a speech—perhaps he couldn't. There is a rumor that he said something to Mayor Wood at Castle Garden, but it wants confirmation. Certain gentlemen made speeches to him—long speeches—dry speeches—but he held his tongue and bowed. Think of a millennium when our great men—Congressmen, for instance, and Assemblymen—may merely hold their tongues and bow to their constituents! Cease, Hope, cease that flattering tale!

No, snobs would have reverently preserved the plate out of which he ate his pudding, and the stump of his cigar, and the spittoon which he may have used. Let us hope there were not many Americans of that kind. We know that the spirit of the people at large was not snobbish; for when his carriage came to be sold—the identical carriage in which he made that amazing progress through New York—the carriage drawn by the six proud blacks (horses, namely)—the carriage whose cushions were, so to speak, yet warm with the pressure of the royal person, the actual heat of the living body of the prospective King of England—this carriage could not bring a tolerable audience to an auction, much less a tolerable bid, and it was bought in for the owner. Bless his heart! he thought we were fonder of toads, didn't he?

The numerical fact is that the carriage cost a thousand dollars. Five hundred were bid for it, and it was bought in for six hundred. That states the matter. The Prince's coming was a great free holiday for the people of New York. They went out to see a sight. They beheld a Queen's son and the future head of a friendly power. They welcomed him with a heartiness, and dignity, and decorum that might have brought tears to the eyes of his companions. And there were a few who licked dirt before him, and gulped the fattest toads. But they were few and exceptional—not enough to fill an auction-room—and they have carriages already.

ONE day during the summer the Easy Chair waddled up a narrow flight of stairs at the corner of Broadway and Ninth Street, and upon the upper floor met an acquaintance of old Italian days, George L. Brown, the painter. And upon his easel, just broadly sketched in, stood a picture of the city and harbor of New York. The canvas was about the size of Church's "Heart of the Andes;" and in the long warm days the indefatigable painter, while others were panting under green trees, was painting them in his fore-ground, and while the city had gone out of town, was quietly putting it upon his canvas precisely as it looks when it is at home.

The view is panoramic, and is taken from the Hoboken heights, and as if from the lawn of Mr. Stevens. The fore-ground is bold with rocks and wild shrubbery and pasture-grass; and you look down upon the river, and the multitudinous metropolis,

with its clustering chimneys and spires, its flashing windows, its mass of various building, its forest fringe of masts; beyond it the heights of Long Island, and below, the harbor and the uplands of Staten Island and the Narrows. The water gleams and smokes all over with sails and steamers; the busy life of the great city murmurs under your eye; and overhead an American sky of fretted splendor bathes all the scene in tender light. It is an admirable picture of the scene, with as much and as little charm as any picture of New York must have. The spirit which suggested the work is noble and manly.

But no picture of our precious metropolis can be—let us say it softly—very, very interesting. We carefully remove every relic of historic association. We are opposed to romance, and great cities can be made romantic only by things permanent and memorable. Time, perhaps, the great moulder, will touch us into beauty and picturesque charm; and the descendants of the Prince, for whom this fine picture has been purchased by some gentlemen of the city, may look back with wonder and smiles upon the time when their queer old ancestor came to a country which was just beginning its history, and brought away this picture of a city which will have become as majestic in fact as it is in the conceit of its citizens.

### Our Foreign Bureau.

HOW can we begin, how should we begin, except with Italy? How our thoughts verge thither, though we are tinkling our breakfast-spoon in a deep white cup of the nectar they call *café au lait* at the Café of the Rotonde in the Palais Royal, or struggling to disintegrate a leathern muffin in the coffee-room of the Royal Inn at Matlock. Wherever we happen to be—and it matters not now to ask or answer the question—we seem to see Vesuvius yonder in the back-ground as we look across a glorious bay of blue and sunshine; we seem to see prisoners with matted hair and unshaven faces enjoying light and freedom again; we seem to see crowds hurrying pell-mell all down the Via Toledo, and its balconies hung with tri-colored tapestries, and women with flowers in their hands and in their hair; we seem to see a motley array and procession of carriages, which every eye in the balconies and every eye upon the street watches hard and earnestly, until one with three gray-bearded men appears, and a shout that startles us echoes along all the houses—*Viva Garibaldi!*

There is no army with him; his force is three days' march away; there are royal soldiers looking through the loopholes of the fortress under whose walls the Liberator passes; yet he has nothing to fear. The gray-bearded men have grave, thoughtful, unburned faces, and their red shirts show purple stains that tell of dismal work gone through: but all that is forgotten in the crazy joyousness of this hour of welcome. There are armfuls of flowers ready to be thrown down upon the Dictator; but there is an earnest, calm look about him that forbids such ovation, and the flowers drop upon the heads of the gay ones who shout in his train.

All Naples is free, but no houses are plundered. Drunken with the joy of deliverance, the people sleep calmly and well. But the Dictator, for whom the flowers had been gathered, has a government to organize. Long after this thoughtless crowd that has shouted his welcome has wearied itself into

careless repose, the General is busy with his friends planning new conquests and schemes for effective municipal administration. It is hardly strange that blunders should be made. Even a great General and patriot can not learn in a day what choice to make of a civil executive. The friend who has talked so wisely and so well of the Italian wrongs and of the brilliant future of his country, may yet be no man to conciliate the opposing jealousies of the day and make sure the triumph that an army can only half win. It is no wonder if the thinking and cultivated men of Naples should chafe greatly to find the melodramatic romancist of France, Alexandre Dumas, suddenly elevated to the post of conservator of all their art-treasures, and made director of those investigations which have so long taxed the patience and rewarded the pride of the most zealous antiquarians of their country. Is this accomplishment of liberty and assertion of nationality (they ask) to be only then a Monte Cristo extravaganza? Is Mazzini to be installed in whatever grand place he may covet, and Miss White to become director of finances?

And so there has been coolness at Naples on the part of those who had most seriously and thoughtfully detested the old *régime* and welcomed the deliverer; all the more of it when it was perceived that Garibaldi, under the advices of injudicious friends, or elated by too easy victories, had volunteered a revival of his old differences with Cavour, and hurled a defiance at him through the columns of the journal in his confidence. But Cavour is not the man to be diverted from the career of a lifetime by a taunt: he is of cooler mettle than Garibaldi, and as earnest. There has been stay of quarrel: the ugly battle of Volturno, and the dangers of the trying hours in that day's fight, have moderated the enthusiasm of the Dictator. He is brought to feel that every art, whether of war, or forbearance, or patience, must be brought into the field before his dream of a united and a free Italy is made real. It will never do to sneer at the statesman who instigated and organized the great movement which gave Lombardy and Tuscany back to Italian hands; never do with that hastily-gathered army to rush madly upon the redoubts and bastions of Verona.

It looks very much now as if there might be room for breathing time, and for consideration in the interval. As we write, there is not a little of hard work to be done yet on the Volturno. Austria, indeed, holds aloof; she will not sacrifice anything by coming to help her friend Francis there at Capua. But she is not idle; all along the Venetian and the Istrian shores her fortresses are being doubled in their effective capacity; the muskets bristle every where between Mantua and the Adriatic.

The poor Irish brigade, of which we had our mention last month, has done its little work—severe but soon over. The stalwart sergeants of the Green Isle will date their next letters from Turin, where we hope they may find better rations than they drew from the larder of the Pope. Lamoricière, too, whom we have watched from time to time, has finished this third epoch of his career most ingloriously: not that he was poltroon, or knave, or incapable. For he was neither; but, on the contrary, a bold, brave, accomplished soldier, who had conquered a reputation for military capacity in the hard school of Algeria, and for sterling honesty in his open and straightforward advocacy of Republicanism in the days of 1849 and 1850. He was always honestly stern, too, in his support of the Papal Church, its

rights, its sanctities, and, unfortunately, all its traditions. With better material to sustain him, he would have made a better show outside of Ancona: but the hireling Swiss, the decrepit soldiers of the Pope, the Irish brigade, and the injustice of the cause, were his ruin. It is the way, just now that he is fallen, to speak of him as a disappointed man, who, failing of his share in the military honors of the Crimea or of Lombardy, sought this final chance of retrieving the brilliant promise of his early fame in Algeria; but we love rather to think of him as a brave man who has made at last a grave mistake—not the first of brave men, surely, who has given his fortune to a cause that was no way worthy of him.

On the same field which saw the discomfiture of Lamoricière there fell a certain Marquis de Pimodan, wounded seriously in battle, and having been taken prisoner died the following day. His name is not widely known; but it may not be uninteresting to your Western readers to know that he was a young scion (not forty at his death) of one of the bravest and oldest of the Vendean families of France. Born to an honored name and a small fortune, he gave himself up to a military career with a passion that would not brook delay, and that would not forego old family prejudices of royalty and Church supremacy. In the years '49 and '50 he was a soldier of Austria by voluntary enlistment, and led so brave and dashing a career while in the Imperial army that he was rewarded with special favor and was given the command of a regiment.

Upon the cessation of hostilities he returned to France, where he married a beautiful girl, who was a daughter of the house of Montmorency, and brought him an ample fortune. But war had more charms for him than the dalliance of a gay life in Paris; so he took a command in the Papal army—feeding thus his love for the old Church traditions of his native province of Brittany, and gratifying his passion as a soldier. He fought bravely, and died calmly. His widow still lives in France.

We tell the story of the Marquis de Pimodan because the name of his family has made it notable; but who can tell how many ambitious souls made the last struggle for a name in that motley army which fought under the colors of the Pope? How many rich masses in these Paris churches, and at humbler altars of Ireland, shall be said for those who fought and died in the last great battle for the Father of the Church?

As for Florence, it has rejoiced more than Umbria itself over the victorious march of King Emanuel's army. The royal proclamation, which your papers will have given, was greeted every where with most boisterous enthusiasm; especially the postscript, which was credited to the large, free hand of the King himself. "They call me ambitious," he says; "yes, my ambition is to restore the principles (*i principii*) of order," etc.

Now it happens that by dropping one *i* from the word *principii*, the King is made to say that he will restore the princes (*principi*), i.e., Dukes of Parma, Tuscany, etc.—a fact which the mischief-makers of the city were not slow to avail themselves of, alleging an error of the printer. But confidence in Victor Emanuel is not so easily shaken; and they who ventured to read the proclamation under this revised form were greeted with a (*solenne fischiata*) regular good hissing. And the crowd who compelled the proper reading of the proclamation moved on to the Pitti Palace, where they insisted, over and over again, that the stout Prince Carignan should receive

their *vivas* with smiles and bows. It is worthy of note too, that, in the enthusiasm of the night, a certain Perugian refugee was crazy enough to set up the cry of "*Viva la Repubblica!*" But so far from accepting it kindly, the crowd had nearly pommelled him to death, except a few soldiers of the National Guard had volunteered his protection and removal to quieter quarters. Indeed, just now, the Florentines add to their enthusiastic admiration of Victor Emanuel a half hope that Florence may yet become the capital of United Italy. And why not? Italy has no queenlier city; rich meadows flank it that are free from the malaria of the Campagna; rich hill-sides flank the meadows that are rich in wine and in olives; a well-established and well-ordered railway runs down to Pisa and Leghorn; besides which are the memories—Galileo, and Dante, and Brunelleschi, and Donati, and Michael Angelo. There are poorer capitals every way than Florence would be.

But no matter for the capital, no matter for monarchism or republicanism; let Italy only go on unitedly to declare itself free, and to make itself free, and to show a calm power over itself under access of freedom, and we will rejoice in her triumph, though she should set up her capitol under the melancholy towers of Ravenna.

To us, as every mail comes freighted with new tidings from Italy, the affairs of the Peninsula make the engrossing topic, and all the more just now that both the capitals of Paris and London are, for the time, deserted. The Queen is in the North, listening to the good Scotch preaching that may be heard near to Balmoral; or she is dashing over the German roads, to spend a fortnight's mourning at the funeral of the Prince's step-mother of Coburg-Gotha.

Traveling through Germany, not as a certain grandsire of hers traveled, years ago—poor George the First—all one side palsied, and he murmuring in jumbled, broken speech, "*C'en est fait de moi—Osnabruck, Osnabruck!*" which mention brings to mind expectancy of the new volumes of Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great. They are promised; and who does not wish to follow the career of the rare Frederick, when he is at length set free from the tutelage of that brutal hero father? Who, at least, that has fathomed the beginning of his story—that has struggled through the dreary maze of Margraves, and Kaisers, and Kurfürsts; going back to such hopelessly-dim date as 1000 A.D.; here and there catching a bright flash of wit, here and there seeing some intelligible face breaking through the centuries, here and there a live man talking or fighting, but, for the most part, meeting only mythical giants, or mythical dwarfs, dancing a confused devil's-dance in the diplomacy of Popes and Emperors and Electors?

It is altogether a curious beginning for a history. First, one or two placid and life-like pictures of the men we are to read about; and then a jump upon that sad entanglement of ancestry, and the gradual Prussian approaches to power. As if one were to open suddenly upon cleared land, with streams, and culture, and grassy fields; and then be decoyed back into dense, scrubby forest, wandering there half lost, yet tracking the way back slowly and fatiguingly to sunlight again, by certain tall trees (Kurfürsts or Kaisers) which are blazed, with Carlyle's Saxon hatchet-pen, with such marks as these: "Heavy Peg," "Staircase of Grumnitz," "Beneficence of Heaven;" and following such (hoping always to see the last of the old giants), one emerges at length into sunlight again, and finds himself just



at the point where he started: a little more appetite, by reason of that rough scramble in the German forest of Margraves, and ready to brush on fast and sharp with the history of the baby Frederick.

Another notable thing in the book, as we get on with it, is the writer's superb disdain of certain classes of facts which ordinary historians have been at such pains to hunt for and set before us—i. e., details of treaties, dates, descriptions of court ceremonials, and histories of negotiation. Carlyle, in his grand manner, masses these all, troubling our memory only with the gist, and giving most of his painstaking and his wonderful pictorial power to exposition of the interior life of the men who made the courts. How that tobacco parliament chapter, and the sighs and grumblings of good Sophie over the doubtful double marriages, lets us see the working of courts as we never saw them before!

How it makes us wait for the volumes to come!

All this wide mention has grown out of Victoria's journey into Germany; and our talk of Victoria was prefaced by saying that London was deserted. So is Paris; and the Emperor and Empress are away. The journals will have told you which way they have traveled—to Savoy, Grenoble, afterward to Nice, and thence to Algiers. Of course it was an ovation all the way: these things are understood by the Imperialists, and it is not for outsiders to say how much was true and how much was provided.

Yet why provided?

The Empress is a pretty woman and a fond mother; are these not passports to sympathy and admiration every where? The Emperor is a strong man, who, in the disturbed political relations of the last ten years, has played his part more cleverly, and with rarer and keener foresight, than any sovereign in Europe; all which Savoyards and Marseillais and Algerines know full well—why not cheer?

Of course a powerful monarch can always command plaudits—a fact which the French Republicans iterate on every fête day of France—but, just now, where is the necessity?

The Prince of England had not a more decorous or enthusiastic welcome in the Canadas than the French Emperor in Algeria. An old Moorish palace received their Imperial Majesties, and they were entertained by an Oriental fête.

It is even possible that, while you have been surfeited with accounts of the Prince's progress, you have heard nothing of the Fantasia of Algiers. Yet the affair is worth its jotting down. The scene of it was an hour's ride away from the capital—a plain bounded by the scathed and burned hills of Africa, and dotted all over with white tents of Arabs, with horsemen and shining guns. The mountains of Kabylie, lifting a deep, dark blue beyond the hills, and the plain yellow with sand, save here and there oases of blooming green. First of all, defiling far from the left, came long trains of cattle and sheep, guided and guarded by the native herdsmen; then camels laden with merchandise, camels with pack-saddles, camels with huge water-sacks, and camels with waving plumes of ostrich feathers and tapestried cushions. Last of all is a company of armed and turbaned horsemen. An Algerine chief, brilliant with barbaric colors, commands the field; and little children of the desert rush wildly from camel to camel, quickening their march with pointed staves. Shrill Arabic music enlivens the tramp, and completes the picture of an Oriental convoy journeying through the desert.

Horsemen and camels and trooping women and

children have fairly and fully deployed upon the plain, when a marauding company of Bedouins bursts from a copse upon the right and begins an attack. The frightened camels mass together; the women fill the air with shrieks; the rear horsemen spur forward to the defense.

They make a pretty tropical battle of it; a few of the maddest bite the dust in earnest; there is wild clashing of steel, and clouds of sand rise that look brazen in the fierce sunlight. It seems a dull chance for the convoy, the camels, and the frightened women, when—as in all good romance—a friendly tribe comes thundering from the eastward, with spears in rest and turbans flaming in the wind. The Empress claps her hands, and cries a pretty *bravo*! The marauding Bedouins are driven away, the camels troop into tedious line again, the bare-legged boys punch them with their sharp staves, the cavaliers bring up the rear again; and so the scene passes, as such scenes do in life and in theatres.

THAT sad Syrian imbroglio is still disturbing the quietude of all who have friends within reach of the infatuated Moslem. The minister of the Sultan has acted nobly, so far as he has gone; he has spared no official whose guilt was clearly determined; executions have succeeded each other with a horrible frequency; but the Druses are represented as nursing their wrath against the good occasion which is to come. The mutilated bodies of the assassins do not contribute to the tranquillity of the Maronites.

A late observer, writing nearly three months after the massacre, gives this revolting description of Dheir-el-Kamar:

"May God grant I may never again see such a sight as I witnessed three days ago at Dheir-el-Kamar! and such would be the prayer of any man who has been in that town since the massacre. Although the place was under the special government of the Sultan, no effort whatever has been made to bury the dead, even at this date of two months and a half after the tragedy. What has been done to hasten the disappearance of human bodies has been effected by the dogs, and wolves, and jackals of the surrounding districts. It was a fearful scene! Here stood, ninety days ago, a thriving town of 8000 souls and upward, and when the troubles in Lebanon broke out nearly two thousand Christians from various parts had sought refuge in the place. Where are now those images of God? Where are the comfortable homes, the thriving trades, the rich silk crops, the produce of grapes and of olives, the hundreds of working silk-looms that this population possessed? Where are the wives and daughters of these traders and land-owners, where the happy children, the hearty welcome which all strangers received, the wealth in dress and jewels with which the matrons were adorned? The men of the place—ay, and some of the women, too, for I counted no less than a dozen in one spot—the men are here; these corrupting masses of putrid skulls are all that remain of them. Their houses are all burned or pulled down; their property all plundered or destroyed; their women beggars in the streets of Beyrout; their male children hacked to pieces by the knives of the Druses. Among so many horrors it was difficult to select one place more fearful than another, but the Maronite Church and the Turkish Governor's divan, or receiving room, exceeded all I could have believed possible. The former is surrounded by a small court-yard, the door of which was shut. When we opened it the stench was some-

thing hardly to be conceived. On the pavement in front of the church, to which a large portion of the inhabitants had evidently fled for shelter, the dead bodies lay literally heaped in dozens one upon another, as they had been murdered and flung down. The steps up to the church are white, and down them was a broad purple mark of twenty or thirty feet long, from the interior of the altar-rails out far beyond the door, which told but too plainly the tale of murder. The body of the church is about the size of the Lock Chapel, in the Harrow Road; the court-yard is broader, but about half its length. But in no part of that church, on no inch of that court, could any man, put he his steps ever so nicely, walk without putting his foot on some part or other of a dead man's body. The skeletons are, with few exceptions, perfectly naked, for every survivor of the massacre that I have questioned—and more than a hundred have related the same tale to various parties in Beyrout—say so cold-blooded were the Druses in their murderous work, that, before butchering a man whose clothes were at all good, they first made him undress himself, and then hacked him to pieces with their long knives, thus preserving his garments uncut and unstained with blood. For some reason or other, however, they appear not to have taken the Maronite priests' clothes, as I observed many of the corpses still clad in the black coarse gown of the monks."

The admirable conduct of Abd-el-Kader at Damascus has called the attention of Europe to him as the fit ruler, and the only fit ruler (under the Sultan), for Syria. We quote this *exposé* of the current talk upon the matter:

"The difficulty in all deadly strifes between men of different races and faiths is the inexperience of all in matters lying beyond their own small circle of interests. The Arab can not enter into the feelings of the Frank, and the Frank has not the remotest conception of the views and ideas of the Moslem. There is no man but Abd-el-Kader who has seen Moslem and Christian life equally closely, and who can compare Western and Eastern civilization, and determine within a given area whether they can be reconciled, and if not, which must prevail. His natural sympathies are with the wild warriors of the Desert and the mountain, while his reverent admiration has been fairly and permanently won by the organization and aims of Christian society. His genius as a military chief commands the homage of every tribe of his great race. His unyielding fight for fifteen years for the emancipation of his country makes him the idol of all unconquerable hearts throughout the East. The holy war which he waged in the Prophet's name sets him forever above slander or suspicion in regard to the Faith; and yet experience has shown him why the Christians of all churches have as good a right to their religion as the Moslem. He may pity Jew and Christian for their religion, as every Moslem naturally does; but he has learned why they should be unmolested in it. He early saw what the propagation of a religion and civilization by the sword is like; and the ugliness of the spectacle in Algeria opened his eyes to its deformities in Syria and Arabia. Surely such a man is the one of all mankind to rule a country in which Moslem, Greek, Latin, and Armenian Christians, Jews, Druses, and Maronites can not live together in peace, and can not be separated. By his calling the tribes together in Algeria and Morocco to preserve the territory for the true Faith, and by his religious submission

to defeat, captivity, and suppression, he has impressed the Faithful in all lands with the conviction of his being the most eminent servant of the Prophet in this age when the destinies of Islam are to be determined. By his making himself the refuge of the Christians in the late Damascus massacre he has proved himself to be up to the civilization of his time. Moreover, there is no experience of war, confusion, terror, triumph, defeat, or glory—no trial of danger, toil, want, or temptation—that is not more familiar to him than to other men. What the mountaineer feels in conquering or hiding he has felt. What survivors suffer in treading among the dead he has suffered. He has made his bed in the snow, and has escaped through smoke and fire kindled at the cavern's mouth. He has girded his waist tight to make hunger endurable; and he has preserved his temperance and holy poverty amidst the dainties of captured Christian tents and the treasures of undefended palaces. He knows what religious hatred is, and remembers it well while insisting that it can not be allowed. He has for many years adored the spirit of universal brotherhood, which he first heard of from Christians, and perceives to be assumed in every scheme of freedom and civilization. Thus, when the virulent Moslem lifts the sword in Syria, Abd-el-Kader is the man to stay his hand. When the Druses cant and lie, he is the man to rebuke the deceit, for no man living has so splendidly kept a faith so painfully pledged."

As an indication of the character of the chieftain, we quote farther this letter, which he has recently addressed to Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Paris:

"MOST EMINENT AND REVEREND LORD,—May the Most High prolong the duration of your archiepiscopal authority; Amen. On the occasion of the recent news, I thought of your noble qualities when I received the letter which your Eminence honored me with under date of the 10th August. Your Eminence has acquired fresh claims to my gratitude by the congratulations which you have deigned to address to me. They are an additional proof of your charity and sanctity. I feel myself most highly flattered by the attention with which the Emperor has deigned to honor a man whose only merit is that of having paid what he owed to his conscience. In my eyes it is a high distinction fallen to the lot of an unoccupied man—for he who only does his duty is not entitled to honors. A great subject of delight for me is the assistance which the Emperor and the French nation are giving to the inhabitants of Syria. It is not I who saved them, but the rays of the French Emperor's power, who has in all the corners of the world faithful servants ready to perform their duty. Deign to present my respects to the honorable ecclesiastics who surround you, and to my friends. May God prolong your days! Written on the part of SEID ABD-EL-KADER BEN MO-IDDIN."

Under the Eastern *Rubrique* we may mention farther a strange rumor, to the effect that Sir Henry Bulwer is actively conspiring to secure the dethronement of the present Sultan, and the elevation of his brother, Abdul-Azis, who represents the old and unyielding Turkish element. Of course it is a rumor which hardly receives English comment, and yet it is set forth in the Russian journals with every particularity of detail. All we may safely infer from it is, that the present British minister is not upon the best of terms with his majesty Abdul-Mejid.

The *Presse* regales its readers with unwearying narrative of the new persecutions to which Christians are subject in every corner of Syria; and in

all French papers we find the best of arguments for the continuance of French occupation.

The first little ripple of war-news has just now reached us from the stir of the great war-fleet that lies in the waters of China. Sixty pennants they count there, all told; and before this page shall reach the eye of our readers the way to Peking will be open. Meantime, and with a much rarer sagacity, the Russian officials are pressing a march down from the northward with only a courtly diplomacy to aid them. Every year discovers new progress of theirs along the North Pacific coast, and a new influence over the Tartar tribes that live southward of the Amoor. Before many months are over, probably before the European war is ended, a telegraphic line will connect the region of the Amoor with St. Petersburg.

A pretty bit of Chinese illustration of the British defeat of last year is thus described by a visitor at Ta-lien-lwan:

"The braves are in all the glories of yellow ochre and bright vermilion. The barbarians' despair is depicted in every variety of gloomy, sombre colors. Admiral Hope stands on the bridge of a steamer, his face black with woe. But our Chinaman appreciates his signal gallantry, for he is waving on his men regardless of the shower of bullets most liberally bestowed upon him. The gun-boat has a magnificent main-top, into which a 32-pounder has been hoisted. Its shot falls harmless among the braves. Not so the guns from the fort. One of these is pointed on a cutter containing two British naval and two military officers in full uniform. The shot streams full upon their faces, which exhibit the most curious expression of passive endurance. A regiment of Tartars—due to the imagination of the painter—sabres the marines and blue-jackets in the mud, while three mandarins in a lofty chair of state look serenely upon the fight."

It will be remembered that the British steamer *Cormorant* was sunk last year in the Pei-ho: the Chinese have succeeded in raising the vessel, and after great labor have removed the engines to a smaller craft of their own. But the engines would not work, and no one could set them going. So Sang-ho-lin-sin sent down four watchmakers from Peking. "You are accustomed to machines," said he; "set that barbarian machine to work or I will cut off your heads." The unhappy watchmakers succeeded in lighting the fires and inducing the smoke to ascend through the funnel. This seems to have contented their taskmaster, for, though the engines are not working, we have no account of the watchmakers' decapitation.

The Chinese with their *Cormorant* remind us of the British capitalists and the *Great Eastern*: it is only in local papers now, that date from the neighborhood of Milford Haven, that we find any detailed accounts of the great ship. We cite some of the later developments:

"At low water on Friday there was a general movement of those connected with the great ship to search for the wonderful and gigantic forms of vegetable and animal life which it was supposed would be found vegetating on the ship's bottom. It was to these weeds and luxuriant vegetation that the comparatively slow rate of speed was attributed, and it was their removal, as the public were over and over again told, that was to have the effect of giving an addition of at least two knots an hour. There was no doubt, it was said, that the speed was in her, but the weeds outside were too much; re-

move them, and New York was within seven or eight days of England. Judge, then, of the astonishment of the directors and others when, after floundering about in the mud, duly provided with lanterns, and stumbling over the iron bars of the gridiron, nothing was to be found but some wretched stubby little hairy tufts and a few diminutive 'limpets,' among which one of half an inch in length was secured by Mr. Appold as a veritable giant among those parasitical mollusca. There are many portions of the ship's side and bottom, of several feet in area, upon which not a solitary weed, or shell, or any form of foulness is to be found. A careful calculation, founded on an examination of several large areas, shows that on an average there is one tuft of weed to about every two square feet of surface. Those tufts are small circular spots, very closely resembling in form, size, and general appearance those hirsute developments upon the human chin known as 'imperials.' They are not even mossy or spongy, and do not, therefore, absorb and hold any quantity of water; they are formed of coarse, stubborn hair, and the most hardy species of barnacles could not hope to obtain pasturage or herbage upon them. The general appearance of the side of the ship below the water line is that of an old brick wall, bronzed with age, slightly covered with gray and yellow lichen. The rich vegetation which covered the ship while in Southampton water was almost entirely removed before she left for America, and any that remained was effectually cleared off in the Atlantic. It was necessary for the purpose of preserving the ship to clean and scrape her, and give her some coats of paint; but there was clearly no necessity for beaching her with the view of obtaining any increased speed. All the scraping and painting in the world will not add the fraction of a knot to her capabilities in this respect."

### Editor's Drawer.

THE Publishers announce, with more than usual satisfaction, that, with this number, their Magazine enters on its Twenty-Second Volume. So rapid has been its progress, so wide its reach, and so large its hold upon the English reading and speaking people in all sections of the earth, that it has become a bond of sympathy and union among men of various climes and every pursuit. Its resources are inexhaustible. It illustrates with pencil and pen the most distant realms, and reflects the world of matter and mind on its pages. Now is the best time in the whole year to begin the reading of it; and the Drawer is requested to intimate to his good-natured friends that they can not please him more than by sending thousands of clubs and tens of thousands of new subscribers to be added to the lists of readers for the year 1861.

A MODEL as well as a monument of patience and perseverance must be one of the subscribers to the Magazine and a contributor to the Drawer, who resides in El Paso, Mexico. He writes to the Drawer that he has sent, within the last five years, two and a half dollars five times to the publishers, and has received but two numbers of the Magazine in all that time. He now remits a quarter eagle again, and hopes for better luck. May he get it! The mails are very irregular. Postmasters in those parts have an eye to good things, and the Drawer is opened by the way. But when Old Mexico, as well as New Mexico, is annexed to the universal Yankee nation,

we will regulate the mails down there, so that our patient and persevering friend shall get twelve Drawers full every year.

THE Nebraska law which the Drawer commended to the Common Council of New York has excited a deal of attention. It was enacted by the Legislature that, "For the violation of the third section of an act to license and regulate the sale of malt, spirituous, and vinous liquors, \$25, and on proof of the violation of said section, or any part thereof, the justice shall render judgment for the whole amount of costs, and be committed to the common jail until the sum is paid."

One of the newspapers published in the Territory, the *Nebraskan*, copies the Drawer's remarks, and says: "We have examined the manuscript of that law, on file in the Secretary's office, and are compelled to admit that it is just so."

Another of the newspapers, the *Advertiser*, quotes another law on the books in these words: "That no horse over the age of two years shall be allowed to run at large; and the owner of such animal, found running at large, shall be liable to a fine of five dollars for the first offense, and ten dollars for any subsequent offense."

The owner is only to be fined in case he is found running at large. This law is a good one, but not so efficient as the one that commits the justice to jail till the fine he imposes is paid.

OLD BUNDY lived in Alleghany County, and being down in the city some one said to him: "It is quite a mountainous country you live in, Mr. Bundy, is it not?"

"Why, no," said the old man; "it ain't exactly mountaneous, but it's rayther a hilltaneous country, that's a fact."

THE Drawer has many laughing readers along the classic Valley of the Tallahatchie—a considerable river of the seventh magnitude, which courses its sluggish way through North Mississippi; but they have never seen therein—the Drawer, we mean—the name, so familiar to them all, of "Old Billy"—elongated into William Guzman by his friends on state occasions.

"Old Billy" was keeper of the ferry across the Tallahatchie at the little town of Belmont, and was greatly respected and revered by his colored brethren all the country around as a pious and orthodox *Hard Shell*. On one occasion, the heavy rains having widened and greatly augmented the impetuosity of the stream, an ox-driver, the color of charcoal, with a wagon heavily laden, drove his "team" into the boat; and as the old man turned his wheel and drew off from shore, the ox-driver, looking uneasily forth upon the turbid stream, appealed to this reverend ferryman:

"I say, ung Billy, s'pose dem ropes break, whar you reckon we'd go to?"

"I reckon you'd stay in de boat," answered Old Billy.

"Yes, but"—continued the other—"de boat mought be in heben 'fore we know it."

Old Billy looked upon his young disciple with the utmost scorn and contempt, and replied:

"Did you ever hear of a boat gwine to heben?"

"Whar de ole ship ob Zion?" promptly asked the other.

This was a stunner. Old Billy, being a *Hard Shell* of the strictest kind, could not gainsay the ex-

istence and destination of this illustrious and sacred craft. So eying his questioner for a minute with extreme annoyance, he at length uttered a groan, and said:

"Dat boat warn't made ob wood, it was made ob *faith*." And, as if emboldened by a new idea perfectly unanswerable, he added: "And it didn't go to heben neither. It jist went to de shore and 'livered de passengers."

This explanation was rather too much for the younger darkey; and deferring to the greater age and biblical learning of his "elder brudder," he resigned himself and team to the care of Providence and the nautical skill of William Guzman.

ALL the ignorance is not confined "out West," nor among the *Hard Shells*.

A very worthy minister, settled not a hundred miles from Boston, was one Sabbath morning descanting upon the importance of plain speaking: "Why, my hearers," said he, "St. Paul never used any 'highfalutin' expressions. No! He always spoke the plain Anglo-Saxon language!"

At a parish meeting, or something of the sort, in the same town, a Mr. L—— was nominated for the office of vice-superintendent of the Sunday-school. Before it could be put to vote, the nominee arose in considerable trepidation, and said he "must decline the nomination, as he did not feel able to give advice to any one, much less to the superintendent."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent, on a visit to another Sunday-school, was invited to make some remarks. The lesson of the school was on the Creation and the Garden of Eden. From this he took his cue, and expatiated on the delights and beauties that must have been in that sinless Paradise—the trees and flowers, the birds and animals, "and the little children playing among the bushes!"

A MINISTER of the same town found, one Sabbath, a notice of a public meeting which had been cut from the Saturday's newspaper, and placed in his desk for him to read to his congregation. But, by a strange coincidence, there happened to be printed on the other side of the same slip the advertisement of a certain shoe-dealer, a prominent member of his church, and without turning the paper to read the other side, as the advertisement met his eye, the good man concluded it was expected he would read it, and accordingly, to the surprise of all, he announced, at the usual point for reading notices, that "George S. B—— keeps constantly on hand and for sale a large and well-selected assortment of boots and shoes, which he will sell low for cash, at No. — Street;" and added, "Brother B—— is a worthy member of this church and society, and deserving the patronage of the congregation."

The consternation of Brother B—— may better be imagined than described.

"APPROPOS of speeches from the little folks, I send you the following: I was telling Johnny's mother about a railroad accident by which a cartman had both legs crushed, from the effect of which he died the same day. Little Johnny, about six years old, stood by, greatly interested in the account.

"Thay, Doctor," he broke in, with his eyes wide open, and in his lisping way, 'wath the horth hurt?'

"I don't know. I was more interested in the man, and didn't think of the horse," I answered.



"Well, I don't care," said he, taking my reply as an implied rebuke; 'a live horth ith better 'n a dead man, any way.'"

"I HEREWITH send you the copy of an inscription on a tomb-stone in Accomack County, Virginia, which is brief and comprehensive—expressive of all that the most labored eulogy could say, yet modest and without tendency to the ridiculous. I have copied it *verbatim*, and given each line as it appears on the time-worn stone:

Here lyes the Body of  
COLL. TULLY ROBINSON  
late of Accomack County in Virginia  
Who was born August the 31st Anno 1653  
and departed this life November the 1st  
1723 Aged 65 years and two months.  
A Gentleman Honourable in his day  
an Ornament of all Places of Honour  
He was Loyall to his Prince  
Unshaken to his friend  
and a true Son of the Church of  
England."

A CLERICAL correspondent, doubtless a *grave* as well as reverend divine, sends us words from the tombs—epitaphs which he has gleaned from the fields of church-yard literature. Some of them are too trifling for our pages, but we give a few of the most suitable:

*On Mrs. Ann Jennings.*

Some have children, some have none;  
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

*On Mrs. Mary Page.*

Here lies Dame Mary Page,  
Relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart.  
She departed this life March 4, 1728,  
In the 56th year of her age.  
In 67 months she was tapped 60 times, &  
Had taken away 240 gallons of water.

*In Knarendale, England.*

All you that please these lines to read,  
It will cause a tender heart to bleed.  
I murdered was upon the fell,  
And by the man I knew full well;  
By bread and butter which he'd laid,  
I being harmless was betrayed.  
I hope he will rewarded be,  
That laid the poison there for me.

*In Doncaster, England.*

Here lies 2 brothers by misfortin serounded  
One dy'd of his wounds & the other was drowned.

*In Bideford, England.*

The wedding-day appointed was,  
And wedding-clothes provided,  
But ere the day did come, alas!  
He sickened and he die did!

*In Augusta, Maine.*

After life's Scarlet Fever,  
I sleep wall.

A CORRESPONDENT in the South, in a letter to the Drawer, gives a description of a Christmas on the plantation:

"Just as day began to dawn we were aroused from our slumbers by the usual Christmas-morning salutation of 'Christmas gift, massa!' 'Christmas gift, mistis!'

"Aha! who is that creeping softly up the back steps? Oh, I see! Christmas gift, Sallie!"

"Dar! ha, ha, ha! Massa done kotch me!"

"But there is a little favorite stealing along, that massa don't choose to catch.

"Christmas gift, massa!" shouts John, clapping his hands with delight. 'I'se kotchted massa! Please buy me a fiddle, Sah!'

"There is another group at the back gate; and many voices are ringing with, 'Please buy me this,' and 'Please buy me that.'

"Please buy me a wife, massa," says Geordie, a youth of sixteen.

"Whew! do you want to break me? Off to the 'quarter,' you noisy rascals, and get your breakfast."

"And away they scamper.

"As the negroes had behaved well, and made a good crop for massa, they were to have a fine Christmas dinner, and a dance in the evening.

"Dinner was served on a pleasant sloping lawn, with no canopy but the soft blue sky. On the upper side of the slope might have been seen the picturesque cabins of the darkeys; and on the lower side a little stream rippled along, edged by a gigantic growth of cane, that still looked green and flourishing.

"A bill of fare, following the arrangement of the table, would have read something in this way: Turkey and Oranges; Chickens and Almonds; Roast Pig and Raisins; Cake and Cabbage; and so on to the end of the chapter. And as no beverage more exhilarating than coffee is allowed on a Southern plantation, the entertainment passed off quietly and pleasantly.

"At an early hour in the evening the musical instruments (consisting of two violins and a tambourine) strike up a lively tune, and the dance commences.

"Pat is the hero of this department. 'Make way for Uncle Pat!' shout the little darkeys; and see with what an air of conscious superiority he steps forth.

"He commences slowly and gracefully. That pirouette was a *chef-d'œuvre*. But now the music inspires him; it has made its way to his very fingers' ends; 'he fairly outdoes all his former out-dancings.'

"The admiring spectators appreciate his performance, and the merry ha-ha's make the old rafters ring again.

"And those ladies in that reel, or quadrille, or whatever you choose to call it—see with what a natural ease they 'trip upon the light fantastic toe;' in and out—in many a winding bout.' How they do enjoy it!

"But time would fail me to tell of the Sallies, the Bessies, the Gracies, the muslins, the ribbons, the laces; the skins of ebony, and teeth of pearl; and of those dark Apollos, who fancy they see 'Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.' Suffice it to say, that fun and frolic are carried into the wee hours of the night, and then—

"To bed we creep;

By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep."

THE humors of New England do not often find their way into print; but this story of rough practical fun will amuse the reader. It comes from a correspondent in Massachusetts:

"The Connecticut River boatmen of years long since gone used to be 'some' on a *time*. One Independence Day, about the year 1834, a party of them started for Hartford, bound on a cruise down the river for a day's sport, and more particularly an In-

dependence celebration in the 'good old-fashioned style,' as Captain Henry S—, of Northampton, observed previous to starting from H— in the old-fashioned stern-wheeled steamer *John Cooley*, taken from her regular business of towing freight-boats over the Falls at Enfield, and fitted this day with every convenience for going it *strongly*, for once at least.

"When off Saybrook, about the middle of the day, it was proposed to fire the noon salute, in honor of the day, from a small field-piece borrowed for the occasion. Several of the boat-hands were detailed, under Captain Broughton A—, to handle the piece. After ramming home the charge, it was found impossible to withdraw the rammer—whether from the wood's swelling, the cannon's shrinking, or the gunner's incapacity to haul straight, deponent saith not; at any rate, the rammer could not be got out. One end protruded from the mouth of the piece some three feet; and Captain A—, like a true river seaman as he was, took the end of a tow-line, made a clove-hitch around the ramrod, sung out for volunteers to 'hang-on' to it; which was quickly responded to by two or three of the crew, ready to obey any order that came from him, especially on that day.

"Now, boys, when I touch her off, you hang on to that rope like death to a dead boatman," said Captain A—.

"Ay, ay, Sir!" responded the crew.

"One, two, three, and away she goes. Hang on to the line for your lives, boys!" shouted Captain A—. And they did 'hang on.' Old Grandpa H— was carried over the bow of the boat head over heels, followed so closely by Eb. M— and Captain Henry S—, that the noise of the gun had hardly ceased when there was an outcry from the water of 'Help! help!' that set them all to thinking and acting too. The boat's headway was stopped, and the three gunners rescued from the water in a half-drowned condition. When they had fairly come to themselves, it can be easily imagined how they walked into Captain Broughton, as he was called; blessings, or something worse, were showered on his head with all the river-pathos imaginable; but as no serious result arose worse than words, Captain A— solaced them with the remark: 'Why didn't you hang on to the line, you fools? and then you wouldn't have got wet!' Whether this consoled them or not, I do not believe they have ever practiced gunnery since under Captain A—."

THE diffident correspondent in Indiana who sends the next sketch is always welcome:

"When very young I lived in the city of L—, and we had a few local notabilities that I have never in after years been able to forget. Among them was generous, kind-hearted, queer-looking Charley W—. He was the picture of a good-sized beer-keg perambulating on a good-sized pair of nine-pins. His immense shirt-ruffles of immaculate whiteness, and his coat of the brightest blue, adorned with a number of the largest brass buttons, I can never forget. His face was as red as good eating and *drinking* could make it; and there was always a gracious smile upon it for all he met. Our good citizens took it into their heads to elect him Mayor; his manners were perfectly magnificent in his condescension to his constituents, and a stranger could not visit the city without becoming the recipient of the Mayor's favors. A short time after he was elected, Lord Morpeth was obliged to stop in the place all day, to

wait for the evening boat for Pittsburgh. Of course this was a grand occasion for our newly-elected dignitary, and he received the English nobleman with the greatest *empressement*, and displayed to him the beauties of the town and surrounding scenery, and also those of the various combinations of liquor that are popular with Kentuckians during the hot months. Juleps, slings, cobblers, cherry-bounce, and many others too numerous to mention, had all to be partaken of by the party. His noble guest seemed particularly careful to partake with great moderation; but Charley considered it due to his guest that he should drain every glass. By the time the boat arrived he was in a glorious state, loved the whole world, and was anxious to show it. He made a long farewell speech to Lord Morpeth; and just as that gentleman was going to turn away and step on the plank from the boat, he seized his hand once more, and exclaimed: 'By-the-way, Morpeth, I had almost, in my grief at parting with you, neglected to send any message to that most estimable lady, Victoria. Say to her that I, the Mayor of this city, send her my profoundest regards; and should she ever visit this glorious Union, and will come to our beautiful city—the rival of Cincinnati, miscalled the Queen of the West—that Dick D— and myself will guarantee to her the very jolliest time she ever had in her life!'

Lord M. shook his hand once more, promised to deliver the message, and left in the midst of a round of cheers and laughter.

"Poor Charley W—! how he would have delighted in welcoming the Prince of Wales, who doubtless would have found the promised reception more to his taste than that of his mother. But I have lost sight of him for many years; and never do I expect to find a warmer heart than beat in the be-ruffled breast of Charley, the first Mayor of our rising city."

THE following story has two merits. It is literally true (or was, in the time of it), and has never been in print. Skipp and Town were proprietors of a line of omnibuses, once popular, now among the things that were. In their employ was a driver named Jemmy—a good man, careful to get all his fares, civil to his passengers, deferential to his employers, and, in fact, quite without fault; but Jemmy had a queer habit. At the end of every trip he retired for a few minutes to the hay-mow, and every effort made to find out the nature of his errand there was a failure. If any intruder made his appearance, Jemmy descended at once, and took his seat quietly upon his box. Impelled by an intense desire to find out the reason for so strange a whim, one of his employers hid himself one day in the hay-mow, and awaited the return of Jemmy. In good time he ascends the stairs, looks cautiously about him, takes off his hat, and empties into it some small silver, the proceeds of his trip. He proceeds to divide the money carefully into two piles, repeating, as each piece was counted, "Sixpence for old Skip, sixpence for Jemmy," and so on, to the end. But there was an odd sixpence. "Now," says Jemmy, "I wonder what I ought to do with that odd sixpence? I do all the hard work; am out in all weather: that ought to be mine; but hold on! Old Skip furnishes team and stage and feed, and so forth. I guess, on the whole, we'll throw up for that." Up goes the sixpence with a fillip. "Head, by gracious! Skip wins it! Well, let him have it this time." Up jumps the employer. "Hold, Jem-

my! I won that last sixpence fairly. If you hadn't given it to me, you never should have driven a stage for me again!"

"I AM not troubled much," writes an up-country friend, "with 'corruptible things, as silver and gold,' but I owe you many a hearty laugh; and as I have nothing else to pay with, will you accept the following as 'part pay?' It relates to myself, and is strictly true:

"Several years ago I received the unparalleled distinction of being invited to deliver an address on Agriculture before the Agricultural Society of an adjoining county. Now, be it known to all concerned, that I know as much about agriculture as a tadpole does about steering by the North star, and was about as fit to make such a speech as an ox would be to enter as salesman in a china-store. I, however, 'with great diffidence, accepted' the distinguished post.

"On the day set apart to hear what I thought to be the great speech, unfortunately a cold, drizzly, damp, disagreeable day thrust itself in unasked and unannounced. It was the day on which jennets and jacks were to be exhibited. About noon the few hundreds who were present were clustered about the stand to hear the 'orator.' I felt the dignity of my position. I rose, and soared, and sailed. I was more apt at physical demonstration than Booth, more eloquent than Cicero, more learned than Dick. In what I thought one of my happiest flights of fancy, when I was vainly endeavoring to hide my want of knowledge by well-selected words and a succession of gorgeous images, an ass on the opposite side of the ring began one of those grand, imposing, thrilling *caliopean* (?) overtures to a concert for which he is so famous. A wag, who sat just behind me, who had not 'the fear of God before his eyes, and being instigated by the Devil,' arose, and pointing his lean, lank, ligneous, famine-stricken looking finger just over my shoulder, said, in a stentorian voice,

"One at a time! One at a time, *over there!*"

"I 'subsided.'"

"STOPPING for a short time last fall in one of the interior counties in Missouri, twelve miles distant from a post-office—mail once a week—my letters were brought down, and among them one from a strange post-office. On opening it, I found that I must have a namesake in that vicinity, and that I had, through mistake, received his letter, which contained the refusal of an offer of marriage. As I had partly finished the letter before I discovered my mistake, I went through with it, discovered its unique character, made a copy of it, and returned the original to the post-office, to await its rightful owner. I send you the copy *verbatim* from the original, except the names and dates:

"DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter exprises me werry much—it all most give me a dutch chill—I am sorey to larn you are in wich a bad situation and cannot conveintly help your self—I am sorey to tell you that I cannot help your situation—If it was in my power to help you, I would help, but, John it is out of my power to do so—but I think you are in as good a situation as ever eny body was in, for I now a single is as easy a life to live as eny, at best you may know I think so er I would not stay single—but John perhaps you think different from what I do, perhaps the fit has come on you now to marcy—and when any body takes that fit their notion is changed mitely, at best I think so, I don't know for I never had the fit yet—but John if the fit is come on you bare it paciently as you can—and try to get some body to say yes, I would be glad to

say yes if I could—but it is out of my power—I am always sorey when any body calls on me to help them and I cannot—you must excuse me this time—your letter was read with great pleasure—these few lines leaves me well, and hope when they come safe to hand they will find you enjoyin the same blessing—good bye for this time

"Yours as ever—"

TRAVELERS through Central Vermont, in days of horse-flesh and mail-stage, will remember Peter Bates, always called Uncle Peter, who at one time kept an inn near the centre of the State. He was a great judge of horse-flesh.

Once a spirited young mare was led up to the hotel, and quite a crowd soon gathered to see her. The owner spoke of her good points, boasted of her speed, and said she could trot a mile in three minutes. Presently along came Uncle Peter, and hearing the talk, carefully looked the mare over; and then, removing his short pipe, said,

"Boys, I don't see but one reason why the mare can't trot a mile in three minutes."

"What is it? What is it, Uncle Peter?" asked the young tyros, anxious to learn from one of such acknowledged skill in such matters.

"Why," said he, "*the distance is too great for so short a time!*"

Wasn't there a wild shout as soon as the hearers could "take in" the wisdom of the reply.

THE following is a fact: "Our sidewalks are paved in most cases with granite slabs. A short time since one of our most popular milliners took up one of these slabs before her door, and put down a marble one, with the following engraved upon it:

"MRS. DURAND'S

"MILLINERY ROOM."

"A countryman passing by, was attracted by the white slab, and reading the lady's name, exclaimed, 'Well, if this ain't the beatenest town I ever saw! What in the world did they bury this woman in the sidewalk for?'"

THE Drawer is deeply in debt to the kind correspondent who furnishes the following cluster of anecdotes from the recollections of our last war:

"Sam, the negro servant attached to the staff mess of the First Pennsylvania Regiment, was a trump. He possessed in a wonderful degree all the qualifications of a successful forager. Was the mess short of a necessary or a delicacy (and this was, generally speaking, always), and the article was to be had in camp, Sam was always sure to get it—honestly if he could, otherwise if he must. During the whole campaign not an officer of the mess could charge him with an abstraction to the value of a dime, while other messes were continually lamenting the loss of eatables and drinkables at the hands of their dishonest servants.

"Sam was a *genius* as well as a trump. When the order was given to land at Vera Cruz it so happened that, when our turn came, it was quite dark. The surf-boats came alongside, each taking their complement of men, with the officers attached to the detachment. The boat in which we embarked had on board principally the field and staff, with probably twenty men. Sam, of course, accompanied his mess. The boats were beached within, say, twenty feet of the shore, and the men jumped out in about three feet of water, and waded ashore. The sailors who rowed the boats, however, stood alongside, ready to carry ashore on their brawny shoulders any

of the officers who did not wish to get wet. Most of the officers, however, took to the water, to show the men thus early in the campaign that they were ready to share with them any danger or hardship. Sam watched his chance, and, favored by the darkness, *very coolly got astride the shoulders of the nearest sailor, and was carried ashore dry-shod*, and as carefully set down, high and dry, as though he had been General Scott himself!

"The joke was too good to keep, and as Sam was the only 'culled pusson' that came off the *Potomac*, the sailors made common cause against him, and were determined to hunt him up, and, as they said, 'take it out of his black hide.' This was, of course, unknown to any of us, and least of all to Sam. The next morning it was necessary to send him on board the ship for some forgotten article, and when he returned his own mother would not have recognized him. He was no longer a shining black—he was blue, purple, and livid. The sailors had beaten him within an inch of his life. Poor Sam paid dearly for his joke. During the whole time we were before Vera Cruz Sam never could be induced to go within a mile of the shore.

"SAM was not only a trump and a genius; he was a great coward as well. Some days after this our regiment was ordered to the heights overlooking the city. The fire from the forts and castle was at times very severe, and the large shells could be distinctly heard booming through the air, and, dropping in the loose sand, would generally imbed themselves without exploding. Sam had followed the fortunes of his masters to the field, but it was noticed, after the firing became pretty severe, and several unsuccessful attempts had been made to dislodge us by light troops, Sam was nowhere to be found. After holding the position all day, we were relieved in the evening by another regiment. On our way back to camp, descending the hill, the colonel saw the outlines of a human figure covered over with sand, and thinking some poor fellow who had received his quietus was temporarily placed there until his comrades could find time to give him Christian burial, was in the act of turning over the body, when who should pop up his woolly head but Sam.

"'Why, you black rascal, what are you doing here? Are you hurt?'"

"'No, Massa Colonel, dis chile tain't hurt, but he come mighty near it. I tell you what, Massa Colonel, dis chile can stand de grape-shot an' de six-pounders an' de escopets, but when dey begin to fire de Pennsylvania Dutch ovens he always hide hisself!'"

"The 'Dutch ovens' were the immense shells, of course.

"WHEN the Fourth Regiment Illinois Volunteers were preparing for the Mexican War a camp for instruction was held near Springfield. Colonel Baker had on one occasion ordered the regiment to parade for inspection on a certain day. Judge his surprise, on riding through the camp on his way to the head of his regiment, to find one entire company 'lying around loose' under the trees, while, monopolizing an extra shady place, lay stretched at full length the first sergeant.

"COLONEL. 'Why, sergeant, what is the meaning of this? Why have you not your men on parade, Sir?'"

"SERGEANT (without rising, and looking lazily over his shoulder at the Colonel). 'We're about concluded not to parade to-day, Colonel!'"

"It was noticed afterward that the company *did* parade, and that when they came up, it was in double-quick time.

"A REAL jolly good fellow was Dr. S—. I was introduced to him just as the steamer *North Star* was leaving her dock at New York for Europe. For the first twenty-four hours 'Richard was himself;' but that fell destroyer, who spares neither age, sex, nor condition—sca-sickness—seized him, and nothing more was seen of the jolly Doctor for several days. We had left the Banks, and were steaming along beautifully, when one morning I saw the Doctor's head emerging from the lower regions. But what a face!—long, lugubrious, distressed—his hair not cared for, dress untidy, eyes blood-shot. I could scarce believe this apparition was the jolly Doctor who had kept us all in a roar the first day out.

"'Well, my dear Doctor, how do you feel by this time?'"

"'Feel!' said he—and there was an unmistakable earnestness in his eye—'feel! why I feel as though I had but two objects in life now: one is, to put my foot once more on *terra firma*; and the other, to find out and whip the fellow who wrote "A Life on the Ocean Wave!"'"

"At the close of the Mexican War, the First Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers was sent up the river, in order to be disbanded at Pittsburgh. On their way up one of the poor sick fellows died. The boat was hauled up alongside a wood-yard, a rough coffin made, and a file of men, with drum and fife, proceeded a short distance into the timber, where a grave had been hastily dug, to pay the last sad respect to the dead soldier. One of his companions, also much wasted with the disease that so fearfully decimated our ranks, staggered ashore to accompany the detachment, but being too weak to follow, seated himself on a log, and with his face buried in his hands, on hearing the Dead March played by the drum and fife, gave vent to a torrent of tears. Almost in sight of home, the thought that his turn would probably come next, overpowered the weak nerves of the soldier. While sorrowing thus, he was rudely accosted by a rough woodsman,

"'I say, stranger! I reckon you've hearn that tune afore, time of the war?'"

"'Heard it,' answered the poor fellow, as he looked up at his interlocutor through his tears; 'heard it, did you say? *why, the very birds learned to sing it in Mexico!*'"

"IN a certain town in East Tennessee," writes a friend to the Drawer, "containing from six to eight thousand inhabitants, and within one hundred and fifty miles of C—, there resided not long since a *very learned* Yankee, who held the exalted position of 'Professor' in 'the college' at that place. When our Professor came to — he was still in the enjoyment of single blessedness; but, like all other professors, his *prefix* rendered him quite popular, especially with the *softer* sex, and it was not long before he found himself negotiating for a matrimonial alliance with a Tennessee belle. The wedding-day soon arrived, and the Professor presented himself at the office of the County Clerk to get 'a pair o' licenses.'"

"'By Act of Assembly' the clerk is compelled to require a bond for twelve hundred and fifty dollars, with security, of the person obtaining license to marry, 'to prevent unlawful marriages.' It is, however,



considered a mere matter of form, as any name will be taken as security, however irresponsible the parties may be. But our Yankee, it seems, was not posted in the laws of his adopted State, and was perfectly dumb-struck on being required to give security for so large an amount.

"'Twelve hundred and fifty dollars!' he exclaimed, 'I had no idea it was so much; but I'm in for it now, and can't back out. But it is unnecessary to give a bond. You know I'm good for the whole amount, but I have only *nine hundred dollars* now, which I will pay *down*, and the balance in three months.'

"He was greatly relieved when the nature of the bond was explained to him; but it is to be presumed that he did not confide his troubles to his lady-love until after she had promised 'to love, honor, and obey.'"

"HAVING frequently seen good things in the Drawer from little fellows, I give you the following, as a specimen brick from our Western home:

"Willie, who is just entering upon his fourth winter, had very attentively watched one of his aunts dressing for an evening party; and as it was summer time, and fashionable, the dress did not come as far up on the neck as Willie's ideas of propriety suggested. He went to her wardrobe, and in a moment came back pulling a close-fitting basque after him, when the following conversation ensued:

"AUNT. 'What is that for?'

"WILLIE. 'For you to put on.'

"AUNT. 'But I am all dressed now. I look pretty, don't I?'

"WILLIE. 'Yes,' giving a modest glance at her shoulders; 'but somebody might see you!'

THE writer of the following beautiful lines does not send his address:

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Another little form asleep,  
And a little spirit gone;  
Another little voice is hushed,  
And a little angel born.  
Two little feet are on the way  
To the home beyond the skies,  
And our hearts are like the void that comes  
When a strain of music dies.  
A pair of little baby shoes,  
And a lock of golden hair;  
The toy our little darling loved,  
And the dress she used to wear;  
The little grave in the shady nook  
Where the flowers love to grow—  
And these are all of the little hope  
That came three years ago.  
The birds will sit on the branch above,  
And sing a requiem  
To the beautiful little sleeping form  
That used to sing to them.  
But never again will the little lips  
To their songs of love reply;  
For that silvery voice is blended with  
The minstrelsy on high.

A CORRESPONDENT in St. Louis enriches the Drawer with these recollections:

"The Irish do not figure very largely in your Drawer. Will you allow me to tell of one who was the servant of a friend of mine while in the army?"

"In 1823 Michael came to Lieutenant C—, at Fort Dearborne, to hire. He said, 'Faith, he had no *char-ac-ter*;' he 'lost it three months before at *Mauntraal*, intirely.' However, the Lieutenant took

him, and as he was soon after ordered to the Military Post at Council Bluffs, he took Michael and a fine setter dog, 'Close,' with him, in a bark canoe, as far as St. Louis, then a mere village, where he expected to take the steamer *Mandan* for the Bluffs—the first steamer that ever ascended the Missouri River.

"When they had drawn up the canoe on the beach, the Lieutenant ordered Michael to shoulder his trunk, and follow him with 'Close' to the hotel. After walking a short distance he heard a violent altercation round the corner he had just passed. On going back to see what it could be, there was Michael, with a poor, cadaverous-looking Frenchman up against the fence, pommeling him with his fists (having set the trunk down in the street), saying, 'I'll knock your two eyes into one, so I will; you kicked the Leftenant's dog!' With some difficulty the poor frightened Frenchman was released, and Michael made to understand that kind of work would not answer.

"Poor Michael was an honest creature, a second Micky Free, but he in time acquired the habit of drinking too much, for which he was discharged. On account of this fault he never remained long in one situation, and when out of one he regularly came back to Lieutenant C— for a home, which was always kindly given him for weeks at a time.

"The Lieutenant got married, and it was not so pleasant for his wife to see a drunken man in the kitchen sleeping in his chair. So one day, after hearing the cook complain of his being forever in the kitchen, she requested her husband to talk to him, and tell him it was high time to find a place, as she could not have him there any longer. Michael did not say a word, but walked off, apparently very much mortified. In the afternoon he met Lieutenant C— on the back porch, and said, 'Well, Leftenant, I'll have fur to lave you' (sniffing). 'I'm very sorry, but I'll have fur to lave you. I could live with the Leftenant all my life; but indade I couldn't live with your wife—she's too hard to plaze intirely.'

"A few years after, Lieutenant C—, with others, was ordered South to the Choctaw Nation. Michael went along as servant to one of the officers, still claiming his old home when out of a place, which now became very frequent. Quarters in the encampment being very limited, a tent was pitched in a corner of the yard for Michael's accommodation. One time he had been missing for a week; nothing had been seen or heard from him. Mrs. C— really hoped he had found a better home on some of the plantations around the camp; but one evening at twilight, as they were sitting at their cabin-door with some friends, a dark object was seen coming up the hill in front of the house, which at first was supposed to be a drunken Indian. As it came nearer it proved to be Michael, very much intoxicated, sitting on an old Indian pony without either saddle or bridle. As he rode up the dog barked violently at him. Lieutenant C—, seeing his situation, went to him, and took the horse by the mane to lead him round to the tent. Michael said, 'Oh! Leftenant, I come back like the prodigal son. I could bear any thing, but the dog didn't know me!' Michael was helped off his horse, and put in the tent to sleep away the effects of his dissipation."

"I AM glad to see, Mr. Editor, you take such a warm interest in the sayings and doings of the little folks. I love their prattle too, and must tell you

something of my little four-year old boy. His father had been absent in Florida for a long time, and George had been taught to pray every night for God to take care of his father, and bring him home soon. One morning he came to me, saying, 'Mamma, when will my father come home?'

"Indeed, I do not know, my dear. I hope very soon. Why, George?"

"Because, mamma, I'm most tired praying for God to take care of him."

For more original anecdotes of distinguished men the Drawer is indebted to a valued friend in Brandon, Mississippi:

"A long time ago, when Mr. Clay visited Hopkinsville, Kentucky, a dinner was tendered to him by his friends, which he accepted. It is necessary to premise that it was a short time after the war of 1812, when the whole country was overflowing with gratitude to the heroes of that war for their gallant services in defense of their country. Among the numerous guests at the dinner was an old gentleman who had spent the greater portion of his life in Bourbon County, Kentucky, not far from the residence of Mr. Clay, and with whom Mr. Clay was well acquainted. This was Colonel Laban S—. He was a plain, straightforward man, who was more remarkable for his strict attention to business than for visiting convivial meetings. He had probably never been present at a dinner before given in honor of any man, and was present on this occasion purely as an act of friendship for Mr. Clay. After Mr. Clay had made a speech in answer to a complimentary toast, good feeling and hilarity pervaded the assemblage. Many toasts were drunk and responded to, and Colonel S— remained a silent spectator up to this moment. Mr. Clay observing his silence, and knowing his habits as well as his eccentricities, whispered to the president to call upon him for a toast, which the president did. Colonel S— seemed to be taken by surprise. But the exhilarated crowd shouted his name loud and long; and this made him quake with fear, for he had never heard his name called for before in his life. He felt like a fish out of water, and cursed his folly for being present on the occasion. Finding no excuse would serve his purpose, he rose in great trepidation, and said, in a loud voice, 'I give you old "J. Brown,"' and took his seat. Some laughed, some yelled, and some demurred that the toast required explanation; that they wished to know what 'J. Brown' was to be toasted; that no doubt 'J. Brown' was a very clever man; but that they wished more precision—in a word, they wished to know who the man was. All this time the Colonel sat like one on the rack or gridiron. He would not explain until Mr. Clay arose, and, with great gravity, proceeded to volunteer a ludicrous explanation, wide, awfully wide of the mark, as he knew it to be. Finding from repeated shakes of the head that the Colonel refused his exposition, he then besought him earnestly to give the explanation, that all might join in the toast. Colonel S— rose the second time, more nervous than ever, and said: 'I mean that old foughten fellow at the North, who just signs his name "J. Brown," and goes about his business.' All understood at once he meant General Jacob Brown, the renowned Commander-in-chief of the American Army, and never was toast drunk with more hearty good-will. The Colonel had never spoken so much in all his life, but no orator ever succeeded better in 'bringing down the house' than he did in that short first speech of his.

"I have frequently thought how different would be the feelings of the revelers of this day if the same toast were given at the South, *without the explanation*. Whew! what a storm it would raise!

"DURING the great political excitement of 1840 Judge M— took an active part on the stump for Harrison and Tyler, or, in the rich vernacular of that day, of 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.' He was known to be rather an improvident man, and of very moderate means. He was also exceedingly impulsive and enthusiastic, entering with his whole soul into the great canvass then on hand. He was a fine orator, and of most imposing and self-possessed appearance on the stump. Knowing the importance of getting himself in full sympathy with his audience, he dilated at length upon his losses—for he remembered it was upon the heels of those terrible disasters in Mississippi, in which almost every man in the State became a sufferer, either directly or indirectly. I allude to the disastrous consequences of what is known as 'the specie circular' of General Jackson. In order, then, to place himself in sympathy with his audience, and to command for his assertions the fullest credence, he went on to say that there was scarcely a man in the State who had been a greater sufferer by the change in the times than himself; that he had lost over *one hundred thousand dollars* by that iniquitous measure, the specie circular; and he claimed to be heard as a common sufferer with the people; for he was identified with them in residence, in pecuniary losses, in mental and physical sufferings. Thus obtaining the ear and the heart of his audience at the start, he made a most powerful and eloquent speech.

"After the speech was over his friend, Judge J—, said to him, with a good deal of surprise in his countenance, 'My dear Judge M—, I was not aware before that your losses had been so great. I really did not know that you ever possessed one-fifth of the amount of property you said you had lost. Do tell me how it happened that you suffered so much.'

"'Why,' said Judge M—, 'I can explain it the easiest in the world. It was money that I ought to have made, and would have made, but for the change in the times.'

"JUDGE M— was a candidate for the Senate, and had made a speech in which he had borne very hard upon his opponent, Colonel D—, who was very fiery and impulsive. The Colonel, in reply, became very angry, and said, among other things, that he could whip the Judge before forty men could part them. Judge M— calmly retorted that, 'when he was a boy, his father had a very large bull, that could whip any bull in the neighborhood, far or near. But,' said he, with a sort of deprecating tone, 'my father's bull could not *legislate*,' and then quietly took his seat. The audience were perfectly satisfied that fighting was not the best qualification for a Senator."

A FRIEND in New England vouches for the truth of what follows:

"Several good stories, current some fifty years ago in the little town of Woodbury, Connecticut, are still remembered of one General Hinton, who was an eccentric old farmer in that vicinity. The General feared neither God nor man, but loved Mammon, and was remarkably keen-sighted in his service of his chosen deity. He was noted among

his farming neighbors for his peculiar management of his hired help. For many years his men had invariably left him before their 'time was out,' and, in consequence, had forfeited their wages. The General was always rather austere in the treatment of his workmen, but he usually took care to let more than half of the time agreed upon at commencement elapse before he set about offending, and so getting rid of a man, with forfeit of wages. Every one in the neighborhood of Woodbury knowing the peculiar propensity of this cunning old farmer, no laborers could be hired, at any price, about home; and consequently a stranger, seeking to do with his might what his hands found, usually unshouldered his bundle at the General's gate, and went into the field.

"One day, in the busy season, a stranger came along, sought work, and, as usual, was hired. After a few days, he was not a little surprised on being told by one of the neighbors that he guessed he would leave before his time was up, as no man had ever been able, thus far, to remain so long in the employ of General H. The man thought differently; and perceiving how his employer would manage the matter, resolved to do just as he was bidden, without caring whether the command was reasonable or otherwise.

"Early one morning, after this man had worked about half as many months as had been agreed upon at commencement, the General came into the farm-yard as usual. John was ordered to carry a bundle of straw, then lying by the stable-door, into the middle of a field near at hand, and to leave it about midway between two trees, which grew several rods apart. John complied, without a word; and on his return for further orders, was shown a cart-ropes, with orders to stretch the same from tree to tree, at least eight feet from the ground. This was also done; and John again returned to seek further orders, inwardly laughing at his employer's unsuccessful attempts to disturb him.

"Now, John," said the General, in reply to his rather crank 'What next, Sir?' 'you may unbind that bundle, and throw the straws over the rope, one by one, and when you have done, come again.'

"Much to the surprise of his employer, John went as he was bidden. Some time was required to complete the task; and when he returned with the report of complete success, and demanded another job, the General gave it up, and telling him, with real admiration for his coolness, that he was the first man he could not get mad, ordered him to the field to join the other laborers.

"From that day John's employer was quite agreeable. The time was worked out, to the surprise of all not concerned, and John was the first man ever known to get month wages from old General Hinton."

The following comes from the same source as the former, and is equally vouched for:

"Captain Smith was a neighbor of the General's, and kept a large herd of asses, which were in the habit of breaking into our friend's orchard. The General had complained to his neighbor, Smith, who was always willing to send and get the asses home; but they were back again so soon, that removing them proved of little use.

"One day the minister of the parish called on General Hinton, for the purpose of getting his apples for winter use. The old farmer, with unusual liberality, told the parson to drive into the orchard and help himself. He did so; and after selecting

eight or nine bushels of such fruit as he liked best, he came out, with the intention of settling his bill and taking his departure.

"Have you got all you want?" was the General's inquiry.

"Perhaps not all I *could* use," the minister said, 'but all I can afford.'

"Go back and get all you want!" said the General, in a rather commanding tone; and he added, 'I will make it easy for you.' Our clerical friend remonstrated, but the other would hear none of it; and the result was that, instead of eight, the minister took twenty bushels of the finest apples.

"The good man was pleased with his bountiful supply of winter provision, but not without some fear and trembling did he again demand the amount of his bill.

"You have got all you want?" said General H.

"All I can use."

"Then," said the General, 'I want you to go home and pray that Captain Smith may keep his jackasses out of my orchard!'

"The troublesome animals were kept at home ever afterward; and the General often said that he got better paid for the apples he let Parson Brown have than for any lot that he ever disposed of."

"As you have published in the Drawer the saw-mill advertisement of John Rabb, I send you another (taken from the *True Issue*, a paper published in Lagrange, Texas), by which you will see that he offers his mill for sale, as he can not obtain a suitable miller:

Can't get the kind of a miller I want.

Won't have any other sort.

Too pushing a business for an old man.

Can't get time to pray enough.

Too far from church.

Intend, by the will of God, to sell out and quit business, At least such pushing business.

#### A GOOD FLOURING, CORN, AND SHINGLING MILL FOR SALE!!!

(Steam Power.)

WITH a large quantity of cedar timber, and any amount of land, from one hundred to four thousand acres. For sale, on reasonable terms, ten miles North of La Grange, Fayette County, Texas.

Aug. 10, 1860.

JOHN RABB.

#### CURIOSITIES IN OUR DRAWER.

A oog from the wheel of fortune.

A nail from the finger of scorn.

Some of the change that the moon makes.

The key to the trunk of an elephant.

A feather from a tale of sorrow.

A telescopic view from the heights of presumption.

A nerve from the elbow of a stove-pipe.

A fish caught in the gulf of oblivion.

A finger from the hand of oppression.

A piece of the reins of government.

A file to sharpen the appetite with.

A reed from the organ of self-esteem.

Side-combs from the horn of plenty.

A NATCHEZ correspondent sends us the following admirable story, showing "how a steamer got named:

"Bob was a dissolute fellow very early in life, and he fell to his saddest ebb just prior to his marriage. The beauty, spirit, and worth of his destined wife were proverbial. Bob was fascinated, and determined to win her. She accepted him, conditionally that he would reform from that moment, and he did so. The honey-moon had been gone a year.

In that interval Bob had assiduously devoted his fine talents to raising himself to eminence in his profession, and to raising cotton on his plantation. The pair were voyaging up the river to their 'place,' when there came aboard the boat Bob's wealthy quondam friend, Captain R——, familiar with Bob in the latter's days of bachelor revelry. The Captain was a 'very hard old boy,' and could drink most men under the table. Bob was inveigled to the outside of that little cupboard called the bar, where the red-eye and the eye-opener circulated freely. Twelve at midnight came, when all but Bob and Captain R—— seemed to have retired from the cabin. Empty Champagne bottles on a table marked the half hours already gone, while the full ones in a basket showed the time yet to be measured by each pop and fizz. The Captain was about launching a new boat, and so many names for her had been severally discussed and rejected that the bottles had popped to two o'clock in the morning.

"'Su-Su-Suth'n Union,' suggested Bob.

"'No; One Union,' said the Captain.

"'Suthnugn.' reiterated Bob.

"'One Union.' responded the Captain, striking the table.

"Bob could only maintain a see-saw perpendicular, while the Captain was 'high' in exhilaration. Gently, then, a state-room door was opened. Forth stepped Bob's beautiful wife, followed by her waiting-maid with two buckets of water.

"'Captain R——, I believe no one is in this cabin but we four?'

"'No, Madam.'

"'Then, Sir, name your boat *The Drunken Beast*.'

"The dainty little hands went aloft, and down came the contents of one bucket on the head and shoulders of her husband. The other bucket speedily cooled down the Captain's person. What passed thereafter in that cabin it may be that the clerk *didn't* slyly observe; but certainly it was through his agency that the little lady had pre-exchanged her state-room; and without pausing for a sequel, she beat an orderly retreat. When Bob shied into the repudiated room, *didn't* he pronounce the vacuum 'versinglar,' and lie on the floor outpouring dubious expletives! The trio had a late breakfast; and their painful silence was broken by Captain R——. 'Mr. —, if agreeable, I would be most happy of an introduction to your lady.'

"'Captain R——, Mrs. —, my wife.'

"'Madam,' said the Captain, 'I trust that I shall not be considered impertinent by remarking that I believe you were Miss — before your marriage?'

"'That was my name *then*, Sir; and,' rather sternly, 'I wish it were mine *now*, Sir.'

"'Ah! and so do I, Madam,' gallantly and significantly responded the Captain. 'But the name shall be preserved, Madam; it shall be gilded on my new boat, and when she becomes too old to honor it she shall be superseded by another. As long as I live that name shall be borne up and down this river; and perhaps its constant contemplation will induce me to use at my table the element that the name will float over.'

"Now one of the finest, stanchest, and fleetest steamers on our Southern waters is that same —. I know, by authority, that neither Bob nor his wife has ever alluded to that night; and I know, too, that there never was a steadier, higher-toned gentleman than Bob has been in the past three years. No bar can lure him now but the bar of his honor; and though no eye-opener can win him, he succumbs to

the beautiful open eye of his wife; and though he will often 'smile,' it is only to reflect *her* charming laugh."

"I HAVE been down in Arkansas lately, and during my stay in that country became acquainted with one of her citizens, concerning whom a very good story is told. Without naming him more particularly, I will merely say that he has represented Arkansas in Congress many terms, and that he is particularly distinguished for the care he bestows upon his personal appearance.

"I will add to this prolegomena that the faro-dealers on the Mississippi River boats are wont to carry the peculiar implements of their profession in small mahogany boxes—this for the benefit of the untraveled among your readers.

Our Representative friend, then, upon a certain time, having occasion to go up the river, took with him, for state-room convenience, a toilet-box, which for a few minutes after getting on the boat he carried in his hand. His advent was very cheering to the souls of two or three Kentuckians on board, who had been all day itching to jump at a tiger; thinking, from his foppish appearance and from the box in his possession, that he was a member of the sporting fraternity. After some consultation among themselves, one of the Kentuckians advanced toward Mr. —, and in a most affable tone bade him good-evening. The salutation was returned courteously, and, thus encouraged, Kentucky proceeded to interrogate:

"'When yo' going to open up, stranger?'

"'What did you observe, Sir?' said the honorable member, not precisely understanding the drift of the remark.

"'Oh! open up, yo' know; when are you going to give us a show agin the animil?'

"'I don't understand your allusion, Sir, in the least. I am entirely in the dark regarding your meaning in asking such questions, Sir!' was responded, with dignity.

"'Oh! a-playing the 'possum game, are yo'? Maybe yo' think we ain't game for yo'r gun!' said Kentucky; and as his companions came up he exhibited a large roll of bills, and added, 'Thar are three such bundles in this crowd, stranger; and Kentucky boys arn't afeard to risk *their* money! Won't you open up this evening, stranger?'

"Mr. — was growing angry; the passengers were beginning to press around; and, in a voice bursting with wrath, he asked,

"'For whom do you take me, Sir? and what do you suppose is my business?'

"'Take yo' for? What *should* we take yo' for? An't *that* a faro-box? Maybe yo' mean to say yo' are not a sporting gentleman, and never *heard* of sich a thing as a tiger!'

"A light began to break upon the mind of the astonished 'gentleman from Arkansas.' Anxious to correct a misapprehension which he saw had extended to the passengers, he nervously unlocked his toilet-box, and displayed to the vision of the Kentuckians his complement of combs, brushes, and other adjuncts of the toilet, in triumph.

"Silence was observed for a moment on both sides. Then the Kentuckians, with an air of disgust, turned away simultaneously, as one of them muttered,

"'Stranger, we *thought* yo' war a sporting GENTLEMAN! But if we had a knowed you war a *barber* we wouldn't have spoken to you!'

That's a very good story; but it was told years ago of the accomplished Colonel Preston, of South Carolina.



# A Leaf from the Diary of an Unlucky Man Setting forth how he had a Day's Pleasure (?) and What it Cost him!



In the first place, his eggs are  
boiled hard, (though that costs nothing)



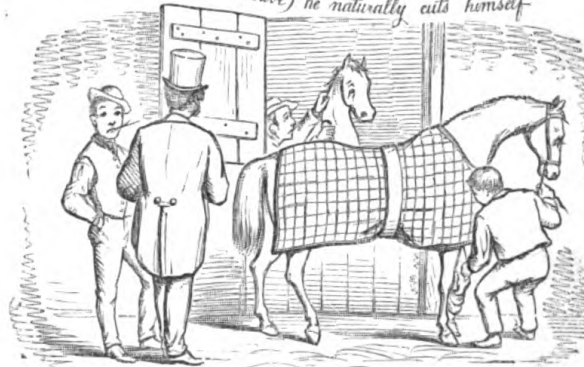
And then his cigar went wrong  
(that's sequence to begin with)



Being in a hurry, (an appointment to  
take the object of his affections for a  
drive) he naturally cuts himself



And tears his trousers (\$12.00)



He finds his own horse dead lame (\$500.00), so has  
to hire another (\$10.00)



The "object," tired of waiting, has gone to walk with  
his rival: (probable loss of \$150,000.00)



Starting for a solitary drive, the horse  
takes fright;



And he is only stopped by a collision with an omnibus, (wagon \$225<sup>00</sup>, suit of clothes \$50.<sup>00</sup>) whereupon he is arrested for driving at an illegal rate;



And fined \$5<sup>00</sup>



On reaching home he discovers that on his way from the police court, his pocket has been picked (\$27.<sup>32</sup>.)



In the evening, he runs over his day's expenses, which stand as follows:—

Dr.	P. Pilgerhi	in	¢	with	Fate	Cr.
To	cigar	\$	06			\$
"	tr.	12	00			
"	horse, lamed	50	00			
"	" hired	10	00			
"	matrimonial	1500	00			
"	disappointment	225	00			
"	light wagon	50	00			
"	suit of clothes	5	00			
"	fine	27	32			
"	pocket book					
Total		\$	1508	29	38	



# Fashions for December.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT  
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—OPERA CLOAK.



**T**HE OPERA CLOAK represented on the preceding page is one of the prime favorites of the season. The elegance of the sleeves in particular excites special admiration. The garment is composed of white merino, lined with pink taffeta, and ornamented with tassels and fringe in colors to match. A style of garment very similar to this, adapted for the street, is made of black velvet. One of this description, with a crochet-headed fringe and black silk lining, has been much admired.

**FURS.**—The leading authority upon this important article of winter costume reports that there will be, this season, only slight modifications upon former styles; the chief variations being that full capes and victorines are somewhat deeper, and the number of tails are increased to eight or ten.—The Russian Sable, of course, still retains its aristocratic position over the more common and less expensive materials. Next in order of precedence comes the Hudson Bay Sable; while Mink, Stone-Martin, and Fitch follow in order of rank. From these varied materials our friends will find no difficulty in graduating their purchases in such a manner as to meet their special tastes and the exigencies of their *porte-monnaies*. We may add, by way of hint, that the *Victorine* may be safely chosen by those who, for any reason, do not choose to adopt the more ample, and therefore more expensive styles—the *Full Cape* or the *Half Cape*. Our illustrations present all that need be specified respecting these various forms.—As to *Muffs*, there is no change of exterior form; but according to the latest *mode* the lining is arranged in such a manner that it is closed in the middle, forming separate compartments for the hands, so that the one which is in the muff is not liable to be chilled on the withdrawal of the other.



FIGURE 2.—HALF CAPE.



FIGURE 3.—VICTORINE.

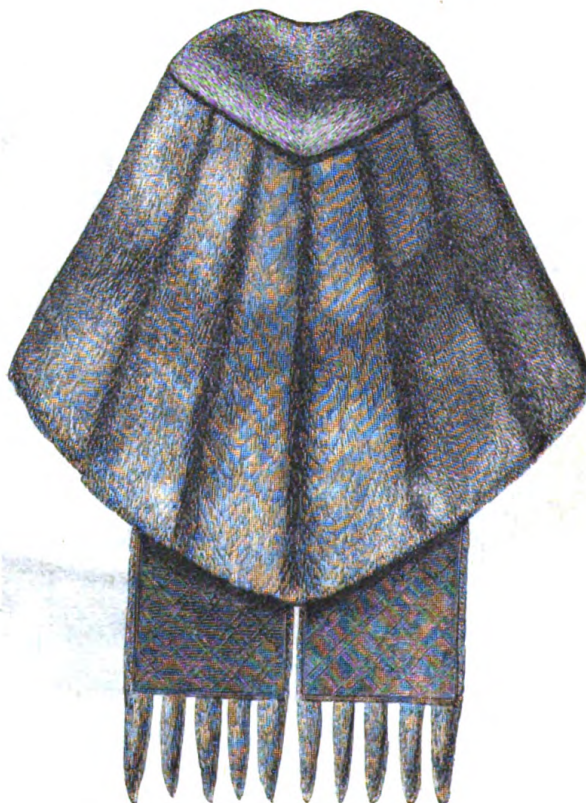


FIGURE 4.—FULL CAPE.



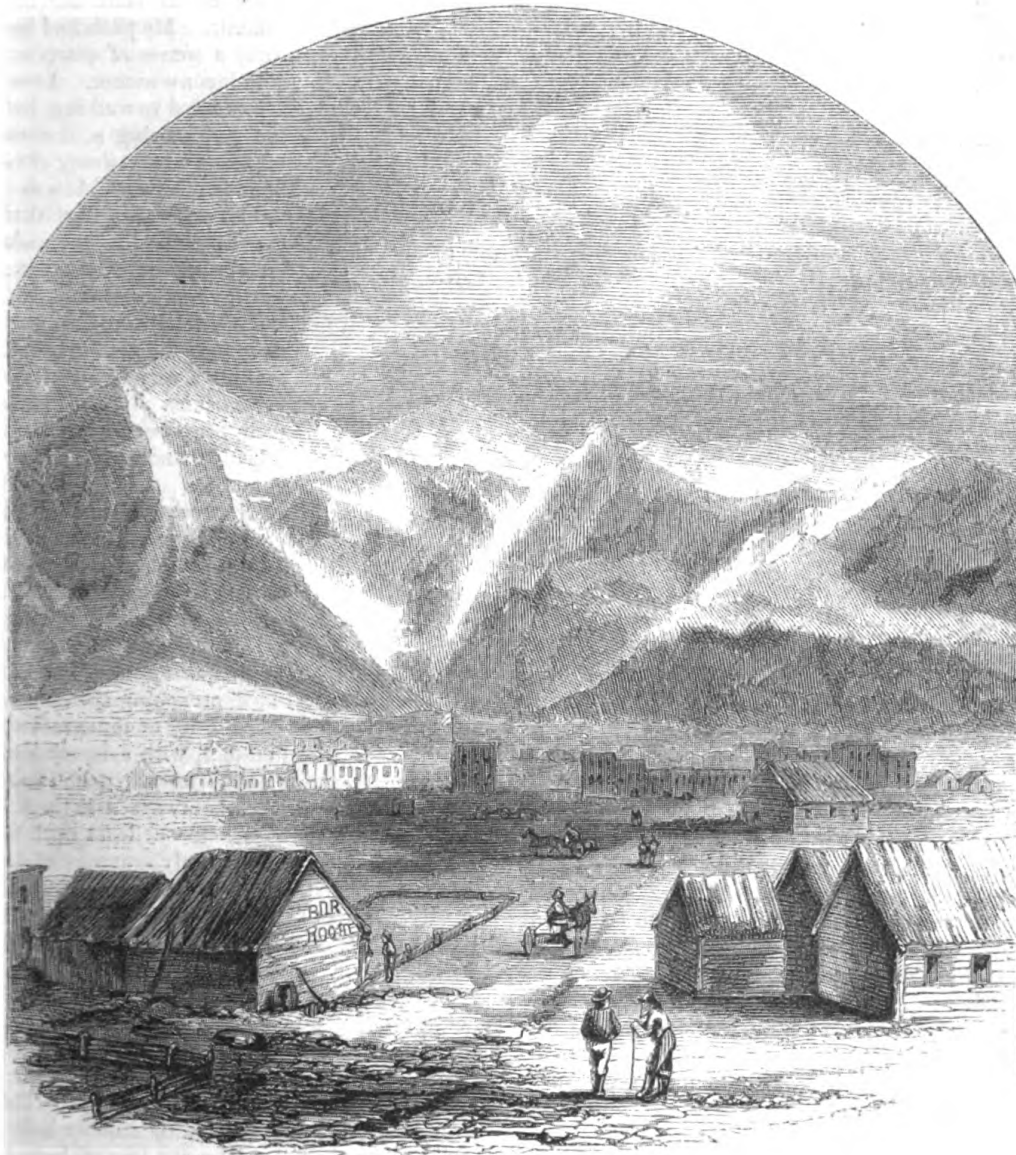
# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXVIII.—JANUARY, 1861.—VOL. XXII.

A PEEP AT WASHOE.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

[Second Paper.]



CARSON CITY.

UPON taking an observation from the front door at Strawberry, we were rather startled to find that the whole place was covered with snow to the depth of two or three feet. The pack trains had given up all hope of getting over the mountain. It was snowing hard, and the appearance of the weather was dark and threatening. To be housed up here with three or

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THE TRAIL FROM STRAWBERRY.

four hundred men, and the additional numbers that might be expected before night, was not a pleasant prospect; but to be caught in a snow-storm on the summit, where so many had perished during the past winter, was worse still. Upon reviewing the chances I resolved to start, and if the storm continued I thought there would be no difficulty in finding the way back. It was eight miles of a continuous and precipitous ascent to the summit, and three miles from that point to the Lake House in Lake Valley, where the accommodations were said to be the worst on the whole trail.

A few miles from Strawberry one of the party gave out in consequence of sore feet; the other two pushed on, despite the storm which now raged fearfully, but had not proceeded far when they were forced to turn back. I was loth to leave my disabled friend, and returned with him to Strawberry, where we had a repetition of nearly all that has already been described, only a little intensified in consequence of increased numbers. The others of our party stopped somewhere on the road, and I did not meet them again until next afternoon at Woodford's, on the other side of the mountain.

As soon as it was light next morning I took

another observation of the weather. It was still snowing, but not so heavily as on the preceding day. My remaining partner was by this time completely crippled in his feet, and had to hire a horse at the rate of twenty dollars for twenty-five miles.

I was delayed some hours in getting off, owing to the pressure of the forces at the breakfast-table; but finally made a fair start for the summit. My pack had become a source of considerable inconvenience. I was accustomed to walking, but not to carrying a burden of twenty or twenty-five pounds. My shoulders and ankles were so galled that every step had to be made on the nicest calculation; but the new snow on top of the old trail began to melt as soon as the sun came out, making a very bad trail for pedestrians. Two miles from Strawberry we crossed a bridge, and struck for the summit.

Here we had need of all our powers of endurance. It was a constant struggle through melted snow and mud — slipping, sliding, grasping, rolling, tumbling,

and climbing, up again and still up, till it verily seemed as if we must be approaching the clouds. The most prominent peculiarity of these mountains is, that a person on foot, with a heavy load on his back, is never at the top when he imagines he is; the "divide" is always a little farther on, and a little higher up—at least until he passes it, which he does, entirely ignorant of the fact. There is really no perceptible "divide;" you pass a series of elevations, and commence the descent without any apparent difference in the trail.

The pack trains had broken through the old snow in many places, leaving deep holes, which, being now partially covered with recent snow, proved to be regular man-traps—often bringing up the unwary pedestrian "all standing." The sudden wrenching of the feet in the smaller holes, which had been explored by the legs of horses, mules, and cattle, was an occurrence of every ten or a dozen steps. In many places the trail was perfectly honey-combed with holes, where the heavily-laden animals had cut through the snow; and it was exceedingly difficult to find a foothold. To step on either side and avoid these bad places would seem easy enough, but I tried it on more than one occasion and got very



nearly buried alive. All along the route, at intervals of a mile or two, we continued to meet pack trains; and as every body had to give way before them, the tumbling out and plunging in the snow were very lively.

I walked on rapidly in the hope of making Woodford's—the station on the eastern slope of the mountain—before night, and by degrees got ahead of the main body of footmen, who had left Strawberry that morning. In a narrow gorge, a short distance from the commencement of the descent into Lake Valley, I happened to look up a little to the right, where, to my astonishment, I perceived four large brown wolves sitting on their haunches not over twenty feet from me! They seemed entirely unconcerned at my presence, except in so far as they may have indulged in some speculation as to the amount of flesh contained on my body. As I was entirely unarmed, I thought it would be but common politeness to speak to them, so I gave them a yell in the Indian language. At this they retired a short distance, but presently came back again as if to inquire the exact meaning of my salutation. I now thought it best not to be too intimate, for I saw that they were getting rather familiar on a short acquaintance; and picking up a stick of wood, I made a rush and a yell at them which must have been formidable in the extreme. This time they retreated more rapidly, and seemed undecided about returning. At this crisis in affairs a pack train came along, the driver of which had a pistol. Upon pointing out the wolves to him he fired, but missed them. They then retreated up the side of the mountain, and I saw nothing more of them.

The descent of the "grade" was the next rough feature in our day's journey. From the point overlooking Lake Valley the view is exceedingly fine. Lake Bigler—a sheet of water forty or fifty miles in length by ten or fifteen wide—lies embosomed in the mountains in full view from this elevation; but there was a drizzling sleet which obscured it on this occasion. I had a fine sight of it on my return, however, and

have seldom witnessed any scene in Europe or elsewhere to compare with it in extent and grandeur.

The trail on the grade was slippery with sleet, and walking upon it was out of the question. Running, jumping, and sliding were the only modes of locomotion at all practicable. I tried one of the short cuts, and found it an expeditious way of getting to the bottom. Some trifling obstruction deprived me of the use of my feet at the very start, after which I traveled down in a series of gyrations at once picturesque and complicated. When I reached the bottom I was entirely unable to comprehend how it had all happened; but there I was, pack and baggage, all safely delivered in the snow—bones sound, and free of expense.

At the Lake House—a tolerably good-sized shanty at the foot of the grade—we found a large party assembled, taking their ease as they best could in such a place, without much to eat and but little to drink, except old-fashioned tarantula-juice, "warranted to kill at forty paces."

The host of the Lake was in a constant state of nervous excitement, and did more scolding, swearing, gouging, and general hotel work, in the brief space of half an hour, than any man I



"WE ARE WAITING FOR YOU."





A SHORT CUT.

ever saw. He seemed to be quite worn-out with his run of customers—from a hundred to three hundred of a night, and nowhere to stow 'em—all cussin' at him for not keepin' provisions: and how could he, when they ate him clean out every day, and some of 'em never paid him, and never will?

I was not sorry to get clear of the Lake House, its filth, and its troubles.

Upon crossing the valley, which is here about a mile wide, the ascent of the next summit commences. Here we had almost a repetition of the main summit, except that the descent on the other side is more gradual.

At length we struck the beginning of Hope Valley. I shall always remember this portion of the journey as the worst I ever traveled on foot. Every yard of the trail was honey-combed to the depth of two or three feet. On the edges there was no foothold at all; and occasionally we had to wade knee-deep in black, sticky mire, from which it was difficult to extricate one's feet and boots at the same time. I was glad enough when myself and two casual acquaintances succeeded

in reaching the solitary log-house which stands near the middle of the valley.

I little expected to find in this wilderness a philosopher of the old school; but here was a man who had evidently made up his mind to withstand all the allurements of wealth, and devote the remainder of his life to ascetic reflections upon the follies of mankind. Diogenes in his tub was not more rigorous in his seclusion than this isolated inhabitant of Hope Valley. His log-cabin, to be sure, was some improvement, in extent, upon the domicile of that famous philosopher; but in point of architectural style, I don't know that there could have been much advantage either way.

A few empty bags, and a bar entirely destitute of bottles, with a rough bench to sit upon, comprised all the furniture that was visible to the naked eye. From a beam overhead hung a bunch of fox-skins, which emitted a very gamy odor; and the clay floor had apparently never been swept, save by the storms that had passed over it before the cabin was built. A couple of rifles hung upon pegs projecting from the chimney, and a powder-flask was the only mantle-piece ornament. Diogenes sat, or rather reclined, on the pile of empty sacks, holding by



DIOGENES.



the neck a fierce bull-dog. The sanguinary propensities of this animal were manifested by repeated attempts to break away, and seize somebody by the throat or the leg: not that he growled, or snarled, or showed any puppyish symptoms of a trifling kind; but there was a playful switching of his tail and a leer of the eye uncommonly vicious and tiger-like. It certainly would not have taken him more than two minutes to hamstring the stoutest man in the party.

Between the dog and his master there was a very striking congeniality of disposition, if one might judge by the expression of their respective countenances. It would apparently have taken but little provocation to make either of them bite.

Battered and bruised as we were, and hungry into the bargain, after our hard struggle over the mountain, it became a matter of vital importance that we should secure lodgings for the night, and, if possible, get something to eat. The place looked rather unpromising; but after our experience in Lake Valley we were not easily discouraged. Upon broaching the subject to Diogenes, in the mildest possible manner, his brow darkened, as if a positive insult to his common sense had been attempted.

"Stay here all night!" he repeated, savagely. "What the h—ll do you want to stay here all night for?"

We hinted at a disposition to sleep, and thought he might possibly have room on the floor for our blankets.

At this he snapped his fingers contemptuously, and muttered, "Can't come that over me! I've been here too long for that!"

"But we are willing to pay you whatever is fair."

"Pay? Who said I wanted pay? Do I look like a man that wants money?"

We thought not.

"If I wanted money," continued Diogenes, "I could have made fifty dollars a day for the last two months. But I ask no favors of the world. Some of 'em wants to stay here whether I will or no; I rather think I'm too many for any of that sort—eh, Bull?—what d'ye say?" Bull growled, with a blood-thirsty meaning. "Too many altogether, gents—me and Bull."

There was a sturdy independence about this fellow, and a scorn for filthy lucre that rather astonished me as a citizen of a money-loving State.

"Well, if you can't let us stay all night, perhaps you can get us up a snack of dinner?"

"Snack of dinner?"—and here there was a guttural chuckle that boded failure again—"I tell you this ain't a tavern; and, if it was, my cook's gone out to take a airing."

"But have you nothing in the house to eat?"

"Oh yes, there's a bunch of fox-skins. If you'd like some of 'em cooked, I'll bile 'em for you."

This man's disposition had evidently been soured in early life. I think he must have been

crossed in love. His style had the merit of being terse, but his manner was sarcastic to the verge of impoliteness.

"Well, I suppose we can warm ourselves at the fire?"

"If you can," quoth Diogenes, "you can do more than I can;" and here he hauled his blanket over his shoulders, and fell back on the empty potato-sacks as if there was no more to be said on that or any other subject.

The bull-dog seemed to be of the same way of thinking, and quietly laid down by his master; still, however, keeping his eye on us, as suspicious characters.

Nothing remained but to push on for Woodford's, distant six miles.

Now, when you come to put six miles on the end of a day's journey such as ours had been, it becomes a serious matter. Besides, it was growing late, and a terrific wind, accompanied by a blinding sleet, rendered it scarcely practicable to stand up, much less to walk. I do not know how we ever staggered over that six miles. The last three, however, were downhill, and not so bad, as the snow was pretty well gone from the cañon on the approach to Woodford's.

This is the last station on the way over from Carson, and forms the upper terminus of that valley. It is supposed to be in Utah, but our landlord could not tell us exactly where the boundary line ran.

We found here several hundred people, bound in both directions, and passed a very rough night, trying to get a little sleep amidst the motley and noisy crowd.

I had endured the journey thus far very well, and had gained considerably in strength and appetite. The next day, however, upon striking into the sand of Carson Valley, my feet became terribly blistered, and the walking was exceedingly painful. There are some good farms in the upper part of the valley, between Woodford's and Genoa, though the general aspect of the country is barren in the extreme.

By sundown I had made only fifteen miles, and still was three miles from Genoa. Every hundred yards was now equal to a mile. At length I found it utterly impossible to move another step. It was quite dark, and there was nothing for it but to sit down on the road-side. Fortunately, the weather was comparatively mild. As I was meditating how to pass the night, I perceived a hot spring close by, toward which I crept; and finding the water strongly impregnated with salt, it occurred to me that it might benefit my feet. I soon plunged them in, and in half an hour found them so much improved that I was enabled to resume my journey. An hour more and I was snugly housed at Genoa.

This was a place of some importance during the time of the Mormon settlements, but had not kept pace with Carson City in the general improvement caused by the recent discoveries. At present it contained a population of not more than two or three hundred, chiefly store-keepers,

teamsters, and workmen employed upon a neighboring saw-mill. The inhabitants professed to be rich in silver leads, but upon an examination of the records to find the lead in which my San Francisco friend had invested, and which was represented to be in this district, I was unable to find any trace of it; and there was no such name as that of the alleged owner known or ever heard of in Genoa. In fact, as I afterward ascertained, it was purely a fictitious name, and the whole transaction was one of those Peter Funk swindles so often practiced upon the unwary during this memorable era of swindles. I don't know how my friend received the intelligence, but I reported it to him without a solitary mitigating circumstance. Had I met with the vile miscreant who had imposed upon him, I should have felt bound to resort to personal measures of satisfaction, in consideration of the fund expended by my friend on the expenses of this Commission of Inquiry. The deeds were so admirably drawn, and the names written so legibly, that I don't wonder he was taken in. In fact, the only obstacle to his scheme of sudden wealth was, that there were no such mines, and no such men as the alleged discoverers, in existence.

I proceeded the next day to Carson City, which I had fixed upon as the future headquarters of my agency. The distance from Genoa is fifteen miles, the road winding around the base of the foot-hills most of the way. I was much impressed with the marked difference between the country on this side of the Sierra Nevada range and the California side. Here the mountains were but sparsely timbered; the soil was poor and sandy, producing little else than stunted sage bushes; and the few scattering farms had a thriftless and poverty-stricken look, as if the task of cultivation had proved entirely hopeless, and had long since been given up. Across the valley toward the Desert, ranges of mountains, almost destitute of trees, and of most stern and forbidding aspect, stretched as far as the eye could reach. Carson River, which courses through the plain, presented the only pleasing feature in the scene.

I was rather agreeably surprised at the civilized aspect of Carson City. It is really quite a pretty and thrifty little town. Situated within a mile of the foot-hills, within reach of the main timber region of the country, and well watered by streams from the mountains, it is rather imposing on first acquaintance; but the climate is abominable, and not to be endured. I know of none so bad except that of Virginia City, which is infinitely worse. The population was about twelve or fifteen hundred at the time of my visit. There was great speculation in town lots going on—a rumor having come from Salt Lake that the seat of government of Utah was about to be removed to Carson. Hotels and stores were in progress of erection all about the Plaza; but especially drinking and gambling saloons—it being an article of faith among the embryo sovereigns of Utah that no government can be judiciously

administered without plenty of whisky, and superior accommodations for "bucking at Monte." I am not sure but there is a similar feature in the California constitution; at least, the practice is carried on to some extent at Sacramento during the sittings of the Legislature. Measures of the most vital importance are first introduced in rum-cocktails, then steeped in whisky, after which they are engrossed in gin for a third reading. Before the final vote the opponents adjourn to a game of *poker* or *sledge*, and upon the amount of Champagne furnished on the occasion by the respective parties interested in the bill depends its passage or defeat. It was said that Champagne carried one of the great Senatorial elections; but this has been denied, and it would be dangerous to insist upon it.

I had the pleasure of meeting in Carson an esteemed friend from San Francisco, Mr. A. J. Van Winkle, Real Estate Agent; who, being a descendant of the famous Rip Van Winkle, was thoughtful enough to furnish me with a bunk to sleep in. Warned by the fate of his unhappy ancestor, my friend had gone briskly into the land business, and now owned enough of town lots, of amazingly appreciative value, to keep any man awake for the remainder of his life. I think if I had as much property, doubling itself up all the time like an acrobat in a circus, I would never sleep another wink thinking about it.

Chief among the curiosities of Carson City is the *Territorial Enterprise*—a newspaper of an origin long anterior to the mining excitement. I was introduced to "the Colonel," who presides over the editorial department, and found him uncommonly strong on the ultimate destiny of Carson. His office was located in a dirty frame shanty, where, amidst types, rollers, composing-stones, and general rubbish of a dark and literary aspect, those astounding editorials which now and then arouse the public mind are concocted. The Colonel and his compositors live in a sort of family fashion, entirely free from the rigorous etiquette of such establishments in New York. They cook their own food in the composition room (which is also the editorial and press room), and being, as a general thing, short of plates, use the frying-pan in common for that purpose. In cases of great festivity and rejoicing, when a subscriber has settled up arrearages or the cash is paid down for a good job of hand-bills, the Colonel purchases the best tender-loin steak to be had in market, and cooks it with one hand, while with the other he writes a letter of thanks to the subscriber, or a puff on the hand-bill. But the great hope upon which the Colonel feeds his imagination is the removal of the seat of government from Salt Lake to Carson City, which he considers the proper place. Mr. Van Winkle is also of the same opinion; and, as a general thing, the proposition is favorably entertained by the citizens of Carson.

As usual in new countries, a strong feeling of rivalry exists between the Carsonites and the inhabitants of Virginia City. I have summed up

the arguments on both sides and reduced them to the following pungent essence :

Virginia City—a mud-hole ; climate, hurricanes and snow ; water, a dilution of arsenic, plumbago, and copperas ; wood, none at all except sage brush ; no title to property, and no property worth having.

Carson City—a mere accident ; occupation of the inhabitants, waylaying strangers bound for Virginia ; business, selling whisky, and so dull at that, men fall asleep in the middle of the street going from one groggery to another ; productions, grass and weeds on the Plaza.

While this fight is going on Silver City, which lies about midway between the two, shrugs her shoulders and thanks her stars there can be no rivalry in her case. If ever there was a spot fitted by nature for a seat of government it is Silver City—the most central, the most moral, the most promising ; in short, the only place where the seat of government can exist for any length of time.

This Kilkenny-cat fight is highly edifying to a stranger, who, of course, is expected to take sides, or at once acknowledge himself an enemy. The result, I hope, will be satisfactory and triumphant to all parties. I would suggest that the government be split into three slices, and a slice stowed away under ground in each of the great cities, so that it may permeate the foundations of society.

A few days after my arrival in Carson the sky darkened, and we soon had a specimen of the spring weather of this region. To say that it stormed, snowed, and rained would be ridiculously tame in comparison with the real state of the case. The wind whistled through the thin shanties in a manner that left scarcely a hope of roof or frame standing till night. Through the crevices came little hurricanes of snow-drift mixed with sand ; each tenement groaned and creaked as if its last hour had come ; the air was bitterly cold ; and it seemed, in short, as if the vengeance of Heaven had been let loose on this desolate and benighted region.

Next day the clouds gradually lifted from the mountain tops, and the sun once more shone out bright and clear. The snow, which now covered the valley, began to disappear ; the lowing of half-starved cattle, in search of the few green patches visible here and there, gave some promise of life ; but soon the portentous gusts of wind swept down again from the cañons ; dark clouds overspread the sky, and a still more violent storm than on the preceding day set in, and continued without intermission all night. By morning the whole face of the country was covered with snow. A few stragglers came in from Woodford's, who reported that the trail to Placerville was covered up to the depth of six or eight feet, and was entirely unpracticable for man or beast. Apprehensions were felt for the safety of the trains on the way through, as nothing could be heard from them. A large party had started out to open the trail, but were forced back by the severity of the weather. The snow-drifts

were said to vary from twenty to thirty feet in depth.

Here was a pretty predicament ! To be shut up in this desolate region, where even the cattle were dying of starvation, with seven or eight thousand human mouths to be fed, and the stock of provisions rapidly giving out, was rather a serious aspect of affairs. I do not know that actual starvation could have resulted for some time, certainly not until what cattle were alive had been killed, and soup made of the dead carcasses that covered the plain. Even before resorting to the latter extremity there were horses, mules, burros, and dogs, on hand, upon which the cravings of hunger might be appeased for a month or so ; and in the event of all these resources giving out, should the worst come to the worst, the few digger Indians that hung around the settlements might be made available as an article of temporary subsistence.

In this extremity, when considerable suffering if not absolute starvation stared us in the face, the anxiety respecting the opening of the trails became general. Groups of men of divers occupations stood in the streets, or on every little rise of ground in the neighborhood, speculating upon the chances or peering through the gloom in the hope of discerning the approach of some relief train. The sugar was gone ; flour was eighty dollars a sack, and but little to be had at that ; barley was seventy-five cents a pound, and hay sixty cents ; horses were dying for want of something to eat ; cigars were rapidly giving out ; whisky might stand the pull another week, but the prospect was gloomy of any thing more nourishing.

In this exciting state of affairs, when every brain was racked to devise ways and means of relief, and when hope of succor was almost at an end, a scout came running in from the direction of the Downerville trail with the glorious tidings of an approaching mule train. The taverns, billiard saloons, groggeries, and various stores were soon empty—every body rushed down the street to have assurance made doubly sure. Cheer after cheer burst from the elated crowd when the train hove in sight. On it came—at first like a row of ants creeping down the hillside ; then nearer and larger, till the clatter of the hoofs and the rattling of the packs could be heard ; then the blowing of the tired mules ; and at last the leader, an old gray mule, came staggering wearily along heavily packed. A barrel was poised on his back—doubtless a barrel of beef, or it might be pork, or bacon. The brand heaves in sight. Per Baccho ! it is neither beef, pork, nor bacon, but *whisky*—old Bourbon whisky ! The next mule totters along under two half-barrels. Speculation is rife. Every man with a stomach and an appetite for wholesome food is interested. Pigs' feet perhaps, or mackerel, or, it may be, preserved chicken ? But here is the mark—*brandy* ; by the powers ! nothing but *brandy* ! However, here comes the third with a load of five-gallon kegs—molasses beyond question, or lard, or butter ? Wrong





THE STAGE.

again, gentlemen—*gin*, nothing but *gin*. On staggers a fourth heavily burdened with more kegs—sugar, or corn meal, or preserved apples, I'll bet my head. Never bet your head. It is nothing but bitters—*Mack's Bitters*! But surely the fifth carries a box of crushed sugar on his back, he bears himself so gayly under his burden. And well he may! That box contains no more sugar than you do, my friend; it is stuffed chock-full with decanters, tumblers, and pewter spoons. But there are still ten or fifteen mules more. Surely there must be some provisions in the train. Nobody can live to a very protracted period of life on brandy, whisky, gin, Mack's Bitters, and glass-ware. Alas, for human expectation! One by one the jaded animals pass, groaning and tottering under their heavy burdens—a barrel of rum; two boxes of bottled ale; six crates of Champagne; two pipes of California wine; a large crate of bar fixtures; and a dozen boxes of cigars—none of them nutritious articles of subsistence.

As if to enhance our troubles, the party in charge of the train had been nearly starved out in the mountains, and now came in the very lankest and hungriest of the crowd. If they were thirsty, it was their own fault; but none of them looked as if they had suffered in that respect.

Before entering into the responsible duties of my agency I was desirous of seeing as much of the mining region as possible, and with this view took the stage for Virginia City. The most remarkable peculiarity on the road was the driver, whose likeness I struck in a happy moment of inspiration. At Silver City, eight miles from Carson, I dismounted, and proceeded the rest of the way on foot. The road here becomes rough and hilly, and but little is to be seen of the city except a few tents and board shanties. Half a mile beyond is a remarkable gap cut by Nature through the mountain, as if for the express purpose of giving the road an opportunity to visit Virginia City.

As I passed through the Devil's Gate it struck

me that there was something ominous in the name. "Let all who enter here—" But I had already reached the other side. It was too late now for repentance. I was about to inquire where the devil— Excuse me, I use the word in



DEVIL'S GATE.

Original from  
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VIRGINIA CITY.

no indecorous sense. I was simply about to ask where he lived, when, looking up the road, I saw amidst the smoke and din of shivered rocks, where grimy imps were at work blasting for ore, a string of adventurers laden with picks, shovels, and crowbars; kegs of powder, frying-pans, pitchforks, and other instruments of torture—all wearily toiling in the same direction; decrepit old men, with avarice imprinted upon their furrowed brows; Jews and Gentiles, foot-weary and haggard; the young and the old, the strong and the weak, all alike burning with an unhallowed lust for lucre; and then I shuddered as the truth flashed upon me that they were going straight to—Virginia City.

Every foot of the cañon was claimed, and gangs of miners were at work all along the road, digging and delving into the earth like so many infatuated gophers. Many of these unfortunate creatures lived in holes dug into the side of the hill, and here and there a blanket thrown over a few stakes served as a domicile to shield them from the weather.

At Gold Hill, two miles beyond the Gate, the

excitement was quite pitiable to behold. Those who were not at work, burrowing holes into the mountain, were gathered in gangs around the whisky saloons, pouring liquid fire down their throats and swearing all the time in a manner so utterly reckless as to satisfy me they had long since bid farewell to hope.

This district is said to be exceedingly rich in gold, and I fancy it may well be so, for it is certainly rich in nothing else. A more barren-looking and forbidding spot could scarcely be found elsewhere on the face of the earth. The whole aspect of the country indicates that it must have been burned up in hot fires many years ago and reduced to a mass of cinders; or scraped up from all the desolate spots in the known world, and thrown over the Sierra Nevada Mountains in a confused mass to be out of the way. I do not wish to be understood as speaking disrespectfully of any of the works of creation; but it is inconceivable that this region should ever have been designed as an abode for man.

A short distance beyond Gold Hill we came



in sight of the great mining capital of Washoe, the far famed Virginia City. In the course of a varied existence it had been my fortune to visit the city of Jerusalem, the city of Constantinople, the city of the Sea, the City of the Dead, the Seven Cities, and others of historical celebrity in the Old World; and many famous cities in the New, including Port Townsend, Crescent City, Benicia, and the New York of the Pacific; but I had never yet beheld such a city as that which now burst upon my distended organs of vision.

On a slope of mountains speckled with snow, sage-bushes, and mounds of upturned earth, without any apparent beginning or end, congruity or regard for the eternal fitness of things, lay outspread the wondrous city of Virginia.

Frame shanties, pitched together as if by accident; tents of canvas, of blankets, of brush, of potato-sacks and old shirts, with empty whisky barrels for chimneys; smoky hovels of mud and

stone; coyote holes in the mountain-side forcibly seized and held by men; pits and shafts with smoke issuing from every crevice; piles of goods and rubbish on craggy points, in the hollows, on the rocks, in the mud, in the snow, every where, scattered broadcast in pell-mell confusion, as if the clouds had suddenly burst overhead and rained down the dregs of all the flimsy, rickety, filthy little hovels and rubbish of merchandise that had ever undergone the process of evaporation from the earth since the days of Noah. The intervals of space, which may or may not have been streets, were dotted over with human beings of such sort, variety, and numbers that the famous ant-hills of Africa were as nothing in the comparison. To say that they were rough, muddy, unkempt and unwashed, would be but faintly expressive of their actual appearance; they were all this by reason of exposure to the weather; but they seemed to have caught the very diabolical tint and grime of the whole



A QUESTION OF TITLE





GOLD HILL.

place. Here and there, to be sure, a San Francisco dandy of the "boiled shirt" and "stove-pipe" pattern loomed up in proud consciousness of the triumphs of art under adverse circumstances; but they were merely peacocks in the barn-yard.

A fraction of the crowd, as we entered the precincts of the town, were engaged in a lawsuit relative to a question of title. The arguments used on both sides were empty whisky-bottles, after the fashion of the *Basiliunum*, or club law, which, according to Addison, prevailed in the colleges of learned men in former times. Several of the disputants had already been knocked down and convinced, and various others were freely shedding their blood in the cause of justice. Even the bull-terriers took an active part—or, at least, a very prominent part. The difficulty was about the ownership of a lot, which had been staked out by one party and "jumped" by another. Some two or three hundred disinterested observers stood by, enjoying the spectacle, several of them with their hands on their revolvers, to be ready in case of any serious issue; but these dangerous weapons are only used on great occasions—

a refusal to drink, or some illegitimate trick at monte.

Upon fairly reaching what might be considered the centre of the town, it was interesting to observe the manners and customs of the place. Groups of keen speculators were huddled around the corners, in earnest consultation about the rise and fall of stocks; rough customers, with red and blue flannel shirts, were straggling in from the Flowery Diggings, the Desert, and other rich points, with specimens of croppings in their hands, or offering bargains in the "Rogers," the "Lady Bryant," the "Mammoth," the "Woolly Horse," and Heaven knows how many other valuable *leads*, at prices varying from ten to seventy-five dollars a foot. Small knots of the knowing ones were in confidential interchange of thought on the subject of every other man's business; here and there a loose man was caught by the button, and led aside behind a shanty to be "stuffed;" every body had some grand secret, which nobody else could find out; and the game of "dodge" and "pump" was universally played. Jew clothing-men were setting out their goods and chattels in front of wretched-looking tenements; monte-dealers, gamblers,



thieves, cut-throats, and murderers were mingling miscellaneously in the dense crowds gathered around the bars of the drinking saloons. Now and then a half-starved Pah-Ute or Washoe Indian came tottering along under a heavy press of fagots and whisky. On the main street, where the mass of the population were gathered, a jaunty fellow who had "made a good thing of it" dashed through the crowds on horseback, accoutred in genuine Mexican style, swinging his reata over his head, and yelling like a devil let loose. All this time the wind blew in terrific gusts from the four quarters of the compass, tearing away signs, capsizing tents, scattering the grit from the gravel-banks with blinding force in every body's eyes, and sweeping furiously around every crook and corner in search of some sinner to smite. Never was such a wind as this—so scathing, so searching, so given to penetrate the very core of suffering humanity; disdaining overcoats, and utterly scornful of shawls and blankets. It actually seemed to double up, twist, pull, push, and screw the unfortunate biped till his muscles cracked and his bones rattled—following him wherever he sought refuge, pursuing him down the back of the neck, up the coat-sleeves, through the legs of his pantaloons, into his boots—in short, it was the most villainous and persecuting wind that ever blew, and I boldly protest that it did nobody good.

Yet, in the midst of the general wreck and crash of matter, the business of trading in claims, "bucking," and "bearing" went on as if the zephyrs of Virginia were as soft and balmy as those of San Francisco.

This was surely—No matter; nothing on earth could aspire to competition with such a

place. It was essentially infernal in every aspect, whether viewed from the Comstock Ledge or the summit of Gold Hill. Nobody seemed to own the lots except by right of possession; yet there was trading in lots to an unlimited extent. Nobody had any money, yet every body was a millionaire in silver claims. Nobody had any credit, yet every body bought thousands of feet of glittering ore. Sales were made in the Mammoth, the Lady Bryant, the Sacramento, the Winnebunk, and the innumerable other "outside claims," at the most astounding figures—but not a dime passed hands. All was silver underground, and deeds and mortgages on top; silver, silver every where, but scarce a dollar in coin. The small change had somehow gotten out of the hands of the public into the gambling saloons.

Every speck of ground covered by canvas, boards, baked mud, brush, or other architectural material, was jammed to suffocation; there were sleeping houses, twenty feet by thirty, in which from one hundred and fifty to two hundred solid sleepers sought slumber at night, at a dollar a head; tents, eight by ten, offering accommodations to the multitude; any thing or any place, even a stall in a stable, would have been a luxury.

The chief hotel, called, if I remember, the "Indication," or the "Hotel de Haystack," or some such euphonious name, professed to accommodate three hundred live men, and it doubtless did so, for the floors were covered from the attic to the solid earth—three hundred human beings in a tinder-box not bigger than a first-class hen-coop! But they were sorry-looking sleepers as they came forth each morning, swearing at the evil genius who had directed them to this miserable spot—every man a dollar and a pound of flesh poorer. I saw some, who perhaps were short of means, take surreptitious naps against the posts and walls in the bar-room, while they ostensibly professed to be mere spectators.

In truth, wherever I turned there was much to confirm the forebodings with which I had entered the Devil's Gate. The deep pits on the hill-sides; the blasted and barren appearance of the whole country; the unsightly hodge-podge of a town; the horrible confusion of tongues; the roaring, raving drunkards at the bar-rooms, swilling fiery liquids from morning till night; the flaring and flaunting gambling-saloons, filled with desperadoes of the vilest sort; the ceaseless torrent of imprecations that shocked the ear on every side; the mad speculations and feverish thirst for gain—all combined to give me a forcible impression of the unhallowed character of the place.

What dreadful savage is that? I asked, as a ferocious-looking monster in human shape stalked through the crowd. Is it—can it be the—No; that's only a murderer. He shot three men a few weeks ago, and will probably shoot another before



"MY CLAIM, SIR!"

night. And this aged and decrepit man, his thin locks floating around his haggard and unshaven face, and matted with filth? That's a speculator from San Francisco. See how wildly he grasps at every "indication," as if he had a lease of life for a thousand years! And this bull-dog fellow, with a mutilated face, button-holing every by-passer? That fellow? Oh, he's only a "bummer" in search of a cocktail. And this—and this—all these crazy-looking wretches, running hither and thither with hammers and stones in their hands, calling one another aside, hurrying to the assay-offices, pulling out papers, exchanging mysterious signals—who and what are all these? Oh, these are Washoe millionaires. They are deep in "outside claims." The little fragments of rock they carry in their hands are "croppings" and "indications" from the "Wake-up-Jake," "Root-Hog-or-Die," "Wild-Cat," "Grizzly Hill," "Dry-up," "Same Horse," "Let-her-Rip," "You Bet," "Gouge-Eye," and other famous ledges and companies, in which they own some thousands of feet. Hold, good friend! I am convinced there is no rest for the wicked. All night long these dreadful noises continue; the ears are distracted with an unintelligible jargon of "croppings," "ledges," "lodes," "leads," "indications," "feet," and "strikes," and the nostrils offended with foul odors of boots, old pipes, and dirty blankets—who can doubt the locality? If the climate is more rigorous than Dante describes it—if Calypso might search in vain for Ulysses in such a motley crowd—these apparent differences are not inconsistent with the general theory of changes produced by American emigration and the sudden conglomeration of such incongruous elements.

I was grieved and astonished to find many friends here—some of them gentlemen who had borne a very fair reputation in San Francisco, and whose unhappy fate I never could have anticipated. The bankers and brokers who had been cut off, after a prosperous career on Montgomery Street, had, of course, reached the goal toward which they had long been tending; the lawyers, who had set their unfortunate fellow-creatures by the ears, were now in a congenial element; the hard traders and unscrupulous speculators, who had violated all the moral obligations of life in their greedy lust for money, naturally abounded in large numbers; in short, it was not a matter of surprise that justice had at length been dealt out to many sinful men. But when I recognized friends whom I had formerly known as good citizens, the fathers of interesting families, exemplary members of society in San Francisco, I was profoundly shocked. It was impossible to deny that they must have been guilty of some grievous wickedness to entitle them to such a punishment.



SAN FRANCISCO SPECULATORS.

What surprised me most of all was to find Colonel R—, to whom I had a letter of introduction, the leading spirit here. His assistance was sought by all. He was the best friend to any man in need of advice. Hospitality with him was a cardinal virtue. He had turned out of his own snug quarters long since to make room for the sick and disabled, and now slept about wherever he could find shelter. He was chief owner in the "Comstock Lead," and showed great liberality in giving a helping hand to others on the road to fortune. In fine, I am utterly unable to determine for what crime he was now suffering expiation. There was nothing in his conduct that I could discover the least unbecoming to a good citizen. His benevolence, hospitality, and genial manners, were worthy any Christian. To me and to many others he proved the good Samaritan, and I still hesitate to believe that he merited the hard fate now meted out to him. But who can fathom the judgments pronounced upon men?

The bare contemplation of the miseries suffered by the inhabitants of this dreadful place was enough to stagger all convictions of my identity. Could it be possible that I was at last in—in Virginia City? What had I done to bring me to this? In vain I entered into a retrospection of the various iniquities of my life; but I could hit upon nothing that seemed bad enough to warrant such a fate. At length a withering truth flashed upon me. This must be the end of a Federal existence! This must be the abode of Ex-Inspector-Generals! It must be





A FALL.

here that the accounts current of the decapitated are examined. Woe to the wretch who failed to profit by specie clause of the Independent Treasury Act while he had official claws on hand! Such laches of public duty can not be tolerated even in—Virginia City.

I slept, or rather tried to sleep, at one "Zip's," where there were only twenty "bunks" in the room, and was fortunate in securing a bunk even there. But the great Macbeth himself, laboring under the stings of an evil conscience, could have made a better hand of sleeping than I did at Zip's. It proved to be a general meeting-place for my San Francisco friends, and as they were all very rich in mining claims, and bent on getting still richer, they were continually making out deeds, examining titles, trading and transferring claims, discussing the purchases and prospects of the day, and exhibiting the most ex-

traordinary "indications" yet discovered, in which one or other of them held an interest of fifty or a hundred feet, worth, say, a thousand dollars a foot. Between the cat-naps of oblivion that visited my eyes there was a constant din of "croppings"—"feet"—"fifty thousand dollars"—"struck it rich!"—"the Comstock Ledge!"—"the Billy Choller!"—"Miller on the rise!"—"Mammoth!"—"Sacramento!"—"Lady Bryant!"—"a thousand feet more!"—"great bargain"—"forty dollars a foot!"—crash! rip! bang!—"an earthquake!"—"run for your lives!"

What the deuce is the matter?

It happened thus one night. The wind was blowing in terrific gusts. In the midst of the general clatter on the subject of croppings, bargains, and indications, down came our next neighbor's

house on the top of us with a terrific crash. For a moment it was difficult to tell which house



ASSAY OFFICE.





THE COMSTOCK LEAD.

was the ruin. Amidst projecting and shivered planks, the flapping of canvas, and the howling of the wind, it really seemed as if chaos had come again. But "Zip's" was well braced, and stood the shock without much damage, a slight heel and lurch to leeward being the chief result. I could not help thinking, as I turned in again after the alarm, that there could no longer be a doubt on the subject which had already occasioned me so many unpleasant reflections. It even seemed as if I smelled something like brimstone; but upon calling to Zip to know what was the matter, he informed me that he was "only dryin' the boots on the stove."

Notwithstanding the number of physicians who had already hoisted their "shingles," there was much sickness in Virginia, owing chiefly to exposure and dissipation, but in some measure to the deleterious quality of the water. Nothing more was wanting to confirm my original impressions. The water was certainly the worst ever used by man. Filtered through the Comstock Lead, it carried with it much of the plumbago, arsenic, copperas, and other poisonous minerals alleged to exist in that vein. The citizens of Virginia had discovered what they conceived to be an infallible way of "correcting it;" that

is to say, it was their practice to mix a spoonful of water in half a tumbler of whisky, and then drink it. The whisky was supposed to neutralize the bad effects of the water. Sometimes it was considered good to mix it with gin. I was unable to see how any advantage could be gained in this way. The whisky contained strychnine, oil of tobacco, tarentula juice, and various effective poisons of the same general nature, including a dash of corrosive sublimate; and the gin was manufactured out of turpentine and whisky, with a sprinkling of Prussic acid to give it flavor. For my part, I preferred taking poison in its least complicated form, and therefore adhered to the water. With hot saleratus bread, beans fried in grease, and such drink as this, it was no wonder that scores were taken down sick from day to day.

Sickness is bad enough at the best of times; but here the condition of the sick was truly pitiable. There was scarcely a tenement in the place that could be regarded as affording shelter against the piercing wind; and crowded as every tent and hovel was to its utmost capacity, it was hard even to find a vacant spot to lie down, much less sleep or rest in comfort. Many had come with barely means sufficient to defray their expenses



to the diggings, in the confident belief that they would immediately strike upon "something rich." Or, if they failed in that, they could work a while on wages. But the highest wages here for common labor were three dollars a day, while meals were a dollar each, and lodgings the same. It was a favor to get work for "grub." Under such circumstances, when a poor fellow fell sick, his recovery could only be regarded as a matter of luck. No record of the deaths was kept. The mass of the emigration were strangers to each other, and it concerned nobody in particular when a man "pegged out," except to put him in a hole somewhere out of the way.

I soon felt the bad effects of the water. Possibly I had committed an error in not mixing it with the other poisons; but it was quite poisonous enough alone to give me violent pains in the stomach and a very severe diarrhea. At the same time, I was seized with an acute attack of rheumatism in the shoulder and neuralgic pains

in the head. The complication of miseries which I now suffered was beyond all my calculations of the hardships of mining life. As yet I had struck nothing better than "Winn's Restaurant," where I took my meals. The Comstock Ledge was all very fine; but a THOUSAND DOLLARS A FOOT! Who ever had a thousand dollars to put in a running foot of ground, when not even the great Comstock himself could tell where it was running to. On the whole, I did not consider the prospect cheering.

At this period there were no laws of any kind in the district for the preservation of order. Some regulations had been established to secure the right of discovery to claimants; but they were loose and indefinite, differing in each district according to the caprice of the miners, and subject to no enforcement except that of the revolver. In some localities the original discoverer of a vein was entitled to 400 running feet; he could put down the names of as many friends as

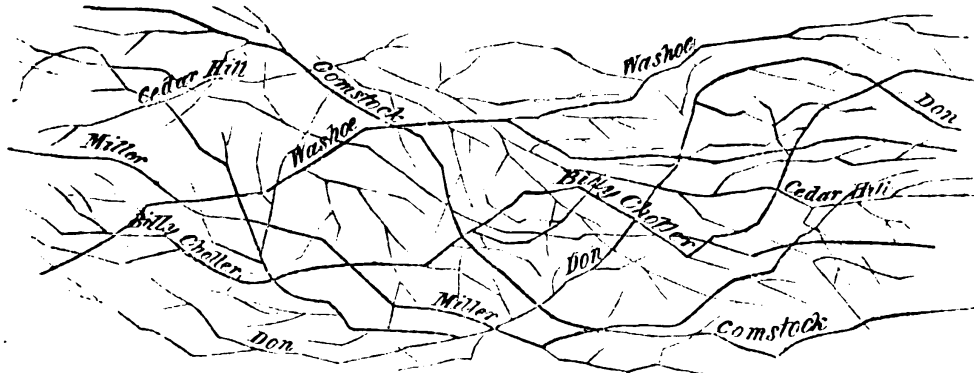


"SILVER, CERTAIN, SIR!"



he chose at 200 feet each. Notice had to be recorded at certain places of record, designating the date and location of discovery. All "leads" were taken up with their "dips, spurs, and angles." But who was to judge of the "dips, spurs, and angles?" That was the difficulty. Every man ran them to suit himself. The Comstock Ledge was in a mess of confusion. The shareholders had the most enlarged views of its "dips, spurs, and angles;" but those who struck

croppings above and below were equally liberal in their notions; so that, in fine, every body's spurs were running into every body else's angles. The Cedar Hill Company were spurring the Miller Company; the Virginia Ledge was spurring the Continuation; the Dow Company were spurring the Billy Choller, and so on. It was a free fight all round, in which the dips, spurs, and angles might be represented thus—after the pattern of a bunch of snakes:



THE CLAIMS.

The contention was very lively. Great hopes were entertained that when Judge Cradlebaugh arrived he would hold Court, and then there would be some hope of settling these conflicting claims. I must confess I did not share in the opinion that law would settle any dispute in which silver was concerned. The Almaden Mine case is not yet settled, and never will be as long as there are judges and juries to sit upon it, and lawyers to argue it, and silver to pay expenses. Already Virginia City was infested with gentlemen of the bar, thirsting and hungering for chances at the Comstock. If it could only be brought into Court, what a picking of bones there would be!

When the snow began to clear away there was no end to the discoveries alleged to be made every day. The Flowery Diggings, six miles below Virginia, were represented to be wonderfully rich—so rich, indeed, that the language of every speculator who held a claim there partook of the flowery character of the diggings. The whole country was staked off to the distance of twenty or thirty miles. Every hill-side was grubbed open, and even the Desert was pegged, like the sole of a boot, with stakes designating claims. Those who could not spare time to go out "prospecting" hired others, or furnished provisions and pack-mules, and went shares. If the prospecting party struck "any thing rich," it was expected they would share it honestly; but I always fancied they would find it more profitable to hold on to that, and find some other rich lead for the resident partners.

In Virginia City a man who had been at work digging a cellar found rich indications. He immediately laid claim to a whole street covered with houses. The excitement produced by this "streak of luck" was perfectly frantic. Hun-

dreds went to work grubbing up the ground under their own and their neighbors' tents; and it was not long before the whole city seemed in a fair way of being undermined. The famous *Winn*, as I was told, struck the richest lead of all directly under his restaurant, and was next day considered worth a million of dollars. The dips, spurs, and angles of these various discoveries covered every foot of ground within an area of six miles. It was utterly impossible that a fraction of the city could be left. Owners of lots protested in vain. The mining laws were paramount where there was no law at all. There was no security to personal property, or even to persons. He who turned in to sleep at night might find himself in a pit of silver by morning. At least it was thus when I made up my mind to escape from that delectable region; and now, four months later, I really don't know whether the great City of Virginia is still in existence, or whether the inhabitants have not found a "deeper deep, still threatening to devour."

It must not be supposed, from the general character of the population, that Virginia City was altogether destitute of men skilled in scientific pursuits. There were few, indeed, who did not profess to know something of geology; and as for assayers and assay offices, they were almost as numerous as bar-keepers and groggeries. A tent, a furnace, half a dozen crucibles, a bottle of acid, and a hammer, generally comprised the entire establishment; but it is worthy of remark that the assays were always satisfactory. Silver, or indications of silver, were sure to be found in every specimen. I am confident some of these learned gentlemen in the assay business could have detected the precious metals in an Irish potato or a round of cheese for a reasonable consideration.

It was also a remarkable peculiarity of the country that the great "Comstock Lead" was discovered to exist in almost every locality, however remote or divergent from the original direction of the vein. I know a gentleman who certainly discovered a continuation of the Comstock forty miles from the Ophir mines, and at an angle of more than sixty degrees. But how could the enterprising adventurer fail to hit upon something rich, when every clod of earth and fragment of rock contained, according to the assays, both silver and gold? There was not a coyote hole in the ground that did not develop "indications." I heard of one lucky fellow who struck upon a rich vein, and organized an extensive company on the strength of having stumped his toe. Claims were even staked out and companies organized on "indications" rooted up by the squirrels and gophers. If they were not always indications of gold or silver, they were sure to contain copper, lead, or some other valuable mineral—plumbago or iridium, for instance. One man actually professed to have dis-

covered "amberggris;" but I think he must have been an old whaler.

The complications of ills which had befallen me soon became so serious that I resolved to get away by hook or crook, if it was possible to cheat the — corporate authorities of their dues. I had not come there to enlist in the service of Mammon at such wages.

Bundling up my pack one dark morning, I paid "Zip" the customary dollar, and while the evil powers were roistering about the grog-shops, taking their early bitters, made good my escape from the accursed place. Weak as I was, the hope of never seeing it again gave me nerve; and when I ascended the first elevation on the way to Gold Hill, and cast a look back over the confused mass of tents and hovels, and thought of all I had suffered there in the brief space of a few days, I involuntarily exclaimed, "If ever I put foot in that hole again, may the—"

But perhaps I had better not use strong language till I once more get clear of the Devil's Gate.



"INDICATIONS, SURE!"



GOLD MEDAL AWARDED TO GENERAL MORGAN.

## THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

JANUARY 18, 1781.

**T**O the Cowpens riding proudly, boasting loudly, rebels scorning,  
Tarleton hurried, hot and eager for the fight;  
From the Cowpens, sore-confounded, on that January morning,  
Tarleton hurried somewhat faster, fain to save himself by flight.

In the morn he scorned us rarely, but he fairly found his error,  
When his force was made our ready blows to feel;  
When his horsemen and his footmen fled in wild and pallid terror  
At the leaping of our bullets and the sweeping of our steel.

All the day before we fled them, and we led them to pursue us,  
Then at night on Thicketty Mountain made our camp;  
There we lay upon our rifles, slumber quickly coming to us,  
Spite the crackling of our camp-fires, and our sentries' heavy tramp.



DANIEL MORGAN.

Morning on the mountain border ranged in  
order found our forces,  
Ere our scouts announced the coming of  
the foe;  
While the hoar-frost lying near us, and the  
distant water-courses,  
Gleamed like silver in the sunlight, seemed  
like silver in their glow.

Morgan ranged us there to meet them, and  
to greet them with such favor  
That they scarce would care to follow us  
again:  
In the rear, the Continentals—none were  
readier nor braver;  
In the van, with ready rifles, steady, stern,  
our mountain men.

Washington, our trooper peerless, gay and  
fearless, with his forces  
Waiting panther-like upon the foe to fall,  
Formed upon the slope behind us, where, on  
raw-boned country horses,  
Sat the sudden-summoned levies brought  
from Georgia by M'Call.

Soon we heard a distant drumming, nearer coming, slow advancing—  
It was then upon the very nick of nine—  
Soon upon the road from Spartanburg we saw their bayonets glancing,  
And the morning sunlight playing on their swaying scarlet line.



In the distance seen so dimly, they looked grimly—coming nearer  
 There was naught about them fearful after all,  
 Until some one near me spoke in voice than falling water clearer—  
 "Tarleton's quarter is the sword-blade—Tarleton's mercy is the ball."

Then the memory came unto me, heavy, gloomy, of my brother  
 Who was slain while asking quarter at their hand;  
 Of that morning when was driven forth my sister and my mother  
 From our cabin in the valley by the spoilers of the land.

I remembered of my brother slain, my mother spurned and beaten,  
 Of my sister in her beauty brought to shame;  
 Of the wretches' jeers and laughter, as from mud-sill up to rafter,  
 Of the stripped and plundered cabin leapt the fierce, consuming flame.

But that memory had no power there in that hour there to depress me—  
 No! it stirred within my spirit fiercer ire;  
 And I gripped my sword-hilt firmer, and my arm and heart grew stronger;  
 And I longed to meet the wronger on the sea of steel and fire.

On they came, our might disdaining, when the raining bullets leaden  
 Pattered fast from scattered rifles on each wing;  
 Here and there went down a foeman, and the ground began to redden;  
 And they drew them back a moment, like the tiger ere his spring.

Then said Morgan, "Ball and powder kill much prouder men than George's—  
 On your rifles and a careful aim rely;  
 They were trained in many battles—we in work-shops, fields, and forges;  
 But we have our homes to fight for, and we do not fear to die."

Though our leader's words we cheered not, yet we feared not—we awaited,  
 Strong of heart, the threatened onset, and it came:  
 Up the sloping hill-side swiftly rushed the foe so fiercely hated;  
 On they came with gleaming bayonet, mid the cannons' smoke and flame.



COLONEL TARLETON.

At their head rode Tarleton proudly—ringing  
 loudly o'er the yelling  
 Of his men we heard his voice's brazen tone—  
 With his dark eyes flashing fiercely, and his  
 sombre features telling  
 In their look the pride that filled him as  
 the champion of the throne.

On they pressed, when sudden flashing, ring-  
 ing, crashing, came the firing  
 Of our forward line upon their close-set  
 ranks;  
 Then at coming of their steel, which moved  
 with steadiness untiring,  
 Fled our mountaineers, re-forming in good  
 order on our flanks.

Then the combat's ranging anger, din, and clangor, round and o'er us  
 Filled the forest, stirred the air and shook the ground;  
 Charged with thunder-tramp the horsemen, while their sabres shone before us,  
 Gleaming lightly, streaming brightly through the smoky cloud around.

Through the pines and oaks resounding, madly bounding from the mountain,  
 Leapt the rattle of the battle and the roar;  
 Fierce the hand-to-hand engaging, and the human freshet raging  
 Of the surging current urging past a dark and bloody shore.

Soon the course of fight was altered; soon they faltered at the leaden  
 Storm that smote them; and we saw their centre swerve;  
 Tarleton's eye flashed fierce in anger; Tarleton's face began to redden;  
 Tarleton gave the closing order—"Bring to action the reserve!"

Up the slope his legion thundered, full three hundred; fiercely spurring,  
 Cheering lustily, they fell upon our flanks;  
 And their worn and wearied comrades, at the sound so spirit-stirring,  
 Felt a thrill of hope and courage pass along their shattered ranks.



JOHN E. HOWARD.

By the wind the smoke-cloud lifted lightly drift-  
ed to the nor'ward,  
And displayed in all their pride the scarlet foe;  
We beheld them, with a steady tramp and fear-  
less moving forward,  
With their banners proudly waving, and their  
bayonets leveled low.

Morgan gave his order clearly—"Fall back near-  
ly to the border  
Of the hill, and let the enemy come nigher!"  
Oh! they thought we had retreated, and they  
charged in fierce disorder,  
When out rang the voice of Howard—"To  
the right about face! Fire!"

Then upon our very wheeling came the pealing  
of our volley,  
And our balls made red a pathway down the  
hill;  
Broke the foe and shrank and cowered; rang  
again the voice of Howard—  
"Give the hireling dogs the bayonet!"—and  
we did it with a will.

In the meanwhile one red-coated troop, unnoted, riding faster  
Than their comrades on our rear in fury bore;  
But the light-horse led by Washington soon brought it to disaster,  
For they shattered it and scattered it, and smote it fast and sore.



WILLIAM WASHINGTON.

Like a herd of startled cattle from the battle-  
field we drove them;  
In disorder down the Mill-gap road they  
fled;  
Tarleton led them in the racing, fast he fled  
before our chasing,  
And he stopped not for the dying, and he  
staid not for the dead.

Down the Mill-gap road they scurried and they  
hurried with such fleetness—  
We had never seen such running in our lives!  
Ran they swifter than if seeking homes to taste  
domestic sweetness,  
Having many years been parted from their  
children and their wives.

Ah! for some, no wife to meet them, child to  
greet them, friend to shield them!  
To their home o'er ocean never sailing back;  
After them the red avengers, bitter hate for  
death had sealed them,  
Yelped the dark and red-eyed sleuth-hound  
unrelenting on their track.

In their midst I saw one trooper, and around his waist I noted  
Tied a simple silken scarf of blue and white;  
When my vision grasped it clearly to my hatred I devoted  
Him, from all the hireling wretches who were mingled there in flight.

For that token in the summer had been from our cabin taken  
By the robber-hands of wrongers of my kin;  
'Twas my sister's—for the moment things around me were forsaken—  
I was blind to fleeing foemen, I was deaf to battle's din.

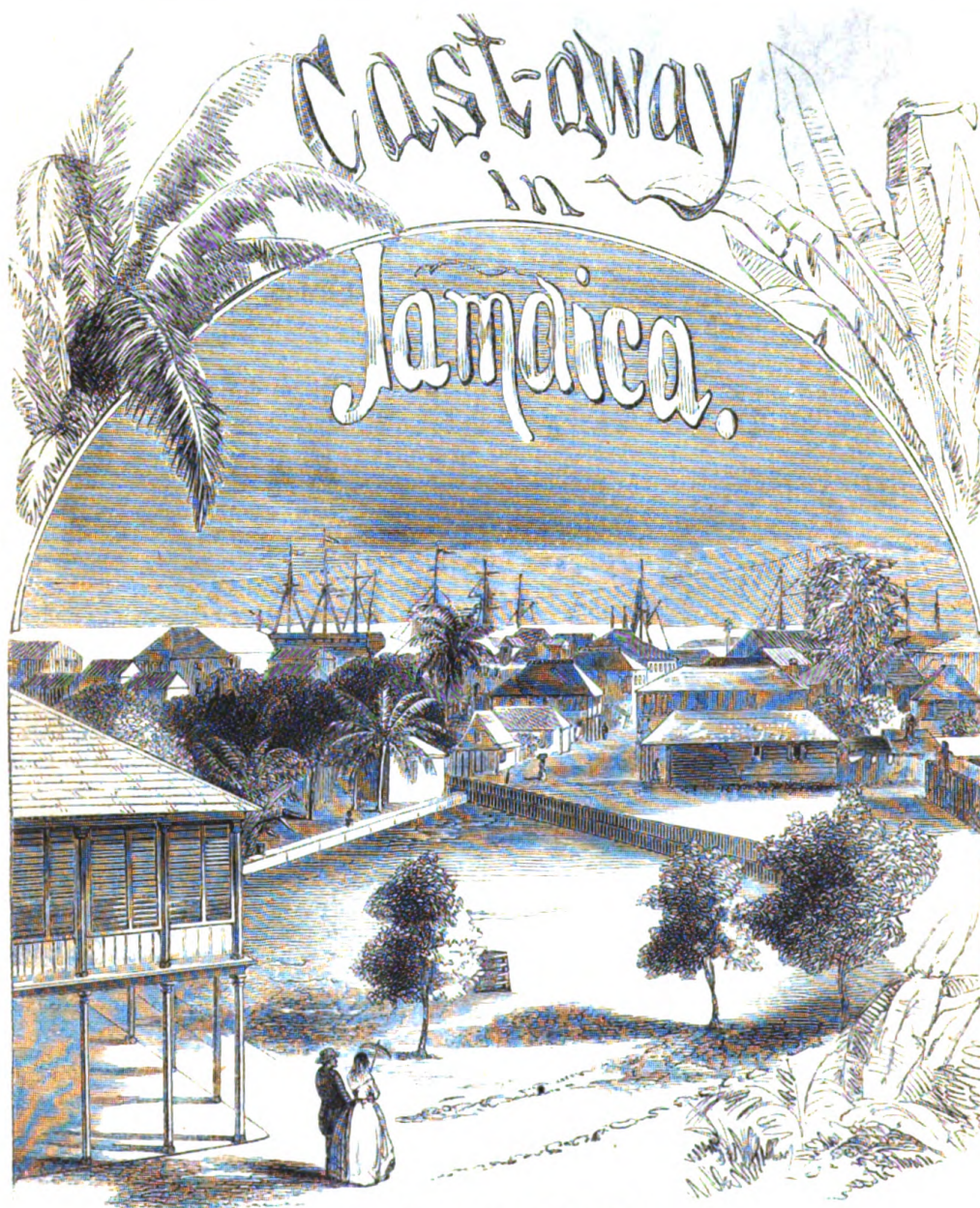
Olden comrades round me lying dead or dying were unheeded—  
Vain to me they looked for succor in their need;  
O'er the corpses of the soldiers, through the gory pools I speeded,  
Driving rowel-deep my spurs within my madly-bounding steed.



As I came he turned, and staring at my glaring eyes he shivered;  
 Pallid fear went quickly o'er his features grim;  
 As he grasped his sword in terror, every nerve within him quivered—  
 For his guilty spirit told him why I solely sought for him.

Though the stroke I dealt he parried, onward carried, down I bore him—  
 Horse and rider—down together went the twain:

“Quarter!”—He! that scarf had doomed him! stood a son and brother o'er him—  
 Down through plume and brass and leather went my sabre to the brain—  
 Never music like that crashing through the skull-bone to the brain.



PORT ROYAL, FROM NAVAL HOSPITAL.

THE title that I have given to this chapter of woe is a metaphorical one. I was not, like Columbus, exactly wrecked upon the coast of Jamaica. I was simply banished there by an Esculapian ukase, and forbidden, under penalty of death, to leave the island for six months. In

this light, then, I was cast away, and—may Heaven be thanked for all its mercies!—I live to record the fact.

We are told of a snake that fascinates the bird it is making preparations to devour. I can imagine the feelings of a bird in this dilemma, for



I experienced similar sensations when I first saw Jamaica. The passage from New York in a ninety-ton schooner had not been a pleasant one. It was the stormiest season of the year, and, for a fortnight, I had not been able to use my legs; not from sea-sickness, for I'm never sea-sick, but I found it impossible to stand, like a fly, on the side of a wall. The four square feet of deck, to which my movements were limited, never lost their perpendicular during the voyage except when the larboard was changed for the starboard tack, or *vice versa*, and the base suddenly became the summit of the wall. Our cabin, about the size of a church pew, was frequently half full of water, and our fare of salt pork, varied by salt codfish, was eaten thrice a day on the floor. Night brought me no relief. My bunk was too wide—I believe the captain and his mate slept in it when there were no passengers—and I floundered from side to side like a live trout in a pannier. My bones ached and my hips were black and blue. On one occasion I dragged my trunks into bed, and wedged myself into a small coffin-like space. I'll never try that dodge again. I slept for five minutes—enduring in my dreams many, many centuries of torture—and awoke with six cubic feet of luggage on my stomach. To these grievances I may add another. The skipper had on board two ferocious British bulldogs, whose partiality for human calves made me exceedingly timid and nervous. I tried, unsuccessfully, to poison them. They watched me so intently in the morning, as I slowly performed the very difficult acrobatic feat of emerging from the schooner's bunk, that I sometimes lay in agonizing doubt for an hour before I dared get up. When we took our black pilot off Morant Point, the female animal, who was called "Elizabeth," advanced as quietly as though she were going to a legitimate meal, and, without a growl or note of warning, carved a large slice from the poor man's leg. It was the first time, the skipper apologetically observed, that "Elizabeth" ever tasted African flesh.

Under these circumstances the sight of any land would have filled my soul with joy. But Jamaica land! Except in Switzerland, I never saw such hills before; never, out of the tropics, such verdure. The rising sun rained upon the island a flood of glory, and the clouds that crept up the sides of the lordly summit of the Blue Mountain ridge, or rested lazily upon a thousand lesser peaks, were tinted with a wondrous touch. I was fascinated and ensnared. No temptation could have drawn me from Jamaica now. I hastily dispatched my forty-fifth meal of salt pork, when again summoned to partake of that inevitable dish, and returned forthwith to the deck. We were now becalmed; we had sailed away from the breeze.

It is not given to us to know whence any wind cometh or whither it goeth; but Jamaica winds, of all others, are the most incomprehensible. They blow steadily to a certain point, but further they are not to be coaxed. We came up to Port Morant at what the skipper called a "howling

pace." After we passed that Æolian limit we could not compass half a knot an hour. Not a hundred yards astern I could see white crests upon the waves: the schooner, for the first time in my experience, was rolling on an unrippled sea. Our pilot—from his station on the house-top, which he had mounted to escape the tender mercies of "Elizabeth"—nursed his wound in sulky silence, and declared, after repeated questionings, that the breeze we had just left behind us would not reach Kingston for two months. It was a sea-breeze: our hopes lay in a land-breeze.

Puff! puff! puff! There she comes. (Hooray!) No, she doesn't. (Hang it!) Irritating us again with a make-believe. The man at the wheel whistled more vehemently than ever, but to no purpose; the sails swung heavily as before; and a mid-day sun made the tar fizzle in the rigging. Having swallowed my forty-sixth square lump of salt pork, I emerged from a stifling cabin to a more broiling atmosphere on deck. But a single spot of shade to be seen—and there, one had the certain prospect of being dashed to pieces by a restless mainsail boom. The coveted land-breeze flirted round us, filled our topsails for a moment, and then vanished as mysteriously as it came. The schooner turned her nose to every point in the compass, but could not sniff a breath of air. To scud for a thousand miles before a West Indian hurricane would, I thought, be preferable to a frightful stagnation like this. My head reeled with the heat, and by the time the sun was ready to set I felt that I was done to a turn for a cannibal. "Elizabeth," having shown unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia, had to be chained up.

It is a consolation to know that suspense, however painful, has its limits. The breeze crept stealthily upon us in the darkness, and about midnight we anchored on the top of Port Royal's old cathedral spire. I speak of that Port Royal which, two centuries ago, was destroyed by one of the most terrible earthquakes on record, whose houses and churches still lie buried in the waters that swept over them. The sunken houses of Port Royal, on a fine clear day, can be distinguished beneath the surface of the ocean, and a buoy has been attached to one of the church spires. Thus it happened that our schooner, like many another vessel before, came to anchor on the very pinnacle of a steeple.

American divers are, or were when this was written, seeking for Port Royal's buried treasures. Hitherto they have recovered nothing but bricks, and these mementos of a fearful event in their island's history the Jamaica people are eager to purchase for six cents each. Bricks, it must be confessed, are not very suggestive; and these bricks so closely resemble ordinary bricks that I do not give a photographic fac-simile. But opposite the harbor of modern Port Royal there is a stone which revives, more vividly than bricks can, the Tragedy of the Ancient City. "Here lieth"—says an inscription on an unpretending monument—"the body of Louis Caldý, Esquire, a native of Montpelier, in France, which



HARBOR OF KINGSTON, FROM RAE'S TOWN.

country he left on account of the Revocation. He was swallowed up by an earthquake which occurred at this place in 1692; but, by the great providence of God, was, by a second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued swimming until rescued by a boat, and lived 40 years afterward."

Port Royal was once the commercial emporium of the West Indies; it is now a naval and hospital station. It was rebuilt after the earthquake of 1692; but, having been destroyed again by a fire in 1702, devastated by a hurricane in 1722, and depopulated by an epidemic that immediately followed, the seat of commerce was removed to Kingston; and if Jamaican commerce, sick and prostrate, can be said to have any seat at all, in Kingston it still is.

Port Royal is situated at the extremity of a tongue of land, and is about six miles distant from Kingston. There is a ferry between the two towns. No, my New York friend, not such ferry-boats as ply between the metropolis and its suburbs; but a ferry-boat propelled by a couple of negroes, and carrying two, or, in cases of emergency, three passengers. I availed myself of this mode of conveyance; for the breeze was

not expected to arrive this day before half past eleven o'clock, and our schooner had to wait for it on top of the old church steeple. Long before she left her anchorage I was standing on a very dilapidated wharf in the city of Kingston. It was not a pleasant locality. The surrounding beach lots were filthy, the miasma was offensive, and the sun raging. I began to think of schooner-life with something like regret. I looked wildly about for relief, and moved toward the awning of an American brig, lying providentially at an adjoining dock.

The first creole of Kingston whom I saw, and whom at this time I can distinctly remember, was a woman. I would speak of her with chivalrous gallantry, and as one of the loveliest of her sex, if my description were not accompanied by a faithful likeness. Of her dress and appearance I leave the reader to form his own opinions; I will only say, in a parenthesis, that the red kerchief with which her lovely head is adorned is part of the West Indian national costume. It is also proper to add that the personage in white is a policeman, and not the writer of this sketch.





SPRUCE-BEER SELLERS.

"Mr. Gentleman, my lub," exclaimed a voice in drawling but still most seductive accents. I turned and beheld the lady balancing a bottle on her head with the skill of a necromancer.

"Come here, my darlin'."

I approached cautiously, prepared, if necessary, to defend myself.

"Would 'em like a glass o' spruce?"

This was the explanation of the terms of endearment. They are part of the stock in trade of street peddlers. I was thirsty, but dared not try the spruce, and so I stated. She was eloquent in persuasion; but I had the fear of cholera-morbus before my eyes, and my powers of resistance were adamant.

"Well, my lub, hab you shirts for de wash?"

No; I had no shirts; and as I moved off, I could hear the lady telling herself, after the fashion of the country, that "anoder worthless feller had come to Jamaica."

I reached the brig without a *coup de soleil*, and was followed by a crowd of ragged ebony youths offering their services. I came to a parley under the friendly awning, and asked for a guide to take me to some respectable lodging-house. It was a difficult business to negotiate; for I knew that if I favored one the others would follow me through the town, hurling after me the whole dictionaries of negro slang. I objected to a moral pillory like this; and by great good luck succeeded in escaping a penalty that most strangers are compelled to bear. I held up a sixpence to the covetous gaze of the Arabs, and then flung it into the sea. Out went the coin full twenty yards, and—splash!

splash! splash!—over the quarter-deck of the brig some twenty or thirty dusky forms, rags and all, plunged headlong into the water. I could see them below the surface swimming about like sharks—rising every now and then with a handful of mud which they eagerly scrutinized. At last the victor appeared with the sixpence in his mouth. Now the fight commenced in earnest. I watched the combatants until, entangled in one dark mass, they sunk like a rock: then I beat a hasty retreat.

"Will any of them be drowned?" said I, to the youth who had cunningly remained to accompany me.

"He, he! massa! 'Em niggers can't drown." And this is really the truth. They are amphibious animals.

My sable cicerone, known as Lightfoot, was an excellent specimen of the Kingston Arab—respectful to those who gave him a good job and good pay, but insolent to all others. He brought up a gentleman's trunk one day from the steamer, and was offered a sixpence for his trouble. Lightfoot made no violent demonstration of disgust or disappointment. His feelings were under perfect control. He assumed a theatrical air, and, by various manœuvres, attracted the notice of by-standers.

"What does dat mean?" he exclaimed, with an air of ineffable contempt, holding out the image and superscription of Her Britannic Majesty in the palm of his right hand.

"That is to pay you," answered the traveler, timidly.

"Oh, tank you," returned Lightfoot, with



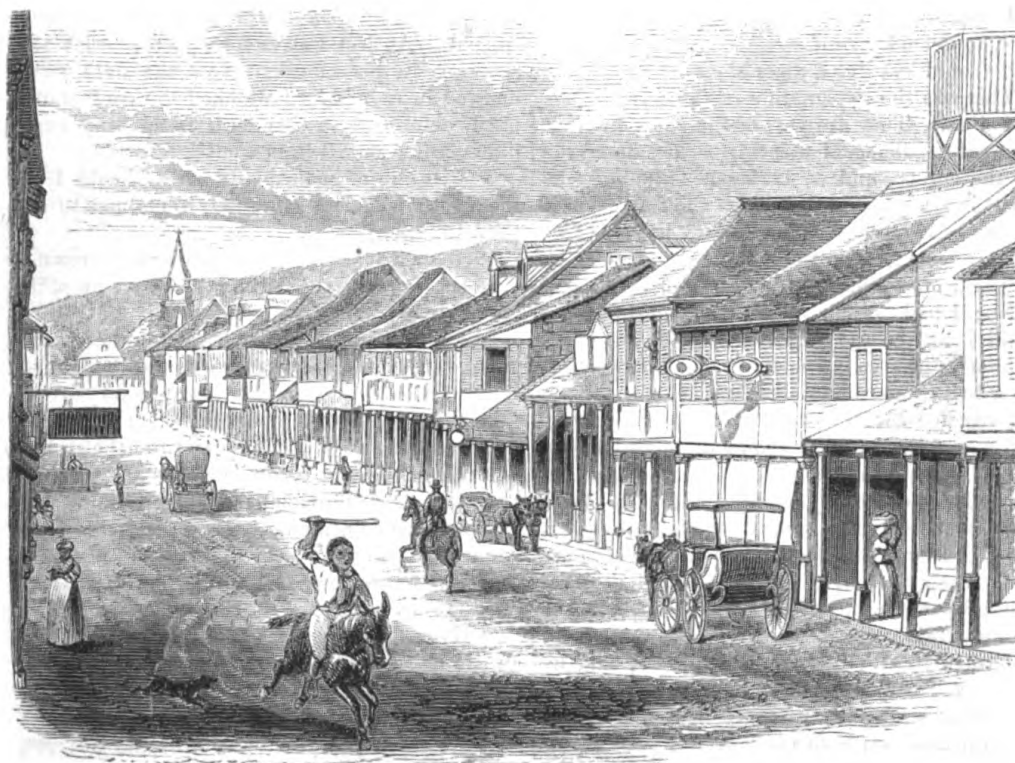
dignity; and turning round, he handed the coin to a scrubby urchin at his heels. The traveler was crushed. I believe he afterward tried to appease the rascal's wrath by giving him a dollar.

But Lightfoot, as I said, is no bad representative of his class—a class of good-for-nothing idlers that loiter in the streets of Kingston and other Jamaica towns. Their ages are between fifteen and twenty-five; they detest regular employment, and hang about strangers for accidental jobs. None of them, probably, ever wore coat or boots in their lives. They are smart in a certain sense, and quick to perform a service. Though they are incorrigible thieves and liars, they can be trusted with a bank bill or a valuable parcel. But they will steal a shilling from loose coin in your drawer, help themselves to your cigars, and abstract a shirt which, in negro logic, is “too old for buckra to wear.” Lying is a habit that they never put off unless it be by accident. They attach themselves particularly to American strangers, for they have visions of rich harvests reaped from California passengers when steamers, running between Aspinwall and New York, stopped at Kingston to coal. They sometimes pretend to be Americans, and are cunningly familiar with the town in which, to excite an interest in their favor, they swear they were born. They are terrible and most persevering bores—watching a stranger by day and night, and pouncing upon him directly he emerges from his hotel. A dozen of these Arabs will scramble to hold your horse's head, or run your errand, and all will demand payment for

the service and will abuse you scurvily if you don't grant it. Occasionally they give proof of their remarkable physical capacity. Lightfoot carried my two trunks to the lodging-house in King Street, a friend having first piled the enormous load upon his head. The walk, without any encumbrance, was enough for me, for at every step we sank ankle-deep in sand. I should have died of heat if I had not stopped and purchased an umbrella. The proprietor of the store, who was ready to sell a bottle of rum, a hat, or an almanac, as well as an umbrella, eyed me askance, and added three shillings to the price of the article. To take strangers in is a time-honored Jamaican custom.

Novelty of any kind can be endured, and the novelty of Kingston may, by ingenious management, be made to last three days. After that period has elapsed the stranger is reduced to despair. He will then meditate escape, and if he can not accomplish this the chances are that he will end his days in a lunatic asylum.

Kingston contains 40,000 inhabitants. Long, long ago, as every one knows, it was the first city in the West Indies; it was the great dépôt of trade between Europe and the Spanish Main; its merchants were princes, and its aristocracy rivaled, in their magnificence and munificence, the nobility of the mother land. Now Kingston is a shattered hulk lying high and dry upon the rocks of misfortune. Its splendor and comeliness have disappeared. Commercial capital and agricultural capital have been withdrawn. Credit was lost overboard before the ship stranded. Sensible men, who were able to escape, aban-



KING STREET, KINGSTON.



JAMAICAN ARAB.

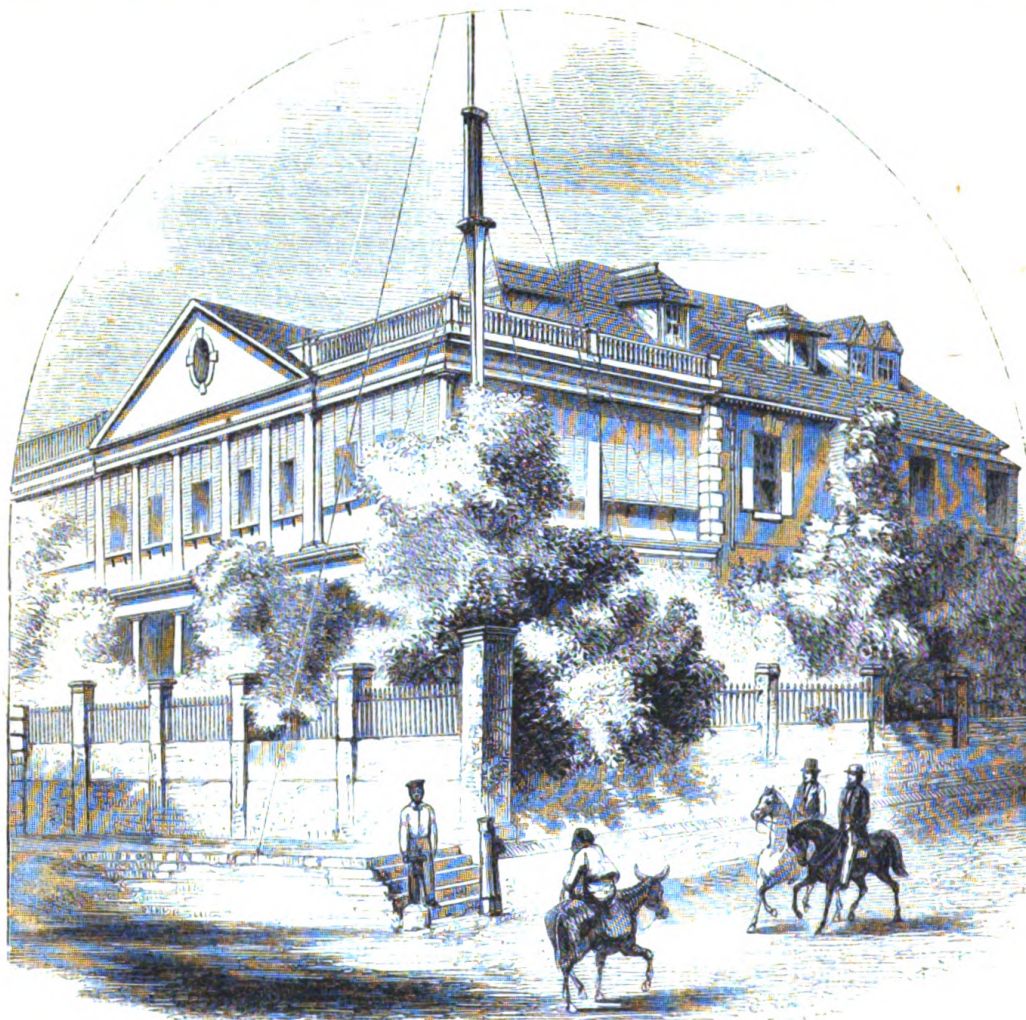
doned the wreck in season, and those who, willingly or unwillingly, remained, seem to be very hard up. I saw the whole of Kingston one morning before breakfast, and I did not meet a white man in my perambulations. The city is the filthiest that I ever dwelt in. Its Board of Health is composed of turkey buzzards; all the garbage that they fail to carry off is left to rot beneath a blazing sun. Carrion crows are the only scavengers I ever saw at work in the streets of Kingston. Situated on an inclined plane, and with every facility for drainage, the city has no drains, and water stagnates every where. Naturally one of the healthiest places in the West Indies, it is never free from epidemic fevers. Its hospitals, badly built and badly managed, are a lamentable indication of the prostration of public spirit, enterprise, and philanthropy.

Kingston is not lighted even with oil lamps. The streets, as I have already stated, are covered with the sand that is washed down from the mountains in rainy weather. At that period of the year the thoroughfares can be crossed in boats. At other times they are obstructed by stones and bricks that the floods left there ages ago. There are no trottoirs, but before each door a dilapidated stone platform, ragged and uneven, prevents one walking in the shade of the houses. A pedestrian is in danger of breaking his legs if he attempt to navigate among these excrescences. It would be safer to walk in a quarry of broken rocks. There is but one word to be said in Kingston's favor: it is well laid out. But one would willingly dispense with rectangular streets for a little more cleanliness, for a pavement to walk upon, for a tree to ward off the rays of a terrible sun. Even the square, in the centre of the city, is innocent of a speck of green. It is a Zahara, on a small scale, of

mountains and valleys of sand. The dust in dry weather is alarming. It penetrates your skin, fills your ears, eyes, and boots, and makes mush of your coffee. I have known a dinner service, plates and dishes, to be completely entombed while the meal was being cooked. But to be out of doors and encounter one of those rolling clouds of sand! Allah il Allah! Imitate the Arab of the desert, and put your head between your knees: otherwise you must perish.

Then the houses. One gets into bed in this land of earthquakes with solemn convictions of the uncertainty of life. A huge crack that traversed the ceiling of my room lent an unction to my nocturnal devotions. It would take such a very little shock, I thought, to widen that crack for bricks, stones, and what not to fall through; and one brick, nay, half a brick, is enough to mash the human cranium. But I mean to speak now more particularly of the outside appearance of the houses. Antiquaries and other curious folk, in search of the last stage of dilapidation, should go by all means to Kingston. They will find its edifices of a composite order of architecture—roofed in mosaic and walled up with strange (pardon me, Madam, for the expression!) make-shifts. In the upper part of the town there are domiciles that may have been pretentious a hundred years ago. But they are strangely at variance with modern notions of comfort and propriety. Most of them are surrounded by a decayed brick wall, ornamented at the apex with broken bottles, wine glasses, and decanters. These fragments are possibly meant to commemorate the good old times when Champagne and Burgundy occupied the place of rum and water. A door in this wall creaks on rusty hinges as it is opened; steam-power alone could turn the key in the lock. It is, consequently, never turned. Before you now is the residence of one of the old aristocracy. You hardly fancy that it is put to present use; you examine it as you would an antique relic. The very stone looks worn away by ocean tides of misfortune. Nothing that time has destroyed within forty years has been replaced. That brick, half buried in the ground, fell years and years ago from the angle beneath the roof. You have no doubt of the fact. There is the hole filled with moss; and immediately below is the brick of the same size and shape. There are fifty such apertures, tenanted by lizards and scorpions. The roof is like a patched quilt, and is mended by the square inch where the rain enters. There is not a speck of paint to be seen on the wood-work, not a vestige of ornament any where. If the building were not so ugly and uncouth, you might contemplate it as you would some medieval habitation. But there is no interest about it, except such bare and unsatisfactory interest as ruin and decay can give. These are the houses in which the better class of Kingstonians live. They are the "feature" of the city. After this description of two and three story edifices, the one-story stone houses and wooden huts of the lower classes may be imagined. Those who





HEAD-QUARTER HOUSE, KINGSTON.

have ever noticed the sentry-box, erected opposite the Astor House, New York, for the accommodation of the overseer of the Fourth Avenue Railroad in wintry weather, will have some idea of the majority of negro dwellings in Kingston. They may be a little larger than the box to which I have likened them, but they do not seem to be better built. The public buildings and churches, though not actual ruins like so many of the houses, have, with a few exceptions, an old and weather-beaten appearance. Only the stores, on, I think, two streets, appear to be kept in moderate repair, and they are not to be compared with the stores of a third-rate European or American town. A general *coup d'œil* of Kingston, if such could be obtained, would create the impression that the city had been steadily bombarded for a month. It would be the most rational and natural explanation of its condition. All its ruins may be visited, and all its "sights" seen, in an hour's walk before breakfast. There is nothing then left to examine or study but the manners and customs of the inhabitants; and queer enough they seem till their novelty wears off.

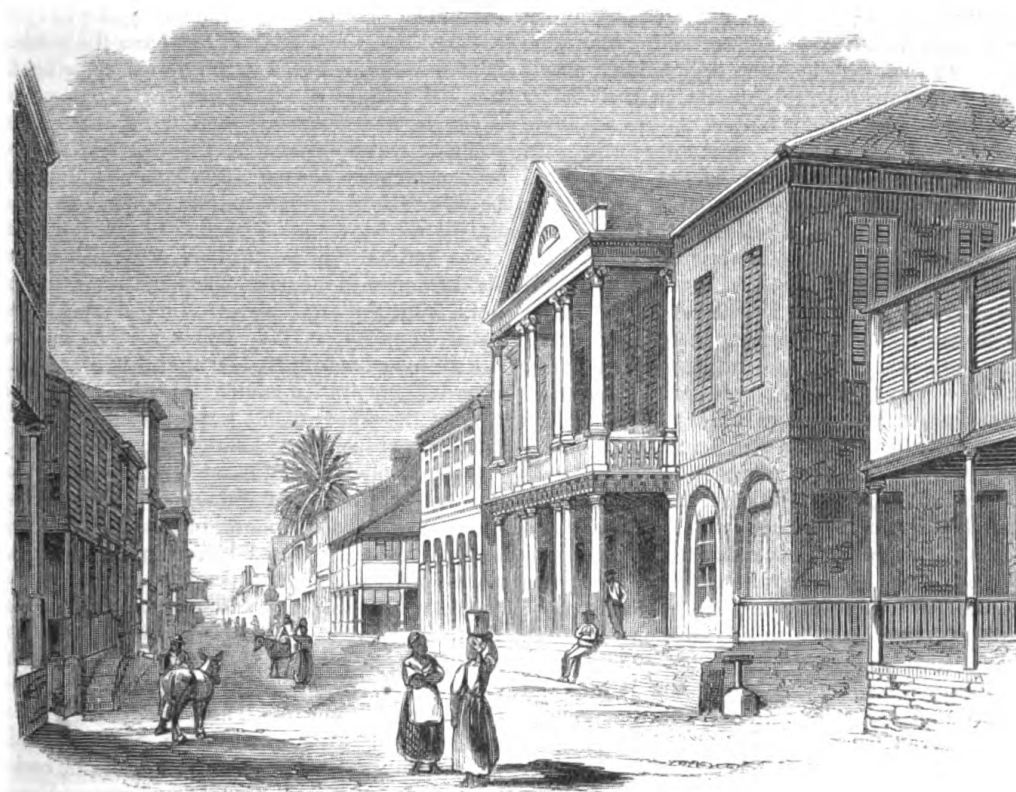
A punctual creature, like myself, soon becomes exasperated in Kingston. A breakfast ordered at nine is sometimes ready at eight, but oftener at ten. So with all the duties of life in the exercise of which your comfort depends on any other human being than yourself. Punctuality in business or pleasure is unknown. I advise the unfortunate wretch doomed to live in Kingston to fling this virtue to the winds, for, sooner or later, in very despair, he will be compelled to cast himself upon the current of events and accept with gratitude whatever turns up. I did this at last. If mosquitoes discovered the holes in my bed-curtains, as they were certain to do, I endured their attacks with Christian fortitude, though they left me in the morning covered with bleeding wounds. I found it wasting words to ask that the holes in my curtains might be mended. If my boots were not cleaned or my bath was not ready, I waited patiently until the gentleman engaged for these services was at liberty to perform them. If I desired to ride, and had ordered dinner early for that purpose, I did not murmur when the meal appeared two hours after time. I bore the loss of my ride



with a calm philosophy that, before this Jamaica experience, I should have deemed unattainable. Complaint was useless; violence was worse than useless. It would have been very possible to smash chairs, tables, and glass-ware; but for such an act of retributive vengeance one would have been mulcted in heavy damages by a black judge. A plea of compensation would not be allowed.

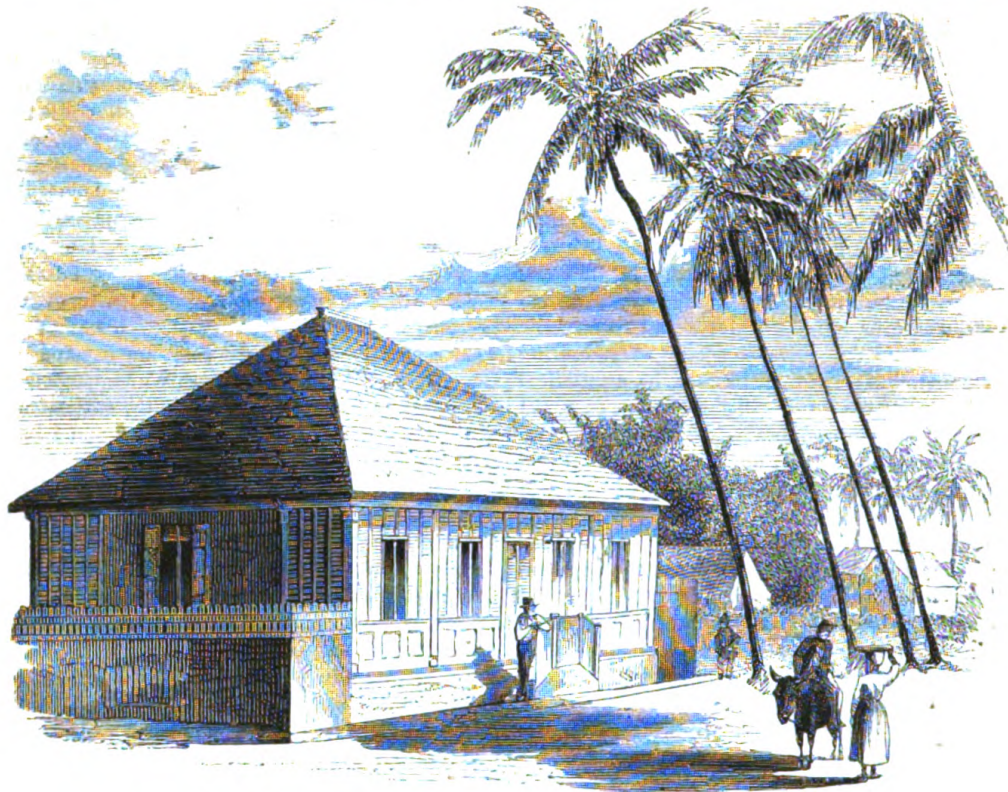
No creole of Kingston or Jamaica has any conception of the value of time. A stranger must persuade himself that his time is of no account whatever either to himself or to any one else. He must acquire the habit of indulging this conviction; it must, in fact, be a practical conviction, or his mind will never be at ease. I asked permission one day to look at a volume of public documents, and the official in charge told me to call again, as the book was not in his possession. I called again every day for a week, and was on each occasion assured that "the next day" I could see it. I went into the country for a month, and when I returned I called again. I called every day for another week, and I received every day the same answer. I wanted to see if it were possible to wear out the Jamaica stone by continual droppings. It was utterly impossible. I then asked timidly where the book was? It was in the room occupied by the official. Somebody who lived in the next street had the key of the case. Being informed of this, I found it easy enough to get the key; and in five minutes the volume was looked over and returned.

The habits of the Kingstonian differ from those of the European or American. White creoles, or foreigners who are old residents of Jamaica, look delicate and attenuated. They seem to lack physical strength as well as life and vigor. Even in speaking they drawl out their words as though it was too violent an effort to utter sound. A gentleman is seldom seen walking; if he is, he is pointed out contemptuously by the negroes as "a walking buckra." Horse exercise is *à la mode*, and a clerk on two hundred a year will ride home to his lodgings, in the upper part of the town. No one rich enough to wear a coat would be seen carrying a parcel in the street. The handsomest white women in Kingston are Jewesses. Nearly the entire trade of the town is monopolized by Jews; and I have seen them, though not frequently, of all shades—quinteron, quarteron, mulatto, and even black. The creole white ladies are pretty; their features are regular; their eyes are splendid. But their figures want the inviting charm of robustness and roundness. They are very indolent, and show few signs of life, except when a dance is on the tapis; then they go mad. I have seen the most languid Letitia Dieaway dance for six mortal hours, with the thermometer at ninety degrees Fahrenheit. People of every class, sex, and age in Jamaica are insane upon the subject of dancing. Quadrilles are spoken of contemptuously; but waltzes, schottisches, and polkas are pronounced glorious. If a few people meet by chance at a friend's house, a fiddler—and such a fiddler!—is immediately called in. He will



HARBOR STREET, KINGSTON.





HOUSE IN KINGSTON, WITH COCOA-NUT TREES GROWING TO THE WIND.

then be heard scraping away all night. A husband and wife will sometimes amuse themselves by dancing together alone. I have seen men of seventy whirling round at a 2.40 pace, and a gentleman with a cork leg performing the same feat. In their physique the light-colored creole women of Jamaica are superior to their fairer countrywomen. Their animal spirits are more buoyant; their figures are more robust. In many all traces of African descent have disappeared, and those who are acquainted with their family history alone know that Anglo-Saxon blood, unmixed, does not course in their veins.

It is the habit in Jamaica, as in all tropical countries, to rise early in the morning. Most people get up before sunrise. After the inevitable cup of coffee, the husband goes to his office, and the wife attends to her household duties. Breakfast, served at ten o'clock, is a serious meal, at which beer is the beverage of males, and tea that of the weaker sex. Between breakfast and dinner the ladies are invisible. They are seldom seen in the streets; and a brute who would intrude upon their solitude, or rudely interrupt their siestas, would merit incarceration for life. During these hours—that is, from 11 A.M. till 5 P.M.—the heat of Kingston is intolerable. The dinner-hour varies from five to seven, according to fashion and taste; and at nine the inhabitants generally retire. This last rule is not observed when it interferes with the three popular amusements of Kingston—dancing, flirting, or whist. Now I am partial to a rubber, and can enjoy myself thoroughly when my part-

ner is of the male gender, and does not revoke. I can also spend a pleasant evening with a pretty girl on a moonlit balcony—especially if she does not object (as what Jamaica girl will?) to the position, when she can not have the motion of the waltz. But I write down dancing in tropical heat as a cut beyond Eli. I once essayed it, and disgraced myself. I was moved to make the experiment by the demon Jealousy, who persuaded me that, peradventure, I might be able to dance, as no man knew what he could do till he tried. So I tried. The lovely Dulcinea had been in the arms of a British officer for two terrible hours. They both were quite dank from the exercise, and clung to each other—involuntarily, as I do believe. The face of the military hero was redder than his coat, while rivers of perspiration ran from his brow, and untwisted the points of his mustache. Dulcinea's hoops saved her from looking like a lady after a bath. I solicited and obtained her hand; but whether it was the clamminess of that member, the heat of the atmosphere, or the motion of the dance that overpowered me, I know not. At the third turn I felt the peculiar sensation that precedes insensibility. Then a blank. When I awoke the British officer was giving me rum and water—a drink that I detest. Apropos of rum: a person going to Jamaica must acquire the habit of liking it. There is nothing else to imbibe—nothing else, certainly, that is good. Long drinks, short drinks, punch, bitters, cocktails, and stone-fences are made of rum. Every one offers a visitor rum and water, and a visitor





THE GOVERNMENT MAIL.

can not refuse to drink without insulting his host. Iced rum and water, or, when the Boston vessel is not up to time, lukewarm rum and water—that is the idea.

It afforded me some amusement, while the novelty lasted, to sit on the balcony of my hotel and watch the passers-by. That hotel itself is a curiosity in its way. It is one hundred and fifty years old, and looks as dilapidated as other buildings in Kingston. Its interior arrangements, however, are more creditable to the proprietress than its outward appearance. The floors, for instance, are black as ebony, and shine with polish; the plates are clean; and the beds are free from scorpions and chigoes. In the parlor, a large, airy room, there are several pieces of antique furniture—hair sofas, as hard as rocks; a lounge that I never saw on its legs; and chairs that nearly broke my back when I tried to sit upon them. Several books, printed in the last century, were probably meant to be ornamental. The side-board was covered, and no doubt is still covered, with the glass of the establishment. I had tender feelings for a splendid punch-bowl, of antique manufacture; for though plain rum and water is nauseous to the uninitiated, rum-punch, well concocted, is one of the elixirs of life. From this parlor and its mosquito tenants I was glad to escape as soon as sunset and an evening breeze made the balcony endurable; and I will add that, in these *far niente* moments, the punch-bowl and a cigar made me more charitably disposed toward my Jamaica fellow-mortals than I would have been without such agreeable companions. Practical charity, I begin to think, depends very largely on eating and drinking. After a good dinner, nine men out of ten will put a benignant hand in the pocket and pull out half a dollar for the beggar; after a bad dinner, if the hand travel pocketward at all, it is to button it up.

I have a vivid recollection of the bewildering spectacle that King Street presented when I first saw that leading thoroughfare from the point of observation just mentioned. It was Christmas season, and peoples' minds were running riot on

balls and festivities, dancing and merry-making. Crowds of the poorer class were passing to and fro—some in rags and tatters, others decked out in fantastic attire. A negro woman has not a particle of *mauvaise honte*; she spends all the money she gets in gaudy ribbons and kerchiefs; and the more color she has about her head the higher she holds it. She never imagines for a moment that she is the subject of ridicule. As the people pass they talk and jabber incessantly, and in a dialect that I find it impossible to comprehend. It is a pure Jamaica patois—that is, if purity and corruption can co-exist. A negro invariably converses with himself, if he has no

one else to address; and he speaks all the louder if he fancies that his observations attract notice. He then makes violent efforts to crack jokes, and raise a laugh at his own expense, or that of any of his friends. In many respects he is irresistibly droll, and appears the more so to one unaccustomed to his ways. Some of the more aristocratic of their class take the omnibus—a species of covered van, that wanders about Kingston without any fixed principles—starting at no given point, and arriving at no certain end. The fare in these vehicles is sixpence, but where from or where to I was never able to learn, though I repeatedly inquired. The sound of a horn and a cry of “The mail! the mail!” directed my attention to a ragged, barefooted negro, mounted on one mule, and dragging another behind him. This was the royal mail. The cortège came up the street at an express pace, tilted against the omnibus, and experienced a momentary discomfiture. A dark lady in the bus, whose bonnet was flattened by the collision, called the mail-rider a “dirty nigger,” and that public functionary returned the compliment with interest from under the mule’s belly. For a moment there was some prospect of a row; but the mail-rider, accustomed doubtless to such *contretemps*, speedily remounted, blew his horn ferociously, and galloped with desperation through the crowd.

Night falls quickly in the tropics, and after six o’clock there is no light to lighten the multitude that still passes up and down King Street. The noise of their talking is occasionally varied by snatches of “Lucy Neal,” or “Ole Virginny,” or notes from an accordeon or jews-harp. The howling of a child and the crack of a whip prove that some “stern parient” does not spare the rod even in the street. Above all this tumult, the shrill screech of girls vending sundry articles of food can be distinctly heard. One keeps up, without intermission, the cry of “*Ba-pea-nut-ire!*” which, being interpreted, means, “I am here selling pea-nuts.” Another screams, “Pep’mint, sug’r-candee, goin’ fast!” A man with a lantern on his head shouts, in stentorian



bass, "Cre-e-e-me!" and sells, for ice-cream, an infernal decoction that would inevitably give any white man instantaneous colic.

Many of the people were wending their way to the market, and I went too. It was with some difficulty, and not without frequent admonitions of "Don't fall, my love!" that I waded through the sand and avoided the rocks that lay in the street. While crossing the square I fell into a pit, and was picked up by three pea-nut girls, each of whom wanted sixpence for her trouble. I escaped from their embraces, and ran into the arms of a white man, who was sauntering leisurely along. He addressed me in French, then in Spanish; and condescending at last to talk in English, recounted some passages in his adventurous life. I felt interested.

"By-the-way," said he, suddenly turning the conversation, "have you a threepence about you?"

"Sorry to say I haven't."

"Perhaps, then, you have a spare cigar?"

"Regret that I left my case at home."

"Ah! very unfortunate. Good-night."

"Good-night."

The market-place is a feature of Kingston—let no visitor fail to see it. If any thing can give us an idea of the confusion of tongues at

Babel, it is this. Some fifty or sixty women squat upon the ground, with piles of fruit and vegetables before them. They do not wait patiently for purchasers, but address themselves vehemently to the throng, and extol the superior quality of their merchandise. Yet, with all its savage peculiarities, the scene is picturesque and attractive. A ruddy glare from a score of torches checkers the crowd with patches of fitful light—illuminating, here and there, a group of dusky creoles, and leaving the rest in a blacker shade than night itself. The Jamaica negroes, of both sexes, are not generally ill-featured. I do not know whether their ancestors were Eboes, Mandingoes, or Koromantynese; but it is certain that the creole is very unlike the newly-imported African. Occasionally you will meet with a flat-nosed, thick-lipped negro in Jamaica, but not frequently. Their eyes are brilliant, and their teeth are white as pearls. An American negro can be detected at once by his looks. He is not so well-favored as the West Indian. The lithe, active, upright figure of the female is perfected by the habit of carrying head-loads. Any one of the groups in this market crowd, seen by torchlight, is quite an artistic study. The easy attitude of all: the men in their white shirts and trowsers; the women dressed also in white,

and with the inevitable kerchief twisted, not ungracefully, round their heads. I have seen tamer pictures. Then the marvelous piles of fruit! How they are all sold is a mystery that I could not fathom. Such quantities of cocoas, pines, oranges, mangoes, grenadillas, sapodilloes, and vegetables of all descriptions—comparatively valueless in Kingston, but worth a mint if they could be taken to a Northern market.—Fruit, indeed, is about the only thing that one can buy cheap in Jamaica. All other necessities and luxuries are enormously high. New York prices prevail, though New York comforts are, of course, out of the question.

I had the honor, while in Kingston, of living next door to his late Majesty the Ex-Emperor of



GROUP IN THE MARKET-PLACE.





WEST INDIAN SOLDIERS.

Hayti, now plain Monsieur Soulouque. The view from my bedroom window was limited, in fact, to the imperial yard, and I was forced to become rather unpleasantly familiar with the little domestic economies of the exiled family. If I except the unmerciful castigation of a child twice a-day, I must confess that I saw nothing about the monarch, his wife, his children, or his suite to indicate the cruelty that has made the name of Soulouque so prominent in Haytien history. The Emperor himself is a portly gentleman, with a coal-black complexion, and a rather stupid expression of countenance. His age may be sixty-five; and from the fact that he moved with difficulty, I judged that he either had the gout or was threatened with that aristocratic affliction. His principal occupation was, and probably still is, card-playing; and people say that his old soul is greatly rejoiced whenever he wins a shilling. Undoubtedly he is not the rich man that some suppose him to be—nor the shrewd man either. There is the leer of small cunning only in his eye. He may have had the wit to fill his pockets before he left his country for his country's good; but I doubt whether, in the days of his prosperity, he had the sagacity to invest half a million in the English funds, as people say he did. He is a silly, vain, ignorant fellow; and, as Emperor of Hayti, was nothing more than the tool of designing men, who made him do what they liked, by telling him that he was one of the most enlightened sovereigns of the age, and that his dynasty would surely last forever. He soon disgusted the peo-

ple of Jamaica with his mean ways, uncouth pretensions, and pitiable vanity. I saw his Majesty one day backing out of the purchase of a horse, which the owner had brought fifty miles for his accommodation. He tried various dodges to get rid of the bargain, and found fault with the head, tail, and feet of the animal. At last he disputed about its age; and, to settle the point, brought out a foot-rule, to prove, as he said, from the length of its leg, the year in which it was born. The horse-dealer vanished in a cloud of indignation and disgust.

When Soulouque arrived in Kingston he was terribly scared by the crowds of people who dogged his footsteps. They, poor creatures, were only excited at the idea of having a black king among them. He saw in every one who noticed him an instrument of Haytien vengeance. On these occasions he would hurry home, or rush for protection into some friendly dwelling. With that drollery which is a striking feature of the negro character, and with unerring instinct, the idle scamps of Kingston seized the ludicrous points of Soulouque's position. To them, a king of their own color seemed the absurdest possible creation, and they chased him about the streets as boys chase a dog with a watering-pot tied to his tail. The old gentleman had no peace until the novelty of his position wore off. He changed his lodging from a two-story to a one-story ruin; and though, in public, he still appears in superfine cloth and unexceptionable boots and gloves, I fancy that this fashionable attire is specially reserved for state occasions.





ENTERING HORSES FOR THE RACES.

The Ex-Empress washes her lord's linen; and as washing is an expensive luxury in Jamaica, Madame has the reputation of being an economical housewife. I pitied the Princesses when I saw them sweeping out their stone-paved yard, or preparing yams for their parents' meal; but I felt no ambition to re-enact the fairy legend and be its hero. The Princesses were very black and—very untidy. They sometimes omitted to wear boots, and the backs of their dresses—ladies, don't blush!—were seldom laced. It is greatly to be feared that the Royal family will never regain their lost honors. Monsieur Geffard feels secure in his Presidency. He lately gave permission to some of Souloque's banished officers to return home; and I enjoyed the felicity of being fellow-passenger to Jacmel with the wife and family of General D—. The lady's baggage alone included 33 trunks, 12 band-boxes, 8 carpet-bags, a parrot, a puppy-dog, and a monkey. These people measure their import-

ance and social dignity by the extent of their baggage, and, according to this rule, Mrs. General D— had not lost caste in exile. She had not lost flesh either, I should say, for she weighed, at the very least, 400 pounds avoirdupois when she appeared on deck, in all the colors of the rainbow, after a prolonged fit of sea-sickness. I muttered a prayer for the safety of the men who conveyed her and her baggage ashore in a boat that seemed altogether too contemptible for such a cargo.

I said, if I remember right, that there were only three amusements in Kingston—dancing, flirting, and whist. I wish now to correct or modify the statement. There are two perennial enjoyments of an exciting character—the elections and the races. The former is monopolized by those who have votes to sell, and those who are looking for votes to buy. As property in one case and money in the other are indispensable requisites, this amusement is limited to a fa-



vored few. For several weeks before election the negro freeholder is in a state of mental distraction. Both Smith and Jones, the rival candidates, have sworn to him, on their sacred honors, that *his* welfare and interests alone have tempted them to forsake the pleasures of private life for the toil and trouble of a public career. Mr. Quashee scratches his head and does not quite believe the argument; but his doubts are dispelled when the agent of Smith exhibits superior energy, and visiting his constituent in his own home, gives unequivocal proof of friendship.

"Hi!" says Quashee to his friend Julius the same evening, "me vote for Smitte; Massa Brown say so; him fus-rate buckra—treat 'em like a king!"

And this is the way the elections go in Kingston. The planters are too proud to canvass after the popular fashion, and the Legislature is filled with men who make legislation the sole business of their lives.

The races, or "The Kingston Meeting," as it is called, is the crowning event of the year, and takes place in December. Men, women, and children, who can walk or drive to the course, are sure to be present. Nothing else is talked of for a fortnight previous. "Just in time for the races," is the remark of every one to the newly-arrived stranger: "how lucky!" "Very," answers the stranger, politely. As the time approaches the excitement of the negro population exceeds all bounds. Every woman purchases some piece of finery, and every man a new hat, to wear on the occasion. They all have stakes

on their favorite horses, varying from a cent to a shilling. They know the name of every animal going to run—their pedigree, their capacity, their owners, their riders. When the long-expected morning at last appears, shops are closed and business is suspended. No one would dream of demanding payment for a note that came due on Race-day. About noon streams of people may be seen traveling to the course, half a mile out of town. A stand has been erected for those who can afford and are willing to pay for indiscriminate shelter. First-class nabobs keep their carriages, and the *oi polloi* keep their feet.

The latter, some ten or twenty thousand in number, are certainly a strange and motley crowd. As in dense bodies they rush to and fro to catch the various points of the race, their black faces, white dresses, and lively decorations form curious contrasts. The animals competing for the "Queen's plate," the "Garrison cup," or the "Jamaica spoon" are not likely to call forth the admiration of foreigners. The horses may have an unexceptionable pedigree, but they do not look in very high condition. Their negro riders flaunt the faded colors of their masters, and use the spur (bound to their naked feet) with great liberality. Three races per diem will keep this large assemblage of persons exposed to a blazing sun during three entire afternoons. *Miserabile dictu!* They do not know the meaning of the word time. For many succeeding days the inhabitants talk of nothing but the winning nags, which, more frequently than not, are the property of the same individual, for race-horse breeding is a luxury in Jamaica that



BAND OF THE WEST INDIA REGIMENT PLAYING ON THE PARK.

few can afford to enjoy. In the "good old days" it was different. The Jamaica aristocracy could then afford to breed fast horses, and many of them did so. A planter of the olden type once declared, before a committee of the House of Commons, that he could not reckon his income; but being pressed by earnest gentlemen to name a figure, he said that his profits might be about three hundred thousand pounds sterling a year! "That was a comfortable income," says the modern Jamaica planter, as he helps his friends to salt fish and rum-and-water. It is all he can do. The spirit of hospitality is still there; but, Ichabod! the glory thereof has departed.

Oh, the heat, discomfort, and weariness of Kingston after a week's residence! They accumulate hourly at compound interest. I stood them for eight days and was utterly prostrated. An awful thunder-storm and two earthquake shocks were insufficient to rouse me. I can not imagine, to this day, how I regained enough energy to move, for moving implied packing up. A traveler who has never packed up with the thermometer at 90°, has never had his temper really tried. Now I am utterly unable to pack up systematically. After I have labored for an hour, and locked my trunk with a groan of relief, I invariably discover that some indispensable article of dress has to be fished up again. In Jamaica, moreover, you are sure to miss shirts, socks, and handkerchiefs when the time of departure comes. That is the moment of tribulation selected by hardened wretches to rob you. I do not know how it is with other people, but the loss of my linen worries me for a whole day, and destroys my appetite. It puts me in a fever now to think of the excruciatingly hot morning on which I started for Spanish Town, the seat of the Jamaican Government. The distance, some eight or ten miles, is accomplished by railway—the only little bit of creole enterprise that Jamaica can show. The train left half an hour after time, as a matter of course. Idiot that I was, I nearly brought on a rush of blood to the head by dreaming I was too late—as though any man can be too late for any thing in Jamaica! I paid my fare at the box-office, forgot in my haste to take a ticket, and was fined four shillings for the omission. Well, off we went; but ten minutes after we started we were obliged to halt for fuel. The wood was not split, and that job had to be performed before we could budge. I was surprised that the passengers were not invited to lend a hand, as I have frequently seen them helping to roll the cars on the track. The confusion of tongues, the delay, and the heat combined to make me delirious; but Heaven is merciful, and I ultimately reached my destination in safety.

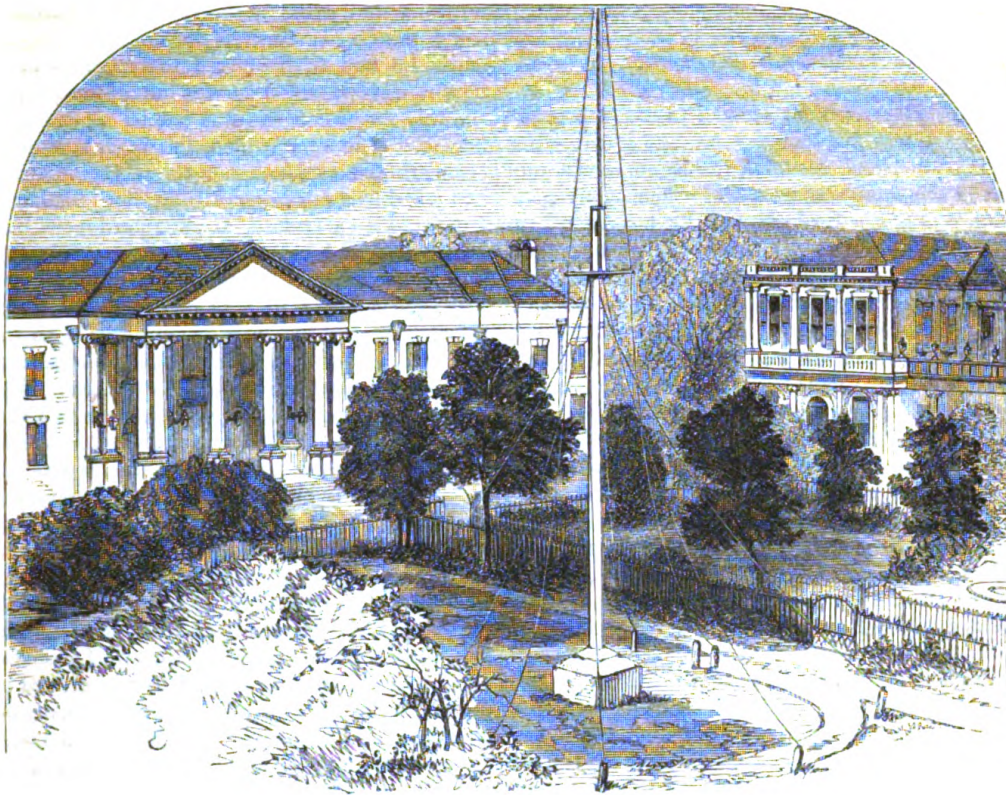
Fifty years ago the population of Spanish Town was estimated at 5000 souls, and it still stands at the same figure. It is composed of long, narrow streets, and ragged houses. Facing each other on a small square, in a central location, are two large buildings, in good repair it is true, but of a sickly yellow color, and without

any architectural ornamentation. One is the Governor's residence; the other is the House of Assembly. Here, too, is a statue in honor of Admiral Rodney, who, on the 12th of April, 1782, destroyed the French fleet off Dominica. The enemy was on its way to form a junction with the Spanish fleet. United, they would have mustered sixty sail of the line, and their operations would, in the first instance, have been directed against Jamaica. The inhabitants, therefore, had good cause to honor their deliverer, and raise a costly monument to his memory.

When the Legislature is in session Spanish Town is by no means lively, but when members have gone home it is an utterly dead city. It might be mistaken for an ancient Roman cemetery. Its population is composed of Government hangers-on, or of those who supply board and lodging, food and raiment, to Government hangers-on, with a fair sprinkling of beggars and gentlemen who live by their wits. It was the point whence I started on an extended tour through the interior of the island. On the subject of that tour I have little to say. It was, my pocket tells me, a very expensive tour; but, on the other hand, my common sense persuades me that the escape from Kingston life was cheaply purchased at any price. Traveling in the country parts of Jamaica, including horse and carriage hire, servants, and hotel bills, costs about fifteen dollars a day. It might be done for twelve; but the roads being abominable, the chances are that cheap horses or a cheap buggy would break down and leave one to perish in the mountains. A stranger must make up his mind to be cheated at every inn. Remonstrance is worse than useless; it merely breeds disputation, which, in a tropical country, will be avoided by sensible men. It is cheaper to wear a smiling face, and pay the bill like a man, without examining the items.

I am not going to describe Jamaica: it is too much of a subject for me; and then, descriptions are always stupid. Every one knows that the scenery, like that of most Caribbean islands, is mountainous, grand, and picturesque. The Blue Mountain Peak—the loftiest in Jamaica—is 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and travelers are sometimes insane enough to ascend it. They find up there nothing but mist, though they always expect to see the coast of Cuba, eighty miles distant, on the strength of a legend that an indistinct haze, pronounced to be the Queen of the Antilles, was once detected from the Peak on a very clear day. A very unusual day it must have been, for when on the Jamaica mountains I never could see the sun, much less the island of Cuba. It is quite cold on the tops of these hills, and a fire, even at Newcastle, where the troops are stationed, is a luxury during the months of January and December. Every one, I believe, further knows that Jamaica is naturally very rich and fertile. Its original name of *Xamayca*, the land of wood and water, is eminently appropriate. The island is intersected by over two hundred streams and rivers; its forests are celebrated throughout the world for their dyes





SQUARE OF SPANISH TOWN.

and cabinet woods; its soil yields every variety of tropical fruit and vegetable. Perhaps a tenth part of the island is in cultivation, and that, I need hardly say, is a rude and imperfect cultivation. Coffee, ginger, and pimento—the last in very large quantities—are raised on the mountains; cane pieces, embracing altogether some 20,000 acres, are to be found in the valleys and on the level lands. It is estimated that, in Jamaica, there are four million of acres capable of being planted in cane and coffee. Every one, I take it for granted, has read accounts of the island's agricultural and commercial depression; and these accounts can scarcely be exaggerated when it appears as a fact, about which there is no dispute, that two-thirds of the coffee properties and one-half of the sugar estates have been abandoned by their owners within half a century. The soil of Jamaica is so rich, that two years after an estate is thrown out of cultivation it is covered with bush, and scarcely to be distinguished from wild land. A deserted plantation house, choked up with rank weeds and vegetation, is too common a sight to attract much attention.

The island now contains some eight or ten minor towns, with populations varying from ten to one thousand; but the description given of Kingston may be taken as a description of each and all. Some of them—as, for example, Port Maria, where Columbus first essayed to land in 1494; St. Anne's Bay, or Don Christopher's

Cove, where the illustrious discoverer was wrecked in 1502; and the site of Sevilla d'Oro, the ancient Spanish capital, and once the centre of Castilian splendor—are historic spots, and as such are visited by travelers. But I confess that I am a Galileo about these matters. I do not feel the slightest interest in the stone on which some great filibuster lunched, nor in the spot where self-satisfied hidalgos and dark-eyed señoritas loved and languished, three hundred years ago. I have never coveted the nose of a heathen deity, however celebrated, nor bullets from a battlefield, however well contested, as mementos of my travels. I would rather visit towns, whose hotels are famous for their beef-steaks and XXX, than the most interesting spot in the world, and be dieted on the Romance of a Past Age. A live dog is any day better than a dead lion; and Jamaica has many of the characteristics of a dead lion. One can not enjoy scenery, be it ever so beautiful, or trace the footsteps even of a Columbus, upon such feed as salt fish and yams. On the whole, I think I can recommend Jamaica to those who are ambitious of ending their days in a lunatic asylum. One *may* get accustomed to the melancholy stupor of its town existence, or to the despairing solitude of its rural vegetation, but the chance of surviving the acclimating process is slender. It will be found too terrible an ordeal for any one accustomed to think and to act. I escaped; but I certainly should not like to run the risk again.



## No. 10 BLANK STREET.

A GENTLEMAN CAN BE ACCOMMODATED WITH a pleasant suit of rooms, at No. 10 Blank Street. The house contains all the modern improvements. References required.

THE advertisement seemed to me to promise well. I was tired of my present home. For five years I had occupied the same rooms, and sat in the same seat at table. The penny postman was not better known on his beat than I on my way to dinner. I did not object to boarding-houses. I was willing to eat baked beans of a Sunday morning, but I wished to partake of them in a new locality. Blank Street leads out of Beacon, therefore it must be genteel. Probably a suit of rooms there would be expensive, but I could afford to indulge myself a little. I was thirty-five, alone in the world, very well off, and doing a business which promised a speedy fortune. It was time I should begin to take life a little more on the sunny side.

I went to No. 10 Blank Street on my way down town. The landlady, Mrs. Lee, was a widow; handsome, stylish, apparently not more than thirty. I heard, afterward, that she would never see forty again; but as my informant was a boarder to whom she had been under the frequent necessity of sending her "small bill" a second time, it was doubtless a malicious slander. She was a very attractive-looking person, and I was at home with her at once. I had no sooner told her my name and my business than she seemed to feel well acquainted with me. She bowed and smiled.

"I shall be most happy to accommodate you, Mr. Prescott. This way, if you please."

Her black silk rustled before me up two flights of stairs. Her full, light curls shook with a coquettish grace as she turned her head. The rooms were delightful—spacious and handsomely furnished. The terms were a little exorbitant—at least I should have thought so had I been dealing with a man of business; but surely one would willingly pay a trifle extra to sit at the same table with Mrs. Lee. Her family, she assured me, was of the most select description; some three or four single gentlemen of high standing, and as many gentlemen with their wives. To be sure, she had been obliged to fill her attics with cheap boarders, as she couldn't afford to keep any vacant room; but they were very quiet, and, she trusted, no annoyance to any one.

I went there, bag and baggage, the next morning. I moved my pictures; I loved Art in a modest, half-diffident fashion, and I had some fine prints and a few choice oils. When I had hung them to my satisfaction, and put the bust of Clytie, the dreamy face I loved so well, on my mantle, I looked about my parlor with serene self-satisfaction.

I met Mrs. Lee's family at dinner. Some of the gentlemen were business acquaintances of mine. The ladies seemed pleasant and companionable, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Mrs. Lee did the honors of her establish-

ment so gracefully that I was more charmed with her than ever. I pitied the dead Thaddeus—I had seen his name in the family Bible—because he had been obliged to resign so much youth and beauty, for she was but a young thing, she told me, when she was left to depend upon herself. The very winds, she said, had never been allowed to touch her roughly. Mr. Lee had worshiped her as the Hindoo does his idol—I thought it an idolatry at once pardonable and pleasant—but he died suddenly, and in some way she was defrauded of all his property, and had been obliged to take care of herself ever since. But then, she said, smiling with the tears still in her eyes, every one had been so kind to her—she had found friends every where. Who could help being ready to befriend one so lovely and so winning? I thought, as I listened to her.

Do not imagine all this confidence was bestowed on me at our first meeting. It came out gradually, when I had got in the habit of lounging for half an hour after dinner, or an hour in the evening, in the "family parlor," of which she and I were often the sole occupants. I certainly had no matrimonial intentions toward Mrs. Lee. I liked my freedom, and I intended to remain a bachelor; still, I was interested in my landlady, and congratulated myself daily on having found a home where my buckwheats were always hot, and my cup of happiness and of tea alike sweet and full.

"What a happy man your husband should have been!" I said to Mrs. Lee, as I watched, admiringly, her nimble fingers—she had insisted on mending my gloves. I was but expressing a frequent thought of mine. I saw no call for my landlady to blush, though it was not unbecoming. I had surely meant nothing sentimental, but she received my remark with a flutter of pretty, playful embarrassment.

"I hope he was," she sighed; "I trust I made him so, and yet I did not love him as he loved me. He was a great deal older than I, and I think I was too young then to know what love was. I believe our affection is truer and fonder when we have seen more of life, and learned what a precious thing it really is to have some one to care for and protect us. But what am I saying? I am confiding in you strangely. Your gloves are done."

She hurried out of the room. It was my turn to be embarrassed. Had I said any thing to move Mrs. Lee's sensibilities in so remarkable a manner? I thought not. Perhaps the memory of the dead Thaddeus, and his love, had been too much for her. I felt uncomfortable, and I betook myself to my own room. I always left my door open; it was one of my old bachelor ways—it seemed more social. As I went up stairs I saw a girl standing before it, looking, apparently with absorbed attention, at my Clytie. Her form was slight and girlish. I could not see her face, but her dress was of a cheap material, and simply fashioned.

"One of the attic boarders," I thought; "or perhaps a seamstress bringing home some work."

When I approached her she turned and glanced at me with a confused and distressed air.

"Forgive me, Sir," she faltered. "I was taking a liberty, I know; but that face is so beautiful."

"So are you," I longed to retort, but I did not. I had had enough of complimenting for one day. Her face *was* singularly lovely. She had a low, broad forehead—the very forehead of the immortal Clytie. Her eyes were large and blue, but full of the saddest, most wistful expression I ever met. Her face was very youthful—she couldn't have been more than sixteen—and her full, red lips had something of the look of a grieved child. I had seen and felt all this in the instant my eyes met hers. I bowed courteously.

"Not at all a liberty! I am rewarded for leaving my door open if it has afforded you any pleasure. I wish you would step in a moment, and look at my pictures. If you fancy the Clytie, I am sure you would like some of *them*."

There was a singular absence of all prudery or affectation about the child. I suppose she saw in me simply a middle-aged man—for so I must have seemed to her youth—of honest face; and she bestowed on me at once a trust that was the most delicate of flattery. She came in, unhesitatingly, and lingered for a few moments, while I told her about the pictures. I could see the fibre of her mind by the expression of her countenance and the tone of her remarks as she looked at them. She had large ideality, strong love for beauty, which had probably been starved all her life. It was such a pleasure to see the light grow and deepen in her great eyes, as she stood with that wistful face, those parted lips, that I wished the resources of the Louvre had been at my command. When she had seen them all, she thanked me in that simple, child-like way of hers.

"You have given me a great pleasure, Sir. I must go now; but I shall have something to think of which will make many a day's work easier."

"Do you live here, Miss—?"

"Hastings," she supplied. "My name is Nora Hastings. Yes, Sir, I live here—up stairs. I breakfast and dine earlier than you do, and I sit at the corner table; so it is not strange you have not seen me, though of course I had seen Mr. Prescott, the new boarder. Good-evening, Sir."

She moved from me up stairs as she spoke. It was not quite sunset, in the long summer day, and, as she went up, the rays struck through a side-window, and kindled some golden lights in her brown, wavy hair; and somehow my boyish fancies of Jacob's ladder, and the angels going up and down it, came into my mind, and I went into my room, saying to myself, "Heaven bless the child!"

I flatter myself that I made use of a degree of diplomacy which would have done credit to the Chevalier Wykoff in questioning the chamber-

maid, next morning. I had her in to dust my books, under my personal supervision, and I drew her into conversation about several of the boarders. At length I asked, "Was there any one in the house I could get to do some sewing for me, did she think? Had I not heard of a Miss Hastings, who was a seamstress?"

"Perhaps so; but Miss Hastings did not do such work as gentlemen wanted"—with a hearty Irish laugh. "She finished off dresses, and trimmed them, and made mantillas. Most likely this was not what I wished to have done!"

"Most likely it wasn't. But perhaps the young lady was not always busy. If she were out of work, she might like to do what I did want in her spare time."

Ellen thought she did not have any spare time. She made every thing look so beautifully that the ladies kept her always busy.

"And *she's* the rale lady hersel'," broke out the warm-hearted Hibernian, in a gush of irrepressible panegyric. "She's so afraid of making any trouble, though sure I'd work my fingers to the bone to spare those white hands of hers. When I was sick, and like to die with the fever, who but she took me into her room and nursed me, and sat up with me nights, after working hard all day; and when she thought I was asleep I heard her prayin' for me! Her prayers wasn't out o' the prayer-book, but I know the saints heard 'em."

She stopped and wiped her eyes on the corner of her calico apron. Man though I was I could have wept with her easily. It went to my very heart to think of the poor young thing doing patiently and secretly such works of mercy. But I was not surprised. I had read the true, earnest nature, the power of self-sacrifice, in her eyes. God bless and God keep her! I said it to myself every time I thought of her, and those times were not few.

That day I purchased a Clytie, the fac-simile of my own. At night I took it home with me, and I wrote, to go with it, these words:

"Will Miss Hastings permit her fellow-boarder to offer her a gift, the acceptance of which will confer much pleasure? Her admiration of the Clytie was so hearty and genuine that, he thinks, to possess it may contribute slightly to her happiness."

I rang for Ellen, and begged her to take the bust and the little note up stairs. Presently she came back, bringing with her a few lines written in pencil:

"I accept your gift, as I am sure it was meant. You have designed to give pleasure to one who possesses few resources for amusement, and be sure that you have succeeded. I thank you more than I can say."

She had received it, as I was sure she would, with a simple dignity and gratitude which, had my motives been evil, would have repelled me far more effectually than any sarcastic refusal. I respected all women. It was a part of my early training at the hands of the best of mothers; but already I revered that young

sewing-girl more than any woman I had ever seen.

Mrs. Lee puzzled me not a little when we met, as we usually did, in the parlor after tea. One or two of the other boarders were there at first, but presently they went out and we were alone. It seemed to me that her manner toward me was far more like that of a young girl to whom I had been making love, than like a landlady's simple courtesy toward her inmate.

"I am not sure that I had better stay here with you," she began. "You do beguile me, as you did last night, into saying such unwarrantable things, revealing all my heart to you."

I was utterly confounded. What *had* I been doing? I bethought myself of Mrs. Bardell's suit against the respected President of the Pickwick Club, and trembled in my patent-leathers. Mr. Weller's advice to Samivel came into my mind, and I answered, a little stiffly,

"I had not meant to force your confidence, dear Madame, and I did not know that you had ever said any thing to me which the whole world might not properly hear."

Perhaps she thought she had been progressing too fast. She smiled, shook her long, fair curls, and rustled the folds of her black silk. She said I was "a naughty man, a very naughty man, to take up things so. Of course she had not said any thing to me of consequence; only it was just possible some people might think it a little queer that she had confessed not to have loved Mr. Lee quite as adoringly as he had loved her. But why need she trouble herself when she knew it would go no farther?"

"Of course it would not," I answered. "Any thing that she did me the honor to confide to me was sacred."

Then there was a pause, and I felt very awkward. It would be difficult to say any thing more, I thought, but Mrs. Lee did not find it so. Verily the tact of women is wonderful! In five minutes we had gone back two days, and were talking together on our old terms of pleasant, easy familiarity. I was somewhat more absent-minded than formerly, perhaps, for many of my thoughts were with the little girl in the attic.

It was three days after I had sent her the Clytie before I saw her again. Then I met her on the stairs. It was eight o'clock, or past, in the evening. I was going out, after my customary chat with Mrs. Lee in the parlor, and I met her coming in. Her face was very pale, and she stepped wearily. She smiled a little when she saw me, and, stopping, held out her hand.

"You were very kind, Mr. Prescott, and I am more grateful than I can say."

"I only wish," I responded, eagerly, "that I could, that you would let me contribute to your pleasures now and then. You look tired, and I can't bear to see a young girl like you wearing herself out."

"It can't be helped, Sir. I'm only too thankful that I *have* something to do. I need nothing; all my wants are supplied. It is pleas-

ant to feel that I have a friend; and I look on you as one, though I have no claim on you."

"Would to Heaven you *had* a claim on me!" I thought, as I watched her toiling so wearily up the stairs. Would that she were my sister, my niece, any thing that would give me a right to take her work out of her hands, and prescribe for her change of air and scene, rest, and a little pleasure! Then I fell to thinking, as I strolled across the common, what a sad, strange tyrant Custom is. Society would let me do what I pleased for my second cousins—would smile on me if I sent clothes to the Sandwich Islanders, or arithmetics to the Hottentots—but would by no means let me lift the burdens of this poor girl, who was my neighbor, with one of my fingers! I cried out against the absurdity of such a decree. Why must I pile up useless wealth and she suffer? But for her sake I must submit to laws I could not change; for her own sake I must not seek to help her.

As I came home, though, I did indulge myself so far as to buy a tea-rose in full bloom and a pot of heliotrope. They stood in my room overnight, and the next morning I sent Ellen to her with them, and the request that she would take care of them for me. I had taken it on trust that she loved flowers, and I was not disappointed when Ellen came back and told me Miss Nora was so overjoyed to get them that she almost cried.

I happened to meet her that day as I went up from dinner.

"I have to thank you again," she said, earnestly. "I am grateful. The flowers will be such company for me."

I asked her then if she would find time, the next afternoon, to go and see some pictures with me. It was when the English collection was at the Athenæum, and there was one painting of "Hinda" which I longed to have her see. It was the face of one who waited and watched, and somehow I had associated it with hers. She could not refuse, she said; it would be such a rare pleasure she must make time somehow. While we were talking Mrs. Lee came through the hall. She nodded to me, but she cast on my companion a look of singular distrust and dislike. I noticed it then, and remembered it afterward.

She spoke to me that evening about Nora Hastings. She had observed me talking with her, she said, and would I tell her if I was going to marry her? I might think it a very strange question, one which she had no right to ask, but, if I chose to answer it, she would convince me that she had good reasons.

I had no cause for hesitation. The thought of marrying Nora Hastings had never occurred to me, and I told her so frankly. I related to her the beginning of our acquaintance, and its slight progress, including my invitation for the next day. Then I waited for her reply.

"I hardly know what to say, Mr. Prescott," she began, in her soft, insinuating voice, shaking gently her head, with its long fair curls.



"I am sure it would be kinder to say nothing, and it's not at all necessary, since you do not think of making her Mrs. Prescott."

"But what if I had been intending to marry her, Madame?" I spoke a little sternly, perhaps, for I had satisfied her curiosity, and I was determined she should make the explanations at which she had hinted. I think she was unwilling to refuse me, still she spoke with hesitation.

"It is nothing; at least if any other gentleman in my family had been going to marry her, I should have said it was nothing and kept silence; but I have looked on *you* as my personal friend, and I should have told you that I considered her an artful, designing girl, who had tried to entrap several of my best boarders into marrying her, and had failed hitherto."

I half wonder that this did not shake my confidence in Nora, but it did not for an instant. Her face, her pure, noble face, was her best advocate. It rose before me then, and I replied, unflinchingly,

"I am sure, Mrs. Lee, that you must be mistaken. As little as I know Miss Hastings, I would be ready to answer for every act of her life; though she has a frankness and simplicity of manner which might possibly mislead some. I am certain that you do her injustice."

"Let us hope that I do," she said, with a smile. "It has ceased to be of interest to me, now that I know she is not likely to affect the happiness of one whom I consider my friend."

She diverted the conversation into other channels; but I believe I had been a little vexed by her pertinacity in reminding me that I had assured her I was not going to marry Nora Hastings. I had told her the simple truth when I said that the idea of such a marriage had never occurred to me. But now that she had put it into my head, it *did* occur to me again and again. I took such an interest in Nora as I had never taken in any one before. Perhaps I could not win her; but if I could—I paused, and strange, sweet thoughts drifted through my mind, of what it would be to be loved and watched and waited for by such youth and beauty; to have her altogether my own. How she would love her husband, I mused—she with no other near tie in the world! My dreams that night were rosier than any of the hopes of my by-gone youth.

We had a couple of pleasant hours the next afternoon, looking together at the pictures. Now that I had begun to think of Nora as one who might some day make my world, I saw new charms in her every hour. It was a pleasure to show her works of art. She had seen so few, and she enjoyed them so intensely, and appreciated them with such a fine, inborn taste.

It was not the last afternoon we spent together. Oftenest we went to see some new bust or picture; but once or twice I persuaded her to let me drive her out into the country, and new life seemed to bound in her pulses, and youthful brightness and hope to tinge her pale face, as the trees shook down their odorous blossoms upon her head, and the wind kissed her cheek,

and lifted the hair from her brow. I had begun to think of her as mine, and to dream fond dreams of how I would cherish her.

I went home one evening, when I had known her two months. I had intended to send for her, as I did sometimes, and ask her to join me in a little walk. I went into my room, and presently Ellen tapped on the door. I opened it, and she placed a little note in my hand. She had been crying, and she said, as she gave me the paper,

"That 'll tell you about it, I suppose, Sir. Miss Nora's an angel and nothing else, and I've given the mistress notice. I'm going next week. I won't stay where they've treated her so, poor darlin'!"

I tore open the note, and bade Ellen wait for a moment while I read it. The handwriting was hurried and irregular; the words went to my heart:

"Mrs. Lee tells me she has let my room to a person who will pay more. I am obliged to go to-day. She intimates that I have lowered myself in your estimation by my forwardness, and that I have lost the respect of the boarders. This may be so, alas! I fear it is. I could bear all else, but to have lost *your* respect is terrible. You were very kind to me, and it was so sweet to have a friend. Do not think any worse of me than you can help. If I have been forward and presuming, it was because I knew so little of life. I shall remember your goodness, and be grateful to you forever.

NORA HASTINGS."

My poor, wronged, innocent darling! If I had never loved her before I should have loved her then, and longed to shelter her from a cold world in my heart.

"Where has she gone?" I asked, turning to Ellen. "She does not tell me."

"She has gone to Mrs. Miles's, on Derne Street. The lady had given her a great deal of work, and been very kind to her, and when Miss Nora found she couldn't stay here she went to her with her trouble, and so Mrs. Miles said she should stay there till she could look about for a new place."

So there *were* still some kind hearts in the world, I thought, gratefully, who could show pity to the orphan and the friendless. God bless them all! But she, my poor little love, should never need to seek another boarding-house if she could only love me, and let me care for her.

"I am going to see her," I said to Ellen, as she seemed to wait for my comments.

"Bless you, Sir! The very sight of you will do her good. She took with her the white head you gave her, and the two flower-pots. I wish you could see how she's tended them flowers. They never had a dry leaf; and to-day she cried over 'em enough to water 'em."

I found Mrs. Miles's without difficulty. I asked for Miss Hastings at the door, and presently she came to me in the little reception-room where I had been shown. She looked as if she had almost wept herself blind, poor child.

"You do not despise me, Mr. Prescott, or you would not have come to see me?" Her voice trembled.

"Despise you! Nora, I love you with all the power of loving which God has given me. I have come to ask you to be my wife. You hold my fate in your own hands. Will you make me happy or wretched?"

No matter about her answer. She told me all my heart craved to hear. Looking into her truthful eyes, I knew that she was mine, my young, innocent love!

After a while I sent for Mrs. Miles to come to us. I recognized in her a lady whom I had sometimes met in society, and for whom I entertained a sincere admiration. I told her, in brief, the history of my acquaintance with Miss Hastings, and that I desired to make her my wife with as little delay as possible. Did she think the needful arrangements could be effected in a week?

They should be, she said. Nora should be married from her house, and a week would be time enough in which to provide all that was immediately necessary. So it was settled.

The next day I gave Mrs. Lee notice that I should vacate my rooms at the end of the month. I never exchanged one word with her on the subject of Nora's sudden ejection from her house. She had an undoubted right to let her rooms as she pleased. I sent her my wedding-cards—it was my only revenge.

Three years have passed since, and Nora, as bride and wife, has been to me all that I hoped, and more.

### HOW CHARLIE CAME HOME.

OF all the easy ways of doing business Mr. Carston had the easiest. Some one else always did it for him. Contrary to the received maxim, that if you wish a thing done well you must do it yourself, it was generally performed in a much better style than possible through any personal attendance on his part. For Mr. Carston was accounted by his acquaintance to be a simpleton of the first water. The somebody else who always did what was to be done was Mr. Carston's only son and heir, Charlie Carston, who shared his father's weakness only in such an inferior degree that all the neighbors thought it an extremely wise thing when, returning on one occasion, he saw the course of affairs, and decided upon remaining within the walls of the paternal mansion, and opposing a steady front against the invading waste and ruin. As to Mr. Carston's *being* a simpleton, opinions, which are as various as tastes, differed. However, he proved the validity of the title to the satisfaction of his acquaintance early in life and by divers devices. In the first place, being heir to an estate, he broke the brief entail allowed by our laws to share it with some cousins in the third degree, who had as good a right to it as he had, except that they hadn't got it. After that, studying medicine, and having a most lucrative practice offered him, he threw up the whole affair because convinced that the science of physic was too empiric for an honest man to pursue. He finished his absurd-

ity by becoming a lawyer: not, he said, that the former trade exceeded the latter in villainy and charlatanry, but law in the abstract, pure law, the law of nations, was worthy of life-long study; and thus absorbed, he condescended to perform the little actions required by his neighbors in this profession, to carry on various severe and trying lawsuits, to worry and vex himself within an inch of his life, and all without ever drawing the attention of any one to a slip of paper whereon he stood as debtor to John Carston, Jun. Furthermore, to prove his total incapacity for every thing in this sphere, Mr. Carston, when attaining middle age, had taken to himself a wife; and what was more aggravating under the circumstances—a young wife; and what crowned all—a city wife. Now for Mr. Carston to bring home a little, pale, thin-slipped, and finger-ringed child to be mistress of what ought to be (and unhappily was not) the finest farm in Wiltshire County was too much for human endurance. That she beheld in her husband one of the Olympian deities was no extenuation of the weakness, in his neighbors' eyes. And when they further added to their offense by adding one more to the population of the planet—these two people, little more than babies themselves—and the young mother grew ever paler, and as her son entered this life slipped away herself into another, the whole community voted in a body (or would have done so if called on to express their feelings) that it served him right.

These are the facts in Mr. Carston's case. Add to them a perpetually varying and increasing margin of minor details—such as his indulgence of Charlie till that young man became, before he knew the glory of buttons, the pest of the village—his bestowal of an item of his wealth on every beggar that thought fit to darken his door—his frequent reconciliation of his neighbors where a decent lawyer would have pitted them against each other—his payment of subscriptions and abandonment of politics—and his total inability to see his own advantage—and you have as fine an instance of imbecility as one might hope ever to see in a tax-payer. It was really provoking to be obliged to look on and contemplate the ruin of such a place as Mr. Carston's might have been; and his neighbors finally refused to look on; they interfered, and assisted, and instituted a thorough system of—Heaven forbid that I say sponging! but then what shall I say? There was yet one incident unmentioned in the category of Mr. Carston's outrages on common sense, where we must join the general cry: Mr. Carston was domineered over by a woman. He ate his bread in trembling, made no murmur over a picked-up dinner on Monday, nor over a cold one on Sunday. For at that stage of his widowed life when Master Charlie was safe from all tyranny within jacket and trowsers and the walls of a distant school, Mr. Carston allowed himself a housekeeper, and if there was a tyrant on the face of the earth that housekeeper was she. Mrs. Heads entered the house with a rule measure in her eye, which she

at once applied to every object: the chairs were instantly regulated thereby, the tables squared, the pictures rehung, beautiful antique escritoirs and cabinets were dispatched to the attic as "clutter," a plumb-line was the motto of all her proceedings, and, in her own expressive language, every maid that came under her thumb was obliged to toe the mark. Her voice, sonorous if not sweet, was heard as early as the cocks crowed, and only subsided with the nine o'clock evening bells; and under her vigorous administration, against which he was unable to make an impeachment, the neighbors declared that Mr. Carston dared not call his soul his own. But do not imagine that this berated man was altogether vicious. Indeed he had one virtuous act to be recorded in his favor—the only evidence of a sane and whole mind. He had once quarreled. It was during the great Jackson excitements, when every body took one side or the other, and he and an old intimate, Mr. Burleigh, held opposite views. The debates waxed high, till principles were forgotten in personals, and Mr. Carston found it impossible ever to forgive his friend's difference of opinion, and at the same time relinquished the frivolous pursuit of government as exemplified through federal politics. Mr. Burleigh was of no such implacable stuff. He would long ago have shaken hands over their feud, if he had ever found opportunity; but since the day of their difficulty some chance had prevented their encounter.

When Charlie Carston came home from his study of the law he at once entered a little vigorous opposition to Mrs. Heads's authority, which he meant to follow up with as stout a rebellion. But that dauntless dame, by a low diet of all manner of uneatables—by a perpetual system of house-cleanings—by limp wrist-bands and unglazed collars, and by a frequent and judicious letting alone, soon reduced her truculent patient to very reasonable terms; after which, so long as he submitted to the sway of her sceptre, he found his linen resplendent, his dinners sumptuous, and his physical well-being unrivaled. But Charlie's moral state under the Heads dynasty was deplorable—one long-continued and unbroken protest. He protested against the rising before the sun, and the breakfasts by candle-light; he protested against the enforced slumber at primitive hours, though Mrs. Heads might declare that when the birds went to roost it was a call of Nature for man and beast to do the same; he protested against the perpetual alarm, no repast in peace, no nap unbroken; he protested against the shrill sounds of Mrs. Heads' voice, in its ceaseless aspiration; he protested against the niggardliness of the menage; he protested against the want of any hospitality—against the espionage over himself—against the power that did not allow his father one suit till the other was threadbare—against his father's submission thereto—against Mrs. Heads herself. But all Charlie's protestation amounted to nothing at all; Mrs. Heads pursued the even tenor of her way with serene imperturbability.

It had been decided that Charlie should take the whole business of the farm off his father's hands, and share with him the profits; that he should now and then enter the office for any writing that might be necessary; and by this arrangement much good might be done, and his father would thenceforth have all the more time to attend to his great work on the Arbitrament of Nations. Mrs. Heads had stoutly opposed all this at first; but for once Charlie was too much for her, and she contented herself with taking a firmer footing in the house, and with being yet more unmerciful to man, maid, and master. She knew very well that Mr. Carston would not dismiss her, for he had a vague idea that a housekeeper without views of matrimony was a *rara avis*; beyond this, he did not wish the trouble of making a new selection, and seeing a new face; moreover, he had an indefinite idea that she had nowhere else to bestow herself. Charlie knew better; he was aware that Mrs. Heads had a snug little place in an adjoining county, which she rented reasonably, and that, with her thirteen years' wages comfortably laid away, she was by no means an object of charity. But men never know how to right themselves under feminine bondage, unless by turning tyrant too, and this it is unpleasant for a gentleman to do. Consequently Master Charles became a person of one idea. It was his fixed determination that Mrs. Heads should leave the house. It was Mrs. Heads's fixed determination that *he* should. Which of the two contending forces won the day we shall see; but meantime it was absolutely necessary that Mr. Carston should have a housekeeper.

Charlie had taken the reins into his own hands, and been actual master for some six months; he was looking forward to an abundant harvest; all went right out of doors, and he was in excellent spirits. The fences had been rebuilt, the neighbors' cattle politely refused admittance, the fallows put down to crops, the worn-out fields turned fallow, and a large piece of dairy-land added by purchase. This dairy-land had been the occasion of an outburst from Mrs. Heads that would have made a fainter heart than Charlie's quail. Not another milk-pan should Lindy, the dairy-maid, set; not another pint of cream should she skim; not another pound of butter should she make. There were cheeses, and to spare, in the house, and not one should go out to market—not one! She was not going to slave herself to death to feed a worthless set of city trash—not she! Them as wanted the cheese and butter extra might make it themselves. But in spite of Mrs. Heads's objection, thus expressed, as her skirts flashed from door to door, and her elbows suggested to Charlie the old and juvenile game of "honey-jars," the land was added, cattle of celebrated breed imported, and (without any labor to Mrs. Heads, except that she had an additional maid to scold) the produce of the farm dairy was sought for far and wide. Then there were several acres of hill and stony pasture, which had



long been put to no other use than that of a general blue-berrying region; this region Charlie proposed to populate with sheep. Mrs. Heads's ire flashed higher than ever. Another pretty piece of business! Did he suppose she was going to have a hundred more fleeces, two or three hundred additional pounds of wool heaped on the yearly store in the attic? Did he suppose the women had nothing to do but pick wool and spin yarn from morning till night for him? If he did, he was mightily mistaken. Not a reel should turn in the house, not a hank should be wound. If there was a sound she hated, it was the buzz of a spinning-wheel; she heard it enough, and she would hear it no more! It was high time of day, if she was to be marched about by a chit of a boy just out of pinafores; if she was, she'd like to know it. She believed Charles Carston was a natural fool, eating himself out of house and home with a parcel of sheep. Charlie's intimation that sheep required little outlay beyond salt and turnips, and that she would have no trouble from the wool, as it would be sold in the raw state, was merely whistling down the wind. Having once expressed her opinion she was bound to maintain it. If another sheep came on the farm she'd poison it! Charlie laughed, and ordered his horse thereat, for to-day was the great State agricultural fair to be held in the adjoining shire town of Wiltingshell, and he thought it likely that he might obtain the very animals he desired. If there were any thing in which excelled this young gentleman, who, just from college and law school, found such satisfaction in making "two blades of grass grow where one grew before," it was horsemanship. He reminded you that the Centaurs might not have been fabulous; and as he flashed by on his superb bay, with the light in his broad blue eyes, and the sun playing in his bright brown curls, I can not say how many of the buxom farmers' lasses, jogging along in the backs of the wagons to the fair that morning, incontinently lost their hearts to the possessor of that merry smile and cheery voice. To be sure the farmers' wives might wonder how so gay a face came out from Mrs. Heads's shadow, and where all these fine doings which he had set on foot were to end; but the lasses were sure nothing of his arrangements would turn out ill, whatever the arrangements of Providence might do. And for some mysterious reason farmers, and wives, and daughters, in spite of misgivings or mislikings, answered his smile as he passed, and confessed that he held a share in every one's affection, and that it was a miracle how such a lad could be the son of Mr. Carston, who *was* the greatest simpleton, and so forth, and so forth. In the fair that day people scarcely behaved better, and among the throng he melted his way like a sunbeam. He talked with the fathers, praised the mothers, "treated" the daughters, and went on his conquering way till he had completed his business in an entirely satisfactory manner. Meeting Ned Haughton, the two then saunter-

ed out on the common, where there were to be fire-works and fire-balloons at nightfall, and where a group of young ladies, residents of the town, gay and rosy, already stood.

"Who is that with Ned Haughton?" asked Maria Brown, a blonde. "Do you know, Sophy?"

"It is Charlie Carston," said Sophy Burleigh, the prettiest and most roguish brunette in Christendom.

"Squire Carston's son?" asked Rachel Green. "How did you know him, Sophy?"

"By a natural antipathy," replied Sophy. "You know our fathers are sworn enemies."

"And you mean to reverse the rule?" asked her sister Anne.

"Mr. Carston, Miss Brown," said Ned Haughton, now joining them. "Miss Burleigh, Mr. Carston; Miss Anne Burleigh. Miss White, Miss Green, Miss Gray, Mr. Carston. Mr. Ephraim Smith, Mr. John Smith."

After which ordeal Charlie proceeded at once to extract as much honey as possible from this cluster of flowers. As they finally wound away processionally from the common, he found himself by Sophy Burleigh's side—very naturally, since he had placed himself there—and they paused at the door of her residence, where Haughton and Miss Anne were already awaiting them.

"Come in, Ned," asked Miss Sophy; "come in to tea, and bring Mr. Carston. Father 'll be glad to see you, and Anne won't have to prink before the glass till you come again this evening. Come! you see that latter consideration makes it a work of charity!"

"For shame, Sophy!" cried Anne. "Ned had as lief I would prink as not. But won't you stay?" And she laid her little delicately-gloved hand on his arm. Ned detained the hand, as he had a right to do, while declining.

"Mr. Carston," said Sophy, pointing at the other pair, "isn't that aggravating to a forlorn young woman of twenty, to see her younger sister, whom she has been accustomed to snub, actually taking precedence? What *can* one do?"

"Go and do likewise," said Charlie, laughing at her comic distress.

"But the Lothario?"

"At your service?" he asked, gayly, extending his hand and raising his brows.

"Now, remember you have committed yourself!" she cried.

"Sophy! Sophy!" said Anne, "Mr. Carston won't know what to make of you."

"If Mr. Carston *don't* know," replied Sophy, with sudden gravity, "it is of no consequence whether he does or not."

At this Mr. Carston bowed.

"You see how it is, Mr. Carston," continued she. "She is already on the guard lest I—"

"Sophy!" cried her mother, from behind the lattice, seeing only Ned, "ask Edward in; and remember your lemon creams have got to be made for tea."

"Won't you come in?" asked Sophy then,

with a little pout of her red lip, and not looking at either of them. "'Lemon cream' means that I'm spoiling my complexion out here in the sun. As for Anne, that's no matter, because her market's made!" and in another moment she had vanished. Miss Anne went in with a slower air, and the gentlemen, descending the stone steps, pursued their way.

In the evening Ned returned to walk out with his affianced, and secure a station that commanded a view of the entertainment; and of course Charlie accompanied him, and took charge of Miss Sophia. They found the same party from which they had separated in the afternoon, and very shortly were as merry as ever, with Sophy's reckless quips ringing over all. When the band suddenly crashed upon the gay crowd with one harmonious peal that wound up in music through the stars and darkness, a little hush fell upon Sophy's gayety, and Charlie saw, by the light of the lanterns below, where they were preparing the balloons, her eyes flashing and cheeks flushing in answer to the inspiring strain. The tune ceasing, she was scarcely so lively as before, and seemed to be singing it over in her thought, when all at once it burst out again, and a tiny flake of light, like a burning soap-bubble, went soaring up the air and sailing before the wind. As if burning? But it *was*. Some mismanagement had directed things, and in an instant the little wonder fell in flames, dropping and scattering its fiery fragments among the crowd. Charlie saw one coming; he put out his hand to snatch it away, but not before it had touched Sophy, and her thin muslins had caught and flashed up beneath it. He carried a thick shawl on his arm, which Mrs. Burleigh had given them lest the grass should be damp; and as every one else instantly drew away, and she threw herself on the ground, he tore it open, threw it about her, and crushed out the fire before it had time to commit real injury. None of the party wishing any more entertainment of that kind, they at once turned about for home, Charlie more than partly carrying Sophy, who was faint from excitement and from her recent effort at self-command. Of course there was nothing to do at the door but to enter; and then, while Sophy went to change the remnant of her dress, he detailed the adventure to Mrs. Burleigh, Ned and Anne heightening it till she might have believed that he had saved every damsel in town from utter conflagration.

"But your own hands must be burned," said Sophy, stealing in and standing behind him, with a totally different manner—one subdued and half-timid—for, just as her former appearance of unreserve and boldness had been a safeguard, so now she had put that off, and there was something charmingly confidential in her tone.

"Oh no," said he; "at least, not to signify."

She had already taken it; then, leaving him, had run for sweet-oil and bandages, and, returned, was dressing the member as nobody else

but Florence Nightingale could have dreamed of doing. That completed, she dropped upon it a delicate perfume, and contemplated her performance.

"Does it ache badly?" she asked.

"Such a privilege is well worth the little pain," he replied, gallantly. "I shall burn my hand often, Miss Sophy, if you will promise to be always so kind."

"Well," said Sophy.

"Why, wife," said Mr. Burleigh, entering, "not out? And none of you young folk either? You don't know what you've lost. We've had a fine balloon—two or three of them—and a scene! You'd have enjoyed that, Sophy. A young woman was badly injured, I am afraid."

"We've had a private fire-balloon," said Sophy, "and the young woman has recovered from her injuries, thank you. But the young woman's frock, papa!—that lovely organdie!"

At this Mr. Burleigh's amazement, consternation, and confusion reached such a height that he sank into a chair, and it was only after repeated trials that he could compress the identity of the young woman and of Sophy into one.

"It is remarkable!" he said, "and providential, and—and—I beg your pardon, my love, you did not tell me the name of Mr.—Mr.—"

"Carston, Sir," said Charlie. "My father is John Carston, and I begin to have a suspicion that you are—"

"That scoundrel Burleigh! Exactly. And so you're my old friend's son? Perhaps you have wiped out for me all his old scores, Sir. I feel sure that, having conferred such an obligation upon us as you have done to-night, your father will not refuse to increase it by abandoning all ill-will."

Charlie said nothing for a moment; for he would as soon have thought of battling Mount Caucasus as his father's silent, but, he felt sure, implacable animosity. "At all events, Sir," said he then, "I am not to be counted as one with my father in every thing. You will not refuse me the pleasure that I see opening before me in your acquaintance."

"I should regret Mr. Carston's displeasure," said the other, "but you can judge thereof better than I. For yourself, young man, you are welcome, always most welcome, to my house and to all who are in it." And the grateful father held Sophy on his knee, and wiped his spectacles as if he made his daily bread by polishing lenses.

The evening thus opened passed off most memorably. Sophy tried to sing; but her voice trembled and abandoned her, and she came and sat down by Charlie on the little sofa. Anne and Ned were uproarious with fun. Mr. Burleigh proposed egg-nog; but the two servants were out, and nobody knew how to make it but Sophy, and Sophy doubted if she could break an egg with her shaking fingers; and then, ceremony being discarded, they all withdrew to the dining-room, Mr. Ephraim Smith joining them, and after much whisking and beating and stir-

ring of eggs, sugar, and old Otard, they all drank to Charlie, and Charlie drank to them, bade them good-night, found his horse, mounted, and rode home with his head in a strange state, which he found it impossible to analyze, and he could not declare whether it were the egg-nog, or the gas-light, or the fire, or what. We incline to the opinion that it was "what;" for above and across and all round there came, with spasmodic frequency, twinges of the most decided jealousy of Mr. Ephraim Smith.

"A pretty time o' night you come home on, Master Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Heads at the breakfast-table next morning. Charlie not replying, the attack was renewed. "Yes, a pretty time o' night to come gallopin' inter the back-yard enough to wake the dead, and me just dozing off! And it's a sin and a shame, that it is! for any young man to be out carousing the streets to that hour, when decent folks is abed and asleep, and keepin' his elders and betters a setting up for him. A pretty time o' night!"

"I choose my own time, Mrs. Heads."

"Yes, I dare say you choose your own time! It never was so before you come. A waking up your poor father that 'd never had a wink o' sleep a wondering about you, and it striking eleven! Instead o' bein' a blessin' to his old age! I don't know what you think of it; I declare it's disgraceful, and the Lord alone knows what you'll come to! For my part, I'd as lief live I don't know where as only to git six hours' sleep out of the twenty-four!"

Charlie wished she *did* live in that locality, but kept a discreet silence.

"Well, did you get your sheep?" she asked at length, after the maid brought in the breakfast-tray.

"Yes, ma'am," said Charlie.

"The whole hundred?"

"Every one of them."

"I s'pose you mind what I said?"

"You say too much, Mrs. Heads, for me to remember it all."

"I dare say. Some folkses heads never could, any way, hold more'n one idee, and that rattled. I said I'd poison them!"

"I should advise you to try it."

Mrs. Heads stared at so unheard-of a catastrophe as this challenge.

"I can't wait for my father," continued Charlie; "I must go to the timbers, and will thank you for my breakfast at once."

"Indeed! It's never ben the custom in this house to sit down to table without the master, and it ain't a goin' to be begun now for the first time!"

Charlie flashed his eye at her, and replied, in his unruffled voice, "You will take your seat, Mrs. Heads, with no more words."

This open defiance smote her unawares. She was not prepared for it, hesitated a second, and then tossed back her cap-ribbons and proceeded to pour out coffee. But in her heart she vowed revenge, and made an installment of it from the hot-water jug.

Charlie touched the bell.

"Is there no coffee, Jane?" said he.

"Yes, Sir, there be—a plenty," replied Jane.

"Another pot, then, and don't spare it," he added, while Mrs. Heads, with one hand on the water-jug and her head half turned to contemplate Jane, gazed as Bomba might have done at tidings of insurrection; for here was Charles Carston actually giving orders in her house, and Jane obeying them. But relief! Here, too, was Mr. Carston. Charles never showed his father disrespect. Now she'd see!

The brown stream went pouring undiluted upon the cream in Mr. Carston's cup, and made the room redolent.

"Is your coffee the right strength, Sir?" asked Mrs. Heads, with unusual meekness.

"Very nice coffee, Mrs. Heads, nicer than usual."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Sir, I'm sure; for here's Mr. Charles says he won't drink slops."

"Keep truth on your side, Mrs. Heads," said Charlie.

"And has taken Jane from her scourin' to make him a fresh pot, when it's very pertickler that she should hurry, for we was put off in our wash, and—"

"You couldn't have complained of *this* coffee, Charlie?" said his father.

"No, Sir, not at all," said Charlie, turning over the leaves of the "Law Reporter" as it lay beside him on the table.

"I'm sure! Well, if ever! I do believe he's lost his wits. Didn't complain of this coffee?" and Mrs. Heads's perturbation preventing further utterance, she applied her napkin to her eyes.

"Why, Charles," said his father, "what can you have done?"

"Faugh!" exclaimed Charlie, giving a brief glance at the sobbing heroine of the urn.

"I'm sure as I've lived in this house fifteen year come Thanksgiving, and done my duty well, and been a mother to him, and more, and made of him as ef he was my own, and now to be spurned like a worm and trod on and hev my best feelins thrown back in my teeth as ef they warn't no account—;" and Mrs. Heads shook her cap-strings violently to avoid spotting them, and dredged her steak with a sprinkle of tears.

"Charles, really, I think you should explain or apologize," said Mr. Carston, in his severest form of reproof.

"Yes, Mr. Carston, you never've let me be put upon, so fur as you could help it; neither did Mr. Heads," said the weeping widow. "He always said, 'Tilda, dear, don't you be put upon,' and I won't! Your father don't approve of your conduct at all, Master Charles, 's you can see—what'll you have, Sir? Is it the sugar? Oh, is your cup out?—and no more does he like your rampaging the streets and spending your evenings nobody knows where at all, as you did last night, and keeping respectable people out of their beds till nigh upon cock-crowing."

"Where were you, my son?" asked Mr. Carston, alarmed at this statement.



"I was in town, Sir; you know they had quite a gala night with illuminations and music."

"Indeed. I hadn't heard of it."

"And not much of it did you see, Mr. Charles. That I can tell you, Sir" (turning to Mr. Carston); "for Sam Stover was in the town too, and saw your whole proceedings."

"I spent the evening with Ned Haughton, Sir, at the house of one of his friends, whose second daughter he intends to marry."

"Ah? It must be a fine family if Ned chooses there."

"You'd better tell the name," said Mrs. Heads, with a beaming face.

"Pray, Mrs. Heads, allow me—"

"Ah, here comes Jane," said Charlie. "Thank you, Jane. This 'll do nicely."

"I'll give you your bitters, Miss," muttered Mrs. Heads; "not another night shall you sleep under this roof."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Mrs. Heads," said Charlie. "Jane is a good girl, and shall continue here so long as she remains so."

"Do you hear that, Sir?" cried Mrs. Heads. "A setting up of my help against my very face!"

"Mrs. Heads is mistress of the servants, Charlie," said his father, in perplexity. "I desire that you will not interfere further. I request it of you."

"Well, father, I shall not interfere. Only it is, I think, a peculiar state of affairs that allows the dismissal of a valuable domestic because she has obliged your son. However, the thing can proceed. I shall have no more altercation with your servants. Don't be alarmed, Jane, I will secure you a situation," for he remembered hearing Mrs. Burleigh's wish for a good cook, since she was about losing her own.

Jane dropped him a courtesy, and with the broadest of countenances went out.

"Servants!" cried Mrs. Heads, who had been smiling in triumph over the refractory son, but at utterance of the obnoxious word had become petrified in unqualified amazement. "And hev I lived till this? To be called names at by my own employer's son! Me that has been a mother to him, and always put spermacetti in the starch. Goodness lud alive! what's that?" as a crash of crockery resounded from within. "The hussy's broke my caudle-cup I dare be bound!" and as her cap-strings whisked through the door, Mrs. Heads's voice was heard in the pantry, pealing like a reveille to wake the dead indeed.

Charlie rode over to the timbers, and that done, returned home, made a different toilet, and rode into town again and straight to Mrs. Burleigh's. He found that lady and her daughters at home, and deep in sewing, for Miss Sophy thought of spending the winter at the West, and the quantity of snowy drapery incidental to the outfit was enough to swathe the mummies of a dozen first-class Egyptian princesses.

Charlie apologized for his intrusion, and at once requested Mrs. Burleigh to receive Jane into her kitchen till he should be able to take her

again, and this involving a little explanation, out came the whole story of Mrs. Heads; and her wrongs and grievances were placed before them till the pleasant room rung with peals of laughter.

"It's all very well to laugh," said Charlie, with mock vexation, "but it's not so pleasant to endure. You would find it agreeable to be able to lay down a letter and take it up unread, a book with the place marked by your pencil-case and return not to find the one hidden and the other minus, a garment and be sure it would not be given to the next beggar. And the worst of it all is, that my father's too good to see how bad *she* is, and there's no redress in heaven or earth or 'all that's in the miz.'"

Mrs. Burleigh's heart was open in a trice, she gave him permission to send Jane in immediately, and she begged him to come himself as often as he could, for he should be entirely at home, and the girls should regard him as they would a brother. All this was very pleasant, and bore ample testimony to Charlie's power not only of making friends but of keeping them.

Nor did Jane's entrance into the Burleigh household do him any injury; for if Jane had one weakness developed more largely than another, it was the adoration of the young master; and never was she weary of holding forth in his praise, and I am not certain that Sophy declined more than once to put a leading question, as she herself crimped her ruffles or made puddings. In return, whenever Jane met Charlie she assured him anew of her satisfaction with her situation, and that such nice young ladies were never seen before or since the flood.

The autumn had nearly passed, and Master Charlie had not neglected his opportunities, but had allowed the light of his countenance to irradiate the Burleigh parlor as often as thrice a week and had thrown in the Sundays. Somehow, Sophy's visit to the West was delayed, she thought she would rather spend the spring there. Mrs. Heads was not always able to keep a guard over Charlie, and his father was not yet aware of his new friendships. Meanwhile, the crops had exceeded expectation, and Charlie's year was pronounced on all hands to be a great success. Never for a moment had Mrs. Heads relinquished her hostility, for she saw no sign of defeat or discomfiture in the enemy's quarters. There was no persecution in her plentiful arsenal which did not fall on Charlie, and in her determination that it should reach the son she was not always sure to spare the father. It became a more devout maxim of Charlie's than ever that tyrannicide was no murder.

It was one afternoon, near the middle of October, that Charlie galloped up the avenue and threw the reins to the waiting Sam Stover. Mrs. Heads, scolding Lindy because the churning had been made so late, and because the butter had not come, was resonantly vociferous, and to avoid her he went into the room, which had always been used as Mr. Carston's office.

"Well, father," said he, taking off his gloves,

"I've seen the carpenters; they say a week's work is all the little building will require now before it would be fit for the abode of a chief-justice. I declare, I shall rejoice when I see the office-sign put up at the foot of the avenue rather than here. It has always been a pet whim of mine, turning this room into a library, and I'm glad you proposed it. By-the-way, the house at the pasture-lands has been empty a year, and all my advertising brings no tenant. It's a shame, for a little outlay would make the house quite a pretty affair."

"Ah!"—Mr. Carston began slowly, but was interrupted before he had extended his remark by Mrs. Heads.

"If I may make so bold, Sir, as to enter the office without knocking," said the humble creature, "I should like the money to pay off Lindy. I've given her warning. The time that girl is a fetchin' the butter, and the imperence she gives me, is too much for human flesh, and the sooner she's off the better."

"How much, Mrs. Heads?"

"Well, Sir, I ain't paid her fur about six months."

"Why not?" asked Charlie.

"I don't know what that is to you, Master Charles. Me an' your father's compertunt to manage our own bizness. I ain't paid her because there's no doin' any thing with her when she's got money in her pocket, and I thought best to keep it a hangin' over her head, that I'd pay her in a lump, and be quit of her."

Now Lindy had been Charlie's chief bulwark against Mrs. Heads's growing encroachments and hatreds, and to lose her was to lose his castle.

"Well, Mrs. Heads," said Mr. Carston. "How much?"

"Lemme see, Sir. Twice twelve is twenty-two—no, bless me, I might a known how many two dozen is with all them eggs lost by her letting the crottle-crowns lay away. Twenty-four; and twice twenty-four is—" and after a vigorous counting on her fingers Mrs. Heads announced the sum of fifty dollars to be due to Lindy. "And it's a living shame she should carry away so much to onceast, when her betters ain't got the tithe of it!"

Mr. Carston opened his pocket-book and turned it over. "I haven't quite the sum left," he said. "I have just paid off the masons about the new office. I could give her a check, but I suppose she would rather see the Wiltingshell bills. Charlie, what have you?"

"Quite enough to pay Lindy, Sir; but I will make her the gift of it rather than lose her."

"I dare say," muttered Mrs. Heads.

"She has proved invaluable to me, Sir, in the dairy, and trained the new maid well."

"I don't care what she's done, going she is; and I'd have you to know, Master Charles, once for all, that I'm mistress in this house or else I'll leave it, and take my turn on the town with them that's been brought up to expect less."

"Pray, Charlie, don't vex Mrs. Heads."

"I've no idea of such a thing. But there is

no reason why I should lose all authority in your house, nor why a second maid should be dismissed, whose sole fault is a regard for my wishes."

"I never had no trouble with my maids, to speak of, till Master Charles came home; and now, what with his overseeing, and interfering, and gallivanting—though I've taken pains to get 'em as old and as ill-favored as I could—I can't keep one in the house."

"Mrs. Heads!" cried Charlie, with a flashing eye, "alter the tone of your statements, or leave the room!"

Mrs. Heads trembled for a moment. "Well, Sir!" said she then to Mr. Carston.

Mr. Carston turned to his son, with a little indecision.

"I will go and pay the servant myself, Sir," said Charlie, "but I will not dismiss her; and I will suffer the dismissal of no one, in future, without being myself aware of and approving the circumstances."

Mr. Carston, for once, knew that his son was right, and acquiesced as Charlie left the room. When the latter returned, Mrs. Heads had taken a seat, and holding the corner of her apron ready for tears, was haranguing an imaginary auditory in a lively manner.

"Fifteen year—yes, fifteen year—I've lived in this 'ere house, an' never hed no pertickler cause o' complaint till that boy come home; and he's done nothin' but put upon me, and put upon me ever sence. The wash is dretful now, let alone the i'ning; and the mendin' all falls on me; an' he's about gone mad on hens, and they all lay away, and eat up my marigold-seeds, an' the chickens die in heaps; and there'll be all the wool in the spring, an' nobody knows how menny lambs that the ewes won't tech 'll be brought in round the kitchen-fire."

And at this deplorable spectacle Mrs. Heads's speech was fairly drowned in tears; but she revived as the necessity of further remark presented itself to memory.

"Yes; the extry work he's brought about is out of conscience. It seems as ef every thin' perspired to make me trouble. I'm never safe as to when comperny's comin'; he's bringin' some of his fellers out from town all cherryin' and berryin' season, and soilin' and spottin' all my best table-coverin's; and there's all the dairy-work to boot. And he's taken to spadn' up the orchard, so that I've got to do my bleachin' on a fence; an' never can hev Sam Stover one minute at the dasher; and I never git no thanks for all my pains at that, let it be never so much. And now's come this. I won't let one of the girls go down that lane to touch a thing in your new office, Square Carston, ef the dust gets kneedeep—that I won't!—and pretty you'll look potterin' roun' 'ith a broom in your hand! This room turned into a libry, heh? and all the big new book-cases to oil and dust, and tables, and chairs, and desks, and goodness knows what not. I won't stand it; it's a little too bad, I vum!"

And here Mrs. Heads threatened to collapse

again in tears; tears, not at any prospect of work—she knew how to avoid that—but tears at her previous defeat; tears at Charlie's unwonted triumph. But she was happily diverted.

"You needn't stan' there a grinnin', Charles Carston," she recommenced, "like Bill Bar-ridge's monkey! Maybe ef your father knowed all your fine goings-on you'd laugh the other side your mouth. You'd better tell him how often you go to Burleigh's, an' what fine things you hear said about your father there!"

Mr. Carston, who had, one must confess, a difficult course to steer, and who generally endeavored to take no notice of Mrs. Heads's insinuations, was thrown entirely off his guard.

"Burleigh!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Sir, Thomas Burleigh's. And that's where he's been every week this summer; and it's a blessed wonder that he hesn't finished insulting his father by bringin' 'em here under his very-nose."

"Charles, is this true?"

"Quite true, Sir. I made the acquaintance of the Burleighs last June, and they are my very good friends."

"You will be so kind as to regard my wishes more carefully in future. You will not enter Mr. Burleigh's house again."

Charles was silent, while Mrs. Heads nodded in an unbounded flush of victory.

"Do you hear, my son? I am awaiting your promise."

"It is not an easy promise to give, Sir. However, I will promise thus far, that if I find my absence occasions no trouble I will make it perpetual."

"You have honor, I believe," said his father, more coldly than he had ever spoken to him before; "I can trust you."

"You have no right, Sir, to demand such a sacrifice of me, and as I make it, I make it voluntarily."

"I should prefer that you would make it unconditionally."

"Very well, Sir. I promise, then, that I will not visit at Mr. Burleigh's without previously acquainting you with my intention."

Hereupon Charlie took down a volume of Reports, probably to see if there could be any equal to his own hard case, and Mrs. Heads, triumphant and smiling, withdrew.

Charlie went supperless to sleep that night, because his supper was prepared in a style that bade defiance to his gastronomical powers; and he might have gone breakfastless to work on the next morning, but that Lindy's good graces contrived to elude their august tormentor, and placed a smoking omelet beside his plate before she could be forbidden. His father asked him no questions concerning the Burleighs, on account of Mrs. Heads's presence perhaps, and he took away any opportunity afterward, by riding off to arrange about taking out stumpage for the township which his father owned in Vermont, and to procure, if possible, a tenant for the pasturelands. "A good son, a good son," thought Mr. Carston to himself as his son's lithe figure went

swinging away under the arching boughs of the avenue; "I'll drive into Wiltingshell and inquire about his doings a little. And a lonely life he leads, few enjoyments, no home, no companions; I wonder if I have done wrong—" But war, as an arbiter between States, involves surely the same error as ancient trial by battle; and Mr. Carston's thoughts were already far away and deep in his great work, which by no means drew near completion.

Meanwhile affairs did not progress in the smoothest manner at the Burleighs.

"You will have to abandon the purple silk, Sophy," said her mother, as they were all sewing busily again on Sophy's long-abandoned outfit; for her father had declared that as Sophy had lost her spirits she must previously have lost her health, and must accordingly hasten to the West and get well.

"Why, mother!" said Anne.

"Never mind," replied Sophy; "I shall do very well with what I have already. Indeed, I have too much. I don't care."

"I wish you did care," said Anne. "I hate to see you so torpid and indifferent."

"Your father is sorry, I'm sure," said the mother; "but he is very much straitened. He has spoken about moving to a smaller house, and has asked me to dismiss the girls. But Jane says she won't go."

"It's very odd," said Sophy. "I saw something was the matter with father. Mother, I don't want to go out West. Let us put all this sewing away."

"Sophy!" cried her father from below: and she went down to encounter a great basket of ruddy peaches sent with Charlie Carston's compliments; for Charlie had selected the most luscious and rare, and told his father of their intended destination.

"If Charlie Carston came here as he used, Sophy's spirits would be just what they always were," said Anne to her mother in Sophy's absence. "I wonder why he left so abruptly. Ned says he hardly ever sees him now."

"One of their servants told Jane that his father forbade him to come here. I am very glad he is so dutiful; but I miss him myself almost as much as Sophy can."

"I suppose it was regard for Mr. Carston that prevented his ever telling Sophy he liked her, for I know he *does* as well as I want to. He never means to say a word to her without his father's approbation. Spooney! If I were Sophy I wouldn't care. I always hated Oswald, and despised Corinne for loving him."

At this point Sophy returned, bringing up the basket with Jane's help, and filling that damsel's apron for reward with things the like of whose rosy cheeks she declared she hadn't seen "sence she lived onter the dear old place with the blessed boy himself yonder."

"I presume these peaches have an extra sun-beam in them, Sophy," said her mother, with a faint smile. "It is well we have some friends left."



"I'm sure we've friends enough, mother," said Anne.

"My dear, I do not know how long they will remain so; and if I don't know that, I oughtn't to call them friends."

"Mother," said Sophy, "is father in difficulty?"

"He has failed," said her mother, looking out of the window; "and Heaven only knows where he will find a roof to cover his head when it's all over;" and the tears fell so fast on her needle that they shook off in a spray from its shining head.

"Your needle's crying, mother," said Sophy; "and I suppose that's what they have eyes for." She came and put her arms about her mother's neck. "Never mind, little mother," said she; "we're all well, and that's one thing: we all love each other, and that's four things, if not twelve; because there's four of us, and we've each got three things to love. Anne can be married all the sooner, and I'll get a school immediately in Illinois—I guess I can—and send home enough to pay the rent of a nice little house for you and father; and Jane can live with you yet, and I'll come back in the vacations, and Anne will live almost next door, and I don't see but we'll be as happy as ever."

"Bless you, Sophy! You're no Job's comforter," said her mother. "But there, I must go to your father. He wants to know what day will be best for the sheriff to come on the inventory. Your piano will have to go, girls."

"Well, we can hire a hand-organ," said Sophy.

"How can you be so cheerful, Sophy?" asked Anne, after their mother's departure.

"Why, you wouldn't have me cry and make her feel all the worse, would you?" said Sophy. "She feels for us more than she does for herself; and if we are cheery, she will be so too, by-and-by. Oh dear!" and she sung a few bars of

"There'll never be peace till Jamie comes home."

"Say Charlie for Jamie," said Anne, lightly.

"There'll never be peace till the weather changes!" exclaimed Sophy, quickly and vehemently, rising and throwing up the window and leaning out. "So I've got to go out and die of the chills, have I? And bid farewell to the dear old street and all the rows of stone steps, and all the little image-boys, and, and—" And here Sophy unconsciously burst into a triumphant

"Who'll be king but Charlie?"

On the afternoon of this day Charlie said to his father, in Mrs. Heads's absence, "I am going to call on Mr. Burleigh to-day. He has failed—I believe that's what they call it—after his long and prosperous career, through the rascality of others. He has, however, paid every thing, and left himself destitute. Though I can not befriend, I will not desert him."

"Charlie," said his father, at tea-time, "the pasture-lands seem no very profitable affair to me. I have deeded it to you, and registered the paper in Wiltingshell; I went there this afternoon myself."

"Indeed, father. You are very kind; but, but is it true?"

"Entirely so," said his father. "The pasture-lands are yours."

"To do as I please with?"

"Just as you please with."

"My dear father," said Charlie, going and putting both hands on Mr. Carston's shoulders, "I never can thank you enough. You are the kindest and best of fathers. And of course you know what I mean to do with them."

His father endeavored to look innocent ignorance, but failed signally.

"Well, if ever!" ejaculated Mrs. Heads, in a preliminary manner, after wiping her mouth; but Charlie cut short her intended exposition by rushing from the room, mounting Lucifer, who still stood saddled at the door, and dashing away.

The Burleighs had just left their melancholy and almost untouched tea-table when the ringing hoofs of Lucifer suddenly ceased their galloping, close at hand, and Jane, appearing with a bright face, said Mr. Burleigh was wanted. After a brief conversation with his guest, that gentleman re-entered and requested his wife's presence. Shortly afterward the two returned with Mr. Charlie Carston, and, almost immediately upon their greeting, Ned Haughton followed, who, while shaking Charlie's hand, and declaring that he had not seen him for a century, at the same time broached his errand. There was to be a party down river in boats by moonlight, with music, the very last of the season—had just that moment thought of it—the night was so unusually warm at this time of the year that it must be improved. The girls should go, and Charlie too, now he was here. Of course bonnets and shawls were in immediate requisition, and, without waiting to hear the recent subject of their wonder explained, they departed, and of course Sophy fell to the lot of Charlie Carston.

One of the pleasant things of life is sailing down a moonlit harbor, the half-guessed banks retreating and widening and flattening, the tide swelling with great shining breadths, the dark mysterious shipping lining the wharves, and the forest of masts flickering in silver points of light, the crests of foam breaking at the very mouth, and the salt fresh air cool and rich and freighted with all imaginings; behind one the pursuing music stealing in broken strains, and before one the prospect of dancing and supper. As they skimmed away, they four, with the other boats alongside, Anne and Sophy remembered that they should come home when the moon was down, and then they would have quiet enough; and with the elasticity of youth they abandoned themselves to all gayety and recklessness, while their jests and laughs flew like sea-gulls from boat to boat. At length their keels grated on the sand, and stepping out, they wound their way up to the house or along the beach as fancy pleased.

Charlie did not find the entertainment so full of pleasure as had been promised: for one thing

he was a little too fastidious to chime with the occasion; for another, his mind was continually debating between two points, of which the first, his allegiance to his father, grew momentarily weaker. As to Sophy, she had too often joined such affairs not to know how to make the best of them; besides, she was going away, and she might never join another, and Charlie was here, and she would not be unthankful, but take the goods the gods provided, and remain content with the present, fleeting though it was. They indulged themselves on these occasions in a great many harmless little freaks, and when Charlie had left the long room of the revel, and was strolling alone along the beach, he was not surprised to see Sophy and a half dozen others come dancing out, and in the low moonlight wind gayly along the edge of the surf. She had tricked herself as the others had done in all manner of seaweeds and tangles and shells; but she tore them off now, and went lightly along with one of the pine-knot torches in her hand, peering down the gulfs among the rocks, singing as she went, and throwing up great sparkles and bright gleams upon her companions. They seemed, with their fantastic adornments, their pranks and joyousness, like a party of sirens or sweet sea-creatures escaped from the depths to the sands for some midnight round of sport. All at once she quenched the torch in a wave, dropped it, came toward Charlie, and hanging on his arm strolled forward.

"Where now?" asked Anne.

"Out on the rocks," Sophy said.

"Why, the tide is coming in—it's not safe. We shall have seen the last of you, Mr. Charlie; and are you going to take Sophy too?"

"Oh, he thinks it is pleasanter to drown in company," said Ned, adding himself to the group.

"What do you say, Sophy?" asked Charlie.

"I don't object to the company," said Sophy. "Besides, it is evident that you entice me to the rocks, and if I drown I can throw the blame on you."

"Very well, then; nobody else need object:" and they proceeded.

Pacing along the beach in silence, they stepped out at last on the long projecting ledge that had made the wreck of many a ship within sight of home, and when reaching its last point sat down to rest among the huge crevices.

"I shouldn't wonder if Anne were right," exclaimed Sophy, at length breaking the hush that had been undisturbed by any thing except the solemn beat and dash of the waves. "The tide is coming in. If it should cut off our return! For it can!"

"I have never been here before," said Charlie. "Can there be any real danger?"

"Yes, I believe there might be, a little later; I don't believe there is yet. Are you afraid?"

Charlie laughed. "I should be sorry to occasion you trouble. For myself—"

"You don't care for the biggest billow that could break over Eddystone Light-house?" And she laughed back, but at the same time stood up

to see if by any chance the water had poured in over the lower portion of the ledge between them and shore. He saw her standing in the last red beam of the moon as it sank below the horizon: then there was left the sacred dark and the boom of the tide, and her figure dimly shaped and motionless as the rock.

"Charlie!" she cried at last, in a hoarse voice, bounding forward and catching his arm. "It has come in! the gully is full, the great hollow brimming! it is rising; we are cut off from land. O God! we are lost!" And as she spoke the spray of a great wave that angrily lashed the ledge fell heavy in her hair.

He stepped forward, and searched the dark eagerly.

"That can not be," he said, lightly; but in another moment he felt the water round his feet. He turned instantly without a word and stretched his arms toward her. She sprang into them, he folded them about her, and leaped to the highest jag of the rock.

"Well," he said, after a moment, "if this is death, it is not so bitter as I thought it would be. You fear, love?"

"I can not fear now," she whispered, with her face beside his own.

"If I have ever thought of dying," he continued, as one might talk in a dream, "it has been as an old man, worn out, heaped with pain. I could not have dreamed of the bliss of dying, young and strong, with your arms about me, your breath upon me, your soul flowing into eternity one with mine, as no other souls have ever joined."

She was silent, and clung to him. There was only the loud, heavy beat of wave on wave, the thunder of the surf, the wild, desolate, despairing music of the sea. He turned her face up to his in the darkness that seemed only deepened by the starlight, bent and pressed his lips to hers in one long kiss that might have taken their last breath in its fervor.

"It is as if we were both dead!" he thought.

Suddenly there went up a blue light from the distant sand, and in the great glare they could see the anxious party, half in boats, half on shore, and all bent eagerly toward the ledge where the two figures stood, strong and alone, like etchings on the thus illumined sky. No sound could be heard in the wide cry of the waves; only as another light flashed up a boat was seen darting forward and leaping like a living thing with daring skill among the breakers, in its course toward them. They waited with their lives in their hands. The world was possible to them again; all this joy it might yet be theirs to drain. They were so young—they loved—if it should be that they yet lived—

"Yare!" cried Ned Haughton, close beneath them, as a third flame soared through the shrinking sky, and in a second Charlie had dropped her into his arms. She waited with her eyes fixed above; another figure as suddenly stood beside her, the incoming wave dashed them up against the great rock, but they lightened the

blow with their protecting oars, and, retreating, it bore them out, tossed for a minute, and then bounding over on another as it leaped through the cavernous ledge, they were safe. A few moments of rowing in grateful silence, and then the stir and the faces of the beach.

"A model way of committing suicide!" said Ned Haughton, cheerily then, as again they made the long, smooth moving with pushing prow "and quenched its speed in the slushy sand." "I should recommend it to the Parisians next November. Sorry to have frustrated you; but though the Indian takes his horse with him to Paradise, unless you are a Mahomedan you can't take your houri."

The whole party thereon went in to supper.

But to Sophy it was all a dream. Her recent gayety was lost; though she sat smiling, she did not seem to hear the jokes and laughter; she trifled with her viands, but ate nothing; her eye perpetually followed Charlie, where, flushed and brilliant and blithe, he sat opposite, and under a running fire of raillery drew the attention from her—a dangerous light sparkling in his eye, and his restless lips sending off a shower of *bon-mots*. Nor was it any different as they floated slowly home with the tide—for the wind had fallen—as she sat half-reclining in the boat, with the shadowy form beside her, and the arm around her; she wondered if it were not some dreadful nightmare, into which had broken this gleam of a life stranger, richer, more delicious than her own. It was so far from her actual that she wondered if at that time she had not really died with him and been transported to this once visionary and ideal world. She wondered, too, if it would all end here; if she should ever see him again; how she should dare meet him by daylight, till they stepped from the boat, and he went in with her at her father's door.

Mrs. Burleigh had sat up for the girls, and had been talking over their affairs with her husband. For he had at once accepted Charlie's proposition to occupy the pasture-lands—an excellent dairy farm—in the spring; meanwhile the settlement of his business would keep him in town till that time; and if he or his wife had ever held one wish more strongly than another, it had been to leave the perplexities of trade for such a life as this offered them. This subject was continued with animation as the four younger people returned; and while Anne and Sophy listened with wondering faces—amazement heaping itself on amazement for the latter—Charlie recounted the advantages of the place, the income it should afford, and the pains that should be taken in the repairs which were to be made during the winter.

"Because, you know," he said, "when Sophy and I come to visit you every week, we shall want to come to the most delightful home in the world."

The whole family stood aghast, and Sophy hid her head in confusion (and a sofa-cushion).

"I thought there never was so much smoke without some fire!" cried Ned, seizing Charlie's

hand. "Well, Mr. Burleigh, what have you to say to this novel proposition for a son-in-law that would be? And as for Sophy, it seems to have taken her as much by surprise as any one else?"

"I shall ask you, Madam, to give me your daughter," said Charlie, taking Mrs. Burleigh's hand; "and to spare her soon enough for me to be sincere in my Thanksgiving."

At this, of course, there was a great deal of consultation and conversation, and Mrs. Burleigh finally mentioned the time when they should go to their new home. But at Charlie's evident indignation at such delay, Anne whispered a sentence to her mother, and her mother shaking her head thereat, nothing would do but the whisper must be repeated aloud, when it appeared that Anne thought Sophy's Western outfit would do nicely for a wedding trousseau. The others—that is, Mr. Burleigh, Ned, and Charlie—had no doubt that it would do nicely. And when Charlie again mounted Lucifer for home a little form, strangely and enchantingly timid, and somewhat changed from its old jesting, followed him to the door, came out, and mounted his boot-toe for a parting kiss. Now Thanksgiving was that day fortnight.

That night had been the last of the Indian summer; cold, raw winds set in at once, winter gave his warning, and snow fell. It made now no difference to Charlie what course soever Mrs. Heads chose to pursue; he walked with his head in the clouds and his feet on the earth, and had the strangest amount of business to attend to in town that had ever fallen to his share. The office at the foot of the avenue was at once finished; the library arranged in sumptuous style; new carpets, and upholstery, and pictures were incessantly dumped down in the front entry; strange women, whom Mrs. Heads had never once seen, came and went, and had things all their own way; and while the usual commotion of the season went on in kitchen and pantry, the house became, in her expressive phrase, as fine as a fiddle.

One day Mrs. Heads sat down to the breakfast-table, which wore a more ample array than usual; for on Thanksgiving morning it was out of her power to starve her master's son, or add greatly to his discomfort. She looked out of the windows as she spread her merinos about her, and gave a gratified nod at the sheep-fields.

Mr. Carston had already taken his second cup of coffee, and Mrs. Heads had forthwith diluted the remainder, when Charlie entered, with cheeks rosy from the frost, but not with the most smiling of countenances.

"You are not very prudent, Mrs. Heads," said he. "This last outrage is a little too much. It seems that it is not enough to drive me away from home for any comfort that I may desire, but you level your blows to destroy me. I have not lost my memory."

"I should like to know what your memory's got to do with me!" was the rejoinder, with a



snapping eye. "If you remembered all I've done for you, first and last, it 'uld take you a considerable time, I reckon!"

"I remember that you threatened to poison the sheep; and when I find a score of them stark and stiff, I put two and two together."

"You may put four and four together for all of me!" cried the lady, with a blazing face. "If you ain't got enough gumption to take car' o' your sheep, and pervent the frost from killing 'em, you needn't be laying murder at innocent folks doors—that you needn't."

"I hope it *was* the frost," said Charlie, coolly, for nothing could cloud him long to-day; "and as I intend no post-mortem, I give you the benefit of the doubt, Mrs. Heads; especially as your reckoning is yet to come."

"I don't know, Square Carston, with what kind o' face you can set by and let that boy pepper his talk to me. It's what none ever done in decent houses. You've no sort o' authority; and it's no wonder the neighbors says you're a born simpleton. I declare to man I don't believe they're so far gone wrong as—"

"A little more cream, Mrs. Heads, if you please."

"Ef it warn't Thanksgiving, I'd give you a piece o' my mind, Square—"

"As it is, I will take a piece of your pie, Ma'am," said Mr. Carston, with unusual facetiousness. "You make the best chicken-pie I ever tasted."

"It's all the cropple-crowns are good for," replied the dame, thrown off her guard by any compliment, but instantly resuming her weapons.

"Yes, I'd give you a piece o' my mind as to your suffering it—you setting like a mumchance, and that cretur coming in, this morning of all the blessed mornings in the year, and a-accusin' me of killing his sheep, that have eat lambkill or died of cold, for all I know. Imperence!"

And Mrs. Heads's swelling nostril and ardent eye emphasized the force of her remark.

"I'll thank you to pass the roll, Mrs. Heads," said Charlie.

"No, you won't thank me for any thin' o' the kind, for I'll pass you nothin'. Ef you want it, you may reach it. I was born to wait on your betters, I'd have you know. It's ben about as much as I could stan' all the work you've put me to this last for'night. My back's most given out, and my wrists used up so, that I ain't the breath to cool my broth. I don't really s'pose there's a slave on all the plantations harder driv and put to it than I be. Ef I didn't know it was a Christian land where widders are walked over so, I shouldn't believe it ef one was to tell me. It's all grist and no toll here. When poor Mr. Heads was alive, he always said, 'Tilda dear, don't you be put upon—don't you, on no account, ever be put upon.'"

And overcome again by the remembrance, Mrs. Heads shed tears into her coffee. Her cup was very bitter.

"It ain't so much the work," she continued,

in an aggrieved and broken tone. "It's the thanklessness and the contrariness. Ef you git Sophy Burleigh to marry you, after all your fussin', I can tell you one thing, young man—*she'll* make you gee!"

Charlie's laugh infected the household; even his father smiled, and Sam and Lindy were heard from the kitchen in a distant cachinnation.

"There!" cried Mrs. Heads, with a portentous sniff at the sound. "There's that minx you've saddled onter me a gigglin' and sparrin' in the kitchen; and I'll be bound she's let the six-hour pudden stick to the pot! Yes, ef that pudden's a burnin', it's a burnin' shame!"

And Mrs. Heads whisked through the door to scold the pudding whole again.

"Father," said Charlie, taking advantage of the opportunity, "it's not the custom to make Thanksgiving presents, but I am going to bring you one from town to-day; and I hope you'll like it, and value it, and make it welcome, and—and—"

Mr. Carston smiled.

"Father," recommenced Charlie, "I—"

But just at that momentous point of utterance Mrs. Heads returned, and Charlie never finished his speech.

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Heads, taking up the conversation where it had been broken short by her olfactory apparatus; "yes, it's enough to give all your frens a fit o' sickness to see you a makin' up to a girl 'ith nothin' but a black eye to rekermend her. Fur my part, I never regretted that I warn't sech an amazin' pictur', nor that I made my Christian profession young. 'Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.'"

And the implied object of praise nodded as if there were nothing more to be said.

"Mrs. Heads," said Charlie, about an hour later, looking into the dining-room, where that lady sat with her feet comfortably propped upon the andirons, "a new coat came home for me last week; it was hanging in my wardrobe; have you seen it?"

"Law, Master Charles!" said Mrs. Heads, facing about with her hands on her knees, and with surprising affability, "I hev'n't seen that, as I know; but you told me to give Sam Stover a coat out of your cluset, and I did day before yesterday; and he has wore it. It couldn't a ben that, though, could it?"

Charlie said nothing, but retired. He made no murmur at finding withdrawn a certain ring which had been made to his order and handed to him on the day before, but which he had left on his toilet-table overnight. He knew complaint was of no service; the ring would have been dropped on the floor, of course, and swept out; and when he was unable to find a single hemstitch among his linen, he said nothing again, but quietly substituted one of his father's instead.

As the sleigh dashed up to the steps Mrs.

Heads opened the parlor-door and thrust out her head.

"I want the sleigh, Master Charles," said she.

"So do I, Madam," was the rejoinder; "and I am sorry that to-day I can not relinquish it in your favor."

"But I've got to go into town!"

"My case exactly! And on Thanksgiving Day, you?"

"Yes, on Thanksgiving Day. And what's that to you?"

"Nothing at all," said Charlie, buttoning his glove and opening the door.

"But you're never going off in this style?" cried Mrs. Heads, in amazement. "I told Sam to get the sleigh ready for me an hour ago. You can't!"

Charlie proceeded to arrange the leopard-skins, and Mrs. Heads followed him to the door, ringing a voluble treble.

"I declare for it," she cried, "I never was treated so before nor sence! There you go, Charles Carston, and I wonder how you'll come home; yes, how—you'll—come—home! Riding round the country on the day that's next thing to the blessed Lord's Day itself, and nobody knowing where you'll go, nor what you'll go through with, nor what company you keep till your senses you lose; dressed out as ef 'twas a weddin'; and me, thet wanted to attend divine worship— Yes, I wonder in what state you'll come home! No blessin' follers sech doin's. I wonder how you'll come home!"

And Mrs. Heads re-entered and slammed the door in a state of fierce excitement.

Charlie gathered up the reins and tucked in the robes.

"Sam shall drive you where you please, after dinner, Mrs. Heads," cried he. "Good-morning!" and was gone, with ringing bells and a sharp tramp of hoofs on crusted snow.

The town bells could be faintly heard from the farm at the hour of noon, and as Mr. Carston paused then a moment before his door three sleighs dashed up the drive. From the first leaped Mr. Burleigh, active as youth, and grasping Mr. Carston's hand,

"Well, old friend," said he, "shall we settle our feud and seal a pact?"

Mr. Carston, of too cool a temperament for impulse, hesitated only a moment, then returned the amicable pressure as warmly as if twenty years of hostility could be forgotten in an instant.

"And you will invite me to share your Thanksgiving dinner?" continued Mr. Burleigh. "For me, I have much to be thankful for."

"And I have no less," said Mr. Carston, as with a smile and a father's tenderness he turned to kiss the blushing Sophy, who now stood before him.

The servants had all flocked into the hall, and Mrs. Heads herself opening the dining-

room door at the unwonted bustle, joined the astonished group.

"Mrs. Heads," said Charlie, "you can have the sleigh now, and Sam shall drive you wherever you please to go, as I promised. I am happy to give you a year's salary as warning," and he handed her an envelope; "we do not need your services longer. My father has a new housekeeper. You wondered in what state I would return? I have returned in the state of matrimony. How I would come home? I have come home with a wife."

## THE NEW ROUTE THROUGH CHIRIQUI.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

THERE were jagged rocks, up through the slippery grooves of which, worn by itself, the sea went splashing. Thousands of brown gulls and thousands of pelicans, surfeited and drowsy, clung to them—now and then opening an eye or flapping a wing—otherwise showing little or no concern for the balls which our rifles dropped about them. There were clusters of islands—lands with steep white cliffs and thick-set lofty trees, and here and there a cane-built hut, palm-branches fanning it and burnished children frolicking in front of it—and there were lonesome sandy nooks, high up into which deserted canoes were drawn, and over the beach of which the volumed surf rolled calmly in, leaving sheets of thin silvery froth to mark its inroads, as it receded to roll in again. At times from some little bay—the smooth rocks walling one side of which were richly tufted with glossy shrubs, the leaves of which were green and gold and crimson, while those, opposite them, were broken into arches and seemed a pile of feudal ruins—a rough-hewn *bungo*, laden deep with pearl-shells, sail set and coppered faces gleaming from the gunwale, would slip out, and all a-beam slide by us. Then, as the calm sea darkened—and as the trees and cliffs, the loftiest and most striking of them, softened into one great shadow, and the scene, so tranquil in its beauteousness and grandeur all day long, seemed to settle down still more and grow entranced—high in the dim heavens, with its cloven ridge touching the few pale stars there, and these trembling as the black crest touched them, the volcano of Chiriqui loomed up. Far off, but all the gloomier and all the grander for the distance from us at which it towered, that vast mountain—where, according to Indian tales, the angry spirits and demons of a lost race dwell—seemed, every instant we gazed at it, to grow vaster still. Of all the great mountains bounding the wide plains of Chiriqui, that alone was visible. Every soaring rival seemed to have shrunk away before it.

Still rippling through those quiet waters—still slipping past those palm-crowned islands—still giving the booming breakers a wide berth and rounding many a scowling point—still, with the faintest breath whispering against our torn and discolored sails—with more or less to thwart or

puzzle us, making our way through a glowing, and then a clouded labyrinth of lakes and woods, over beds of pearl and past reefs of coral, in the midst of a hundred mingled perfumes—still, from sunrise to sundown at the work, sluggishly nearing that huge volcano, and, if it be not harsh to tell the truth just here, despite of all the sweetness and richness of the picture, growing wearied and verging on vexation—the schooner we were in dropped anchor in the Boca Chica, one of the mouths of the river Pedrigal, our destination being the city of David, two hundred miles and more to the North of Panama.

It was an aged schooner that brought us there—built in Newburyport for the rice and rosin trade—having long kept up a thriving connection between Boston and the Carolinas—having sprung an irreparable leak, been sold, and then miraculously brought round the Horn—she was twenty-eight years old. In the days of her youth she was known as the *Sibyl*. Under her new masters, in the ebb of her industrious life, she was known as the *Fruta Dorada*—a name which seemed to indicate that her Spanish-American owners valued her decayed timbers as though they were as precious as the auriferous trees of the Hesperides. The sails had been so frequently patched, very little of the original canvas remained. She was porous all over. The sailors pumped her every three hours, and then never thought of pumping her dry within three or four feet. The rigging in every direction was constantly snapping. Blocks and ring-bolts, cleets, thimbles, main-topsail sheets, bob-stays and shank-painter, all were woefully out of repair. Rust and worms had fed on them luxuriously for months. A twelve-penny nail, driven into the mizen-mast, six feet from the deck, kept the bell for a while in suspense. The bit of spun-yarn, however, which kept it up there, breaking one day, the bell, striking all hours, came with a crash to the deck. It was never replaced. From that out a wooden clapper was used. Cockroaches, spiders, ants, three or five scorpions at least—all of a first-class description, and, with the exception of the latter, all utterly fearless and incessantly busy—had the principal cabin to themselves. No one could sleep there—no one could sit there. The plagues held undisputed possession. Besides, it was a musty little cavern, and one might have died of suffocation in it, if he had not been crawled or stung to death. It answered the purposes of a storeroom, or steward's pantry, well enough, but that's all it was good for. The sugar, the rice, the mustard, the coffee, the vinegar and onions, the claret, the knives and forks, the pliant spoons, the tumblers, the red cabbage, the cork-screw, the lemon-squeezer, the ladle of a lost soup-tureen—all the appliances of our breakfast and dinner table were stowed away there, underneath or along the bunks, and both sides of the ladder which descended into it from the quarter-deck. It was furnished, moreover, with a looking-glass the size of the Ace of Clubs, peering into which a gentleman had the advantage of seeing more

faces than one, and of ascertaining many of the mutations which the human countenance, without incurring any torture or permanent mischief, is enabled to undergo. To stand up to this glass, correct the slightest irregularity or effect the slightest improvement of feature, was a triumph which all the ingenuity and nerve the *Fruta Dorada* could boast of, this trip at all events, completely failed to achieve.

It was in this infirm schooner we had come from Punta Arenas, in the Gulf of Nicoya. For nine wearisome, blistering, deadening days, were we imprisoned in her. A slack breeze, a seething sun—at times a fierce shower which left the deck and rigging steaming for an hour after it had ceased—these were the consolations of that captivity. Reconciling us all the more to it, there were the grand mountains of Costa Rica ever within sight—oftentimes within pistol-shot—glittering in their dark-green and purple glory, from the rising to the setting of each sun, and at night deepening with their majestic forms the darkness of the sky. Pictures of shadowy deep ravines—great leafy branches overarching them, their walls trickling with moisture, and a full stream, cold and bright, bounding over rocks, plunging into green transparent basins which the sunshine veined with gold, and then with a smooth swiftness widening off between two strips of sand and pebbles—the fragrance of flowers and the notes of birds, the most beautiful and wonderful on earth, pervading all—such were the appeasing pictures which those mountains ceaselessly suggested. Dwelling on them—filling them up with bright-eyed friends and all the accessories of an Arcadian feast—it is not difficult to conceive the rapt pleasure with which our detention on board the *Fruta Dorada* filled us.

Steaming past with an accelerated speed, it seemed to us, as if in derision of our slow and awkward pace—for we were dawdling about and wabbling up and down in the most ignoble style imaginable, as the heartless Levite, scorning our distress, swept by—the Panama Railroad Company's steamer, the *Guatemala*, which we had left in Punta Arenas the night before, furnished us with an additional reason for congratulating ourselves on the age and comfort of our craft. Lest we might omit to do so with all the heartiness and zeal to which the *Fruta Dorada* was entitled, the gay Captain of the *Guatemala* called out to us to know what we had for dinner, while the solid Doctor put other interrogatories of an equally friendly, soothing, and exhilarating nature. In half an hour there was a small black cloud ahead, and that was all that remained to us of the *Guatemala*. The next night she was in the Bay of Panama, and we had not made a knot from the point at which she passed us.

The dullness of our sailing, however, was in great measure compensated by the variety of character which the company on board presented. The Captain was a Frenchman, a native of Marseilles. Frolicsome, good-natured, active, profuse with his claret and absinthe, running over with song and anecdote, voluble on



all subjects, festive at all hours, and a finished comedian—he was the brightest star of the luminous group on board the *Fruta Dorada*. In this group was included the owner of the schooner.

A Panamanian by birth, he was studded with pimples, had very feeble pink eyes, and in every feature revealed an exuberant condition of scrofulous taint. Solemn to the gravest excess, he spoke little, smiled none, drank deeply, and profoundly slept. He slept all night. Were it not that he had to open his eyes in the sunlight, now and then, to imbibe and eat a little, he would have slept all day. He slept in the principal cabin—in the midst of the cockroaches, the spiders, the ants and scorpions—an astounding fact, demonstrative of his imperviousness to intense heat and venom. Solemn as he was, however, on more than one occasion he proved himself amiable, and of his honesty in matters of business, the Captain told us, there was the brightest of evidence. His father and mother are old residents of David. Foremost of the wealthiest people there, they own and inhabit a two-storied house, pushing a prosperous custom with English calicoes and cottons, French wines, and Dr. Barth's electric oil.

Besides the Captain, there was another Frenchman on board. Escaping from Paris, early in 1852, the Vigilance Committee of Louis Napoleon being keen on his track, he waved his *adieu* to France from the breakwater of Ostend, crossed over to the land of Alfred and Shakspeare, and thence steamed to Jamaica. Dissatisfied with the liberty vouchsafed to that opulent island—eager for new worlds to conquer—the proscribed Republican made for the Boca del Toro, crossed the Cordilleras, and, finally, dropped down into David, where, in course of time, he married into a family having fifty head of cattle. Mottled and slim as she is, he adores his wife as the perfection of beauty. She, in return, adores her husband as the superlative of all that is graceful, chivalrous, and most fascinating. It is a charming delusion. They, also, have a two-storied house, and, no doubt, as sparkling testimonies of their superior respectability, have broken glass chandeliers swaying from the naked beams of their somewhat vacant and airy parlors. The adored husband is engaged in the pearl-trade—makes frequent trips up and down the coast in search of the lustrous shell—and, with great gentleness and suavity of manner, combines a strong love for commercial speculation with the neatest dexterity in clenching a bargain.

The most remarkable of the group—though the accomplished gentleman may have been somewhat less brilliant, perhaps, than the Captain of the *Fruta Dorada*—was a retired Colonel of the Indiana militia. A tall, thin, rigid gentleman, with a frosty bald head and a tight red skin drawn over his face, he stood straight and high and stiff as a flag-staff, whenever the superiority of his favorite profession was questioned. A lawyer of five-and-twenty years' standing, in constant requisition and flaming repute in all

cases of divorce, afflicted with a raging ardor for political distinction, and ever ready to spread himself with eagle's wings and talons upon every question of the day, nevertheless he preferred the Camp to the Court-House, and a campaign garnished with bullets to one the issue of which was quietly lodged in the Ballot-Box. His fingers were surprisingly slender and long, and, whether he described a charming scene or denounced an enemy, he seemed to claw the air with more or less eagerness for a feast of blood. Fluent as a tropical stream in the month of October, he never ceased speaking of the time when he commanded the Catawba Grenadiers of Terre Haute—the time when he was elected Major of Brigade and had a shaving-box and pair of spurs presented him by the Common Council of Fort Wayne—the day when in his shirt-sleeves and worsted slippers, at the head of the New Albany Fusileers, he tore his way through miles of *cacti* to the bastions of Chapultepec—the evening when specially invited by the President of Peru to a grand ball and supper, in recognition of his eminent rank and exploits, he had to apologize for not bringing his Colonel's uniform along with him, informing his Excellency that he made it a point to travel as Sir Charles Napier advised the officers of the East India army to do—that is, with a towel only, a tooth-brush, a bit of soap, and an old pair of boots:

These references of his to the salient points of his splendid military career—recurring every half hour or so—became somewhat irksome to us the second or third day out. But, then, he was so genial, so accomplished, so vivacious and fresh—spoke with so gallant a temerity the strangest of tongues, under the impression it was the purest of Spanish—bowed so dutifully whenever the faintest compliment was paid him—displayed his long fingers with such flexible significance in his controversies and polite conversations—altogether bore himself with such assiduous magnificence and nicety on the smallest occasion, that, in a resigned though tortured audience, he secured a privilege, which, had he been less accomplished and splendid, would have been briskly denied him. Judged by his own representations, he was one of the most distinguished men of the United States. The annals and newspapers of his native State, however, are wholly uncommunicative concerning him. So, too, are the several histories of the Mexican war. Nevertheless we have no disposition to question his celebrity, but, admitting it fully, must be permitted to express our regret, that such men do so much without their leaving the smallest record, or the world knowing the least about them.

An apothecary from Leon, in Nicaragua, was the least celestial star of the group. Squint-eyed, knocker-kneed, with a broad baggy face the color of treacle, two teeth alone visible in the front of his head, and these set together in the upper gum, long and sharp as a rabbit's—he was the damaged picture of a fallen star. Bound for the *Huaccas* of Chiriqui, he wore a very short coarse trowsers of Guatemalan manu-

facture, a pair of untanned shoes with murderous soles, and a frowzy red silk sash about his loins—his luggage consisting of a soiled pocket-handkerchief stuffed with sausages, hard-boiled eggs, cheese and garlic, and a brass-hooped box of patent medicines. Morose, dogged, beetle-browed, he opened his lips to no one the nine dreary days we were on that trip, but, the live-long day, sat upon a water-cask, musing and frowning to himself, beating one untanned shoe against the other, at times cleaning a lancet or a forceps, greedily swallowing a morsel out of the provisional handkerchief, or at full length, with his shaggy head upon a scroll of ox-hide, fried himself in the forecabin, and took to the basest snoring.

The morning after the *Fruta Dorada* had dropped anchor in the Boca Chica, just at sunrise, the passengers, with the exception of the apothecary from Leon, left the schooner and proceeded up the river to the village of Boca Chica. The Captain of the schooner, with two of his men, one of them a lively round-limbed Chilean, accompanied them.

A calm, soft, clear morning—the dew dropping in large diamonds from the trees which overhung the river—the pale sky reddening as the sun came up from behind the Cordilleras—white birds on the wing, darting from the water into the dense rich foliage on the banks as we swept toward them, the swift powerful stream eddying and gurgling among roots and rocks, or bearing mercilessly seaward some noble tree which it had plucked down miles above—most of the beauty of the previous evening was here revived. True it is, we missed the islands, the sparkling beaches, the shady nooks, the pearl-laden *bungos*, the steep cliffs worn into feudal ruins, the dusky crowds of gulls and pelicans clinging to the slippery rocks, up the wave-worn grooves of which the sea went splashing. But the birds in those vine-laced trees, darkly bending overhead, were brighter far than poor gull or pelican could be, and the forest, to the right and left of the hurrying river, showed us aisles and arches, porticoes and columns, statelier and richer far than any ever wrought from stone. And there—in the midst of oranges and *mangos*, the fragrance of which was borne upon the fresh bright waters of the Pedrigal far out to sea—was a swarm of huts, with the shy Naiads of the river gliding in and out of them in their white *chemisettes*, and a pack of hungry hounds yelping and frothing on the bank, as though some bronzed Diana had been surprised, and the Colonel from Indiana had been the rash Actæon. Besides all which, there was the Volcano of Chiriqui towering sternly and darkly in the sweet light of the morning—the peaks, into which its huge crest is broken, looking blacker than they did at twilight—the unknown forest, with which it is matted from base to summit, looking as though it were a wilderness of purple heather—and the gorges and abysses into which its enormous slopes are rent, and down through which the steadiest looks with an aching eye, closing up in the hazy dis-

tance, giving one at the Boca Chica a vague idea, if any, of its terrors and sublimities.

Beyond the volcano, round and tapering as the spire of a great cathedral, and loftier by thousands of feet than that of St. Gudule and Strasbourg, the peak of the Boqueté, nineteen leagues to the northeast, shone like a pile of bronze. So, too, did the peaks overlooking the old Provincial road to the Atlantic, and the summits of the San Juan Mountains. Nearer to us were the lesser mountains which intercept the road to Panama—mountains fashioned into striking and wondrous shapes—into churches, roofs of houses, hulls of ships, keel uppermost—and the largest of which is overrun with the fieriest and deadliest vipers—reptiles which do not wait to be attacked or injured accidentally, but glide forth and strike fiercely the instant a strange foot approaches. Between us and the mountains were the plains of Chiriqui—immense pasturages over which thousands of cattle rove, and the healthfulness and fertility of which are owing to the abundant waters that break the soil.

Having breakfasted at the village of Boca Chica, we started further up the Pedrigal, on our way to David, parting in the friendliest manner with Phillipe Jean Molyneux, the Captain of the *Fruta Dorada*, to which frail craft, notwithstanding her multiplied infirmities and age, we drank in bowls of the tarest claret many a golden cruise!

It was at the house of a Spaniard, a citizen of the United States, we breakfasted. From the same gentleman we hired a *bungo* for the river-trip to David.

Five-and-twenty feet in length, two feet deep and three feet broad, painted black and white, furnished with a light canvas awning at the stern—under which awning a bullock's hide, the hairy side uppermost, was stretched for carpeting—four lithe, mirthful, musical young fellows swept this *bungo* up, at the rate of four miles an hour, against the stream. The oars they used were long tough poles—eighteen feet in length and from two to three inches thick—to which a blade, something like a shingle, but broader a good deal at the lower end than at the upper, was nailed. As they rose from the thwarts and gave the stroke, a strange, wild, mournful but ringing *whoop* broke from them; and thus rising to the stroke, bringing their bending oars with a long strong sweep through the swift current, that peculiar cry of theirs, at measured intervals, echoed far and wide beyond the river, from noon to close on sundown.

The same trees, the same birds, the same rich verdure and gorgeousness of foliage we had seen at the Boca Chica in the morning, were visible all day long. The same great mountains we had gazed upon at dawn, were ever present in the wide sunny scene. The same swift powerful river, to which we had descended from the schooner, bore us onward to the city. For seven glaring hours there was no change, unless, indeed, the setting of a leg-of-mutton sail, when-

ever we came to where the river widened and the breeze from the sea had play, may be set down as something new.

At last, about half past six in the afternoon, we reached our destination. This was an umbrageous tree of prodigious girth, the limbs of which were laden with *epiphytes* and the gaudiest macaws, and up the bare roots of which we had to climb from the *bungo*, to reach the top of the bank, five feet above. David lay four miles off. We had to tramp to it across a plain crowded with cattle. There were neither mules, nor carts, nor *cargueros* to be had for hire. So the young Frenchman led the way, carrying a bundle, an umbrella, and a broad flat paste-board box containing a white muslin frock, embellished with pink satin bows, for his little boy—the heir-presumptive to the fractured chandeliers and a moiety of the fifty head of cattle. The Colonel from Indiana brought up the rear, painfully dragging his legs and a ragged old carpet-bag after him—one of his war-boots, owing to the state of his corns, being slung over his shoulder, while an enameled slipper, shabbily cracked, flapped on the sole of his most sensitive foot.

As the evening darkened, his tall spare figure, flickering in the star-light half a mile behind, reminded us of the forlorn schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow. The dramatic effect of the apparition was powerfully heightened by all the mules, colts, and staid gray asses of the plain herding toward it, following it inquisitively, whisking their tails and pricking their ears in its wake, and, finally, when their curiosity appeared to have been satisfied, flinging up their hoofs with a simultaneous snort, and vanishing in a whirlwind of derision from it.

A few yards from the tree at which we disembarked, we came to the *hacienda* of Don José Obuldia, recently the Governor of the State of Panama. All the cattle within sight were his. The wealthiest man in the State, he is at the same time one of the most urbane, liberal, and enlightened. Half-way across the plain we were overtaken by his *mandador* or steward, mounted on a sprightly little horse. For the consideration of one dollar, this good Samaritan undertook to relieve us of our carpet-bags, fire-arms, the Colonel's *impedimenta*, including the discarded war-boot, and convey them to David for us. Thus relieved, an hour's trudging and stumbling brought us to the outskirts of the city, and, ten minutes more, we were in the *Hotel Francesca*, cooling ourselves with copious draughts of Benicarlos and lemonade. Twenty minutes after that again, we were seated at an excellent supper, and, in due time, the neatest and whitest beds received our wearied frames. It was late next morning when we left them. The sun was showering down a blinding light on David as we went forth to view the city.

Planted in a corner of the great plain of Chiriqui—having wide though rugged streets, well-built houses for the most part, several of them two stories high, and these furnished with balconies and piazzas, the faces of the houses being

variously colored—having tall cocoa-nut trees, here and there, with a graceful languor swaying above the plantain—thatched or red-tiled roofs, and that vast volcano ever overlooking it—the city of David, spite of all the blistering and warping it has got from its exposed position, is an attractive picture. It is at first sight at all events. And on Sundays, when the *Señoritas* flash upon the scene in all the effulgence of crisped and snowy muslin, beaming jewelry and flowery sunshades, and the snug French Consul displays the *tri-color* over his bright green balcony in the principal thoroughfare of the city, and all the young *Caballeros* in glossy suits saunter or dash about—some on foot and others in silver-bowed and embroidered saddles—the picture is quite brilliant. Not until one has been a week or two condemned to loiter through its broiling streets—for the city is exposed to the fiercest sun on every side—not until one has found that his aching feet can stand no longer the ruts, the stones, the broken tiles and other snares with which those streets abound, and finds, moreover, that among the inhabitants of the place, buzzards and corpulent negroes and strolling pigs preponderate—not until then does one begin to criticise, in a doubtful spirit, the hues and outlines of the first impression.

The Plaza is an ample square, tufted with burned grass, having on one side the *Hotel Francesca*, a blank *adobe* wall, and the *Botica Francesca*, where a filibuster of French birth—a spry young gentleman who sports a white *burnouse* and a profound mustache—dispenses calomel and Brandreth's pills. On another side there are four or five two-storied houses, one of which is in a slimy state of disintegration, and has two naked children perpetually oozing in and out of the door-way. A German butcher owns another; Mr. Haws, of Panama, the clean and freshly-painted one at the farthest end. But, at present, this handsome house is in a state of deep repose, the doors being padlocked and the windows shuttered. The Parochial Church stands in the middle of the Plaza. Built of *adobe*—and the dusky bricks never having had a spattering of whitewash, while the worm-eaten beams, supporting the roof, project like wooden legs a foot and a half beyond the eaves—the uncouth structure has none of those architectural incentives to piety which men of austere creeds are sometimes moved to rebuke. The chamber in which the Provincial Legislature of Chiriqui used to sit, previous to the recent subdivision of New Granada into States and the absorption of the Provinces, must have been just as poor as the Church.

The French flag has been mentioned. France is the only foreign Power that has a representative in this remote Department of New Granada. Many Germans have settled here, but the French exceed them. They constitute the most influential portion of the foreign population of David, confining themselves, however, to the little city, while the Germans disperse themselves over the neighborhood, bridge the rivers, climb the mountains, penetrate and hew down the forest, advance



and plant their new homes in the regions of the palm and cedar, proving themselves better emigrants, more adventurous and aspiring, than their brethren of Burgundy and Champagne. As for the United States, they are completely in the back-ground here. Texas, I believe, has sent one of her citizens, and New Hampshire another, and Connecticut a third—but at this point, for the present, the contributive enterprise of our great Republic to Chiriqui ceases.

Nevertheless there is much to tempt it here. From the shores of the Pacific, to the slopes of the Cordilleras, the soil is fertile to excess. While it affords pasturage for countless herds, it yields all the intertropical grains, fruits, vegetables and esculent roots, in marvelous abundance. The sugar is the best on the coast. It has a finer grain than the sugar of Louisiana. The tobacco is superior to that of San Salvador. Cotton might be cultivated to any extent. Rice is produced in astonishing quantities, and this, not on lands artificially inundated as in Bengal and South Carolina, but on a surface simply irrigated by rains, two and three crops being had in the year. Perfectly free from swamps and stagnant waters, the land from the sea to the mountains, a distance of five-and-thirty miles at the narrowest interval, is sound and wholesome. The sun is powerful, indeed, and there are few trees on those vast plains to shelter one, but no rank matter exists for it to work upon. The climate, therefore, is pure and healthful—so healthful, that at Dolega, about thirteen miles from David, and situated very nearly in the centre of the plains, people are said to die of sheer old age, and of that alone. Mr. Power, the genial and accomplished editor of the *Panama Star and Herald*, eloquently enumerates these and other characteristics of Chiriqui, in a memorable article which appeared in that paper, the 9th of July, 1853. In this article, having stated that the few foreigners, who had visited that part of the coast during the two previous years, had taken so much pains to develop the advantageous position and internal wealth of the country, that it was already attracting too much attention to be neglected in the future, Mr. Power gives it as his conviction, that “had the same knowledge, relative to the Province, been acquired four years before, Chiriqui would this day have been the leading route between the two oceans, instead of Panama.”

At present, however, notwithstanding the extraordinary facilities it presents for immigration and interoceanic transit—the Atlantic and Pacific ports, terminating the route, being pronounced by Mr. Power, who is a practiced engineer as well as a clear and conscientious writer, to be superior in safety and convenience to any on the coast—Chiriqui is little known to the commercial world. Half a dozen schooners—every one of them just as crippled and precarious as the *Fruta Dorada*—more than suffice for its trade along the coast. They bring a few casks of rum—and excellent rum it is, that, especially, manufactured by Messrs. Wagner and Campbell

—to Panama, Bonaventura, and one or two Peruvian ports. They bring pearl-shells hither and thither—sometimes to Panama—sometimes to Punta Arenas—and once or twice a year they take a cargo of hides down to the first-named place. Pigs and horned cattle, too, are exported in small quantities. The latter, however, are driven in considerable numbers, in the months of March and April, overland to Panama.

With these exceptions, Chiriqui may be said to have no foreign trade whatever. The Panama Railroad Company, when they first started them, made the Boca Chica a port of call for their Central American steamers. But after two or three trips the experiment was pronounced a failure, and now the handsome *Guatemala* passes up the coast in all the pride of a fortunate career, leaving the boundless pasturages, the sugar-fields, the palm-groves, the great forests of oak and sandal-wood, and teak and caoutchouc, and all the luscious and all the solid wealth of Chiriqui, idly sleeping in the azure or golden mist ten leagues away. The discovery of those strange relics in the old Indian graves, in the month of August, 1859, gave the country for a short time a vivifying impulse: Hundreds of foreigners poured in. The merchants of David quadrupled their purchases. Monsieur Quelquejeu, of the *Hotel Francesca*, enlarged his establishment—built a row of neat and commodious sleeping-rooms—laid in a prodigal supply of wines and all sorts of liquors, making every arrangement which an agreeable and enterprising host could devise for the accommodation of his expected guests, and they were counted with a military arithmetic nothing short of a battalion. The *Guatemala* herself, punctual and inflexible as she is, was unable to resist the impulse, and in she went with a score of plunderers for the graves. But the *huaccas* soon gave out. Gold-hunting among the ancient dead of Chiriqui, in a month or so, was declared to be a lottery in which there were ninety-nine blanks to every prize, and to secure that one prize much labor and suffering had to be endured. One by one the foreigners drew off. The natives only, it seemed, could stand the work.

And so the precious soil, sown with golden bats and alligators, with golden birds and scorpions, with golden obscenities and gods, was abandoned to the children of the soil. They are reaping the fitful harvest still. To their patient toil, scantily clothed and nourished as they are, but enduring and persistent, and proof against the rains and heats, those undeciphered graves are to this day yielding up their treasure. The *Guatemala* made but one trip to aid the spoliation. A second would have been worse than profitless. As he surveys his vacant rooms and undiminished stock of cobwebbed bottles, Monsieur Quelquejeu wrings his hands, and with the wildest maledictions averts his eyes from those costly evidences of his infatuation. Pick-axes, India-rubber leggings, red flannel shirts, frying-pans, tin dishes, hatchets and revolvers, all the accessories of a California mining-camp are to

be found in the principal stores of David, and would be sold by auction, at any moment, were two solvent purchasers within hail.

Had the *huaccas* been more prolific, Chiriqui, in half a year, would have become one of the busiest and wealthiest countries within the tropics. As it is, the gates of the Cordilleras have to be driven in, the country has to be thrown wide open to the world, the noble harbors, between which it lies, have to be united by an iron pathway, before it can hope to receive a useful and powerful accession to its population, and grow glad in the full exposition of the riches with which it has been so sumptuously blessed.

Ten days after his arrival in David, the writer of this narrative set out for the Boca del Toro. For a week he had been busy procuring information, guides, mules, and provisions. The trip between the oceans being seldom made—four or five times a year at most—it is necessary to make inquiries as to the state of the rivers, etc., and, moreover, it takes some time to secure the services of competent guides. Neither are mules so easy to be had in Chiriqui. Horses abound—quick, hardy, showy little fellows—but their more demure kindred are scarce, and for hire or sale command a high figure. Two hundred dollars is an average price for a serviceable mule.

The expedition, at last, set out. Three Indian guides led the way on foot, costumed in blue and white cotton shirts, with white cotton handkerchiefs bandaging their heads, and large *javas*—wicker-work baskets—slung upon their backs. In these they carried the provisions, the cooking utensils, the blankets, and every thing else that was considered essential for the road. Each had a load of seventy-five or eighty pounds. There was José, a boy of splendid shape, immense strength, and mysterious silence. There was Camillo, a noisy scape-grace, sinewy and gigantic, good-natured, officious, reckless, jovial, enraptured with song and absorbed in liquor. There was Eduardo, a quiet, gentle, patient, indefatigable fellow, the most civilized and refined of the three.

José, however, was the surest guide. His memory and keen instinct never failed him. On more than one occasion, when the track was lost under the fallen leaves or a fresh growth of prickly shrubs and Indian plantain, or when the marks of the *machetta* on the blazed trees were difficult to be made out, this powerful creature—whose limbs one would fancy were the texture as they were the color of cast iron—used to unsling his *java*, and gliding into the depths of the forest, disappear, perhaps, for an hour. His appearance as he returned to us—his step, his attitude, his look—would make a glorious painting. With the right hand uplifted, the forefinger pointing to the sky, his naked feet gliding through the florid dense foliage over roots and stones, as though they were shadows only, his dark brown features flashing with happiness and triumph—at such times he looked like some young conqueror bearing tidings of freedom to a race in chains!

Besides the Indian guides, there was Don Carlos Wagner, a most hospitable and hearty German gentleman, who had in the friendliest manner offered to accompany the writer as far as the Boqueté. Don Carlos has been nine years a resident of Chiriqui—lives, two miles outside David, on a fine farm, to which he has given the name of Buena Vista—and by precept and example has done much to excite an intelligent industry throughout the country. He is, of course, particularly interested in the success of his countrymen who have made it their home, and is ever ready to encourage and befriend them. They, in return, look up to him with confidence and very grateful feelings, regarding him as their oracle and leader in the Battle of Life they have crossed the seas and continents to fight, and upon which, not forty centuries, but all the cycles of creation, from the summit of the volcano of Chiriqui, look down.

The brave old Indiana Colonel, too, was in the cavalcade, wearing a blood-red shirt and a green bough in his hat, which, being of straw and having seen a world of service, was chipped and tarnished. And so was the Captain of the *Fruta Dorada*—not chipped and tarnished, indeed, but in the best condition and cricket-like spirits—astride of a pony, four hands high, and draped in a Peruvian *poncho* colored like the rainbow. Mr. William Campbell, the brother-in-law of Don Carlos Wagner, undertook, not only to accompany the gentleman from Costa Rica as far as the Boqueté, but made up his mind, with all the chivalry of a Highland Scotsman, to be his escort to the shores of the Atlantic. For such a journey—through mountains so wild and lonesome, in such appalling rains as fall there, over rivers such as thunder through those solitudes, in the midst of the dismaying perplexities to which such dark tracts of forest oftentimes give rise—day after day advancing through the undisturbed domain of the wild beast and reptile, between dawn and sundown ascending and descending thousands of feet with torn hands and swollen ankles, lying down for the night under a roof of woven palm-branches, with Indian followers snoring and steaming to the right and left of you, and a pile of green logs crackling and sputtering, and sluggishly rolling up a smothering cloud of smoke, through which the bat and fire-fly never cease to flit—for such a journey, than William Campbell, of Gualaca, no cheerier nor brighter escort could be had.

The first thirteen miles of the journey were easy work. No road, indeed, could possibly be easier. From David to Dolega it is a perfectly level plain, broken only by the rivers bearing the same names. In the rainy season these rivers are dangerous to ford, but in the dry season, though their beds are full of deep pools and heaped with boulders, they are passed on horseback without the slightest difficulty. Thousands of cattle clouded the plain, and, here and there, shaded by noble *mangos*, orange-trees, the sweet lemon and *maranone*, were farm-houses shaped like old hay-ricks, and looking just as

bleached and wilted. Here and there, too, was a *trapicke*, creaking and groaning as the ponderous oxen walked their slow rounds, and the crushed sugar-cane spirted into the basin of cemented clay underneath the cylinders. At these mills and farm-houses there were curious groups—groups with beaming faces and airy garments—eying us wonderingly as we saluted them and rode on. Two or three times we were offered fruit, *agua dulce*, small plates of honey, and brimful cups of a stronger distillation. But the sun was too fiery for such draughts, and we still rode on, cooling our parched lips with a slice of pine-apple only, or a bowl of the *agua dulce*.

A mile outside Dolega the party stopped at the house of Don Roberto Sces, the discoverer of the golden relics in the Indian graves of Chiriqui. All the way from David we had ridden through thousands of these disemboweled and ransacked graves, and in every direction, for leagues and leagues, from Terraba and Boruca to Santiago de Veragua, we might have seen tens of thousands more.

A calm, noiseless, smiling little gentleman is Don Roberto. Bending his wiry frame and stroking his scant gray beard—his small white teeth shining through his opened lips and his small black eyes bubbling with light and pleasure—in bare feet, and with head uncovered, he invited us to dismount. In acknowledgment of so much graciousness we complied. But rich as he is—Don Roberto has taken \$20,000 from the graves, and can lay his hand any day, they say, on \$20,000 more—his house suggests the idea of mendicancy and misery rather than that of good luck and comfort. In a dark corner of it, stretched upon an ox-hide, his eldest son was lying wretchedly sick with fever. The Colonel—professing a knowledge of pharmacy, as well as of law, theology and arms—undertook at once to prescribe for him. He would have bled him profusely on the spot had not the rest of the party protested.

Seven miles further on, we stopped to dine at the house of a lemon-colored gentleman who had congestion of the liver, and who, stripped to the waist, was plucking a fowl as we rode up. His wife—a pretty, sprightly, olive-complexioned girl, with two pearl-beaded and brass-rimmed combs in her luxuriant black hair—was seated upon a block of *guapinol* at the door, busy on a shirt for her nude lord, at the same eventful moment. But as we dismounted, and the guides, having unlunged their *javas*, led off the horses to the *potrero*, she laid aside her work, welcomed us to the house, offered us *guavas* and bananas right away, and then, finding we had stopped for dinner, set about putting the kitchen, that is the whole house, in order. In repulsive contrast, her husband kept his seat and held his tongue, still continuing to pluck the grizzly fowl between his knees, never lifting his head, even once, to welcome us. In the same dogged mood he remained all evening, taking to a red clay pipe when he had stripped the fowl and stowed

away the feathers in a bag. He was jealous of that guileless hospitable young wife—so José told us—and wanted no strangers near the place. Never was there a liver so green with bile.

It was, however, a glorious feast we had that evening. While Isabellita tended the fire, put the water on, sliced the plantains, and warmed into a more sparkling prettiness every second that she tripped about the fire-place, Captain Molyneaux prepared the meats, superintended the cooking, tried his hand at a tasteful dish or two of vegetables, mixed the mustard and achieved a sauce—leaving the Colonel, in his blood-red shirt, to open the tins of salmon and green pease, and at his leisure compound the punch. Mr. Campbell looked after the horses, saw them watered, plentifully supplied with chopped sugar-cane, and safely paddocked for the night.

Five or six minutes' walk from the house, a beautiful little stream trickled through a deep, darksome, rugged bed. Great shadowy oaks overarched it, and burly rocks, belted with the tenderest green moss, formed basins underneath them, from which the most delicious water, fresh as the dews of a northern climate, gently overflowed. In one of these basins Don Carlos Wagner, having charge of the wine-department, sunk two bottles of pale sherry, and then stretching himself upon a sandy couch close by, with a heavy *meerschaum* between his lips, kept watch over the cooling vintage until dinner was announced. In this duty he was ably assisted by the gentleman who records these facts.

A long slow ride over an immense *savanna* thickly strewn with calcined rocks and other evidences of volcanic action—with a biting wind beating us breathless in the face as it swept down from the volcano—the guides breasting it manfully under their burdens—Captain Phillipe Jean Molyneaux, his distempered straw-hat tied close down about his ears with a flagrant yellow and scarlet handkerchief, complaining dismally of *catarrh*—Don Carlos Wagner deploring the absence of his great-coat and boots, the beaming Teuton having come along in the lightest plaid summer trim and pumps—the Colonel, reduced to a mere skeleton; freezing in the saddle, his eyes and teeth in hysterics—the roar of unseemly waters heard at times above the wind—cloud after cloud with torn edges flying across the face of the mountains—a comfortless, wild, raw, disordered morning—it was to all this gall and wormwood we awoke, at four o'clock A.M., six hours after that dinner had been disposed of.

Nearing the volcano—the mighty peaks which form its jagged crest, and the black ravines into which its forest-burdened slopes are rent, growing more and more distinct, and the tumult of rushing waters deepening in the troubled air—we came to a broad stone wall, very nearly six feet high. It was the boundary wall of the great cattle-range of Don Lorenzo Gallegos, the polite and well-informed Prefect of David, and next to Obaldia, the late Governor of the State, the wealthiest gentleman in Chiriqui. Passing it,



we found ourselves at the brink of a ravine, a quarter of a mile in breadth, and fully 800 feet in depth. This was to the right of the gate-way through which we passed. The side of the ravine next us was precipitous and bare. The side opposite was densely wooded. Between them, in the bewildering depth below, the River Caldera raved and foamed, sweeping furiously through the chasm, as though, whirled away in an agony of vengeance, it were bent upon some terrible work of devastation. To the left, also, was another ravine, broad and deep, four or five hundred yards apart from that through which the Caldera tore its way, and in the abyss of which the Cocheo hoarsely thundered, as the whitened flood broke against enormous rocks and flashed in sheeted froth across them, volumes of glistening mist rising midway between the billows and the green ledge on which we stood. Niagara, with all the power and terrorism of its exhaustless waters, fails to impress one more thrillingly than those fierce rivers do in the inviolable depths of their ravines. Motionless, silent, breathless almost, standing by our patient horses, we looked down with strained and aching eyes, until the rivers seemed to grow more riotous and convulsed, the black depths to deepen, the glistening foam and mist to rise to our very feet, and the ground, on which we stood, to tremble and give way.

At noon, having ridden against that biting wind for eight long hours, most of the time over the same immense *savanna*, but, for the rest, through broken ground and varied scenes—now close to the great volcano, and then down-hill through little groves and shrubberies where the air was chill, the trees were so thickly interwoven, and such faint sunshine stole through them, and, last of all, along the base of the majestic cliffs that on one side, for two leagues fully, overlook the valley, at the head of which, commanding it to the furthest point, the peak of the Boqueté stands as a watch-tower for the eagle, and as a pillar of light to those who pass that way from sea to sea—at noon we reached the Culebra, and having spurred through its dangerous current, which is impassable in the rainy season and when a Norther blows, reached, at last, the *ranch* of Santa Maria, at the foot of the Cordilleras.

It was on a round high hill covered with long, wiry, whitish grass, the earth being thrown up here and there, and all about, wherever the *huaccas* had been broken into, while, far and wide, the noble herds of Lorenzo Gallegos were to be seen—above, below, close to us, and leagues away—the only living figures visible in the scene. The *ranch* itself was a doleful wreck, looking, for all the world, as though it were the roof of a hut which had plopped through the side-walls and settled permanently on the floor. Decayed and loose, it must have been a winterish homestead for the raw-boned Indian who owned it, and who, dressed in a velveteen waistcoat and shirt, the latter all smeared and frayed, complacently awaited our approach, being seated on what, the

brevity of his garments considered, must have been to him an extremely cold stone.

Here, after a hearty breakfast and a round of enthusiastic toasts, the Captain of the *Fruta Dorada*, Don Carlos Wagner, and our heroic old friend, the Colonel, took leave of the party bound for the Atlantic.

It was an affecting separation. The historian of the party clasped the Colonel's hand, and shook it till it burned. The Colonel, in return, threw his head over the shoulder of the historian, and when he withdrew it, his eyes looked waterish and inflamed. Don Carlos, the big hospitable soul, to smother his melancholy, had recourse to the hamper which Eduardo carried, and there dried up. Phillipe Jean Molyneaux declared that his sun had set, hinted at suicide, vowed he should never forgive himself for not making arrangements to accompany the party the whole way across, beat his breast with a *mea maxima culpa*, was seized with a violent coughing, and, having got through with that, nearly gasped his last in a state of collapse.

In half an hour, these three sad gentlemen might have been seen slowly riding, homeward to Dolega, along the base of the lofty cliffs on the opposite side of the valley of the Boqueté, the Culebra swooping and roaring between them and the friends, who, from the top of the hill on which the *ranch* of Santa Maria stood, waved their hats to the solitary horsemen, and discharged their guns in a mournful farewell. In less than an hour, Don Francisco and his friend, Campbell, of Gualaca, were in the heart of the forest on the slope of the Cordilleras, the guides, in single file, speeding along in their bare feet and legs, José taking the lead, Eduardo following him in silence, while the exuberant Camillo danced under his load, whistled and sang, uttered mock lamentations over the mules and horses we had left at the *ranch*—for we had to foot it the rest of the way—and, in a word, abandoned himself, at the very outset itself, to a full swing of native good-humor and wit.

The first four hours, the path was exceedingly easy to travel. The trees were well marked. The ascents were gradual. The descents were neither steep nor slippery. One large tree alone lay across the track. There were neither protruding roots, nor trailing vines, nor any thing of the *cacti* growth to trip, strangle, or impale us. A walk through a richly-timbered avenue in some old-country *demesne* could not have been more pleasant. The day was dry though clouded, and even this latter circumstance was most propitious, since it enabled us, with little or no fatigue, to break ourselves in for rougher work. An hour before sundown we crossed a beautiful stream—a sparkling succession of fretful little cascades it was, the lower branches of the trees which darkened them, dipping into the waters by fits and starts, chafing them, then rebounding, and then striking them again before they had time to smooth themselves and look bright—and here, coming to a halt, we determined to build our *ranch* and locate for the night.

The *ranch* is quickly built. José and Eduardo unsling their heavy baskets. Setting them against two brawny trees, they leave them covered with the ox-hide they lashed over them when starting. Camillo does the same, disencumbering himself with a fiendish yawn, and, an instant after, airs his limbs in a frantic horn-pipe. The two former, *machetta* in hand, disappear for a little. The latter clears a plot of ground, sixteen feet by twelve, felling half a dozen young trees, kicking three or four sharp good-sized stones into the stream, bundling off all the dead leaves and rubbish, and, finally, running a narrow water-course, with an outlet to the stream, two inches deep all round the clearing. This done, with two or three pieces of charcoal he has brought along in his *pannier*, he lays the foundation for a fire; and having procured a supply of the driest dead wood at hand, arranges it outside the charcoal, filling up the intervals with splinters of fresh resinous wood. In ten minutes the fire is smoking. In twenty it is crackling. In thirty it is ablaze. In less than sixty there is an iron pot warming itself right over the red embers, and in this pot four pounds or more of jerked beef lie buried in three times as many pounds of rice.

In the mean while, José and Eduardo have been cutting uprights and rafters for the *ranch*, and peeling off narrow strips of bark to lash them together with. Down they come, at last, from the forest above the stream, dragging great sheaves of palm-branches after them. With these the *ranch* is thatched half a foot thick at least. Six forked uprights, the prongs uppermost to receive the cross-ties, are driven home six inches deep into the earth—two of those uprights, a foot and a half longer than the other four, planted midway at the gable-ends between the corner ones, give the roof a good drainage slant—the frame-work of the roof is laden with palm-branches, these being so arranged as to dovetail into and lap securely over one another—and in half an hour the *ranch* stands complete. An India-rubber blanket is spread upon the floor within. Other and warmer blankets are thrown over this again. Logs of wood, saddle-bags stuffed with socks and flannel drawers, all such things serve as pillows. Fowling-pieces, hunting knives, powder flasks and rifles swing from the rafters. Wet shoes and clothing are thrown off, and, when the cooking is all over, are tied to a cross-stick, three feet above the fire, to dry. The iron pot is emptied, the last pipe is smoked, the travelers stretch themselves in their blankets for the night, the faithful Indians fall asleep with their feet to the replenished fire, the forest grows quieter and quieter in the gathering darkness, and the first day of the strangers, in those solitary mountains, is at an end.

The next morning, an hour after daybreak, ascending through a cold, wet, dark and tangled path, the trees for the most part being indistinctly marked, they came upon a deserted *ranch*, entering which they found half a sack of flour, a tin case of lard, a brass bedchamber candle-stick,

and an old boot containing two flasks of powder. A pair of linen drawers, smutched and torn, dangled from the roof. Camillo thought it a pity to leave so valuable an addition to a gentleman's wardrobe mouldering there, and so with an unruffled conscience walked off with them. Then our work began in earnest. The spur of the Cordilleras, on which we were, abruptly rose against us.

Looking up, it seemed a stupendous wall, horizontally pierced with trees, ten thousand feet in height. The sight of it, towering gloomily up there as far as the eye could reach, and then no summit visible, was enough to dismay the boldest heart. The thought struck us, it would take hours and hours, days, perhaps, to climb it. At nine o'clock we were masters of it.

Looking down through the drizzly clouds, and for miles over the sloping forest, we beheld the valley out of which we had come, and the vast plain we had traversed from David to the foot of the Boqueté. Beyond that again—separated darkly from it by what appeared to be a narrow belt of palm, but in reality by an unmeasured tract of that glorious tree—the golden Pacific seemed to pulsate in the sun. Nearer to us by ten leagues—jutting right overhead, indeed, so close did they appear—were the cloven heights of the volcano, ever the great central figure of the scene, reared in steep black masses against the cloudless sky. Turning toward the north—on the extreme verge of a whole world of mountains, all buried in what seemed to be an impenetrable forest, and barely discernible through the hazy atmosphere—the waters of the Atlantic, hushed within the islands of the Chiriqui Lagoon, glimmered in the twilight of the horizon. But the cold up there was piercing—we were on the highest ridge of the great dividing range—and the dense mist, in a few minutes, had drenched us thoroughly. So, taking a last look at that transcendent scene, turning from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic waves once more, we rapidly descended.

Yet hardly had we reached the foot of that commanding height, when another, as abruptly as the former, rose against us, and for two hours more we had to climb, and sweat, and ache, clinging to roots and branches, burrowing our knees in the fresh earth, and, all-fours most of the time, tearing our hands and ears with thorns, had to wriggle our way under fallen trees, stride over them if that were easier, but in either event, from first to last, strain ourselves to an apoplectic pitch.

It is an exquisite relief to draw off from all this burning and breathless work beside such a glorious wild river as the Robalo or the Balsa, and with cataracts, white and soft as masses of falling snow, leaping from one black edge to another through gorges a thousand feet in depth—with deep green pools glowing with golden ripples at your feet—with the overhanging foliage, silvered with the spray of splashing waters, breaking the light which would otherwise be deadening—with the torrent, quieted in that

sweet cold shade, looking as though it had run its desperate race and was at rest forever, but, for all that, stealing away until it nears some smoking gulf into which it leaps, and then, frenzied and free once more, thunders away through the wildest solitudes and horrors to the sea—in the midst of all this changeful grandeur, it is a luxury, indeed, to take breath, ease the strained limbs, give way to memories and dreams of scenes dearer to the heart, and thus, by the gentlest enchantment tranquilized, renew the strength that has been exhausted. It is more than a relief, it is a rapturous pleasure after a fevered night—in the darkest hour of which a black skeleton, with a tuft of grizzly-gray beard upon the chin, encircled with a pale yellowish light, stood over you, and a long thin finger-bone was uplifted, and quivered as though it gave a stern warning—and after a merciless wet morning, during which you had again to make your way up and down many a rough spur and chasm, the loosened earth and slippery rocks throwing you back every now and then, the rain and wind beating the branches against you, and the lightning causing you to start and reel every twenty paces for two remorseless hours and more—after such a night and morning, it is a rapturous pleasure to find yourself in the midst of a scene like that which the *Tres Brasos*—uniting in a channel deeply worn in an enormous slab of granite—vitalize and pervade. Down they hasten, those three beautiful young rivers, in a succession of gentle rapids, from three densely-wooded gorges, and as they joyously mingle, they form a broad swift river, borne upon which one can pass from this point, the greater part of the year, in a *bungo* to the Lagoon. Both sides of it there are smooth pebbly beaches, and over these the most luxuriant trees in the whole forest seem to have woven the darkest canopy, for scarce a ray of light penetrates the rustling web, and it is chill and cloister-like beneath it.

A lovelier picture it would be hard to find within those mountains. The wildness and terrorism of nature here subside. No longer haughty, stern, and defiant—no longer throwing up high walls and monstrous fortresses to resist invasion, and, with the torrent, hurling down huge stones and trees to smite and overwhelm the intruder—she surrenders to him, and soft and murmuring as a bride, beautiful as Ruth among the reapers, invites him to repose. For days and weeks we could have gratefully rested there, soothed by the subdued chorus of those confluent waters, and, from the resemblance the picture bore to one made famous in the songs of Thomas Moore, have been lulled into a loving though mournful remembrance of an island, the great hope of which can not perish while the mingled waters of Avoca repeat the name of the minstrel to whom they owe their fame.

One night more in the Cordilleras—the sixth and last on foot—one more supper on pheasant and wild turkey, for the forest of the Cordilleras is alive with game—one sleep more in a palm-

thatched *ranch*, Camillo mirthful and boisterous as ever, José fresh as though he had come one day's journey only, and Eduardo obliging and gentle as he was the hour we started—one night more, and there were the wide peaceful waters of the Chiriqui Lagoon throbbing at our feet in the auspicious light of the Easter morn!

Of these calm and glorious waters—shut in from the Atlantic by a rampart of large and luxuriant islands, upon which a Spanish scholar, writing from Costa Rica to Madrid, two hundred years ago, declared that another Venice, richer and nobler than that of the Adriatic, might be planted, the region was so bounteous, and the sea so safe, tranquil, and commodious—of those calm and glorious waters, which, according to the English naval report of 1839, every where afford secure anchorage, multiplying harbors within harbors that admit of ships of the heaviest burden, it is unnecessary here to speak. The Commission, authorized by Congress at the close of the last session, have returned, and their report is before the public. The party, charged with the partial survey of the route between the oceans, appear to have had an easier trip across the mountains than has been here described, and, what is infinitely better still and worthier of happier congratulations, have ascertained, beyond all doubt, the practicability of a railroad connecting the Chiriqui Lagoon, on the Atlantic side, with the Golfo, within the Gulf of Dulce, on the Pacific. The energy, quick intelligence, nerve and enterprise of Mr. Ambrose Thompson, Jun.—a young and successful representative of that spirit of practical and enlightened adventure which so strongly marks the American character and is destined to achieve for the American people so vast a measure of prosperity and national power—these have principally led to this result, Mr. Thompson having, in the month of February last, discovered a *cañon*, or chain of narrow valleys, which avoids the spurs and precipices, and most of the difficulties which this narrative in a familiar and convivial way sets forth.

The discovery of this cañon overcomes the only difficulty which was at any time supposed to render the project of such a road impracticable. Every thing else was obviously in its favor. Two-thirds of the way across the land is almost as level as a macadamized road could be. Were the rivers bridged—and there are but four between David and the Boqueté—a spring-wagon might be driven at full speed from the Pacific to the slope of the Cordilleras, without a stone or any other impediment having to be removed. Perfectly free from swamps—the writer having crossed on foot from sea to sea without once wetting the sole of his shoe, except, indeed, when he had to ford the rivers—not a dollar would have to be sunk, at any point, in the construction of an artificial foundation. The work being upon solid dry soil all through, the sacrifice of human life, which the Isthmus of Panama entailed, would find no counterpart under the pure sky of Chiriqui, and this of itself would



save thousands and thousands of dollars in the construction of the road. The eloquent and philosophic Member of Congress, who, beaming forth from one of the Arcadian Districts of New York, spoke in the last session so alarmingly of the embarrassments and horrors of the route, alluding in freezing terms to the snakes and tigers with which, he understood, that region was infested, may be inclined to regard it with a less frenzied and a friendlier eye, when he reads this narrative and learns that the travelers, of whom it speaks, saw but three snakes the entire of the trip—one, it is true, of the Boa species, being fifteen feet in length, while the longest of the other two was not as many inches, though both were poisonous, the smallest one especially—and that, as for the tigers, their howlings were heard on one occasion only, the last night of the trip, when the party were slipping along at midnight in their *bungo*, from the Frenchman's Creek, where they had debouched from the mountains, to the little village of Boca del Toro, on Columbus Island, a distance of forty miles.

For the support of the men employed in the construction of the road, the country furnishes any quantity of food, and that of the best description. Beef, sugar, rice, coffee, potatoes, corn, venison—every thing is to be had in the greatest abundance. Not a tree has to be felled along the proposed route, nor within half a league of it, where the forest most closely approaches it. Nevertheless, an inexhaustible supply of fuel can be easily obtained, and, for building purposes, the forest on the slopes of the Volcano, and all through the Cordilleras, is stocked with the soundest material, such as Spanish olive and mahogany, *guyaca*, cedar, *caoba* and live-oak.

Last of all, there are the unrivalled harbors themselves. Perfectly easy of access at all hours and in every season—deep and ample enough to shelter the navies of France and England, as Admiral Pelion and Captain Barnett long since reported them to be—the islands of the Lagoon teeming with the most serviceable description of coal a steamship can use—fresh water pouring into them in every direction from the impending mountains—magnificently fitted for all the requirements and the highest ambition of commerce, nowhere between the Poles can the New World match those harbors. The railroad once built, ships of the largest size can lie broadside on to the wharves, and transfer their freight and passengers right off. Neither tug, nor lighter, nor breakwater will be required; nor will it be necessary for cars or ships to wait three minutes, much less three hours, for the tide to suit.

All this being said, nothing more remains, perhaps, satisfactorily to close the narrative, but the expression of an ardent wish, that, before another winter comes, some one, inspired or trained to use a brighter and bolder pen than that which has left its feeble traces on these leaves, shall enter the Boca del Toro, the last great gate-way of America that flew open to the

challenge of Columbus, and, circled by companions not less genial or amusing than the Captain of the *Fruta Dorada* or the old warrior from Indiana, who has disappeared forever, shall, with a grandeur worthy of it, describe the scene, of which the Cordilleras, the forest, the islands, the cloudy domes of Blanco and Robalo, and, above all, the steepes of the volcano of Chiriqui are the transcendent features, and which, from a deep sense of its sublimity, is here left not unfinished only, but untouched.

## THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS.

JANUARY 25.

WHY lives this day in fond remembrance now?  
Whence its wide spell, that lifts the weary brow.  
Back to each heart the dream of Youth recalls,  
Till through Life's shadow Nature's sunshine falls—  
Love melts the hoar-frost from the breast of Care,  
And Song with festive chorus fills the air—  
While hand grasps hand, and eye responds to eye.  
And Soul bids Self, for one blest moment, die?

No Saintry calendar his name endears  
Whose charm defies the wasting blight of years:  
No warrior's meed embalms it for the brave,  
No shrewd invention Thrift's oblations crave,  
No rich bequest, emblazoned on a tomb,  
Redeems its memory from oblivion's gloom;  
No regal boon or legislative sway  
Its blessing mingles with our life to-day.

A Bard's nativity!—can this engage  
The frugal spirits of our eager age?  
Win from his gold the plodding son of Trade,  
And bid Ambition's cherished visions fade,  
Toil cease its strife, and Pleasure quit her shrine.  
The Scholar own his lore no more divine—  
As wise and humble, poor and noble throng  
To hail the advent of a child of Song?

Since his brief life, on a progressive tide,  
The world exults in its complacent pride—  
That subtle vapor does the work which then  
Wrung the life-blood from hearts of living men.  
That Town and Country, Land and Sea unite  
By vital currents of electric light,  
That Learning, once confined to narrow schools,  
O'er mart and hamlet now benignly rules;  
While motive-force both time and space transcends,  
And in one sphere all ranks and races blends;  
Since then, Adventure—our poetic king—  
O'er earth and sea has spread her dauntless wing.  
A harvest gleaned for Wonder to explore  
From mute Japan to Afric's mystic shore,  
New Eldoradas found—on Arctic main  
Won his perennial wreath for gallant Kane;  
Yet vainly Action strives to supersede  
The heart's pure conquest by the valiant deed.  
Or Science her bold miracles prolong  
To quell the magic of thy artless song!

Since then, thy country's loneliest heath and glen  
Another Scott has glorified for men;  
Impassioned Byron breathed his Pilgrim lay,  
Ethereal Shelley mused his life away,  
And thoughtful Wordsworth chastened bardic zeal  
With Veneration's harmonized appeal—  
While Woman's genius holds unchallenged sway  
In the high cadence of Aurora Leigh.

And Love or Grief its inmost beauty yields  
To the divining-rod the Laureate wields;  
Nor is the muse an unfamiliar guest  
Where Bryant sings the glories of the West;—  
Yet through the chorus vast, melodious, dear  
How steals thy carol to the ravished ear!

And whence the marvel? other bards have sung  
In strains whose echo through the ages rung;  
The blind old Greek is audible to-day  
As when first woke his peerless Trojan lay;  
That walk through Hell in the medieval time  
The Tuscan wove in adamant rhyme,  
And the Lost Paradise we still explore  
With Milton's harp—are precious as of yore;  
All unclipped the world that Shakspeare caught  
From Life reflected by his chartered thought:  
Why from these fathers of eternal rhyme,  
These saints and prophets of ideal time,  
Turn we so fondly, with a smile and tear,  
To him whose spirit lures and links us here?  
Why from Ilissus hoar with classic pride,  
From elms and castles by the Avon's side,  
From Arno's trophies—do we hasten soon  
To linger pensive on the banks of Doon?

The star of genius that beguiles us there  
Proclaims what all humanity can share;  
O'er Rank and Wealth proves Nature's nobler claim,  
And gives the lowliest man a brother's fame—  
Until the primal instincts of the soul  
Transcend all aims, all meaner lures control,  
While baffled manhood once again aspires  
And feels a-glow its elemental fires.

Thy muse, content fair Nature to explore,  
Ne'er knew the chill of Academic lore,  
Nor lost the honest fervor that declines  
In Traffic's mart and Fashion's gilded shrines:  
Not thine the task a borrowed theme to fill  
With stolen gems and lapidary skill,  
Or seek by Ingenuity to gain  
What Inspiration only can attain;  
No pedant toil nor blandishment of Art  
Made thy frank muse sweet Nature's counterpart;

Thy dark eye glowed with Passion's candid zeal,  
Thy brown cheek flushed at Honor's true appeal,  
And undismayed amid the wise and great,  
Thy bearing won the dignity of state:  
Toils wasted fruit, the banquet's wild excess,  
The Cares that wither, and the Loves that bless,  
Pity more prompt than woman's casual tear,  
Heroic pride and penitential fear,  
The spell of Beauty and the ban of Woe  
Usurped thy heart and bade thy numbers flow!

With every breeze thy infant cheek that fann'd  
Breathed the traditions of thy native land,  
And the rude ballads of thy mother tongue  
A plaintive charm around thy childhood flung;  
While Penury her sterner lessons wrought,  
And Piety her sacred incense brought,  
Domestic love, the landscape and the heart,  
Led thee unconscious to the goal of Art!

The sombre gloamin', through whose misty shade  
The curlew flits as daybeams slowly fade,  
The dew-gemm'd hawthorn and the lassie's hair,  
The gelid fleece and milk-thorn scented air,  
The lonely moor and sun-enlivened brae  
Sufficed to wake and harmonize thy lay;

For humblest things to tender eyes reveal  
The dear and wondrous signs of woe and weal;  
From the dank furrow to the open sky  
Creation spoke to thy revering eye;  
The storm's wild howl, the harvest's golden sheaves,  
The wintry moon and Spring's unfolding leaves,  
An infant's smile or woman's loving glance,  
Death's cold eclipse and peasants' jocund dance,  
Friendship's warm grasp and midnight's peaceful  
calm,  
Taught thee to win and wear the minstrel's palm.  
Thus Nature's hand in benediction laid  
Upon the boy who loved and strove and prayed—  
The fount of Poesy—a living spring  
Gushed at her touch—a soulful offering!

So pure that spring—perennial its flow  
To freshen mirth and solace care or woe,  
That the same thrill of pity and delight  
It woke at first—melts every heart to-night!  
Still do we bend enraptured to behold  
The meek-eyed daisy that he sung of old;  
Hear, with unbroken awe, the evening prayer,  
As "wales" the cotter "with judicious care;"  
Still through the revel's mist, ere break of day,  
Gleam in the Kirk the lights of Alloway;  
Still, to our dreaming sense, the odor plays,  
Exhaled so sweetly from the "banks and braes;"  
With him we laugh to scorn blasphemous rant,  
The pious trick and soul-consuming cant,  
Follow with jests the hypocritic brood,  
And strip the mask from all the "unco gude;"  
Still feel the patriot-throb's electric jar,  
As leaps each pulse to greet his "Scots wha hae!"  
Or Love's magnetic glow enchanting steal  
At bonnie Jean's or Nannie's blithe appeal;—  
Its tested solace from the guidwife crave,  
Its solemn faith renew at Mary's grave;  
Live o'er the tryst, the wreath of friendship twine,  
As heart and voice re-echo "Auld Langsyne;"  
And to each breast its dearest life returns  
To bless and consecrate the muse of Burns!

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

### MELLICENT'S MALADY.

I DO not affect alliterations, neither do I affect a dislike of them, which is popular now—the reaction of the flood-tide of Minnie Myrtles and her numberless sisters. I affect nothing; I only tell my story, for which no other name or title will suffice, because those two words, "Mellicent's Malady," were the key-notes to the mysterious pæan of her life. I can not remember that I ever thought of the alliterative fact, though I have pronounced the words hundreds of times, until I sat down here just now to write them; which is not strange, but quite natural, when you consider that they were household words to me for a long time. She is my cousin; and for two years preyed upon by a disease which baffled the physicians, I heard daily such phrases as "Mellicent's malady is very curious, certainly;" "Mellicent's malady will kill her."

She was barely nineteen when her seeming high health was invaded by this shadowy enemy. A girl of rare endowments in some directions—poet, painter, and musician. An organization such as you might suppose, if you study organ-

izations at all. Nervous, sanguine, and susceptible. It is hardly necessary now to paint her portrait. You can clearly see the slim figure, the subtle sensibility of complexion, blonde and blushing, the changing blue of her large-lidded eyes, the fine waviness of her splendid silk-soft hair of dun gold. With all this susceptibility she was not weak; there was a foreign grain of sturdy strength running through these tender translucencies—foreign to such temperaments usually; a strata of strength that showed, under the phosphorescent lights, like grains of solemn agate let into the sparkle of topaz. But it did not save her from her fate; and, I am assured, for only one reason—ignorance of her own organization. For two years she paid the penalty of her want of knowledge. She went so near in this time to the mystery of the world beyond the grave, that I am convinced a ray of its subtle light communicated itself to her soul, and enabled her to comprehend the mysteries of her being; enabled her to take up her life's wasted threads, and retrace her steps; to find her way back again upon firmer footholds than at first.

At eighteen you could scarcely credit the possibility of disease—and that, apparently, a purely nervous one—attacking her, so effluent was she of harmonious health in every direction. At eighteen—her eighteenth birthday—then, let me commence my history. There she sits opposite me at the breakfast-table—a little late both of us; a good deal late, Ann Mahoney tells us; but what do we care for Ann Mahoney's Irish grumbling? We were out at our first party last night, and we are talking it over with our chocolate. I am slightly weary-eyed and pale; my lips are feverish, and my appetite not remarkably keen. My cousin Mellicent is as fresh as a flower just bloomed—as that one-pink cactus there at the bay-window; extraordinarily like it, indeed, so crisp and fresh and pink with prettiness.

"I was disappointed in him," she remarks lazily, dropping one, two, three lumps of loaf-sugar into her Parian cup.

"Disappointed in him! Why?"

"Ellerslie said he was splendid: two or three told me so. Every time I have heard his name spoken, in fact, it was with some complimentary adjective; so my expectations were away up, up—oh! on some Roman or Grecian height, you know; and I only saw a young man with a nice complexion and a crooked nose! What did *you* think?"

"I had heard nothing special about him, you know."

"Well?"

"I thought him handsome—very; a splendid youth. I heard Mrs. Hughes call him a 'princely boy.'"

"Is he very young, then?"

"Only twenty, I believe."

"I'll tell you what I *do* like amazingly about him, Sara."

I delayed breaking my egg to hear. The

pink cactus lips puckered down in a pretty plect of fun.

"His name, dear?"

"Lansing Vaughn."

"How would you like Mellicent Vaughn, then?" girl-fashion, I said.

"Mellicent Vaughn—Mellicent Vaughn," rolling over the conjunction slowly; "oh, it's pretty! but then, Sara, I hate to write a *V*—always did—never *could* make a decent capital *V*; they *will* look like *U*'s! No, I'll not risk it, though he asks me never so humbly. I should die of his *V*!"

I am not amusing myself with pleasing reminiscences, reader; I am not wandering away from my story; I am simply unrolling a map of the eventful two years for you. This is the first view: as necessary as the last, you will see.

Sitting in the low, large carriage, we went slowly rolling through the street that afternoon. Two young men went riding by; one, the last, raised his hat, bent down almost to his saddle-bow in making his salutation to us. Mr. Ellerslie—Frank Ellerslie. The other I didn't know, and only saw an unbearded profile, which did not strike me one way or another.

Mellicent was looking after them. "Strange he didn't bow," she said.

"Frank Ellerslie? Why, where were your eyes, Mellicent? He almost dislocated his neck in the effort."

"Frank Fiddlesticks! I mean Lansing Vaughn. Where were *your* eyes, Sara?"

"That never was Lansing Vaughn. I saw his profile distinctly."

"So did I, and it *was* Lansing Vaughn's."

"You're moon-struck—laboring under an optical delusion, or crazy, Mell. It was the Kubla Khan as soon as Lansing Vaughn. I talked with him two mortal hours last night; I went to supper with him; I danced two quadrilles and a waltz with him, studying his handsome face all the time. You just looked up from your *tête-à-tête* with Hoyle Mallory, said two or three pretty greetings to him, then subsided into your sultan chair and forgot him. How should you know him as well as I?"

She leaned forward and gave an energetic order to Jarvie the coachman. Back we plunged, through Bay, and up Front Street, crossing six lanes and three railways, and out on the same street half a mile up, with our horses' heads turned downward in a twinkling. Then I saw what she had planned. There they were, coming toward us—Ellerslie and his companion—as I live, Lansing Vaughn! I stared at him all the way, and, not content, followed him with my gaze as he passed. Oh! I saw it all then. Last night I had studied his full face; to-day, for the first time, his profile had presented itself completely to me. Two different persons there were in his exterior, one much finer than the other: that, the full front view, from sole to crown, the magnificent fellow I remembered him; the other, the side view, revealing the crooked nose, and an immature aspect altogether—a rapidly



grown look, unfinished and boyish, especially about the neck and shoulders. This was Mellicent's first and only impression. We talked it over, and speculated upon its oddity. Odd enough it was.

That night the two called. I was sitting beside the drawing-room door; Mellicent half-way down the apartment, in the centre. I got that side glance again; my cousin, I knew, was receiving the best impression. Suddenly I thought of the mirror at the extremity of the room, opposite the advancing guest. I glanced into it, and saw him going down toward my cousin, looking like a god. She received the new impression honestly and gladly, without prejudice—very gladly, for she adored beauty.

They sat together all the evening, in the best possible positions—*vis-à-vis* in an S chair—mutually pleased, I could see. He talked, mostly; she listened. He liked talking, and he did it well, remarkably well for so young a man. His soul shone loftily in his eyes—eyes like pansies—that splendid purple blue, always distinguishable from black at their deepest sparkle; always showing the pupils from the iris. His dark, glittering hair fell down over his brow like plumes; and through it the white forehead glimpsed; and below, the flower of the peach flushed his beardless cheeks.

Ellerslie and I watched them with interest. Ellerslie, though a bit of a dandy by blood and breeding, has a passion for studying character; so he was invaluable at such points, losing, perhaps, a little personal vanity of liking to be first man in the nobler quality of his nature.

"They are a match pair, aren't they?" I asked.

"No—yes."

"Which do you mean, Mr. Ellerslie?"

"Both. They *look* charmingly together; but they have some corresponding traits, one or two antagonisms."

"How you talk! they are as harmonious as a full major chord."

"Miss Sara, your cousin is not receptive; she is creative in the temper of her character. Well, Vaughn has what amounts to the same quality—not creative in the sense of genius, perhaps, but suggesting all its possibilities, by the rapid evolutions of his own remarkably active brain and ready intellect; at the same time he is an absorbent to the extent of his own requirements—there, I will not say any more. You will go and tell your cousin every word I *have* said now."

How indignantly I repudiated this sudden accusation any woman can understand; yet I dare say I should have told her, just as he said; but I felt on my honor now—a silly, self-conscious point of honor, for there would have been no harm in the telling; but this is not to the point. With my indignant denial I made him go on; and he wanted to—he liked to speculate. I took up the dropped thread—"his own requirements—how? explain."

"Why, you go and talk to him now for a while on any subject that interests you. He listens

intently, warily, thinking wholly of the subject, not you, though you were the Venus de Medicis; picks up, one by one, every thread of your thought, of your knowledge, skeins it out after his own fashion, and by-and-by presents it from his own mind, tinted and textured by his brain process, yet at the same time unrecognizable to you, though it is yours. He has what would be called an available mind."

"Why, he's a perfect—"

"Hush! He's splendid—one of the least self-conscious persons in the world—splendid capabilities. You women jump at conclusions. There! I'm off in five minutes—see there"—he pointed to the little old Swiss clock over the door—eleven! "Vaughn never would go, I believe—has no conception of time proprieties—stays forever."

"And so exhausts the springs of enjoyment—bore people, in other words. I told you so."

"You are severe, Miss Sara. He must learn by experience; he is young."

"Always will be. It will take ages to teach that man any thing. Let me be oracular and Orphic now: he don't care so much for individuals as ideas; has more respect for what a man *knows* than what he *is*. I tell you he is a perfect—"

"Hush! again—I won't let you;" and over my lips came the ivory bars of my fan he had been holding.

"Come, Vaughn! do you know what time it is?"

Vaughn made a little impatient motion, looked ruefully at the clock, and rose, pointing his handsome young lips, and saying, energetically, just like a boy, "I hate Time!" It was so naïve we all laughed, and I liked him better.

We went to the hall-door with them to see the snow falling. Mellicent leaned out; the sill was icy, and she slipped. Before they could catch her she had swung round against the iron rail outside, breaking a fall with a wrench against the sharp post. Vaughn sprang to her; took hold of her hands.

"You have hurt yourself!"

"No, not much, I guess; only my side a little—oh! and my foot—I can't step!"

He took her up easily, and set her down in a hall chair.

"How will you get up stairs?" I blundered out, foolishly; but I was scared. She colored with shame, and said instantly, with a warning look at me to hold my peace,

"Why, Jarvie can take me, of course."

"I can take you just as easily, Miss Ware, if you will allow me," Vaughn said, gravely and innocently, as if it were a mere matter of strength.

I knew Jarvie was in bed an hour ago; Uncle Ben was out of town; and the boys, Sam and Chester—young fellows of fifteen and seventeen—gone sleighing; and, despite the warning look, I said so.

Off went Vaughn's cloak, down flung the cap, and he ejaculated this sentence:

"Of course, then, I shall take you. Don't be afraid! I am slender enough—not full-grown—but the strongest fellow at the Gymnasium. Frank can tell you. Pooh! your weight is nothing to me!"

This speech wasn't made for effect, you know; it was simple, straightforward directness; simplicity, innocence, ignorance!

I held my breath till he set her down just inside our chamber-door, as if she had been a kitten, nothing more; nodded, I couldn't speak, to his hearty good-night and the naïve question, Could he be of any further service? Then, when the hall-door shut on the two, and they were out of hearing, I sat down on the floor and laughed till I cried. So did Mellicent.

"Mell, he's splendid!" I exclaimed, at length. "What a boy man! His naïveté is irresistible!"

"Yes; and what a nice mess you made of it, Sara! I felt so embarrassed. You *made* him carry me."

"Well, he did it *just as easy*, Mell!"

She smothered a shriek of laughter, then started off again on the same topic, scolding me for my want of tact; when I said,

"You ought to thank me, Mell. I only wish it had been *my* ankle. Do be natural, child, and own it was charming!"

She colored fiercely, and kicked her little sandal slippers off, whereat she cried out in pain;

"Oh, my ankle, my ankle, Sara!"

It was swollen badly; a sprain, most certainly. "And your side?" It was lame, and some pain, but her ankle was the worst. I bathed it in arnica, put cold bandages on her side, and had the satisfaction of seeing her soundly asleep before I closed my eyes. The next morning she was quite bright; the sprain seemed doing well, there was no pain in her side—a trifling lameness, that was all. I was so relieved.

In the afternoon Lansing Vaughn called at the door. I heard him questioning Ann Mahoney, so I ran down. I saw he wanted to come in, and I asked him—actually took him up stairs into the little round tower room, where I had wheeled Mellicent—the room out of her chamber—a gem of a boudoir! There I left him, telling him to amuse my patient while I fed the canaries and attended to the score of troublesome little torments my cousin called her troubles. I had such a time with them that I forgot all about the guest I had introduced with such unparalleled freedom. Going into the boudoir two hours later, there he sat, comfortably settled in an easy-chair, talking, talking still. Mellicent was lovely; her cheeks were so red and her lips so bright. She enjoyed the *tête-à-tête*, though she opened her eyes at me for introducing him where only the oldest and most intimate friends were admitted.

"How came you?" she asked, after he had gone.

"Well, I don't know; it seemed the most natural thing in the world. He is so unconventional and easy."

"He is very unlike every body else, Sara; quite original and amusing—sort of inspiring, I think, in his fresh vigor."

This was the beginning of her acquaintance with Lansing Vaughn; this was the beginning of her malady—both on her eighteenth birthday. It seems singular, doesn't it? The sprained ankle got well—we thought her side had; but five or six weeks after this day she began to complain of a singular sensation there—the left side it was—neither a pain nor an ache; she described it as a feeling of exhaustion. Lansing was quite domesticated in the family by this time, and proved invaluable in many ways; would do any thing in the world for us; was so anxious and kind that I began to suspect the usual thing—that he was in love with my cousin. It was curiously demonstrated; quite "unlike other people," indeed. Coming and going at his own hours, unembarrassed and easy, he seemed as much like one of my cousins as Sam and Chester. And Mellicent—how was it with her? Quite the same. She spoke of him freely, laughed at his naïve speeches, and jested or scolded him as her mood or the circumstances prompted. The most amicable couple! One day she came into my room and told me coolly, almost carelessly, that they were engaged to each other—she and Lansing. I expected it, but was somehow surprised—at the way of announcement, I suppose. I remember my sudden, ridiculous question,

"Do you love him, Mell?"

She looked at me, and raised her eyebrows. "To be sure I do—think there's nobody like him."

"But you'll die of his V, you know," I returned, maliciously.

She laughed. "Oh, I can arrange that. I've discovered it's only the other half of a W. I've got used to my W in the Ware, child. So he's my other half, you see. Isn't that ingenious?"

After this he was with her almost constantly, our devoted attendant. His unvarying sweetness to Mellicent was the best of it; for as the weeks wore on her mysterious malady developed slowly, but surely, in a weak weariness of exhaustion, which extended over her whole system, and made her often unreasonable and petulant to him; but he met it all with his cheerful serenity, never giving her a retaliative word in the whole time. For my part, I used to rejoice at his coming—it seemed like opening the doors to a bracing northwest wind. The great splendid fellow roaming about in all the rooms, singing, and laughing, and talking, noisy and hearty!

I thought Mellicent very ungenerous to him one day when she said:

"I do wish you would keep still five minutes, Lansing. You don't seem to care a pin for my being ill. You are suspiciously happy on it, it appears to me!"

That, after all his devotion to her! He answered so sweetly:

"Why, I wouldn't pain you for the world, Mellicent. It is my way, you know. I am not

insensible by any means, and you don't think so."

She lay quiet a few moments, then said, lowly: "I shall never marry you, Lansing—you shall not have a sick wife."

"Yes you will! I would rather have you sick than any other woman well. I *must* have you, any way. I will take splendid care of you, Mellicent."

I was in the other room, but I could see this touched her, as it must have any woman.

"Then it doesn't bore you, Lansing, to bear with my weakness?" she asked.

"Bore me? No, indeed; I like to care for you."

And he *did* care for her, day after day, week after week, ay, and month after month, as the fluctuations of this singular malady went on: no pains, but weariness, weakness, exhaustion, and a sharpened sensibility to all things; fluttering pulses at trifling causes; hard, muffled beatings of the heart. Was the disease located there? The wisest physicians shook their heads. All the various forms of medicine were tried—all uselessly. Then came travel. How I blessed the fate that gave us such a traveling companion as Lansing Vaughn—alert, and active, and full of hearty cheer. Florida's life-giving gales greeted us in his company; sweet airs from broad savannas swept over us; fresh winds from over mountains blew down to us; and salt sea breezes sent us messages of strength. But at the end of it all we found her dying—my splendid cousin dying! Mellicent Ware dying!

"Let us go home," she said at last; "every thing is all wrong; let us go home."

Home we went.

Lying stretched out one day upon the lounge in that little round tower room so redolent of old memories of health and happiness, she unfolded the new idea that had come to her to Lansing and I as we sat there beside her. Lansing was always there, you know—her shadow, the shadow of her former vigor.

She had been silent a long time, while he talked as usual. All at once, irrelevant to the topic entirely, she began:

"Sara, I have no faith in physicians. I am confident that I have never yet been visited by one who went beyond the mere physical indications. I have a dim perception—I can not explain it—that I am needing something, a new influence, not of climate or drugs—" Her voice dropped off wearily a moment; resuming, she held up a slim, transparent hand—

"Think of this high-strung temperament treated in the same manner as Jarvie's down stairs—Jarvie's slow, sluggish sense of living. That's the practice, you know. It's all wrong, Sara. I wish I knew the right; but I shall, I shall. Why do I talk? Next year at this time I shall know the whole secret. Do not wake me if I sleep;" and she dropped off drowsily, wearily again.

The sun was going down through seas of splendor—purple, and amber, and frost white;

a ray stole through the blind-bars, and laid the tip of its fiery lance just athwart her head. Dying with that royal largess of life unsolved, and its loveliness lying like a crown upon her! What abundances of this royalty yet lay in her being! There is no death in that superb shimmer of hair, nor in the soft, dewless skin, nor in that slender symmetry of form that lies in solemn stillness there. Whence emanates this fever bloom, this weary-eyed exhaustion, this painless loss of strength?

I bent over her in a passion of regret, a defiant frenzy of love and bewilderment. Lansing met my eyes, glazed with tears, and just uttered softly but impatiently, in that same old way of boy impatience, "Don't, Sara!"

Hark! a far, far ring like a bell comes up. She moves, the lashes lift, and a look of listening gleams in the eyes. She is dreaming—she can not have heard. Fleet footsteps sound lightly up the stairs, gain the door; Chester's low undertone communicates a message: "Dr. Niles, just back from Arabia, down stairs; wants to see Mellicent. Ask her, will she see him?" Such a low, low, unlippered whisper outside the door, yet she overheard, and replied herself: "Yes, at once, Chester. I am so glad!"

He came in with effortless quiet, took my hand in passing, and sat down in the chair I had left in front of my cousin, putting his cool palm over her hot fingers.

"I am so glad you have come, so glad!" she said, smiling strangely.

"So am I, Mellicent," he answered naturally, with no surprise. "It is nearly two years to a day since I was here."

A pause ensued. I observed the new guest narrowly. I had met him once before, that was all. He might have been thirty or thirty-five; browned by Arabian suns, but coolly colored withal; bearded darkly and finely, but with no mustache to cover the most expressive mouth—firm and strong, but refined into marvelous lines of tenderness. Prophetic eyes of soft hazel, that kindly searched your soul.

"Did you know about me?" she asked him at length.

"Not until I saw your father down stairs."

"No one knows much, you know—any thing, in fact—only that I am losing, losing, every day—dying, I suppose," she said, quite tranquilly.

Lansing came out of the bay window with a ruffled brow and troubled lips. I could imagine the deprecating "Don't, Mellicent!" I mentioned his name to Dr. Niles. The soft prophetic eyes dwelt earnestly on the handsome young face while he passed some pleasant commonplaces with him, then went back to Mellicent. All the time he had been holding his hand over hers; now he removed it to her head, laid it lightly down where the sunshine lay. Her weary eyelids drooped at the touch, and the sweet face resolved into unsleeping calm. Then he talked in his effortless way, and the voice was like a spell, sonorous and soothing, completely under control, like the whole man.



Lansing came round and took possession of a little chair as close as he could get, right under the powerful mesmeric hazel eyes—sat there and talked with all his old eager relish, but in more subdued tones.

After a while Dr. Niles got up. "We are wearying Miss Mellicent," he said, "with all this talk."

"Oh no, she likes it!" was Lansing's eager response.

"Does she?" Dr. Niles asked, looking into the large-lidded eyes, now upraised.

She answered "Yes," very decidedly.

"But it tires you, nevertheless; it exhales your strength. Mellicent, do you put yourself under my care now?"

"Oh yes, yes!" quite eagerly.

"You will obey me completely?"

"Completely."

"Well, I have only one thing to say to-night—you must not listen to so much talking and reading. They read to you, don't they?" indicating Vaughn and I with a bend of his head.

"Yes."

I was in amaze. How did he guess it? She was never without the one or the other—the conversation or the reading—she *would* not be.

"There, that is all now. Good-night! I will see you to-morrow;" and he went out.

To-morrow came. The same sunset splendor again, and at the same hour Dr. Niles. Mellicent on the lounge, expectant and flushed; Vaughn and I near by.

Vaughn had been singing a succession of exquisite old songs at her request. He had such a free, melodious voice, and it rolled richly down the stirring strains in a way that made my pulses thrill as if I were listening to martial music. I watched him with pleasure, he looked so handsome; so splendidly-limbed; no angularities—a symmetrical line, arrowy straight, from his Greek head down to the Spanish foot. Such color, too! the flower of the peach; or, better, the ripened fruit, sun-softened, and touched with cool red. The purple pansy eyes radiated with northern lights, calm and clear; the full, perfect lips took beautiful shapes, showing sometimes a pearly line between. Suddenly my gaze wandered to Mellicent. She was lost in the contemplation of him; her cheeks spotted with scarlet, her eyes aflame with what looked to me like an ecstatic state of enjoyment. It was then I first noticed Dr. Niles; he was standing in the door-way, and held up his finger to me for a sign of silence, which I obeyed, watching him covertly. I saw him take Vaughn's superb picture into his soul; then, with a new expression, receive my cousin's. He was studying deeply: I knew that, and my faith in him began to grow into that entire belief of his infallibility which has since taken thorough possession of me. The song ending, he came forward immediately, sitting down before her, and dropping his cool, cool hand over hers, burning and dry. She gave a great start at first, as one gives in coming out of a vivid dreamful sleep. The blood all went

out of her cheeks, her eyes lost their light a moment, and her lips quivered down from their mournful curves. I was frightened, and evinced it; I thought it would injure her. He shook his head at me, answering my unspoken thought; and presently I saw how wise he was—not completely then, but partially, enough to trust him further—for presently a smile broke into bloom on her face, and color and light came back, and she grasped the hand that covered hers with a certain gladness that surprised me, and—shall I say it?—troubled me a little. I was meanly worldly and conventional enough then to think he might misunderstand her—he, with his perfect self-abnegation and proud humility.

He staid an hour, sometimes talking a little, oftener silent; always holding her hand, which she clung to like a refuge, and grew into a peaceful calm before he left her. When he went he took Lansing with him—wanted him to show him where somebody's office was—and they went out together, both bidding a final good-night.

Gradually he got to coming in at any time—three or four times, perhaps, a day. Once, not a week after his admonition concerning the conversations, we forgot all about it. I must tell this instance carefully; it opened my eyes a little—it may yours. Vaughn brought in a little Parian figure—one of the Apostles, I believe—and Mellicent roused up into animation over it. She knew something of sculpture—he little or nothing; and, in his eager way, he questioned and suggested till, all at once, that conversation I had with Ellerslie two years ago about him flashed up. I was, somehow, uneasy; and I know I wondered at his seeming knowledge, at his splendid suggestions, which were better than knowledge itself. I looked at Mellicent. She had got through talking, and was sinking back, scarlet with excitement, and weary-eyed as ever. I sprang forward to arrange her cushions, but somebody else was there—Dr. Niles! when *did* he enter? Mellicent uttered a little cry; he bent over her; she burst into a passionate sob of tears, and dropped her head in nervous abandonment against his breast. I was blind enough, foolish enough, to feel a sensation of trouble again—I, who pretended to be so natural!—for, with that instantaneous reasoning which comes at such points, I thought, "He is young enough and fine enough to awaken love, and to know it himself;" and I remember I felt glad that Vaughn had run down at Chester's call just before. I was ashamed when I looked again—ashamed of myself. He just held her there quietly; the lines of tenderness about his mouth deepened into the solemnest pity. She fell asleep so; and then he laid her down, and went out of the house with this charge to me: "Keep Vaughn away from her; not entirely, but so much: she must not talk in that style, nor be talked to; she doesn't want singing either, nor reading—you can manage it."

He gave her no medicine. When I remarked it, he only said, "I am studying the case; she will not suffer for it."

The days went by—still summer days—and brought us into autumn, with a change, slight but positive, in this mysterious malady. "Was it a breaking of the spell, or only a new form of the disease?" I asked myself, fearfully. There was less of the weary, feverish unquiet—more restful calm. What did it bode?

One night—how well do I remember it!—the 10th of October, I was sitting alone down stairs in the drawing-room, perplexing myself about this very point, when some one came in (it was dusk twilight there)—I could not see whom—came in and shut the door quietly behind them. Lansing—it was not him; he never came unheralded by sound of voice or step like this. A voice spoke my name:

"Miss Sara!"

"Dr. Niles!"

He came and sat down by me.

"Are you quite alone?" was the next thing he said.

"Quite." And I wondered—not long.

"Sara," he began, dropping all title in his earnestness, "have you the faintest fancy what is killing your cousin?"

A slow shiver ran through me. I bent over to look in his face—it was impenetrable; the dim shadows that had spun their misty cobwebs in my brain began to take form and coloring. He was waiting for me to speak. I uttered a confused jargon of words—mere words, it seemed to me—in trying to present my intangible thought. My head was dizzy, my pulse beating in sharp strokes. But he understood; and then his clear, subtle mind revealed itself to me. He translated my dim, vague conception; he gave me the wonderful analysis of his close study, and unfolded to me, for the first time, a delicate marvel. I knew now what was killing my cousin. Do you remember Frank Ellerslie's words to me that night when we talked of Lansing Vaughn: "He is an absorbent to the extent of his own requirements?" Do you remember Mellicent's playful assertion, "I should die of his V?" Prophetic words! She was literally dying of Lansing Vaughn. I can not render into terms Dr. Niles's fine exquisiteness of detail in this explanation; I can only give you bare facts, which are, after all, too aglow with spiritual fire to be meagre. Dying of Lansing Vaughn! Do we not all of us remember presences that exhausted us, that left us charmed but drained for a while—a certain sense of confusion in mind—an excited weariness that kept us waking half the night. Some of us, perhaps, understand this complex simplicity of organism; I do now—I did not then. I thought these two in perfect harmony, because they were moulded of Nature's choicest clay—because their souls kindled at the same subjects, at all lofty themes—because they were young and splendid, and full of genius. They were more than the octave apart for all—separate tones not to be touched together—and yet too like and too unlike for unison. Here is the jar: their physical temperaments were much the same, but his,

strung with man's physical power—a strength always beyond a woman's—outbalanced hers. In his mental, as Ellerslie said, how truly! Vaughn was an absorbent. How subtly, then, upon her peculiarly sympathetic nature this eager, craving spirit fed! How, as under their mistaken relations they knit closer together, the more delicate nature was drained of its aura. Mutually enamored by the youth and splendor of each, they imagined but one result. They belonged together; but in this appropriation lurked a death.

As I said, Dr. Niles explained all this to me with an exquisiteness of detail which I can not command. Enough that I am understood.

After the first flush of feeling passed, I asked, "But how shall we adjust it all? She must die, any way. We can not keep her now, for she loves him."

"No, you are mistaken; so are they. They admire each other—that was the first bond; they love each other with the love of brothers and sisters—nothing more, I do assure you. Time will prove me right. To gain this you shall aid me. There is a quiet family mansion down in Haydon Valley, just a ten miles' ride from here, where I propose that you and she shall visit these lingering autumn days. Lansing, assured that she is rallying, has accepted the post your uncle has been urging upon him; he goes to Washington next week."

"Visit! Who is at Haydon for us to visit?" I inquired.

He turned on me a look of slow surprise.

"Why, my mother and my wife. It is my home, you know."

"Your wife!"

In this great start of amazement I think he read the revelations of my mind—all my thoughts concerning him for the past few weeks. He smiled down upon me, and just said,

"My child, did you think me too old, or too young, to be married? I am nearer forty than you know."

And the smile dropped away into easy gravity.

I asked a hundred questions. One:

"What led you here that night last summer?"

"You may well ask, Sara. I have, often. I think it was God's providence. I had but just come in town from Haydon that night—was sitting absorbed in Roger's book on Things Spiritual and Mundane—when all at once some vivid remembrance of your uncle came over me. In old recollections my reading lost interest; I put it away, got up, and went out; came to this door. Mr. Chester and I were old friends. In the library we sat and talked, and there he told me of his daughter—wished I would go up and see her—take her under my charge, indeed. He remembered I used to have great mesmeric power; would I try and give her some rest from it? So I went up, as you know; and the rest you know also."

It was so, so strange, all of it! I wondered did Mellicent know that he was married. I

would find a way to ask him. I thought I was so adroit when I said,

"Did Mellicent know you—better than I?"

"She knew I was married, Sara"—dropping down upon me that cool gaze—"my wife is her second—no, third cousin; not on your side—on her mother's."

It all broke upon me now. Pauline Delancy—I had forgotten her; forgotten she married Dr. Niles. I remembered a good, friendly person, years ago it seemed to me, whom Mellicent used to go and see, after her mother died. In my memory she stood a plain, brown fact; there was no radiance of beauty or romance about her—and she was Dr. Niles's wife. I knew now what that meant. Dr. Niles—significant of all fineness, and strength, and power! Well, we went to the family mansion, Mellicent and I, and there I found her—Pauline Delancy, Mrs. Niles—a plain, brown fact, indeed, with no radiance of romance or beauty, it is true, but with a halo of kind tenderness all about her. We girls loved her dearly; but I wondered how he came to marry her—our Dr. Niles.

It was marvelous to watch the sure revival of our flower, of Mellicent Ware, in the atmosphere of this quiet home. Slowly but surely the delicate marvel was being wrought. In all this no word of the cause had been spoken to Mellicent.

"Let her alone," he said. "I am much mistaken if she does not comprehend it fully, and better without our suggestion. There will then be no shock to her soul."

We were sitting one afternoon, talking animatedly together—Dr. Niles, Mrs. Niles, Mellicent, and I—talking about hasheesh-eating, De Quincey and his opium frenzy, psychology, biology, mesmerism, and all the marvelous train-of-philosophies—when my ear was aroused by a vigorous stamping on the door-step—some one throwing off the first light snow that had been falling. It was so like—could it be? I glanced at Mellicent; she was listening to Dr. Niles; not a nerve thrilled to any thing outside—he held her. There was a momentary wandering of the Doctor's eye—of his mind. He was cognizant of that step; and as he loosed her attention, she, too, became aware.

The ponderous knocker sounded, the door opened, and that full, persistent voice, unlike any other, rang in to us.

Oh, Lansing Vaughn! How glad he was—and we, too! Who could be any thing else, in sight of that youthful splendor? The flower of the peach, the purple pansy eyes, the perfect-limbed young god!

"And you are all right again, Mellicent? I knew you'd be."

And he swung his hat round with a little triumphant halloo.

"Off on a furlough!" he exclaimed; "so I ran down here."

Three days he staid, monopolizing my cousin utterly, and Dr. Niles looked on without a word, without a gesture of disapproval. Did he think

her strong enough so soon to risk that absorbing presence, day and evening, every hour? I was amazed. By-and-by I understood.

Three days—then in the first jingle of sleigh-bells the bright young fellow went. That night Mellicent came and laid her head down in my lap,

"Sara, I am tired to death." Her hands were dry and hot, her head throbbing. "And, Sara, I know why."

He was right, that wise Dr. Niles. She comprehended, without a suggestion, every shade of the matter. Her intuitions, sharpened by the nervous tension, were clear as a spirit's. Long we sat and talked, and what had seemed so hard a thing to adjust became plainer and simpler as we approached it. Now I knew why our host looked on through the three days so calmly. In that time he knew that she would find the key; and he was right again. The reaction of his presence, after the peaceful days of returning strength, had opened the last door of conviction upon her mind. It needed but one conversation, full and entire, with Dr. Niles to complete her resolve. And the end came, not of affection and friendship, but of that mistaken relation. It was curious the way he took it—Lansing Vaughn. Unconvinced at first, he attempted argument—said we were certainly moon-struck, every one of us; and, finally, went away without a word, but with a lowering brow. Finding her decided, he behaved like a gentleman, gave up the thought of marriage, and returned to Washington again, where he straightway flung himself into society, and became the centre of a small but fine circle of conversationists. Before the winter was over he had formed a close friendship with Miss R—, a woman of wide culture and great strength of mind and purpose, withal not wanting in feminine softness. When I met him there one evening I saw how it was—the threads of habit were taken up again. He did not fancy himself in love with Miss R—, but he had found another orbit to swing in; he had found mental food—a personal presence wherein he was at home. There leave him; and to return. Back again to her harmonies of health and strength went Mellicent Ware; but with the light of a wonderful experience transfiguring her loveliness into a soft splendor that outshone her first rosy bloom, as the tender moon-rays transcend the glare of day.

The next summer Dr. Niles suddenly announced his departure for the East again. Why was he so restless? I wondered. Had he no power of rest for himself, who gave so much to others? Did he lose, I marveled, in this giving? Did he? I asked him the question. He dropped his cool gaze down upon me; it was colder than a glacier, I thought, for a moment. Then he answered quietly, a little wearily,

"No, I do not lose in giving; but I am not 'well here.'"

So he went. I cried, and kissed him goodbye; but Mellicent only shook hands with him very gravely, and wished him a safe journey. Mrs. Pauline did better than either of us. She



packed his trunks, and attended to all the little bother of preparation, making no fuss of tears or kissing, but bidding him be careful of himself—which counsel he returned warmly, adding, that she always thought of that for others more than herself. Then he turned—he was just going to the carriage, I remember—put his hat down, and held her a moment to his side, saying, tenderly,

"Good-by, my dear, kind Pauline; if any thing should happen—my papers you know are in the inner drawer of the cabinet—all goes to you and mother."

I never forgot this somehow.

Oh, he was always good and true!

"If any thing should happen:" we all thought of but one thing to happen—that he might die; but something else happened, something so unlooked for I could not realize it for a long time. Death came, it is true, but not to him in Eastern lands, beneath the palm-tree and the tent; it stole softly in one day to a low bright room, whose west windows overlooked a green valley, and laid its finger of silence on the good, kind wife. Something had happened indeed—Pauline Delancy, Mrs. Niles was dead!

A year went by, Dr. Niles yet wandering in the East; he would not come back soon now, they said, Haydon would be so lonely without Pauline. A year and a half—would he never come?

"Yes, I know he will," Mellicent answered briefly, at my ejaculation. We were sitting in the little tower room that day, so like another day I remembered, and it was at sunset; purple and amber and frost white were the clouds, and Mellicent was lying upon the low lounge, with the sun's rays shining on her hair of gold. All at once she starts up.

"Did you hear, Sara?"

"What?"

"A footstep, Sara!—his—Dr. Niles—don't laugh at me, dear. There!" Still I heard nothing; how should I? it was for her.

But presently to my ears came that far, far ring of a bell.

She made three paces through the room, a pale pink flush suffused her skin, and a new look shot into her eyes.

"Sara, he is coming!" There was a quick hurrying tread, up the stairs it sounded. He had come! I was somehow the first to greet him, and my greeting was the same as my good-by; I cried and kissed him. He let me go, and turned to her. "Mellicent!" They regarded each other a moment, then he opened his arms. "Mellicent!" She lay upon his breast. She had found her rest—so had he. They belonged together, that is all. The world slides away, here is heaven at last! God rest us all!

### MY UNCLE.

"MY Uncle" is a cosmopolitan. As has been observed by Mr. Dickens in the *Household Words*, he is an extremely useful member

of society; but as has *not* been observed by Mr. Dickens, he is also an extremely ancient avuncular relative; and as most relatives of that class have histories of one kind or another, it is not to be supposed that some record of his life is not extant. Therefore, in looking up the facts concerning "My Uncle's" birth and pedigree, I am convinced that I shall perform an interesting and agreeable duty, and shall find ample assistance in the pages of chronology and family biography.

Every body knows who "My Uncle" is at present; if not, I will refer them to the article "Up the Spout" in *Harper's*, for October, 1859, where they will be enabled to satisfy themselves as to his present existence, and the part he plays in the *Musque* of life.

One gloomy day, in the year of grace, 14—, the City of Padua, in the States of Lombardo-Venetia, lay within its stone walls and its seven gates, while the traffic in the market-place went on with the busy hum and noise common among the money-making Jews of that respectable city on market-day. Times were hard in Padua, as indeed they were through all Italy, and the unhappy citizens were nearly all engaged in discounting, renewing, coaxing, beating down, and reviling the Hebrew money-changers in every idiom known to their fluent tongues and rich language. It was noon, and business was at its height, when a sudden excitement seemed to sway the crowd on the *Prato*, and immediately thereafter a loud voice was heard as the speaker approached the money-changers, whose tones betokened excitement of no light character.

The figure of a Minorite friar, in the quaint garb of his order, gesticulating and haranguing the populace at high noon on a market-day, was no common sight to the Paduans, and for a moment their woes were forgotten as they turned to listen to the barefooted Padre. By the tumult that preceded and followed him it was soon discovered that his remarks were calculated to discompose the busy Jews, and their effect was soon observed. At the highest pitch of his voice, Francisco di Viterbo called down anathemas upon the heads of the usurers and the brokers of the day. Characterizing them as grinders of the poor and robbers of the widow and the orphan, he prayed the wealthy merchants who listened to him, to lend their efforts to further a scheme he had thought upon to save these poor wretches about him from misery and starvation. The scheme was only that the rich should lend gratuitously to the poor on pledges or pawns, and so relieve their wants without risk or sacrifice, and at the same time suppress the accursed Jews, who, like vampires, fluttered about the city sucking the life-blood of the needy.

The friar was listened to with attention, and, what was more, he was heard with satisfaction. On that day "My Uncle" was born.

I do not wish to have it imagined that there was never any thing pawned before the Minorite friar thought upon his pawnbrokerage establishment. Because I know very well that the same

institution, modified, however, according to the differing manners and customs of different nations and periods, had existed centuries before. But the modern pawnbroker's shop, the home of "My Uncle," owes its existence to the preaching of that barefooted friar on the *Prato* of Padua.

Now, as may be supposed, the Jews were not going to give up their usurious practices without a struggle, and also, as in the case of every good and great discovery or invention, the poor people, whom it was calculated to benefit, fought against the new system and their own interests as tenaciously as any body. The different church-orders arrayed themselves for and against the money-lenders, as their tastes or interests inclined them; the Dominicans against them, the Franciscans for them—indeed, the Franciscans were themselves, in many instances, money-lenders, and more usurious than the Jews. So they preached through the country, until the Pope issued a Bull, charging every one to refrain from upholding the money-lenders, and attacking the new institution on pain of excommunication: and then the excitement subsided.

Pawnbroking shops were soon established in all the large towns in Italy; Assisi, Mantua, Parma, Naples, and Rome, counted them among their business marts; then they spread into other countries, and Germany, France, and Russia adopted them. These establishments were known under the titles of "Lombard Houses," "Mons Pietatis," "Mons de Piété," "Banco di Roveré," "Exchange Banks," etc. In Rome, Gregory VIII. established a bank of deposit for widows and orphans, whose deposits were guaranteed by a lien on the goods of the bank. Sextus V. added to this permission to deposit goods and articles of any value, and of every description. Soon this establishment—a combination of two ideas—reached a height of wealth and splendor unexampled in the history of banking, and was frequently enabled to loan immense sums to states and sovereigns. In Turin the Jews held the money power, and 80 per cent. was common interest among them. In 1519 a *Mont de Piété* was established here, and, as every where else, with the happiest results. But as they charged no interest their capital was soon exhausted, and they were obliged to close; the "Compagnie de St. Paul," however, came to their rescue, and by establishing it on a new basis, charging 2 per cent. interest to pay expenses, the institution flourished with renewed vigor, and was soon enabled to make loans without interest as before. This establishment lasted until near the end of the last century, when it disappeared in the midst of the political convulsions of that period. It was, however, again reopened in 1822. The "Mont" of Milan is a union of thirty-six private establishments, and is one of the largest in Italy; it is now nearly four hundred years old. It was, like the others, affected by the various political catastrophes of the country, and at one time disappeared entirely. In 1833 its capital was 671,000 Austrian livres,

its charge for interest being 6 per cent. In 1830 it made 86,126 loans, on pawns valued at 1,137,000 livres, on which they loaned about three-fourths of the valuation. Among the earlier establishments in Italy was one at Cremona for lending corn at interest; it was called "*Mons frumenti pietatis*."

The custom of charging interest, which has obtained among "*Mons de Piété*" ever since, was licensed in 1515, when the Lateran Council in Rome decided that these banks could lawfully charge sufficient interest to pay expenses. At Rome the charge was about 6½ per cent. per annum; this rate has been greatly increased, however, and at present the charges vary in different countries and cities. In Holland the interest has been as high as 56 per cent., in Ireland 25 per cent.; France about 15 per cent.; in America the charge is usually 25 per cent.; and in England 20 per cent. per annum. In Italy the charges for interest are much less than in other countries, varying between 4 and 6 per cent., while small loans are there made gratuitously. When Napoleon entered Italy, in 1796, he plundered the "*Mons de Piété*" of their treasures, consisting in many instances of valuable plate and diamonds. The charge of the "*Mons de Piété*" in Italy, is, in most instances, placed in the hands of distinguished individuals, who count it an honor to be thus employed, and who do their work without requiring any reward; the expenses being thus very small, they are enabled to keep the interest down to a very low per centage.

"*Monts de Piété*" were established in Paris under Louis XIII. in 1726, and at Marseilles in 1695. This institution in Paris has become a type of the class, and at present is probably the largest in the world. The rate of interest charged is 9 per cent.; it employs a capital of from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000, and usually has between 600,000 and 700,000 articles in its possession. The revenue of this immense establishment is about \$250,000 per annum, with an expenditure for expenses of \$90,000. The money loaned by this "*Mont*" has been calculated to be equivalent to 80 francs per annum to every family in Paris. Although the Paris "*Mont*" commenced its existence under Louis XIII. it met with little success, and soon failed. In 1769 Turgot made an effort to establish it, but it was not until 1777, under Necker's administration, that letters patent were obtained. During the Revolution its functions were suspended, but revived in 1804. The building of the "*Mont*" was erected in 1786, in the Rue des Blancs Manteaux, No. 18; it was destroyed during the Revolution, and rebuilt. The present building is very extensive, having occupied five years in building. Five years after the original establishment of the "*Mont*," there were no less than 40,000 watches alone in its vaults; indeed it sometimes possesses as many as forty casks of gold watches.

There are altogether forty-five "*Monts de Piété*" in France, the one in Paris doing a larger

business than all the others; those of Lyons and Marseilles are rated next in extent. In Paris the city is divided into districts, in each of which is an agent of the principal establishment, who facilitates the business, which would be overcrowded if all visited the same building. Six per cent. of the charges for interest go to the stockholders; the balance, after deducting expenses, is divided among the poor.

A "Mont de Piété" was established at Copenhagen, in Denmark, in 1688, and flourished in private hands until 1753, when it was purchased by the Naval Hospital for 6000 Rix bank dollars—about \$3000. The rate of interest throughout Scandinavia was from 9 to 12 per cent.

The first "Monté Pio" in Spain was opened at Madrid in 1703; and in 1778 an attempt was made to place it in the hands of the Government. At the "Monté" in Valencia farmers are supplied with money to purchase feed, and are charged no interest; fishermen are also supplied with boats and nets. At this "Monté," as well as in those of Malaga and Galicia, the capital arises from vacant benefices, termed *Eapólios y vacantes*.

The two Russian "Monts de Piété" were established in September, 1772, "to put an end to the devouring cupidity of the usurers, by offering prompt assistance to those who are so unfortunate as to be suddenly thrown into need." The income from these "Monts," over the expenses, goes to aid in supporting the "Hospice des enfants trouvées," which has ever been an object of fostering care on the part of the Russian Government. The rate of interest in Russia was six per cent., but increased to twelve per cent; at present the borrower pays only legal interest. During the first twenty years of its existence the St. Petersburg "Mont" paid a net profit of 500,000 rubles (about the same number of dollars). During this period, and until six years later, the average value of the articles deposited was from \$30 to \$100 each; but from 1830 the value increased largely, showing the "Mont" to have been used more extensively by the nobility and gentry than by the more indigent. But in that country the nobleman does not consider it any greater disgrace to apply for assistance to the "Mont" than we do to ask for aid at a bank: without hesitation, he will drive with his stately equipage to the door of the "Lombard" and deposit his plate, worth perhaps thousands of rubles. Frequently, in the absence of families from Moscow, they will deposit their plate at the "Mont" merely for the security afforded them. In 1813, when Napoleon marched on Moscow, the amount loaned by the "Mont" exceeded five times the usual average. In 1817 the St. Petersburg "Mont" lost, by a "breach of trust," over one million of dollars. The profit to the "Mont," in 1813, amounted to more than \$300,000.

I have thus glanced at the more prominent establishments of this class in Europe, and come now to those of the British Islands.

Now, as long as "My Uncle" had remained

upon the Continent, he had continued to retain some quantity of charity in his composition, and had indeed performed many benevolent acts; but he grew old and miserly, and, unhappily for his reputation, he left the genial climate of his native land, and traveling northward, crossed over to England. The result of this change was that he lost his character, and became known by the title of "pawnbroker." Whether this is to be attributed to the climate or the people I can not say; but although the old, sacred institution of the Mont de Piété has often been attempted in these countries it has always been without success, except in a single instance. Mr. Barrington, after visiting the principal European establishments of the kind, established one in Limerick, in 1837, which assisted, in a great degree, to relieve the sufferings and embarrassments of that unhappy period.

It is not known when the Jews first entered into England. Traces of them have been discovered, showing that they were there before the Norman Conquest; and under several reigns they continued to be so useful to the Court that various benefits were conferred upon them, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the people. William II. refused to allow them to become converts to Christianity, fearing that, with their religion, they might perchance lose their capacity for money-getting, and thus their ability to serve the crown. It is curious, however, that, until the reign of Henry II., they were only allowed to bury their dead in the city of London. The popular feeling against them continued to increase; and in the time of Richard "Cœur de Lion," as the readers of Walter Scott will remember, an outbreak occurred and a public demonstration was made against them, which, for a time, threatened their extermination. From this period they became the recipients of similar acts on the part of the populace, and Henry III. sold all the Jews in his realm to his brother for 5000 merks. In the following reign all the Jews in the kingdom were expelled, and upward of 15,000 were deprived of their possessions and forced to flee the country.

"My Uncle," as near as I can learn from family documents in the possession of his descendants, made his first appearance in the British Islands about the sixteenth century. Leaving the province of Lombardy, where he had dwelt for some time previously, he passed through Central Europe, and journeying northward, took a steamer of the period at Calais or Marseilles for London. His reputation had preceded him, but unfortunately had been so warped in the transit, that he was looked upon only as a Lombard, which was polite for a usurer and a thief. "My Uncle," undaunted by the cold reception which he met, set up his little establishment in a street in London, which was immediately and ever after known as Lombard Street. In order to prevent all mistakes, he placed over his door the arms of his family—viz., three golden balls. There is, perhaps, no instance of a similar amount of doubt and dis-



cussion having ever been caused by a street-sign as was created by this act of "My Uncle." From the family papers to which I have before alluded I have been enabled to procure a statement of the facts of the case, which, I trust, will set the question at rest for the future. "My Uncle" belonged to the wealthy and important family of the *Medici*, who obtained their name from their profession, which was originally that of druggists, apothecaries, or doctors. To enable the seeker after cure to discover at a glance the character of their business, they hung over their door a sign on which was painted *three golden pills*.

In after years, when the family had become prosperous—when the *Medici* were alike celebrated in all Europe for wealth and public spirit—when the finest galleries of paintings and statuary were theirs, and painters and sculptors owed their position and prosperity to the fostering care and patronage of this noble house—there was then conferred upon them the right to bear as arms the golden pills of their ancestors. The *Medici* became great bankers; and when "My Uncle" traveled so far to extend the business of the house, what was more proper than that he should distinguish himself by the arms of the family? But various tales have been told, and various erroneous and disgraceful deductions drawn, concerning these three unhappy golden spheres. Thus it has been said they signified that it was two to one against the borrower, possibly reasoning from the fact.

Then it is stated that from the "*tres boules d'or*" the Troubadours obtained their poetic appellation—a philological statement in which I have little faith. But I can not refrain from giving a legend, which seems so beautiful that I could almost wish, for the sake of "My Uncle," that it were true. Thus it runs:

"Now in that city (Panthera, in the province of Lycia, in Asia Minor) there dwelt a certain nobleman, who had three daughters; and, from being very rich, he became poor—so poor, that there remained no means of obtaining food for his daughters but by sacrificing them to an infamous life; and oftentimes it came into his mind to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb.

"Meantime the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat; and their father became more and more desperate. When (St.) Nicholas heard of this, he thought it shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land; therefore, one night when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and tying it up in a handkerchief, he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known; and while he stood irresolute, the moon, coming from behind a cloud, showed him a window open; so he threw it in, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it he portioned his eldest daughter.

"A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night; and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch; and when the good Saint came, for the third time, and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe, and flung himself at his feet, saying, 'Oh, Nicholas, servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?' And he kissed his feet and his hand. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man. And many other charitable works did Nicholas perform in his native city.

"These three purses of gold, or, as they are more customarily figured, these three golden balls, disposed in exact pawnbroker fashion, are to this day the recognized special emblem of the charitable St. Anthony."

Now "the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it;" and it is not in the least improbable that the monks who first established the charitable "*Monts de Piété*" should have taken for a sign the emblem of St. Nicholas of charitable memory. However, as this is only a family tradition, I am not prepared to accept it, but rather lean toward the more worldly theory of the arms of the *Medici*.

So the establishment of "My Uncle" in Lombard Street grew and flourished, and became rich and important, until many other similar establishments were opened in different parts of London and the rest of England; so that in 1842 there were no less than 383 pawnbrokers in London, 1804 in the rest of England and Wales, and 133 in Scotland. From the licenses of these pawnbrokers the Government received some \$80,000 annually.

The first establishment of this kind in Scotland was started in 1806, but lasted only six months. Another was established in 1813, and since that time they have formed a necessary part of the social economy of the country.

This system of pawnbroking early found its way to America, and has become an institution with us. At present there are about fifty pawnbrokers' establishments in the city of New York, all properly licensed, besides many which are not licensed. It is gratifying to learn that, in proportion to the population, the business done among our pawnbrokers is far less than that of England or other countries. In 1824 an attempt was made to establish a "*Mont de Piété*" in New York, under the title of the "*New York Lombard Association*," with a capital of \$200,000. Its charter fixed the rate of interest at 15 per cent. on all sums under \$50; 12½ per cent. between \$50 and \$100; and 8 per cent. on all transactions over \$200. This establishment continued in existence until 1836, when its affairs were wound up, as it was found that the business would not pay the stockholders.

As I have in a previous article exhibited the internal working of our pawnbrokers' shops, I will now leave the United States, and, traveling

rapidly westward, will refer briefly to the same institution in the Far East.

How "My Uncle" ever chanced to go to China I can not discover, or when; but as we find traces of almost every ancient or modern discovery or invention in the strange land of the Celestials, it is not wonderful that we should there find the pawnbroker.

From an intelligent young Chinaman, rejoicing under the name of KI-YUNG, I learn that pawnbroking is considered in China to be as respectable as any other trade or calling. The brokers are generally a high class of merchants, having great wealth, and are generally respected. The sign "*tong*" answers the purpose of the three balls, and is generally to be found over a spacious and elegant mansion, seeming to be a dwelling-house. The money of the country, consisting of *cash*, *vuns*, *zes*, and *bangs*, may be reckoned at  $\frac{1}{12}$  of a cent to the *cash*, 7 *cash* to the *vun*, 70 to the *zes*, and 700 to the *bang*, increasing in a ratio of one to ten. In pawning an article there usually occurs a little argument between the pawnier and the clerk as to its value—the clerk depreciating as the owner elevates. One-half the present value of the article is usually loaned upon it.

All articles are redeemable within three years, paying interest at the rate of twelve per cent. During the winter months the rate of interest is reduced, as the amount of pawning is much greater at that season.

Besides the licensed pawnbrokers there are others who charge ten per cent. per month interest, and if not redeemed sell the pawn at the end of three months.

At Shanghai the pawnbrokers' shops are the largest buildings in the city; they seem like old castles, having walls thirty or forty feet high. After a great inundation in Canton the Government levied on each pawnbroker in the city (about 830) to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate.

These establishments are extremely plenty in China; one meets them at almost every turn; and as they are usually very wealthy, they are the especial favorites of the *banditti*, who plunder them without mercy whenever an opportunity offers.

Not one pledge in ten in China is ever redeemed. The laws in relation to pawnbroking are very strict; but by bribing the government officials the brokers manage to escape the penalties. A traveler states that, in a large establishment at Ningpo, he found a bell, and an idol of the Goddess of Mercy, made of bronze and ten inches high. They had been pawned by a neighboring Buddhist nunnery, and the pawnbroker offered to sell the idol for two dollars and a half. As the Chinese place no confidence in word or bond, they will only lend money on pledge, and the business thus done is therefore enormous.

In Siam, the custom in pawnbroking is different from that of any other country: thus, if the lender receives as a pledge a productive ar-

ticle, as cattle, carts, or other articles which may be rendered remunerative, he is not allowed to charge interest; but the usual method is to pledge the person and property of the borrower. If the sovereign lends money from the treasury, he is entitled to charge seventy-five per cent. interest; while private individuals can charge half that sum. When the interest amounts to the sum lent it ceases, unless a new agreement be made.

In Hindostan, the pawnbrokers lend principally to the farmers, taking grain in pledge; they sometimes have capital to the extent of four or five lacs of rupees.

In Morocco the Jews have the lending business in their hands, and loan on pledges at the rate of about forty per cent per annum.

Having thus glanced at the pawnbroking institution throughout the world; having traced "My Uncle" from Rome to London, and from New York to Siam—I will close this bit of family history with a few lines descriptive of the popular idea of "My Uncle," assuring the public that it is an entirely erroneous one, and founded upon a mistaken view of his acts. "The money-lender," says Douglas Jerrold, "moves stealthily as an *ague*: as though haunted by the memory of a thousand acts that have written him down in the private memoranda of Lucifer. Had he lived in Spain, he would have made an excellent familiar of the Inquisition; he would with demoniacal complacency have applied the thumb-screw, the burning pincers, and the molten lead. Born in England, bred an attorney, and adding to his professional cares the anxieties of money-lender, he is yet enabled to satisfy his natural and acquired lust of evil, and he therefore gets up costs. He has never stood at the bar of a police-office, and yet his hands are dyed with the blood of broken hearts."

## STORY OF A GRAY SHAWL.

**C**LATTER, clatter! gallop, gallop! And away flew the iron horse, with his fire-breathing nostrils, tearing through mountain gorges and moonlit valleys, and rushing madly through midnight tunnels, in the wild heart of the Alleghanies.

It was grand—this unchecked, north wind kind of motion—this exhilarating consciousness of annihilation of time and space!

Some such novel and sublime thought as this was swelling the heart of a small individual, who sat, tucked up into a round lump, with her feet under her, and a dark tartan shawl converting her into an indistinguishable mass, in the corner of one of the high-backed seats in a Pennsylvania sleeping-car. Traveling alone, all the way from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia—the only crinoline in a car full of rough overcoats, at night—one would have thought Miss Sylvia Swan's reflections would scarcely have been of so gushing an order. But the young woman, being sensible as well as sentimental, had got over her first horrors on perceiving that nobody stared at her and nobody spoke to her, and was

enjoying the exhilarating sensation of a first railroad ride by night, through a mountainous country, with all the enthusiasm of a school-girl just emancipated from gall and bondage.

She gazed out of the narrow window at the tall trees flitting by like black spectres, and laughed at the moon vainly striving to overtake them in their mad race; then as her glance fell upon a certain "bright, particular star," whose clear, soft ray seemed like a look from a loving eye, she remembered what dear eyes, now left far behind, were keeping their promise of watching this same star at this hour, and thus establishing a link between the severed soul-sisters!

Sentiment had it now; and Syl—(her school-mates never thought of giving her the whole of her romantic appellation)—leaned back in her seat, with a quivering face, and thought over all the "nice times," the hair-breadth 'scapes and scrapes, she had had at school; the dear five hundred friends, to say nothing of her "own peculiar," whom she had left, perhaps, forever; the girlhood slipping away behind her, as it were, the mystic, fateful womanhood stealing on, and came very near making a dissolving view of herself in a flood of tears.

But a bright thought of the delights awaiting her at her journey's end came happily to the rescue; the dear friend who was to meet her in Philadelphia, and escort her to the far-famed city of Gotham, of which Syl's eager fancy had drawn a most marvelous picture; the beloved sister dwelling there; the lions and elephants she was to see! She remembered, too, the long, tender epistles, crossed and recrossed, which were to be as carrier-doves between herself and the loved ones she had left, and was comforted enough to allow of her beginning to grow sleepy.

The car was filled with individuals in all stages of somnolence—some sitting bolt upright, and nodding ludicrously in their efforts to maintain that dignified posture; some doubled up in corners; others, more bold, defying public opinion, had bound their handkerchiefs about their brows to break the jolts, and resting their heads upon the tall backs of the seats in front, rode on in triumphant unconsciousness, regardless of the bobbing bandanas, and pouring forth sounds, "long-drawn" certainly, whether "sweet" or not.

It was a very ridiculous picture altogether, and Syl dreaded contributing her share toward it; but her sleepy blue eyes positively refused to remain open any longer. So, congratulating herself for once upon her dumpy stature, she doubled her little feet under her, and laid herself down across the seat, her head resting on the cushioned arm, with her hand under the plump cheek to "soften the thumps."

All sorts of kaleidoscopic visions flitted past her eyes for a few moments; the thunderous rush of the train sounded in her ears like the distant fall of a cascade; and soon came blissful unconsciousness, and she was sleeping soundly

as a tired child—so soundly, that she was only dimly aware of "somebody doing something," when presently a kind hand raised the weary, jolted head, with all its heavy curls drooping over the slumber-flushed face, and slipped beneath it a great traveling-shawl, folded into the most comfortable of pillows.

So the strange night passed, and Syl slept sweetly, and dreamed she was in her own little white cot in the boarding-school dormitory, until, presto! a fierce snort, an abrupt jerk that almost threw her from her seat, and she awoke, with her fellow-passengers, to the consciousness of late morning, a pouring rain, and "something the matter with the engine."

Poor Syl! Every body else had some one to discuss the accident with. She did not venture to ask any questions, but gathered from what was said around her that the engine was hopelessly out of order, and there was nothing to be done but to wait upon the road until another could be brought from Harrisburgh. Pleasant prospect! Her friend would be at the Philadelphia dépôt seeking but not finding her; she would arrive in that great, strange city all alone—late in the day—and what ever would become of her? Meanwhile there was nothing to console her under this despairing reflection but the complaints of tired and hungry passengers within, and without the ceaseless, sullen rain.

But Syl had a brave little spirit, which refused to be discouraged at the first trial of its strength; and she settled herself in her corner, determined not to be the least bit impatient of the delay, nor even anxious as to what the end would be, but wait to see what course events would take as imperturbably as though she were the most experienced of travelers.

It took all her resolution, however, to keep back that little quick temper of hers during the long, dreary hour of waiting; but at length, before the pout on her rosy face had settled into an absolute "sulk," the puff! puff! of the coming locomotive was heard nigh at hand, and in a few moments more they were again dashing on their way through the golden autumn fields of the thrifty Deutschland of America.

It was long past nine, however, when they reached the tidy little capital—"and they *should* have been there by seven!" thought Syl, in despair, remembering her appointment to be in Philadelphia by two. But it was no use worrying about it, for they were to change cars here, and she must summon all her wits, and not appear stupid or frightened. And then there was that shawl! Which one of all those rough men, jostling and bustling so to get out of the car, could have placed it under her head? What was she to do with it? There was nothing to be done but to leave it on the seat; the owner would probably look after his own property; though, to be sure, she would like to thank him for his kindness. And yet she should be ashamed, too. The idea of going to sleep, and having to be cared for like a baby!

Syl colored as she smiled at the thought; and



then saying to herself that it was probably only the conductor after all, she got up and made her way out of the car. And she never noticed a gentleman, who was stooping down, busy with his carpet-bag, in the seat just behind her, and who, with a comical smile on his face, proceeded to take possession of the mysterious garment, and followed her out into the street with it hanging carelessly over his arm.

But as she sat, looking idly out of the window of the Philadelphia car which she had entered, waiting until the hungry passengers should have swallowed their ten minutes' breakfast, and the train get under way, Syl caught a glimpse of the veritable gray plaid coming out of the door of the railroad house, and had time to take a satisfactory survey of the wearer's face as he crossed the track to enter one of the cars.

"What a *good* face he has!" thought the child, with a little throb of gratitude, while the quick color rose again in her cheek. "He *looks* like a man who would put a pillow under a poor tired head, and never stay to be thanked. Dear me! I only wish I knew him, and that he was to take care of me all the way. It is so dreary this traveling alone, and being detained, and missing one's escort, and every thing!"

Poor Syl sighed—a long tired sigh; she was beginning to feel almost discouraged. She ventured presently to look behind her, as the noise of tramping feet announced that the train was rapidly filling up, but she did not see any thing that looked like a gray traveling shawl; and putting aside all hope of help or comfort in that quarter, she prepared to endure the day's solitary journey as best she might.

The various dainties with which the loving hands of her schoolmates had supplied her little traveling-basket kept her from feeling sick or faint; and she had the last *Harper* for a companion: then the rain had ceased, and the country, through which they were dashing at such exhilarating speed, looked very beautiful in its mellow autumn richness; so that the hours wore away far less wearily than our little traveler had feared, and long before she had expected it, the spires of the Quaker City were discerned in the distance, and the impatient passengers began to gather up their various scattered chattels, and make ready for the inevitable rush which is, of course, the only orthodox method of egress from cars or steamboats.

"Oh dear! if I only might find him after all waiting for me! We have come so fast—only an hour behind time!" thought Syl, her heart beating as if it were away up in her throat; and when the conductor came round collecting checks, she ventured to ask him timidly if he wouldn't please look out for a gentleman—a tall gentleman with dark hair—who would maybe be there to meet her.

The man of much business and few words gave her a hasty nod in reply, and with this she had to be content and strive to possess her soul in patience; but it seemed now as though the train *never* would stop; and after it actually had

reached the dépôt, and the hurrying throng had poured out of the car, leaving her alone and trembling, the moments appeared like hours until the conductor approached.

"Nobody at all waiting at the dépôt, Miss," said he, not unkindly, but as though time was very precious to him. "What d'ye think ye'll do? Goin' on to York, wasn't you? Baggage checked all the way through. Next train leaves in half an hour—have a carriage, and go right on, or go to a hotel? In a hurry, if you please, Miss."

Poor Syl! there was no time to think, and if there had been, she would not have known what was best to do. Her friend had, of course, been to the station and gone, whither she knew not; perhaps he would be on that very train for New York, thinking she had deferred the day of her departure from school. Or even if he were to return at the hour for the next arrival to look for her, she could not wait alone at that public place with night coming on. No, there was a chance of her meeting him—she had better go right on.

So she told the conductor, and then sat down again, with a sinking heart, to wait till he should procure a carriage. She heard him stop and speak to some one—evidently a gentleman from the tone of his voice; and when he presently returned, and handed her to the coach, she was sure she saw a gray shawl fitting into another vehicle which followed directly behind hers on the route to the New York dépôt.

There seemed to be a little mystery about it all which began to excite Syl's curiosity; but she had little time to puzzle herself about it, for a very few minutes brought her again in the midst of the bustle and confusion she so dreaded; the horrid shouting hackmen, the jostling porters, and hurrying throng of passengers, all eager to get the first tickets and best seats; and the poor child's only thought was how to steal in most unobserved, and wait the last dreary hours until at length the end should come!

For she saw no sign of her friend among all the crowd of men, neither did the gray shawl appear; but the coachman said as she gave him his fare,

"If you'll give me the money, Miss, I'll get your ticket for you. The gentleman told me."

"What gentleman?" thought Syl, with an impulse of wonder, and again that quick-springing glow. "Not the conductor!" But she felt grateful for the offer, no matter whose suggestion it was, and was inexpressibly relieved to have her ticket placed in her hand, and be able to enter the car directly and be seated, without having to wait her turn amidst the jostling crowd at the ticket-office.

Once more she was in comparative quiet and privacy; but the excitement and hurry, and the giving up of the last hope of meeting her friend, had been too much for her nerves; and the poor child, drawing her vail closely over her face, leaned her head against the window and cried—a long quiet cry to herself. It made her feel

better: the tears relieved that tightness in the throat which had seemed almost like strangulation; but her head still ached sadly, and the sense of loneliness and friendlessness, the quick-coming night, and the dread of entering the great wicked city all alone so late, made her almost ill. It seemed as though the ceaseless motion of the cars, the unending rush and clatter of their wheels, would haunt her always; and she longed, like a sick child whose mother is away, to be safe and at rest in her sister's arms. How anxious her sister would be, when the hour came, and the expected travelers came not with it! The tears started again full and fast with the thought, and Syl had really to make a brave effort, and summon up all her self-control, her hope, and her faith, to aid her in enduring those heavy hours.

At one of the way stations an immense old lady got in, with a basket almost as huge as herself, and there being no other seat vacant in the car, deposited her ponderosity beside Syl's little figure, which, shrunk away up in the corner, left plenty of room. She had a fat, comfortable face, and a mellow, kindly voice; and it quite roused up our little traveler, the having to answer her deprecations of crowding her, and her good-natured abuse of the narrow accommodations of rail-cars. It was an absolute comfort to be able to speak to any one. But it was not of long duration; her new friend was kindly enough, but seemed to be of a taciturn and somnolent habit; she soon settled herself into a comfortable posture and closed her eyes; and by-and-by, the deep breathings from her expansive chest announced to Syl that there was no diversion of her weary, anxious thoughts to be expected from that quarter.

She turned to the window; darkness was gathering thickly without, and it strained her eyes to attempt to descry the objects past which they were rapidly speeding. She suffered the lids to fall wearily over them, and leaning her head upon the sash, strove to let patience have its perfect work. A sudden stopping of the train presently, accompanied with a confusion of voices, loud talking and laughing, aroused her from her reverie; the door was flung open, and a whole band of firemen in uniform burst noisily in, and made a general scramble for the seats which were being vacated by passengers who stopped here. The one immediately in front of Syl had been turned over, facing hers, by some family party who had occupied it previously, and the poor girl devoutly hoped that none of these merry gentry would get possession of that.

And they did not: a gentleman in a citizen's dress pressed toward it, and seated himself directly in front of Syl and her companion, without restoring the bench to its proper position.

"Impertinent!" thought Syl, indignantly; but just then the fat old lady, who had been aroused from her nap by the noisy entrance of the firemen, called her attention to their gay and gallant appearance.

"As sure as I live they are Albany boys!"

she exclaimed, enthusiastically; "the bravest fellows in the world. I'm an Albany woman—and I know 'em well. They've been on a trip to Philadelphia. Ain't they a fine-looking set?"

Syl shrugged her shoulders, and said nothing, but the gentleman opposite made a gracious bow, and said, blandly,

"No doubt, Madam, the finest band in the country; glad to hear you're from Albany, Madam; my native city—fine place!"

The Albany lady's good-will was won at once, and an animated conversation was instantly commenced between them. Syl leaned back wearily and took no part in it, though the stranger, appearing to suppose that she was the daughter of the amiable old lady, tried in every way to draw her to join them. Her answers were monosyllabic; and after a while silence again prevailed, for her somnolent companion dropped to sleep, and the gentleman opposite was obliged to stop talking for lack of an interlocutor.

Syl folded her handkerchief between her forehead and the sharp wood-work, and rested her head against the window; it was not a very comfortable position, and as she moved uneasily the handkerchief fell. Her *vis-à-vis* picked it up quickly, and restored it with a bow and smile, which Syl thought intrusive, and acknowledged only by a languid nod. The individual was not to be rebuffed, however.

"You seem fatigued," said he, the thing usually said on such occasions. "Come on from Baltimore, probably?"

"No, Pittsburgh," replied Syl, laconically.

"Ah! been at school there, I presume?"

"What business is that of yours?" thought Syl, indignantly; but his look was that of a gentleman, and his tone and manner very respectful, though his words were inquisitive. It would be unpleasant to have a scene, so she merely said, in a *concluding* kind of tone,

"No, near there."

"At Canonsburg, I suppose? No? Jefferson then? Indeed! I spent a week once at that charming little town, and visited a cousin of mine at your seminary. That was before *your* time, however!" and here he bowed again, with a complimentary smile. Syl looked at him a little more observingly than before. He was certainly a very stylish-looking personage, with dark curling locks, brilliant black eyes, and such a mustache! His costume was in faultless taste, and his one unkidded hand was white as a woman's, and wore a large diamond that glittered in the dim light.

"How handsome he is, and how well-dressed!" thought Syl, with school-girlish interest. "And how odd he should know about our seminary! I am sure he must be a nice person; I am glad I was not rude to him."

It really seemed like a kind of comfort and protection to meet any one who had visited the beloved seminary to this poor little lamb who had just left that sheltering fold, and was feeling all astray. Her pleasure showed itself in the timid, eager look with which she listened to the

stranger's announcement, and he did not fail to follow up the favorable impression.

"I was present at one of your examinations once," he continued, "and I never was more astonished in my life. We students, in my college days, never could have gone through such a mill as those pretty young girls, in their innocent white dresses, went through that day!"

Syl colored with pleased pride; had not *she* just passed through one of those fiery ordeals in triumph, and crossed the "fool's bridge" with flying colors? So she answered in a little deprecating tone,

"Oh, it is nothing when one gets used to it. They *cram* desperately at the seminary:" and then the ice was broken, and they were floating away on the stream of school-talk and small-talk; and Syl found herself chattering away in the most unreserved and vivacious strain about all manner of things, to this self-presented acquaintance of an hour. Some little compunctious visitings obtruded themselves now and then; "but then he knew about the seminary, and probably her principal was acquainted with him. She was sure he was a gentleman, and of course he would attend to her when they got to that dreadful New York; and it was so horrible sitting alone conjuring up all sorts of dangers and troubles to come!" And so *she* talked and *he* talked; and at length there came the unearthly whistle, the final jerk, and lo! New York!

"The wrong side of the river," however, as her mustached friend informed the eager child, who was ready to jump out into the darkness, and rush off alone in her half-crazy excitement at the thought of being actually at her sister's home. There was the ferry yet to cross, and Syl held tremblingly to the arm her new friend gallantly offered, as they made their way among the jostling throng jammed together in the dark upon the crowded deck. She had a horror of the water, and was shivering with excitement and the night air; so that she was devoutly thankful when at length they reached the other side, and her escort found her a seat in the ladies' waiting-room while he went to procure a carriage. Syl had all the dingy, dim saloon to herself, and her cheek grew hot as she noticed that there were no other ladies *waiting* in so public a place at nine o'clock at night. As she sat trembling with nervous excitement, the door opened slowly, a man's head was thrust cautiously in, and Syl met a long, sharp survey from a pair of stern-looking eyes. As the owner of them withdrew, Syl noticed that he wore a *gray traveling shawl* about his shoulders!

"It is he!" thought the child, springing to her feet in surprise, and almost terror, at what seemed a mysterious pursuit. "What can he mean? Oh, if I were only home!"

But just then her mustached friend appeared, and with his favorite bow, drew her arm within his glossy sleeve.

"I shall consider myself forever your slave, for the charming way in which you have beguiled an otherwise tedious journey, fair lady," said

he, with an ineffable smile, as he conducted her to the carriage. "I regret unspeakably my almost immediate departure from the city; how happy should I be to continue this delightful acquaintance! For you will not think I flatter you if I say you are the most entertaining person I have ever met. What a treasury of good things your journal must be!"

"Oh, I hope you don't suspect me of the weakness of keeping one!" replied Syl, gayly, blushing at his elaborate compliments, and giving him her hand in a cordial good-by. "No, don't say a word about going farther. I feel perfectly safe now, and so glad that I am almost home. Besides, I have a great respect for *engagements*—even gentlemen's business ones—they should never be broken. Good-by!"

And so, while the gentleman stood on the sidewalk and waved a last adieu, the coach rolled away, and Syl threw herself back upon the cushions, and strove to calm her excited feelings. Her nerves had been on a continual tension for two days, and she felt as though she would give any thing to be alone that she might relieve them by a good cry. But it was not a private carriage into which she had been put; but some kind of public conveyance, which contained several persons besides herself, and was continually stopping to let one and another out.

"By-and-by I shall be alone," thought she; and at length the last individual took his departure, and the repressed tears had already sprung to the poor child's eyes when the door again opened, and a gentleman entered and took his seat. Syl started almost to her feet, and scarce kept back an exclamation of surprise, almost terror. The new-comer wore a *gray shawl*.

He did not seem to notice her confusion, however, and a few streets were passed in silence. Presently there was a premonitory *ahem!* followed by a pause, and then the gentleman found voice.

"You will pardon me, young lady," said he, in a very grave and constrained tone, "if I appear intrusive in what I am about to say. Even at the risk of displeasing you, I feel it my duty to ask you a certain question. Had you any previous acquaintance with the gentleman with whom you were conversing in the car, and who put you in this coach?"

Syl drew herself up, and looked haughtily at her interrogator.

"I must first learn your right to catechise me, Sir, before I reply!"

"I know I have no *right*," replied the gentleman, quietly, "except the right of a good motive, and a wish to avert from you a mischief that may be in plot for you."

"You need not take the trouble, Sir," interrupted Syl with scornful dignity. "I am on my way to friends who are quite able to take care of me, granting that, as you seem to think, I am unequal to the charge myself."

"I am very glad to hear it," replied the young gentleman, with grave persistence; "but I will explain the reason of my intrusion. I see now



that you did *not* know the fellow who presumed upon your inexperience. I *do*, however; he is a "confidence man:" do you know enough of slang to understand the term? A swindler, a gambler, a reprobate in every way; in the disguise and with the appearance of a gentleman. And knowing this, do you wonder that a true man could not stand silently by, and see such a fellow worm himself into the confidence of an innocent and thoughtless young girl? Pardon me, but you showed yourself thoughtless in permitting such familiarity with a stranger."

Poor Syl! this was the last drop in her cup of disasters! Such humiliation! In vain she strove to disbelieve the story. She could not but trust those grave, clear eyes, and she remembered his act of unobtrusive kindness the night before. She could not speak, for the long-repressed sobs completely choked her voice; she only covered her face with her hands, and cried like a child.

Her companion was touched by her distress, and resumed more gently:

"You were not so very much to blame, so young and inexperienced. And it was natural that you should greet gladly any one who seemed kind, when you were feeling so anxious. You see I know all about it. I have had my eye on you ever since we left Pittsburgh."

"Pity you had no business of your own to attend to!" rejoined Syl, indignant at what looked like surveillance.

"I always *make* it my business to give help to those who need it, when I can," answered the young man, with grave dignity. "I saw you were alone, and knew that the stoppage on the road would derange your plans. Your face told your anxiety plainly enough. I thought I would keep you in sight, that I might aid you if necessary, though I did not wish to intrude proffers of service upon you. I saw that you were properly attended to at Philadelphia—those conductors are always so much engaged—and was in the seat directly behind you when that fellow thrust himself upon your acquaintance. So that I had the benefit of most of your confidences to him! I had no right to interfere, annoyed as I was; but I kept near you on the ferry-boat, and looked into the waiting-room to see if you were safe." Syl remembered this with a thrill. "Then I got on the outside of the carriage, which was full within, feeling it my duty to warn you against any further acquaintance with this man, if he had presumed to offer it. You have the whole story now: perhaps you will think me officious; but a few years hence you will probably thank me for what I have done."

Syl had listened breathlessly to this strange recital. Was ever such kindness, such delicacy heard of? How different this unobtrusive guardianship from the fulsome compliments which her last self-appointed protector had poured upon her! She could have *eaten* herself for permitting them! And this true gentleman—this social *Bayard*—how should she thank him?

Meanwhile he evidently misconstrued her silence, and spoke again, a little haughtily:

"I have not bored you with these details with any purpose to lay claim upon your gratitude, but simply to clear myself from the charge of intrusion. Perhaps, now that I have put you upon your guard with respect to your new acquaintance, no more is needful, and I may withdraw. Meanwhile"—and he paused with his hand upon the check-string—"if you will show this to any of your gentleman friends, they can find out for you that I am a responsible person, and deserving of trust."

He placed a card in her hand, and was going, but she stopped him eagerly:

"Oh no, do not leave me alone again, I beg of you; stay till I am safe with my friends, and believe that I would thank you if I could. It was very, *very* good of you—and you put your shawl under my head when I was so tired. I do not deserve—" And here Syl broke down, and the sobs had it all their own way again for a while.

The young gentleman colored and smiled, and wondered how she knew—if she recognized the shawl; but before he could speak the carriage had stopped, and the coachman was opening the door.

"134, ma'am," and Syl sprang up, half wild.

"Ask for Mr. Chapman—Mr. F. D. Chapman," she said, excitedly, not noticing how her companion started at the name.

"I have never been here before; surely there can be no mistake."

No, there was no mistake, for in a second Mr. F. D. Chapman appeared at the door, and in another Syl had sprung up the steps, and was in his arms, and in those of her sister.

"Ah, never mind teasing me now, brother Frank," she plead, as her brother-in-law advised her seriously against a fit of hysterics. "Let me go into the house, please; and you thank the gentleman, Frank, who took care of me—he was so kind! he is in the carriage;" but just then she stopped in utter amaze, for "the gentleman" leaned out of the carriage-door, and there was a "How d'ye do, Frank?" and a "Hullo, Fred!" given in so hearty a tone that it was plain there was no need of introduction or formal exchange of compliment there.

"Why, where in the world did you pick up my little sister-in-law, Fred?" exclaimed Mr. Chapman, in the next breath. "She says you've been so 'very kind' to her. Just like you, always on the look-out for unprotected females. But jump out and come in. I never could bear mysteries, and I want this one solved right away. Syl, tell him to come. Here you've been making acquaintance with one of the best of my friends, you little flirt!"

So there was nothing to be done but for Mr. Frederick Dallas to "come," which he accordingly did; and the evening was spent by him in a very different way from any thing he had anticipated, when pity for her fatigue and admiration for her rosy, sleeping face had prompted him to fold his traveling wrap under the head of a tired girl.

Such a maze of questions, and explanations, and blushes, and laughter we respectfully decline to enter into. Of course Mr. Dallas felt it his duty to call next evening to inquire if Miss Swan had recovered from the fatigues of her journey; and it will be sufficient to state, in conclusion of this "owre true tale," that in the course of a few weeks he found means to convince our heroine that it was a great deal pleasanter traveling in company than alone, and that he was a proper protector for her on the railroad of life.

We shall only add that the ubiquitous gray shawl has been appropriated by Mrs. Dallas to her own especial use, and converted into an "Afghan" for her dressing-room lounge, as she has taken an odd notion into her silly little brain that her head is never so thoroughly comfortable as when reposing upon its soft thick folds.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN LUTHER.

**H**ISTORY generally differs from real life, as the marble forms on a temple-frieze differ from flesh and blood. The place which a man fills is the mould in which our idea of the man himself is cast; and the world's heroes become so many motionless figures, each standing in his characteristic attitude. Who ever thinks of Napoleon as a sentimental young man shedding tears over the "Sorrows of Werther?" Or of Washington rolling on the sofa in a fit of laughter? For us the one is always dressed in full regimentals, and the other cool and calm, in his gray overcoat, surveying his "*tête d'armée*." Yet these figures lose nothing in dignity when we learn—from oral tradition rather than from the cautious biographer—that they had a childhood and a youth, seasons of inexperience and rashness, human weaknesses and human passions; that they had their fun and their familiarities; that the one liked fish, and the other carried snuff in his vest-pocket—in short, that they were men as well as historic personages; and that, although they stand upon pedestals for us, they walked about in the dust in their day.

So far from losing, on such familiar acquaintance, every truly great life gains in interest as we perceive its points of contact with our own. Peter the Great, Dr. Johnson, Franklin, are examples of this; nor can all the evil which we hear whispered about Catharine of Russia diminish our appreciation of her qualities of mind. What would we not now give for a phonographic report of an evening's banquet at the villa of Mæcenas? or of a debate in the Roman Senate? or a talk with Dante? or the carousals at the Mermaid Tavern? A single anecdote related by Haydon give us a more life-like impression of Wordsworth, Keats, and Charles Lamb than their several biographies. There is no more useful class than the Boswells—provided, always, that they do not publish until their subjects are dead.

We have been led to these reflections by the perusal of a curious narrative, written by Mr.

Johannes Kessler, of St. Gall, in Switzerland—a man whose name would never have been heard of if he had not chanced to have been born in the commencement of the sixteenth century. He was fifteen years old when Dr. Luther nailed his famous protest upon the door of Wittenberg Cathedral. He studied theology at Basle; and in his twentieth year, poor and afoot, wandered to Wittenberg, where he remained for eighteen months. On returning to St. Gall, whither the Reformation had not then reached, he was obliged to learn the trade of a saddler in order to support himself; but, finally, by his preaching and teaching, assembled around him a small congregation of Protestants. He was thus enabled to lay his trade aside, and devote his time to the schools and libraries of the town. He wrote a few books, from one of which—"SAB-BATHA: A Chronicle of the Time of the Reformation in St. Gall"—his interview with Luther is taken.

It was in the month of March, 1522. Eleven months previous Luther had appeared before the Diet of Worms; after which, protected by Frederick the Wise, he had remained concealed in the Wartburg at Eisenach, engaged in translating the New Testament. The tumults at Carlsstadt had called him forth at last from his hiding-place, but it was still necessary that he should travel in disguise. His dangers and his struggles had but just commenced: the wedge was entered, but not driven home. Luther's life contained no more eventful period than this; and a picture of him taken at such a time possesses a peculiar interest to us, who can so calmly overlook his whole career.

Thus much by way of introduction. Now let us listen to Johannes Kessler, who, with his friend—a youth of the same age—are on their way to Wittenberg.\*

"As we were on our way to Wittenberg, to study the Holy Scriptures, we came to Jena, in the Thuringian land, in a most severe storm, God knows! After much inquiry, here and there, through the city, for quarters where we might spend the night, we could neither find nor hear of any; every where was a lodging refused us. For it was Shrove Tuesday (March 4, 1522), when people are not accustomed to care for pilgrims and strangers. Therefore we turned to leave the city, intending to go further, and perhaps find a village where we could be entertained. At the very gate, however, there met us a worthy man, who greeted us pleasantly, and asked whither we were going so late, since it would be dark night before we could reach either house or hostel where they would take us in. Moreover, the way was difficult to find, and he would advise us rather to remain where we were.

"We answered: 'Good father, we have been at all the taverns whithersoever we have been directed, but have every where been turned away

\* *Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit.* Von Gustav Freytag. Leipzig, 1853.

and denied lodging. Perforce, therefore, we must go further.' Then he asked had we tried the inn of the Black Bear? We replied, 'We have not met with it. Good friend, say, where shall we find it?' Thereupon he showed it to us, a little beyond the city gate. And as we saw the Black Bear, behold! even as all other landlords had denied us lodging, here came the host to the door, received us, willingly offered of his own accord to lodge us, and conducted us into the guests' room.

"Therein we found a man sitting alone at the table, with a small book before him. He greeted us in friendly wise, and invited us to come nearer and seat ourselves beside him. But—if I may take the liberty of mentioning it—our shoes were so muddy and filthy that we were ashamed to venture fully into the room, and crowded ourselves timidly upon a narrow bench near the door. Then he invited us to drink with him, which we could not very well decline. Whereupon, when we perceived his friendliness and cordiality, we seated ourselves near him as he had requested, at his table, and called for a measure of wine, in order that we might have the honor of asking him to drink with us in return. We did not suspect otherwise than that he was a trooper, who, as was the custom, sat there in his cap of red leather, his jacket and breeches, without armor, a sword by his side, his right hand on the hilt-knob, and his left grasping the belt. His eyes were dark and deep-set, shining and sparkling like a star, so that they could not well be looked upon.

"Presently he began to question where we were born, but answered the question himself: 'You are Swiss; from what part of Switzerland do you come?'

"'From St. Gall,' we answered.

"Then, said he: 'If, as I hear, you are going hence to Wittenberg, you will find there two worthy fellow-countrymen, Dr. Hieronymus Schurf and his brother, Dr. Augustin.'

"We said: 'We have letters to them.' Then we asked further: 'Sir, can you not inform us whether Martinus Luther is now at Wittenberg, or in what other place he may be?'

"He answered: 'To my certain knowledge Luther is not now in Wittenberg; but he will soon return thither. Philippus Melancthon is there, however; he teaches the Greek language, and there are others who teach Hebrew. Candidly, I would advise you to study both, for they are necessary in order to understand the Holy Scriptures.'

"Said we: 'Praised be God! for if He spares our lives we will not rest until we have seen and heard the man, since because of him have we undertaken this journey, having learned that his design is to overthrow the priesthood, together with the mass, as an unauthorized worship. As we have been from childhood destined by our parents for the priesthood, and educated for that purpose, we should like to hear what sort of instruction he will give us, and by what means he will carry his doctrines into operation.'

"After these words he asked: 'Where have you studied until now?'

"'In Basle.'

"Then he: 'How do things stand in Basle? Is Erasmus of Rotterdam still there, and what is he doing?'

"'Sir,' we answered, 'we know not otherwise than that every thing is going on well. Also Erasmus is there; but what he does is unknown and concealed from every one, seeing that he keeps himself very quiet and secluded.'

"It seemed to us not a little strange that this trooper should know about the brothers Schurf, and Philip, and Erasmus, and the qualifications of the latter in speaking the Greek and Hebrew languages. Now and then he made use of divers Latin words, so that we suspected he must be no ordinary soldier, but a very different person indeed.

"'Friends,' he asked, 'what do people think of Luther in Switzerland?'

"'Sir, there are there, as elsewhere, various opinions. Many can not sufficiently exalt him, and thank God that through him He has revealed His truth and suffered Error to be made known, while others damn him as an infamous heretic, the clergy most of all.'

"'Truly, I think,' said he, 'it is the priests who do that.'

"Through such discourse we became very familiar, so that my comrade picked up and opened the little book, which lay before him. It was a Hebrew psalter. Thereupon he put it back quickly, and the trooper took it.

"My comrade said: 'I would give a finger off my hand if I understood that language.'

"Where to he answered: 'You will surely understand it if you are sufficiently diligent. I also desire to learn more, and daily exercise myself therein.'

"In the mean time the day went down, and it became very dark, when the landlord returned. Perceiving our great desire and yearning toward Luther he said:

"'Dear comrades, if you had been here two days ago your wishes would have been gratified, for here at this table was he sitting, and' (pointing with his finger) 'in this very spot.'

"This vexed us greatly; we were angered that we had delayed, and loudly expressed our wrath on account of the deep and dirty roads which had hindered us.

"'Nevertheless,' we said, 'we are rejoiced to be in the house, and to sit at the same table where he sat.' Thereupon the landlord went out of the room, laughing.

"After a little while he came and called me out. I was frightened, thinking I had committed some indiscretion, or was suspected of something for which I was not to blame. But the landlord said to me:

"'Since that I perceive your desire to see and hear Luther—he is beside whom you are sitting!'

"I took these words for jest, and said: 'Yes, Mr. Landlord, you would like to chaff me, that



I may satisfy my desire by seeing your illusive Luther.'

" 'It is surely he,' was his reply; 'but do not act as if you knew it.'

"I promised accordingly, but could not believe the landlord's words.

"I returned to the room, seated myself again at the table, and sought for an opportunity to tell my comrade what I had just heard. Finally I turned to him and whispered, secretly,

" 'The landlord says he is Luther.'

"But he, like myself, would not at once believe it, and said:

" 'Perhaps he said it is Hutten, and thou hast not rightly understood him.'

"Now, as the soldier garments and his demeanor suggested Hutten to me rather than Luther the monk, I suffered myself to be persuaded that the landlord had said 'he is Hutten,' since the commencement of both names has a similar sound. What I further addressed to him, therefore, was as if I had addressed Herr Ulric von Hutten, knight.

"During our conversation came two merchants, who also designed remaining overnight, and after they had taken off their mantles and spurs, one of them produced an unbound book. 'Martinus' asked what book that was, and he said, 'it is Doctor Luther's explanation of various Gospels and Epistles, just printed and put into circulation: have you not seen it?' Said Martinus: 'I shall soon receive copies.' Then the landlord called: 'Now dispose yourselves at the table; we will eat.' We, however, entreated him to have some consideration for us, and prepare something separate from the others. 'My dear youths,' he answered, 'only take your seats with the gentlemen at the table; I will see that you are respectably served.' Martinus hearing this, called out, 'Come, come, I will settle the score with the landlord!'

"During the meal he spoke many friendly and godly words, so that we and the merchants were silent before him, attending to his conversation more than to the dishes on the table. Among other things he lamented, sighing deeply, that the princes and nobles, who were even then assembled at the Diet in Nuremberg, on account of the Word of God, and the fluctuating disturbances and difficulties of the German nation, were not otherwise inclined than to squander away their precious time in costly tournaments, sleighing-parties, dissipation, empty ceremony, and whoredom, when the fear of God and the prayerful entreaty for His aid were so much needed. 'But such,' he concluded, 'are our Christian princes.' He further said his hope was, that the fruits of evangelical truth would appear in our children and posterity, who would not be poisoned by the errors of Papistry, but their lives planted in the enduring truth of the Word of God, rather than in the present generation, in whom those errors were so deeply rooted that it was next to impossible to exterminate them.

"Thereupon the merchants also openly expressed their views, and the eldest said: 'I am

but a simple, foolish layman, and do not particularly understand these matters. This much, however, I will say, as I look upon them—Luther must either be an angel from heaven or a devil from hell. I should like to spend ten florins for his sake, if I could but confess to him, for I firmly believe he both could and would enlighten my conscience.' In the mean time the landlord came and secretly said to us: 'Martinus has settled with me for your supper.' We were greatly rejoiced, not on account of the money or the meal, but because we had been the guests of such a man. After supper the merchants arose and went into the stable to look after their horses, whereupon, being alone with Martinus in the room, we thanked him for the honor and expense, and plainly hinted to him that we took him to be Ulric von Hutten. But he at once declared: 'I am not he.'

"When the landlord returned, Martinus said: 'This night I have become a nobleman, for these Swiss hold me to be Ulric von Hutten.' Said the landlord: 'He, indeed, are you not, but Martinus Luther.' He smiled good-humoredly, saying, 'they think I am Hutten, you think I am Luther; next thing, I shall be Markolfus.\*' After these remarks he took a tall beer-glass and said, according to the custom of the country, 'Swiss, drink with me a friendly drink as benediction!' But as I was about to take the glass from him, he changed it and gave me a glass of wine instead, saying: 'You are not accustomed to beer at home, so take rather wine.' During this while he had arisen, thrown his dragoon cloak on his shoulders, and then said farewell. Giving us his hand, he added: 'When you reach Wittenberg, give my salutation to Dr. Hieronymus Schurf.' We answered, 'We will do so willingly; but what name shall we give you that he may understand from whom the greeting comes?' 'Say but this,' said he: "'He who is coming, salutes you!'" and he will understand you at once.' Then he departed from us and went to his rest.

"The merchants afterward returned to the room and ordered the landlord to bring them another measure of wine, much conjecturing who the guest might be. The landlord speedily let it be seen that he held him to be Luther, and they were no sooner convinced of it than they lamented and worried themselves that they had spoken with so little tact in his presence. They determined to get up very early in the morning, before he should have ridden away, and beg him not be angry with them, seeing that they did not know his person. This plan they truly carried out, and found him in the stable next morning. His only answer was: 'You said last night, at supper, that you would spend ten florins for Luther's sake, if you could once confess to him. If you should ever come to him to confess, you will then see whether I am Martin Luther.' Further than this he did not acknowledge him.

\* Markolfus was a popular comic character—a sort of Punch in Germany, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

self, but soon afterward mounted his horse and rode on toward Wittenberg.

"On the same day we set out for Naumburg, and reached a village—it lies at the foot of a mountain—which is called Orlamunde, and the village Nasshausen, if I remember rightly—through which ran a stream, so swollen by tremendous rains that a part of the bridge was carried away, and no one could get across. We therefore halted in this village, where, by chance, we again found in the tavern the two merchants, who entertained us as their guests that night, for Luther's sake.

"On the following Saturday—the day before the first Sunday in Lent—we called upon Dr. Hieronymus Schurf, in order to deliver our letters of recommendation. When we were summoned into his chamber, behold! there we found Martinus the trooper, just as he was at Jena. And with him were Philip Melancthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, Nicholas Amsdorf, and Dr. Augustin Schurf, who were relating to him what had taken place in Wittenberg during his absence. He saluted us laughingly, and, pointing with his finger, said: 'There is Philip Melancthon, of whom I spoke to you.'

Freytag truly says, that in this narrative of Kessler nothing is more remarkable than the impression he gives us of Luther's calm courage and cheerfulness, at a time when he was outlawed, denounced, his life in danger, with few friends, and all the weight of a tremendous crisis in his fate, and the fate of his doctrines, hanging over him. That sublime repose of character which is a necessary element of greatness was never more grandly exhibited.

Just outside the eastern gate of Jena stands the Tavern of the Black Bear, a low, massive two-story house (an architectural *boulder*), with an arched gate-way in the centre, leading to a flagged court and stables in the rear. Still may the visitor mount the narrow and not over-cleanly steps, enter the dusky, low, ancient guests' room, and, seating himself at a table old enough to belong to Luther's age, if it be not the same whereat he ate and drank, call for his *seidl* of excellent beer or the red wine of the Saal Valley, and drink to the memory of the only Protestant Reformer whose heart was as large as his brain.

## GOSSIP ABOUT A GREAT PAINTER.

THE Great Painter is *Turner*.

Mr. Ruskin has written five considerable volumes about Turner's genius and works, but in all the five volumes gives scarce a glimpse of the *man*. Those who have read Ruskin will be glad to know something of the artist to defend whom the "Modern Painters" was written. Those who care nothing about him will, it is believed, be amused at the oddities of one of the greatest of England's many men of genius.

Of course it is not proposed here to do more than give some account of the man's personality. Those who wish to know about his works may

go to Mr. Ruskin, from whom we take only this account of Turner's birth-place: "Near the southwest corner of Covent Garden a square brick pit, or well, is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate; and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's-shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled, in this year (1860), with a row of bottles connected, in some defunct manner, with a brewer's business. A more fashionable neighborhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now—never, certainly, a cheerful one—wherein a boy being born on St. George's Day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded."

William Turner, the father of Joseph Mallard William Turner, was a barber. He dressed wigs, shaved beards, and was so poor that he used to charge but a penny for a shave; and once, it is said, followed a customer down Maiden Lane to demand a half-penny extra for soap—a trait of closeness in bargaining which his son seems to have inherited from him. Once when the painter, then already famous and rich, was arranging with Messrs. Hurst and Robinson for a new work in numbers, the price of each drawing was settled, not without deliberation, at twenty-five *pounds*. He went away, expressing full satisfaction; but came speedily back, thrust his head in at the door, and cried "Guineas?"

"Guineas be it," said the publishers.

In a few minutes a hasty step was heard, and Turner put in his whole person, saying, "My expenses?"

"Oh, certainly, Sir," was the answer.

But this was not all: a few minutes after he was for a third time at the door, breathless and eager, with his whole body in the room, for he expected resistance to his new demand—"And twenty proofs?"

"Certainly," was again the reply, and the painter went off pleased.

Another time Turner had painted a picture for the famous Jack Fuller, and was asked by Fuller to breakfast with him the next morning, and to bring the picture with him, being told that the check for the picture would then be ready. To this Turner consented. He took the picture in a hackney-coach, breakfasted, received the check, thanked the purchaser, and left. He was not gone above five minutes when a knock was heard at the door—the painter was back:

"I must see Mr. Fuller."

He was shown in.

"Oh! I'd forgotten; there is three shillings for the hackney-coach."

The sum was paid. Fuller, who was laughing all the while, loved to relate this story to his friends.

Lord de Tabley, another of his patrons, did not take Turner's jewing so good-naturedly. Jerdan relates the story in his Autobiography: "Turner, of whom Lord de Tabley had been a most liberal patron, spent a day or two at Tabley when I was there. In the drawing-room stood a landscape on an easel, on which his lordship was at work as the fancy mood struck him. Of course, when assembled for the tedious half-hour before dinner, we all gave our opinions on its progress, its beauties, and its defects. I stuck a blue wafer on, to show where I thought a bit of bright color, or a light, would be advantageous; and Turner took the brush and gave a touch here and there, to mark some improvements. He returned to town, and—can it be credited?—the next morning at breakfast a letter from him was delivered to his lordship, containing a regular bill of charges for 'instructions in painting.' His lordship tossed it across the table indignantly to me, and asked if I could have imagined such a thing; and as indignantly, against my remonstrances, immediately sent a check for the sum demanded by the 'drawing-master.'"

Yet sometimes he was lavish in the midst of his general penuriousness. On a continental trip, Mr. Thomas Hunt, the well-known writer on Tudor architecture, accidentally encountered him on a continental excursion. Turner took a fancy to so excellent a boon companion, invited him to travel with him, and treated him in a princely style, without suffering him to pay a shilling through the whole of their tour.

To return, however, to Turner's boyhood: His first drawing is said to have been a lion, copied from an emblazoned coat-of-arms in the house of one of his father's customers. He went thither with another object—to take a lesson in hair-dressing from the practice of his father whom he accompanied; but the boy's attention was more occupied by the coat-of-arms on the table than with the old man's skill with the comb and curling-tongs. The rich colors in the arms attracted the lad's attention; but his imitation got no further than the lion.

The father was not displeased at this effort in an opposite direction to hair-dressing, for which he was intended. When asked, as he often was, "Well, Turner, what is William to be?" he would reply, with a look of delight, "William is going to be a painter." He was, accordingly, provided with water-colors and brushes, and the father was proud to show his customers the boy's colored drawings.

He soon evinced skill beyond these boyish exercises, and was employed to color prints by John Raphael Smith, the crayon-painter and mezzotinto engraver. Another of Smith's *colorers* at this period was Thomas Girtin, the founder of the English school of water-color art. Girtin (according to Bryan) was of the same age as Turner, and from him it was that Turner acquired his love for landscape-painting. Meanwhile his father did not attempt to make him a scholar, and the great painter never advanced far

beyond the rudiments of an ordinary English education.

At this time he was very poor, and had of course to do a great deal of drudgery for a very small pittance. It was in the spirit with which he put himself to the most distasteful tasks that his real greatness showed itself. He never slighted the humblest piece of washing in color; and by this faithfulness he in time acquired that inimitable expertness of hand which was the wonder of all his contemporaries; and which enabled him, in after years, to literally *make* his pictures during the "varnishing days" at the Academy. His canvases, when first hung up, were often merely divided into large masses of blue, where the water or sky was to come, and the other portions laid out in broad orange-yellow, falling into delicate brown where the trees and landscapes were to be placed. This brilliant foundation was worked into detail and completed in the *varnishing days*, Turner being the first in the morning and the last to leave. His certainty in the command over his color, and the dexterity in his handling, seemed to change, in a few hours, "an unsubstantial pageant" into a finished landscape.

He was glad to hire himself out at sixty cents a night to wash in skies in Indian ink upon other people's drawings, getting his supper into the bargain. One of the men who thus employed him was Porden the architect, whose daughter, Eleanor, was the first wife of Sir John Franklin. Then he took to illustrating guide-books, almanacs, and any sort of books that wanted cheap frontispieces. "What could I have done better?" said he afterward; "it was first-rate practice." He did every thing carefully and conscientiously, never slobbering over his work because he was ill-remunerated for it. He aimed at learning as well as living; always doing his best, and never leaving a drawing without having made a step in advance upon his previous work. In this persistence of effort lay one of the chief secrets of his after greatness.

When only twelve years old he exhibited two drawings at the Royal Academy. This was the beginning of his career. He used to say that at this time his best academy was "the fields and Dr. Monro's parlor." The Doctor, who was a warm-hearted patron of young artists, had an excellent collection of water-color drawings and engravings at his house in the Adelphi, and he not only gave his two *protégés*, Turner and Girtin, free access to his treasures, with permission to copy them, but directed their studies, and encouraged them to make sketches of the scenery round London, which he readily purchased at prices satisfactory to the modest students. Nor was Turner unmindful of Monro's kindness. "There," said he, in a conversation with David Roberts—"there," pointing toward Harrow, "Girtin and I often walked to Bushey and back, to make drawings for good Dr. Monro, at half a crown a piece, and the money for our supper, when we got home."

Girtin, had he lived, would probably have been as great a painter as Turner was. At this



time he was his master; and from him, and John Cozens, and one Dayes, Turner learned much. All three of these were men of the greatest promise, but lacked Turner's self-control and perseverance. Girtin died in 1802, of intemperance, leaving only some fine drawings behind him. Cozens died in a mad-house, in 1799; and Dayes committed suicide in 1804. Turner alone had patience to work and wait; and although many many years were passed in oblivion, and some of his greatest works were but poorly appreciated when first exhibited, the time came when he had his reward; and when he died, in 1852, his name was known and honored all over the civilized world. Had he died as young as Girtin, his name would only have survived as that of a second-rate painter.

Of the middle period of Turner's life not much is known. He was always a recluse, an uncompanionable man, absorbed in his art, and having his eyes too wide open to be able to use his mouth much. He kept most profoundly the mystery of his art, and never allowed a brother artist to see him at work. When he was painting for Lord Egremont at Petworth he worked with the room door locked, and only Lord Egremont was admitted by a certain pre-arranged knock. Chantrey, the sculptor, who was also staying in the house, bribed the butler to show him the peculiar signal, and then, one day, imitating Lord Egremont's peculiar walk and cough, gave the knock. The door was opened, and in walked Chantrey, to Turner's great annoyance, which he got over, however, by remembering that though once a painter Chantrey was then a sculptor.

He was very fond of fishing, his only amusement; and while staying at Petworth another time devoted himself so entirely to this, that one of the other guests remarked to the host, "Turner is going to leave without having done any thing; instead of painting he does nothing but fish." To every body's surprise, as he was on the point of leaving he produced two or three wonderful pictures, which he had painted in entire seclusion and reserve, in the morning before the family were up.

His conversation was sprightly, but desultory and disjointed. Like his works, it was eminently sketchy. He would converse for half an hour, and then be amused at finding his companion in doubt of what he had been talking about.

He either never knew, or never would tell, his birthday. One who was a fellow-student with him at the Academy, and his companion from boyhood, once said to him, "William, your birthday can't be far off? when is it? I want to drink a glass of wine to my old friend."

"Ah!" growled Turner, "never mind that; leave your old friend alone."

He was never married, and had no relations, except two or three cousins, to whom, probably, it never occurred to ascertain the day of his birth.

He wrote few letters, and these were, like his conversation, abrupt, and referred little to art.

The following, accepting an invitation to dine with his valued friend and patron, Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, on the occasion of his birthday, is characteristic: "My dear Sir,—Yes, with very great pleasure. I will be with you on the *B. D.* Many of them to yourself and Mrs. Windus; and, with the compliments of the season, believe me, yours faithfully, J. M. W. TURNER."

He had great activity of body, and a wonderful memory, and the secret of his success was his constant recourse to nature. He would walk through portions of England, twenty to twenty-five miles a day, with his little modicum of baggage at the end of a stick, sketching rapidly on his way all good pieces of composition, and marking effects with a power that daguerreotypied them in his mind with unerring truth at the happiest moment. There were few moving phenomena in clouds or shadows which he did not fix indelibly in his memory, though he might not call them into requisition for years afterward.

His pencil was always in use. An intimate friend, while traveling in the Jura, came to an inn where Turner had only just before entered his name in the visiting book. Anxious to be sure of his identity and to be in pursuit of him, he inquired of the host what sort of man his last visitor was. "A rough clumsy man," was the reply; "and you may know him by his always having a pencil in his hand."

He was always on the alert for any remarkable effects. In 1792, when he was eighteen years of age, the Pantheon in Oxford Street was burned down. It happened to be a hard frost at the time, and huge icicles were seen the next morning depending from different parts of the ruins. The young artist quickly repaired to the spot, and his picture, "The Pantheon on the Morning after the Fire," exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following May, witnessed the force with which the scene was impressed upon him. In like manner, the "Burning of the Houses of Parliament" forty years afterward was an event that could not escape the pencil of Turner. He repaired to the spot to make sketches of the fire at different points, and produced two pictures, one for the Academy, and another for the British Institution. Here was a glowing subject for his pallet. Lord Hill, on looking close to the latter picture, exclaimed, "What's this? Call this painting? Nothing but dabs!" But upon retiring and catching its magical effects, he added, "Painting! God bless me, so it is!"

Few were intimate with him, and few even knew him. Once, upon being told that an eminent publisher had boasted of having obtained admission to his studio, "How could you be such a fool as to believe it?" replied Turner, in his usual abrupt manner. And his reserve in this respect was responded to by a most faithful servant who had lived forty-two years with him, to the day of his death.

He had a peculiar dislike of having his address known, and to the last, with his immense wealth, lived poorly. Though he owned a house

in London, he lived much in country lodgings. When he went to Chelsea he looked at lodgings, asked the price, found them cheap, and declared they were quite to his liking. But the landlady wanted reference.

"I will buy your house outright, my good woman," was the reply, somewhat angrily.

Then an agreement was wanted; met by an exhibition of bank-notes and sovereigns, and an offer to pay in advance; an offer which was quite satisfactory.

The painter's difficulties were not, however, yet over. The landlady wanted her lodger's name, "in case any gentleman should call." This was a worse dilemma.

"Name, name," he muttered to himself in his usual gruff manner. "What is *your* name?"

"My name is Mrs. Booth," was the reply.

"Then I am Mr. Booth;" and as Admiral Booth he was known in the neighborhood, his sailor-like appearance favoring this belief.

When his residence became known he changed it, and his ingenuity in baffling the curiosity of his friends was marvelous—almost equal to that of Dr. Paul Heffernan. Offers were made to walk home with him from the Athenæum Club for a chit-chat about Academy matters. No: he had got an engagement, and must keep it. Some of the younger sort attempted to follow him, but he managed to steal away from them, to tire them out, or pop into cheap omnibuses, or round dark corners. If he suspected that he was followed, he would set off for a tavern haunt; but as soon as this got to be known he left it, and the landlord lost his customer. Once his hiding-place was nearly discovered. Turner had dined with some friends at Greenwich, had drunk freely, and, on reaching town, was thought to be not sufficiently collected to call a cab. The party, as had been plotted, dropped off, and there was left with Turner only one friend, who placed him in a cab: thinking to catch the bemused painter unawares, he shut the cab-door, and said, "Where shall he drive to?"

Turner was not, however, to be caught, and collectedly replied, "Along Piccadilly, and I will tell him where."

Till he became known he lived in a room over his father's barber-shop. Then he changed to costlier lodgings, and when his father wished to retire from business he took care of him tenderly, till the old man died at the age of eighty-four. When Turner was elected to the Academy, he not only wrote A.R.A. after his name, but also changed the initials of his signature. Before, he had been content to exhibit as "W. Turner." From and after his elevation into the Academy he is "J. M. W. Turner" in Court Guides and Exhibition Catalogues.

He would never sit for his portrait, but several were taken of him surreptitiously. He thought his likeness would throw a doubt upon his works. "No one," said he, "would believe, upon seeing my figure, that I painted those pictures." The best and only finished portrait of him is, however, one of half-size, in oil, by J. Linnell. It

was the result of a plot, which may now be revealed without offense to the honored victim. Rev. Mr. Daniell, a gentleman who was extremely intimate with Turner, prevailed upon his eccentric friend occasionally to dine with him. Linnell, without exciting any suspicion of his object, was always one of the party, and by sketching on his thumb-nail, and, unobserved, on scraps of paper, he at length succeeded in transferring the portly bust and sparkling eye of the great artist to his canvas. The picture was finished, and passed in due time, at the price of two hundred guineas, into the possession of Mr. Birch, a gentleman residing near Birmingham. Turner never knew it.

Mr. Peter Cunningham describes Turner as "short, stout, and bandy-legged, with a red, pimply face, imperious and covetous eyes, and a tongue which expressed his sentiments with a murmuring reluctance. Sir William Allan was accustomed to describe him as a Dutch skipper. His hands were very small, and, owing to the long cuffs to his coats, only his fingers were seen. His look was any thing but that of a man of genius."

But a second glance would find far more in his face than belongs to any ordinary mind. There was a peculiar keenness of expression in his eye which denoted constant habits of observation. His voice was deep and musical, but he was a confused and tedious speaker. He was very joyous at table, and was very apt at repartee. He was a social man in his nature; and Mr. Leslie considers the recluse manner in which he lived to have arisen from his strong wish to have his time entirely at his command.

Like most great men, he had a hobby for something else than his profession. As Rachel could never be convinced that her *forte* was *not* comedy, so Turner always desired to be a great poet. He is said to have left behind a long MS. poem, called the "Fallacies of Hope," which is chiefly known to the world by extracts from it which he used to put under his pictures; and of which none are either good enough or bad enough to be quoted here. He was very indifferent to praise; and it is curious to know, was not always pleased with Mr. Ruskin's eulogies. "He knows a great deal more about my pictures than I do," said Turner; "he puts things into my head and points out meanings in them that I never intended."

A well-known collector, with whom he had long been intimate, once invited Turner to be present at the opening of a new gallery, in which the principal pictures were from his pencil. To the disappointment of the connoisseur, he scarcely noticed them, but kept his eye fixed upon the ceiling. It was paneled and neatly grained in oak. "What are you looking at so intently?" said the host. "At those boards," was the reply; "the fellow who did that must have known how to paint." And nothing would induce him to turn to the magnificent pictures that sparkled on the walls. He never talked about his own pictures, but would occasionally give hints to

other artists; and when these were adopted, they were always certain improvements.

He never allowed a picture of his own to be sold at public auction without trying to buy it in himself. So well was this known that the auctioneers made a point of calling his attention to the catalogue whenever they had any of his pictures for sale. If time pressed, and he was unable to attend in person, he would sometimes, but rarely, intrust his commission to the auctioneer; his ordinary practice was to send some agent, with written instructions, to bid in his behalf, and he was not always very fastidious in his selection. At the sale of the pictures of Mr. Green, the well-known amateur of Blackheath, two pictures by Turner were among the most attractive lots, though neither important in size nor of his best time. In those days their market value might have been about eighty guineas each. They would, however, have been knocked down for considerably less, but for the impetus given to the biddings by one of Turner's agents, whose personal appearance did not warrant the belief that he was in search of pictures of a very high order. He was, in fact, a clean, ruddy-checked, butcher's boy, in the usual costume of his vocation, and had made several advances, in five-guinea strides, before any thing belonging to him, excepting his voice, attracted Mr. Christie's notice. No sooner, however, did the veteran auctioneer discover what kind of customer he had to deal with, than he beckoned him forward, with a view, no doubt, of reproving him for his impertinence. The boy, however, nothing daunted, put a small piece of greasy paper into his hand—a credential, in fact, from the painter himself. The auctioneer smiled, and the biddings proceeded.

The first picture of Turner that came to this country was ordered by Mr. James Lenox, of New York city, who wrote to Mr. Leslie to inquire if a Turner could be had. Leslie replied that Turner's rooms being full of unsold pictures, doubtless he would part with one. Mr. Lenox then consented to give £500, and left the choice to Mr. Leslie. He called on Turner, and asked if he would let a picture go to America.

"No; they won't come up to the scratch." This referred to another American friend having offered him a low price for the "Téméraire."

Mr. Leslie named £500, which a friend would give for any thing Turner would part with.

His countenance brightened, and he said at once, "He may have that, or that, or that," pointing to three not small pictures.

Mr. Leslie chose a sunset view of Staffa. It was in an old frame, but Turner had a new frame made for it.

When it reached New York, and Mr. Lenox had hastily glanced at it, he wrote to Mr. Leslie, expressing his great disappointment. He almost fancied the picture had sustained some damage on the voyage, it appeared to him so indistinct throughout. Still, he did not doubt its being very fine, and he hoped to see its merits on fur-

ther acquaintance; but the above was his then impression.

A night or two after Mr. Leslie received Mr. Lenox's letter he met Turner at the Academy, who asked if he had heard from Mr. Lenox; to which Mr. Leslie was obliged to say yes.

"Well, and how does he like the picture?"

"He thinks it indistinct."

"You should tell him," he replied, "that indistinctness is my fault."

This calls to mind a story of Turner which, it is believed, has never been in print. An engraver, engaged in transferring one of Turner's paintings to steel, came one morning to the great artist, and owned, not without hesitation and fear of exciting his anger, that, though he had tried his best, he could not distinguish what object was meant to be represented by a dab of bright color in the immediate fore-ground of the picture.

Turner looked at it for a while, then said:

"What do *you* think it is?"

"I can't tell, Sir," was the reply; "but if I were to make a guess I should think it might be a wheel-barrow."

"Very well! Then make it a wheel-barrow," said Turner, and dismissed the engraver. The shape of the object made no difference to him, but the color was every thing; and this great stress placed upon general effect and harmony of color in a picture probably led to that indistinctness in detail which he declared to be his weak point.

Turner was very chary of his opinions on art; but on the occasion we are about to relate he said more than was expected. He was taken to see the pictures of Thomson, of Duddingston, called by his countrymen, in the fondness of their admiration, "the Scottish Turner." The friend who took him was anxious to hear what the original Turner thought of his Scottish representative. Thomson, too, was equally eager. Turner examined with attention, mumbled some sounds of apparent approbation, but began and ended by asking, "Where do you get your frames, Mr. Thomson?"

We must close our paper with a few stories of Turner's expertness in coloring.

In 1839, when Constable exhibited his "Opening of Waterloo Bridge," it was placed in one of the small rooms at Somerset House, next to a sea-piece, by Turner—a gray picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive color in any part of it. Constable's "Waterloo" seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations and flags of the city barges. Turner stood behind him, looking from the "Waterloo" to his own picture, and at last brought his pallet from the Great Room, where he was touching another picture, and putting a round daub of red lead, somewhat bigger than a shilling, on his gray sea, went away without saying a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermilion



and lake of Constable to look weak. "I came into the room," says Mr. Leslie, "just as Turner left it." "He has been here," said Constable, "and fired a gun." On the opposite wall was a picture, by Jones, of "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego in the Furnace." "A coal," said Cooper, "has bounced across the room from Jones's picture and set fire to Turner's sea." Turner did not come again into the room for a day and a half; and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy.

In 1827, when Turner exhibited his "Rembrandt's Daughter," in a red robe, the portrait of a member of one of the Universities was hung by its side, with a college-gown that was still redder. Upon finding this out on varnishing day, Turner was observed to be very busy adding red lead and vermilion to his picture. "What are you doing there, Turner?" asked one of the hangers. "Why, you have checkmated me," was the reply, pointing to the University gown, "and I must now checkmate you."

One cold day Chantrey stopped before a picture by Turner, and seizing the artist's arm, placed his hands before a blaze of yellow, in an attitude of obtaining warmth, and said, with a look of delight, "Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. Is it true, as I have heard, that you have a commission to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?"

Many a lively gossip passed between these two friends. Turner had expressed an eccentric intention to be buried in his picture of "Carthage;" and said to Chantrey, "I have appointed you one of my executors; will you promise to see me rolled up in it?" "Yes," said Chantrey, "and I promise you also that as soon as you are buried I will see you taken up and unrolled." Mr. Leslie tells us this story was so generally believed, that when Turner died, in 1851, and Dean Milman heard he was going to be buried in St. Paul's, he said, "I will not read the service over him if he be wrapped up in that picture."

### THE SLEIGHERS.

THE trackless fields are white with snow,  
And mute the frozen river's flow;  
The moon's rays pierce the shivering night  
With arrowy beams of silver light;  
Swift as the lithe and eager hound,  
Away the merry sleighers bound:  
With jingling sound of bells they go;  
With hoofs that hardly touch the snow  
The fleet steeds leave the following wind,  
And dash the feathery flakes behind.

By frozen stream, through drifted ridge,  
Across the crazy, sunken bridge;  
Past sheltered farm and dreary waste,  
Through untrod lanes they speed in haste;  
By bristling woods, where gleam and glance  
The iron Winter's icy lance;

By naked trees, whose stout limbs creak;  
Past level tracts of landscape bleak;  
And ever to a jingling tune,  
And underneath a clear, cold moon.

Where glows the fire across the floor,  
And ticks the clock behind the door;  
Where sings the kettle on the hearth,  
And rolls the kitten in its mirth;  
With hands that ply the slender thread,  
With stooping form and bended head,  
She knits and nods, and knits again;  
She sleeps and wakes, but wakes in vain—  
Her hands drop down, her eyelids close  
In gentle slumber's sweet repose.

The clock, within its case of oak,  
Beats out the hour with measured stroke.  
She hears subdued its ringing chime,  
She counts each pulse, she marks the time,  
She feels herself awake once more.  
She lifts the latch and opens the door;  
The sharp winds smite her on the cheek,  
From distant uplands, cold and bleak;  
She wonders at the hour so late,  
And hurries to the garden-gate.

With eager gaze she strains her sight;  
Far off along the turnpike white  
A shadowy form appears to glide;  
She flings the wicket open wide,  
And stands with anxious heart and arms,  
And breast that throbs with strange alarms,  
As nears that shadowy form to view,  
A spectral horse, a spectral crew;  
An added chill is in the air,  
She feels it blanch her silvery hair.

They heed her not, nor turn aside;  
She follows with a hurried stride;  
She clutches at the robe behind,  
Her empty hands but grasp the wind.  
In tones that wake the hills she cries;  
The ghostly semblance faster flies;  
She calls their names—they will not hear;  
Her limbs grow weak with haste and fear;  
And still she grasps the robe behind,  
And still holds nothing but the wind.

By frozen stream, through drifted ridge,  
Across the crazy, sunken bridge,  
Past sheltered farm and dreary waste,  
Through untrod lanes they speed in haste;  
By bristling woods, where gleam and glance  
The iron Winter's icy lance;  
By naked trees, whose stout limbs creak;  
Past level tracts of landscape bleak;  
And ever to a ghostly tune,  
And underneath a waning moon.

Her feet grow cold, her eyes grow dim,  
Her throbbing head begins to swim;  
There comes a mist across her sight—  
An added darkness to the night;  
She gropes with outstretched arm and hand;  
Alas! she can no longer stand;

She droops, she falls upon the snow;  
The failing moon is sinking low;  
She feels the shadows o'er her creep,  
And shudders in her icy sleep.

Once more her wasted strength returns;  
The blood within her flows and burns;  
She opens wide her wondering eyes  
To twisted branch and glimmering skies:  
The spectral horse and sleigh are fled:  
From boughs that interlace o'erhead,  
The icy blades, like fingers thin,  
Point downward to the gloom within,  
Where something like a shadow lies.  
She upward springs: she forward flies.

She, trembling, kneels and lifts the veil:  
The face is fixed and deathly pale;  
The lips are ashen; cold as ice  
The slender hands, clenched like a vice;  
The eyes are glazed, the heart is dumb,  
The rigid limbs are frozen numb;  
The snows are matted with the hair  
That falls, amid the shadows there,  
Like tender moonlight in a room  
Where all is doubtful, dusk, and gloom.

She stoops to kiss the clay-cold brow:  
Her darling's arms are round her now:  
Her lips are pressed by young lips warm:  
She holds a living, breathing form;  
Her darling's voice is in her ear;  
She rubs her eyes, she can not hear,  
Because of romping girls and boys,  
Who shake the cottage with their noise;  
Some laugh, some shout, and all declare  
They found her sleeping in her chair.

## ABOUT THOMAS HOOD.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

I HAVE been reading the Memorials of Hood, by his children, and wonder whether the book will have the same interest for others, and for younger people, as for persons of my own age and calling. Books of travel to any country become interesting to us who have been there. Men revisit the old school, though hateful to them, with ever so much kindness and sentimental affection. There was the tree under which the bully licked you: here the ground where you had to fag out on holidays—and so forth. In a word, my dear Sir, *You* are the most interesting subject to yourself of any that can occupy your worship's thoughts. I have no doubt a Crimean soldier, reading a history of that siege, and how Jones and the gallant 99th were ordered to charge, or what not, thinks—“Ah, yes, we of the 100th were placed so and so, I perfectly remember.” So with this memorial of poor Hood; it may have, no doubt, a greater interest for me than for others, for I was fighting, so to speak, in a different part of the field, and engaged a young subaltern in the Battle of Life, in which Hood fell, young still, and covered with glory. “The Bridge of Sighs”

was his Corunna, his heights of Abraham—sickly, weak, wounded, he fell in the full blaze and fame of that great victory.

What manner of man was the genius who penned that famous song? What like was Wolfe, who climbed and conquered on those famous heights of Abraham? We all want to know details regarding men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge. His one or two happy and heroic actions take a man's name and memory out of the crowd of names and memories. Henceforth he stands eminent. We scan him: we want to know all about him: we walk round and examine him, are curious, perhaps, and think are we not as strong and tall and capable as yonder champion? were we not bred as well, and could we not endure the winter's cold as well as he? Or we look up with all our eyes of admiration; will find no fault in our hero; declare his beauty and proportions perfect; his critics envious detractors, and so forth. Yesterday, before he performed his feat, he was nobody. Who cared about his birth-place, his parentage, or the color of his hair? To-day, by some single achievement, or by a series of great actions, to which his genius accustoms us, he is famous, and antiquarians are busy finding out under what schoolmaster's ferule he was educated, where his grandmother was vaccinated, and so forth. If half a dozen washing-bills of Goldsmith's were to be found to-morrow, would they not inspire a general interest, and be printed in a hundred papers? I lighted upon Oliver, not very long since, in an old *Town and Country Magazine*, at the Pantheon masquerade, “in an old English habit.” Straightway my imagination ran out to meet him, to look at him, to follow him about. I forgot the names of scores of fine gentlemen, of the past age, who were mentioned besides. We want to see this man who has amused and charmed us; who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought. I protest when I came, in the midst of those names of people of fashion and beaux and demirips, upon those names—“*Sir J. R-yn-ls, in a domino; Mr. Cr-d-ck and Dr. G-ldsm-th, in two old English dresses,*” I had, so to speak, my heart in my mouth. What! *you* here, my dear Sir Joshua? Ah, what an honor and privilege it is to see you! This is Mr. Goldsmith? And very much, Sir, the ruff and the slashed doublet become you! Oh, Doctor! what a pleasure I had and have in reading the “Animated Nature.” How *did* you learn the secret of writing the decasyllable line, and whence that sweet wailing note of tenderness that accompanies your song? Was Beau Tibbs a real man, and will you do me the honor of allowing me to sit at your table at supper? Don't you think you know how he would have talked? Would you not have liked to hear him prattle over the Champagne?

Now Hood is passed away—passed off the earth as much as Goldsmith or Horace. The times in which he lived, and in which very many

of us lived and were young, are changing or changed. I saw Hood once as a young man, at a dinner which seems almost as ghostly now as that masquerade at the Pantheon (1772), of which we were speaking anon. It was at a dinner of the Literary Fund, in that vast apartment which is hung round with the portraits of very large Royal Freemasons, now unsubstantial ghosts. There at the end of the room was Hood. Some publishers, I think, were our companions. I quite remember his pale face; he was thin and deaf, and very silent; he scarcely opened his lips during the dinner, and he made one pun. Some gentleman missed his snuff-box, and Hood said—(the Freemason's Tavern was kept, you must remember, by Mr. CUFF in those days, not by its present proprietors). Well, the box being lost, and asked for, and CUFF (remember that name) being the name of the landlord, Hood opened his silent jaws, and said \* \* \* Shall I tell you what he said? It was not a very good pun which the great punster then made. Choose your favorite pun out of "Whims and Oddities," and fancy that was the joke which he contributed to the hilarity of our little table.

Where those asterisks are drawn on the page you must know a pause occurred, during which I was engaged with "Hood's Own," having been referred to the book by this life of the author which I have just been reading. I am not going to dissert on Hood's humor; I am not a fair judge. Have I not said elsewhere that there are one or two wonderfully old gentlemen still alive, who used to give me tips when I was a boy? I can't be a fair critic about them. I always think of that sovereign, that rapture of raspberry tarts, which made my young days happy. Those old sovereign-contributors may tell stories ever so old, and I shall laugh; they may commit murder, and I shall believe it was justifiable homicide. There is my friend Baggs, who goes about abusing me, and, of course, our dear mutual friends tell me. Abuse away, *mon bon*! You were so kind to me when I wanted kindness that you may take the change out of that gold now, and say I am a cannibal and negro, if you will. Ha, Baggs! Dost thou wince as thou readest this line? Does guilty conscience throbbing at thy breast tell thee of whom the fable is narrated? Puff out thy wrath, and, when it has ceased to blow, my Baggs shall be to me as the Baggs of old—the generous, the gentle, the friendly.

No, on second thoughts, I am determined I will not repeat that joke which I heard Hood make. He says he wrote these jokes with such ease that he sent manuscripts to the publishers faster than they could acknowledge the receipt thereof. I won't say that they were all good jokes, or that to read a great book full of them is a work at present altogether jocular. Writing to a friend respecting some memoir of him which had been published, Hood says, "You will judge how well the author knows me, when he says my mind is rather serious than comic." At the time when he wrote these words, he evidently

undervalued his own serious power, and thought that in punning and broad-grinning lay his chief strength. Is not there something touching in that simplicity and humility of faith? "To make laugh is my calling," says he; "I must jump, I must grin, I must tumble, I must turn language head over heels, and leap through grammar;" and he goes to his work humbly and courageously, and what he has to do that does he with all his might, through sickness, through sorrow, through exile, poverty, fever, depression—there he is, always ready to his work, and with a jewel of genius in his pocket! Why, when he laid down his puns and pranks, put the motley off, and spoke out of his heart, all England and America listened with tears and wonder! Other men have delusions of conceit and fancy themselves greater than they are, and that the world slights them. Have we not heard how Liston always thought he ought to play Hamlet? Here is a man with a power to touch the heart almost unequaled, and he passes days and years in writing "Young Ben he was a nice young man," and so forth. To say truth, I have been reading in a book of "Hood's Own" until I am perfectly angry. "You great man, you good man, you true genius and poet," I cry out, as I turn page after page. "Do, do make no more of these jokes, but be yourself, and take your station."

When Hood was on his death-bed, Sir Robert Peel, who only knew of his illness, not of his imminent danger, wrote to him a noble and touching letter, announcing that a pension was conferred on him:

"I am more than repaid," writes Peel, "by the personal satisfaction which I have had in doing that for which you return me warm and characteristic acknowledgments.

"You perhaps think that you are known to one, with such multifarious occupations as myself, merely by general reputation as an author; but I assure you that there can be little which you have written and acknowledged which I have not read; and that there are few who can appreciate and admire more than myself the good sense and good feeling which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limits within which wit and facetiousness are not very often confined. You may write on with the consciousness of independence, as free and unfettered, as if no communication had ever passed between us. I am not conferring a private obligation upon you, but am fulfilling the intentions of the legislature, which has placed at the disposal of the Crown a certain sum (miserable, indeed, in amount) to be applied to the recognition of public claims on the bounty of the Crown. If you will review the names of those whose claims have been admitted on account of their literary or scientific eminence, you will find an ample confirmation of the truth of my statement.

"One return, indeed, I shall ask of you—that you will give me the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance."

And Hood, writing to a friend, inclosing a copy of Peel's letter, says: "Sir R. Peel came from Burleigh on Tuesday night, and went down to Brighton on Saturday. If he had written by post I should not have had it till to-day. So he sent his servant with the inclosed on *Saturday night*; another mark of considerate attention." He is frightfully unwell, he continues, his wife says he looks *quite green*: but ill as he is, poor fellow, "his well is not dry. He has pumped



out a sheet of Christmas fun, is drawing some cuts, and shall write a sheet more of his novel."

O sad, marvelous picture of courage, of honesty, of patient endurance, of duty struggling against pain! How noble Peel's figure is standing by that sick bed! how generous his words, how dignified and sincere his compassion! And the poor dying man, with a heart full of natural gratitude toward his noble benefactor, must turn to him and say: "If it be well to be remembered by a minister, it is better still not to be forgotten by him in a 'hurly Burleigh!'" Can you laugh? Is not the joke horribly pathetic from the poor dying lips? As dying Robin Hood must fire a last shot with his bow—as one reads of Catholics on their death-beds putting on a Capuchin dress to go out of the world—here is poor Hood at his last hour putting on his ghastly motley, and uttering one joke more.

He dies, however, in dearest love and peace with his children, wife, friends; to the former especially his whole life had been devoted, and every day showed his fidelity, simplicity, and affection. In going through the record of his most pure, modest, honorable life, and living along with him, you come to trust him thoroughly, and feel that here is a most loyal, affectionate, and upright soul, with whom you have been brought into communion. Can we say as much of all lives of all men of letters? Here is one, at least, without guile, without pretension, without scheming, of a pure life, to his family and little modest circle of friends tenderly devoted.

And what a hard work, and what a slender reward! In the little domestic details with which the book abounds, what a simple life is shown to us! The most simple little pleasures and amusements delight and occupy him. You have revels on shrimps; the good wife making the pie; details about the maid, and criticisms on her conduct; wonderful tricks played with the plum-pudding—all the pleasures centering round the little humble home. One of the first men of his time, he is appointed editor of a magazine at a salary of £300 per annum, signs himself exultingly "Ed. N. M. M.," and the family rejoice over the income as over a fortune. He goes to a Greenwich dinner—what a feast and rejoicing afterward!

"Well, we drank 'the Boz' with a delectable clatter, which drew from him a good warm-hearted speech. . . . He looked very well, and had a younger brother along with him. . . . Then we had songs. Barham chanted a Robin Hood ballad, and Cruikshank sang a burlesque ballad of Lord II—; and somebody, unknown to me, gave a capital imitation of a French showman. Then we toasted Mrs. Boz, and the Chairman, and Vice, and the Traditional Priest sang the 'Deep, deep sea,' in his deep, deep voice; and then we drank to Procter, who wrote the said song; also Sir J. Wilson's good health, and Cruikshank's, and Alnsworth's: and a Manchester friend of the latter sang a Manchester ditty, so full of trading stuff that it really seemed to have been not composed but manufactured. Jerdan, as Jerdanish as usual on such occasions—you know how paradoxically he is quite at home in dining out. As to myself, I had to make my second maiden speech, for Mr. Monckton Milnes proposed my health in terms my modesty might allow me to repeat to you, but my memory won't. However, I ascribed the toast to my

notoriously bad health, and assured them that their wishes had already improved it—that I felt a brisker circulation—a more genial warmth about the heart, and explained that a certain trembling of my hand was not from palsy, or my old ague, but an inclination in my hand to shake itself with every one present. Whereupon I had to go through the friendly ceremony with as many of the company as were within reach, besides a few more who came express from the other end of the table. Very gratifying, wasn't it? Though I can not go quite so far as Jane, who wants me to have that hand chopped off, bottled, and preserved in spirits. She was sitting up for me, very anxiously, as usual when I go out, because I am so domestic and steady, and was down at the door before I could ring at the gate, to which Boz kindly sent me in his own carriage. Poor girl! what would she do if she had a wild husband instead of a tame one."

And the poor anxious wife is sitting up, and fondles the hand which has been shaken by so many illustrious men! The little feast dates back only eighteen years, and yet somehow it seems as distant as a dinner at Mr. Thrall's, or a meeting at Will's.

Poor little gleam of sunshine! very little good cheer enlivens that sad simple life. We have the triumph of the magazine; then a new magazine projected and produced; then illness and the last scene, and the kind Peel by the dying man's bedside, speaking noble words of respect and sympathy, and soothing the last throbs of the tender honest heart.

I like, I say, Hood's life even better than his books, and I wish, with all my heart, *Monsieur et cher confrère*, the same could be said for both of us, when the ink-stream of our life hath ceased to run. Yes; if I drop first, dear Baggs, I trust you may find reason to modify some of the unfavorable views of my character, which you are freely imparting to our mutual friends. What ought to be the literary man's point of honor nowadays? Suppose, friendly reader, you are one of the craft, what legacy would you like to leave to your children? First of all (and by Heaven's gracious help) you would pray and strive to give them such an endowment of love as should last certainly for all their lives, and perhaps be transmitted to their children. You would (by the same aid and blessing) keep your honor pure, and transmit a name unstained to those who have a right to bear it. You would—though this faculty of giving is one of the easiest of the literary man's qualities—you would, out of your earnings, small or great, be able to help a poor brother in need, to dress his wounds, and, if it were but twopence, to give him succor. Is the money which the noble Macaulay gave to the poor lost to his family? God forbid. To the loving hearts of his kindred is it not rather the most precious part of their inheritance? It was invested in love and righteous doing, and it bears interest in heaven. You will, if letters be your vocation, find saving harder than giving and spending. To save be your endeavor too, against the night's coming when no man may work; when the arm is weary with the long day's labor; when the brain perhaps grows dark; when the old, who can labor no more, want warmth and rest, and the young ones call for supper.

## WATCHING AND WISHING.

OH, would I were the golden light  
That shines around thee now,  
As slumber shades the spotless white  
Of that unclouded brow!  
It watches through each changeful dream  
Thy features' varied play;  
It meets thy waking eyes' soft gleam  
By dawn—by op'ning day.

Oh, would I were the crimson veil  
Above thy couch of snow,  
To dye that cheek so soft, so pale,  
With my reflected glow!  
Oh, would I were the cord of gold  
Whose tassel set with pearls  
Just meets the silken cov'ring's fold  
And rests upon thy curls.

Dishevel'd in thy rosy sleep,  
And shading soft thy dreams;  
Across their bright and raven sweep  
The golden tassel gleams!  
I would be any thing for thee,  
My love—my radiant love—  
A flower, a bird, for sympathy,  
A watchful star above.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

## THE HISTORY OF A FABLE.

## AN EPISODE FROM THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

WHEN we compare closely the literary history of different peoples and ages we can not fail to remark how little of what is supposed to be nationally characteristic is really new, and how much is but a repetition, or at most but a development, of something which has existed before. It would appear almost as though the germs of certain forms of literary conception existed naturally in the human mind, and only awaited the genial impulse from without which was to bring them forth; while other forms pass, often by routes which we can no longer trace, from people to people, receiving more or less development in their onward progress. The literature itself is a long existing—a primitive and enduring—fact, while that which constitutes temporary or national character is an accidental modification. The case of dramatic literature, which at first glance would seem least capable of being reconciled with this fact, is indeed an apt example of the first of these classes of development, that of natural growth; for though the modern drama and the drama of antiquity are sufficiently alike to have been one imitated from the other, yet nothing is more certain than that they are perfectly independent formations, each having originated similarly in primeval religious ceremonies, and gone through a very similar course of growth. The development of modern dramatic literature had been almost completed before the moderns had any intimate knowledge of the ancient theatre. We are, of

course, here using the word modern in contradistinction to antiquity, in the usual historical sense of the word, and include under it the Middle Ages. We shall best display the history of the other, the migratory class of popular literature, by tracing it in one of its simplest forms; and perhaps we could not give a better example than that which is presented in *the history of a fable*.

That a fable is a class of literature not altogether to be despised even in the present age, is a fact which has been proclaimed to the world by a minister of state, our present Home Secretary, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in a scholar-like edition of the Greek fables of Babrius, which, it may be added by-the-way, have just been carefully translated into English verse by another classical scholar who is favorably known to the world, the Rev. James Davies. Sir George holds that the fable originated in Greece; but his arguments appear to us by no means conclusive, and we are inclined to adopt a different opinion. The characteristic feature of this class of stories—which consists in making animals act, reason, and talk like men—is itself so singular, and so contrary to universal experience, that we can only imagine it to have been invented in a peculiar condition of the popular intelligence; and such a condition, as far as we know, is presented to us alone in the religious creed of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, held by the ancient inhabitants of India. It is exactly in the literature of this people that we find what appear to be the oldest fables known; and these fables have a peculiar character of their own which identifies them with the people and the country. In such of them as are identical with the ancient or medieval fables current in Europe, we see at once, on a comparison, the change which has taken place in their transmission to accommodate the difference of circumstances in their new location; and this has sometimes so modified the story, as to render it only fully intelligible when we can recur to the original. Thus, an old European story tells us how six men played a trick upon a country-fellow, who was carrying a lamb for sale in the market. They agree to meet him one by one, and to persist in the same story that it was a dog he was carrying, and not a lamb. In the sequel, the astonishment of the rustic becomes so great that he lets them carry off the lamb in triumph. It must be confessed that there is not much point in this story; but when we look to its Indian original, we have no further difficulty in understanding it. There the victim is a Brahmin, who is carrying in his arms a goat intended for a religious sacrifice, when he meets three robbers, who, by a previous arrangement, one after another, and apparently without complicity, call the goat a dog. Now a dog was, in the Brahminical creed, an unclean animal, and the moment the Brahmin's belief in the kind of animal he carried was shaken he threw it down in horror and fled. Again, in the well-known story, current in almost every country of medieval Eu-

rope, and localized as a Welsh legend at Beddgelert, on the slopes of Snowdon, of the man who had slaughtered his favorite hound in the hasty belief that it had caused the death of his child, but discovered, when too late, that the dog had, on the contrary, saved the child's life by killing a serpent which had attempted to destroy it, there is something not much in accordance with European sentiments in the notion of a dog killing a serpent. But in the original story, in the Sanscrit, it is a favorite mangoust, or ichneumon, for which a dog has been substituted in the European version of the story. This change makes all clear; for among the ancient Hindoos the mangoust was domesticated like a cat, and served the same purpose of killing rats and mice; and we know that that animal, when in a wild state, kills and eats serpents. Every reader will remember the old Æsopian fable of "The Cat and the Goddess Venus." A cat fell in love with a handsome young man, and petitioned the goddess to change her into a beautiful woman. Venus granted her prayer, and the cat, thus metamorphosed, was espoused to the object of her admiration; but one day, as they were fondling on a couch, Venus, rather maliciously, let loose a mouse in the room, which the transformed cat no sooner saw than she sprang from the couch and pursued to kill and eat it. The goddess, indignant at seeing that she had preserved an instinct so unbecoming in a lady, restored her at once to her original shape. "This fable," says the moral, "shows that men who are naturally bad, although they change condition and place, never change their manners." The story, as thus told, is but a clumsy one, and is certainly a very far-fetched illustration of its moral, while it is not at all accordant with Greek notions. But let us turn to the East, and the whole difficulty is cleared up. The fable is found in the earliest Sanscrit collections, where it certainly differs very much in form from its Greek representative. A holy hermit was walking one day by the side of a fountain, when a mouse, dropped accidentally from the beak of a raven, fell at his feet. Moved with pity, he took it up and carried it home; and not liking its shape of a mouse, he prayed his god to change it into a little girl; and his prayer was granted. Under the holy hermit's care the little girl in due time became a young woman, ready for marriage; and one day he said to her, "Choose in all nature the being you desire, and I promise you that he shall be your husband." "I desire," said the damsel, "a husband so strong that he can not be conquered." The hermit imagined that the sun was the strongest of beings, and went immediately to ask him to take his *protégée* for a wife. The sun excused himself, alleging that he was not so strong as the cloud, inasmuch as the latter could prevent him from shining. The hermit then addressed himself to the cloud; but the cloud similarly yielded the palm of superiority in strength to the wind, which blew him this way, and that way, at will. The wind, who did not seem to approve the

match any more than those to whom it had been offered before, said that he was not so strong as the mountain, who often broke his force; and the mountain yielded the superiority to the rat, who, he said, made holes into his side whether he would or not, and penetrated to his entrails. When the holy hermit addressed himself to the rat, the latter accepted the offer of marriage at once, adding that he had been long seeking a wife. The holy hermit felt somewhat humiliated by the turn things had taken; but he returned to his home in full belief that the young lady would reject this proposal in disgust. When, however, he found that she was not only willing to accept it, but that she was actually impatient for the union, he became so indignant that he prayed his god to change her again into a mouse; and his petition, as before, was granted. All this is perfectly consistent with the creed of the ancient Hindoos.

The fable, indeed, appears to have been indigenous only to the people of India. The Persians and Arabs received it from them at known periods; and, although a French scholar of the last generation has rather ingeniously supposed that the book of Proverbs is only a collection of the moralizations to a large book of fables written by Solomon, it seems doubtful if what is properly called a fable existed in the ancient literature of the Hebrews. The biblical examples, in Judges (ix. 7) and 2 Kings (xiv. 9), in which trees are introduced, may be considered as allegories rather than as true fables. In the national literature of the Anglo-Saxons, which is the only existing representative of that of the Teutonic race in its oldest and purest form, there is no trace of the fable; and it was probably alike unknown to the Celts. But we find it at a rather remote period in Greece. One of the earliest of Greek poets, Hesiod, who has been carried back to a date of almost fabulous antiquity, quotes the well-known fable of the nightingale and the hawk, one of the first of the common collection of Æsop's fables. Herodotus, in the fifth century before Christ, introduces Cyrus quoting to the Ætolians the fable of the fisherman who played on his flute to the fishes, which is also one of the Æsopian collection. From this time these fables are frequently referred to in the Greek writers, who sometimes quote them by the name of Æsop; and there can be no doubt of the existence in Greece, before the Christian era, of a collection of such fables under that name. The earliest collection now known to exist is that of Phædrus, the freedman of Augustus, who professes to have translated into Latin verse from Æsop's original; but his language may leave room for a doubt whether he really translated from a written collection of fables professing to be the work of Æsop, or only made a collection of Æsopian fables, and published them in Latin verse. The earliest Greek collection of these fables is that already alluded to, which bears the name of Babrius, and which has only come to the knowledge of modern scholars in our own time. Sir George Cornewall



Lewis, we think, rightly supposes Babrius to have lived at the close of the second century after Christ; and he also professes only to have translated *Æsop's* fables into Greek choliambic verse: but his language on the subject is equally equivocal with that of Phædrus. The book of *Æsop's* fables in Greek prose, with which we are all so well acquainted, is no doubt a compilation of a much later date; and the still later life of *Æsop* is a greater fable than all the rest. The result of modern historical research has been to raise a strong spirit of incredulity; and it is wonderful how many things we are nowadays obliged to disbelieve, in which our predecessors put implicit faith. We confess ourselves to be among those who disbelieve in *Æsop*. Who believes in Sam Weller, or in the Clock-maker? yet the time may come some ages hence, when each of these worthies will be looked upon as a real personage who had lived in the world, and delivered from his own mouth all the sage remarks which go under his name. So we imagine it was with the *Æsop* of the fables; he was a creation, not of the mind of an individual, but of the mind of the people—a fable himself. Perhaps the statement that he was a Phrygian conceals some traditionary or legendary conviction that the fables came from the East: Babrius pretends that they originated with the Assyrians, and he traces them back to the primeval times of Belus and Ninus. Of this we think there can be little doubt, from a comparison of the *Æsopian* with the Sanscrit collections, that the Greeks originally derived the fable from India, though it is not easy now to point out the particular route by which it came. Sir George Lewis, in support of the theory that the fable was indigenous to Greece, insists on the fact that the animals introduced in the *Æsopian* collection were all, at one time or other, natives of that country; but this can hardly be allowed as an argument of much force, as a change of animals would be one of the natural modifications through which such compositions would pass in their transmission from people to people. We have already quoted remarkable examples of this process, and we might multiply them without difficulty. Thus, in one of the most important personages in the sequel of the history of the fable—the jackal of the Indian fable was changed in the Greek for the fox. A jackal and a fox are certainly not the same thing; but they have traits of character in common, and the latter was much better known to the Greeks than the former.

It was in medieval Europe that the fable had reached its highest pitch of importance. We have already stated that there are no traces of its existence in the primitive literature of the Teutonic race; but medieval Europe received the fables of antiquity in two different directions, which circumstance was eventually the cause of considerable modifications. In the first place, the fables of *Æsop* had been republished during the latter ages of the Roman empire, frequently, and under a variety of different forms. In the

fifth century, as it is supposed, an Italian, named Avianus, or Avienus, translated a selection of the fables of *Æsop* into elegiac verse, which was then better appreciated than the iambs of Phædrus. At a still later period another worthy turned the greater part of Phædrus into rather barbarous Latin prose, and gave this collection to the world under the name of Romulus. From this time Phædrus himself was superseded and forgotten, and Avienus and Romulus were the old Latin books of fables best known to the medieval writers, and became the foundation of most of the medieval collections of *Æsopian* fables. They were translated at a rather early period into French verse, under the titles of "Ysopets" and "Avionets," familiar diminutives of the names of *Æsop* and Avienus. In the first half of the thirteenth century an Anglo-Norman poetess, named Marie, in our island, translated the fables of Romulus into Anglo-Norman verse, and this became the most popular collection of the purely *Æsopian* fables in the Romance dialects of the Middle Ages. Marie imagined that the fables she was putting into verse were a collection made by command of the "Emperor Romulus," and translated from Greek into Latin by his servant "Ysopes" (*Æsop*).

Again, let us return to the East. The earliest collection of the fables of India, known at present, is one published in Sanscrit, under the title of "Pantcha-tantra" (the five chapters), at a date which seems uncertain, but is not placed later than the fifth century of our era. It was, doubtless, a collection of fables already popular. At the beginning of the sixth century the Persian monarch, Noushirvan, whose ears the fame of this book had reached, sent one of his learned men to India to obtain a copy of it, and employed him in translating it into the language of his own people, the Pehlvi, or ancient Persian. In this language it was accordingly published, under the title of the "Book of Kalila and Dimna," from the names of the two principal actors in it, and its authorship was ascribed to a "sage" named Bidpai, which, by mistaking the letters of the Arabian alphabet, has been corrupted into Pilpay. After the conquest of Persia by the Arabs, in the eighth century, this work was translated from Persian into Arabic, in which latter language, but under the same title, it has continued ever since to be a popular book. Bidpai, and another well-known Oriental fabulist, Lockman (whom the Arabian writers pretended was a near relative of Job!), and *Æsop*, are no doubt personages whose existence is equally authentic. The knowledge of these Oriental collections came to Western Europe by two different routes—first from Spain, which in the Middle Ages possessed one of the most flourishing schools of Arabian learning; and, secondly, through the relations with Syria established by the crusades, which soon made Europeans acquainted with the Arabian minstrels and storytellers. The former route led through direct translations, generally made by learned Jews

who had been converted to Christianity. Thus, in the thirteenth century, a converted Jew, known as a Christian by the name of John of Capua, translated into Latin the "Book of Kalila and Dimna;" and, in the century before, another converted Jew, a Spaniard, who took, as a Christian, the name of Petrus Alfonsi, gave to the world a similar translation of a collection of Oriental stories, under the title of "Disciplina Clericalis," in which there are a number of fables. This new accession of fiction produced a great effect upon the medieval fabulists. It not only enabled them to modify greatly, and to add to, the stories of the ancient Greek and Roman fabulists, but it excited a spirit of invention, which gave rise to what may almost be called a new school of fable. It is only one of many instances in which commixture produces force. Under its influence, indeed, we not only find a new importation of fables, but fables of medieval invention begin to appear in great abundance. In illustration of the former class, we may mention, as a curious circumstance, that in the Anglo-Norman fables of Marie, translated from Romulus, the old classical fable of the cat transformed by Venus into a woman has given place to the parallel story of the Sanscrit collection, in which, however, all the transformation is omitted. This, in fact, was not at all in accordance with the medieval idea of a fable. According to Marie's fable the mouse once became so proud that he could not find among his own race a female whom he would condescend to take for his wife, but he resolved to make a very high match. Accordingly, he went to the sun, supposing him to be the most powerful of all beings, and proposed for his daughter. The sun declined the match, and sent the suitor to the cloud, alleging the superior power of the latter, who could prevent his shining. The mouse accordingly went to the cloud, and proposed for his daughter, but he was similarly rejected, and recommended to the wind, who could drive the cloud before him, and who, in his turn, referred him to the tower built of stone, as being able to resist the wind. The mouse proceeded to the tower to make the same demand, but the tower told the applicant that he was mistaken in his estimate of his strength, for there was a little mouse which made holes into his walls without asking his permission, and pierced his mortar and stones, while he, the tower, had not power to resist. The mouse was thus, at last, in spite of his ambition, obliged to unite himself with one of his own race.

In the medieval fable the animals became more intimately identified with the class of persons they represented than in that of the ancients, and instead of acting merely their individual parts in each fable in which they appeared, the part each acted was a continuous one, and became gradually representative of some one or other class of feudal society. The lion thus became the feudal monarch, the wolf was the brutal and oppressive baron, the fox was the crafty intriguer, who usually ended by

gaining the mastery by his superior cunning over both king and baron, and so on with the other characters. Under the influence of this spirit the different animals took names in some way or other characteristic of the parts they acted, so that the wolf became Monsieur Isengrim; the bear, Dan Berenger; the fox, Master Renard; the cat, Madame Tibert; and so on with the others. A point of unity was thus established among the fables of all ages and all peoples, by whatever route they might come, which, among its other creations, produced one of the most remarkable popular literary monuments of the Middle Ages, the history of Reynard the Fox. Few literary works have been the subject of so much discussion, or of so many conflicting opinions, as this curious story; but the explanation of it is simple enough when we consider it as a continuous combination of fables, a general picture of society in the Middle Ages, instead of a mere unconnected series of satires on some of its salient points. To the man who understands thoroughly the Middle Ages, "Reynard the Fox" is but a natural result of the combination of the fables of Greece and India under medieval influence: and nowhere in the history of fiction is this influence more strongly developed. Even a brief consideration of any of the questions relating to this celebrated work would lead us far away from the subject more immediately under our consideration, and we shall therefore avoid them, and shall content ourselves with merely quoting one of its numerous episodes. There arose in the Middle Ages a sudden and marvelous spirit of inquiry, which sought causes and reasons for every thing, and in its equally extraordinary credulity found ready explanations, which were often, to say the least, very odd ones. One of the questions which presented itself to the medieval fabulists was, Why did the different animals introduced into the fables possess those particular traits of character which fitted them for their apparently artificial rôle? Listen to the rather characteristic reply to this question given in the thirteenth century by the compiler of the great French metrical romance of "Reynard." When Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, the Creator, in his compassion for them, gave the former a wand, and told him that, if he should be in want of any thing, he need only go to the sea-shore and strike the water with that wand and he should find relief. Accordingly, the first pair went on the sands, and Adam struck the sea with his wand. Immediately a lamb came out of it. "There!" said he to Eve, "take care of this animal, for as it grows it will give us milk and cheese." (Eve's milk appears to have been much used in the Middle Ages.) Eve, instead of being grateful, was envious of Adam's success, and she thought in herself that if she had a chance she would get a better lamb than her husband had gotten; so, while he was looking aside, she seized the wand and struck the sea. A furious wolf rushed out of the waves, seized the lamb, and carried it off into the woods. When Eve

saw that she had lost her lamb, she uttered cries of distress which roused Adam, and he took the wand from her and again struck the sea. A dog sprang out, followed the wolf, and rescued the lamb. Eve, not yet satisfied, made another trial of the wand, and the result was the appearance of the fox. Thus Adam and Eve went on striking alternately, the father of mankind always drawing from the depths of the ocean animals which became domesticated and were beneficial to society, while every attempt of Eve produced some wild and noxious beast. Thus it was that the wolf, and the fox, and the other animals which figure in the fables, came into the world with the various tempers which have given them their celebrity.

Several causes combined in giving importance to the fable in the Middle Ages, of which it will only be necessary to mention one. This class of literary composition had fallen into the hands of the clergy, and had effected a complete revolution in their style of predication, especially with those, such as the preaching friars, who aimed at popularity. A sermon was now often a mere string of fables and stories, with moralizations by which they were made to illustrate the general subject of the discourse, sometimes in the most unexpected and incongruous manner. Thus, with the medieval fabulists, the moralization of the fable was much more important than the story. At the same time the necessity for number and variety set men to work inventing fables, and especially their applications; and the latter became more particular and personal. They were no longer short moralizations in general terms, but they were filled with contemporary satire, and from time to time they hand down to us very singular pictures of private as well as public life. The quantity of compositions of this kind which was produced in the Middle Ages is almost incredible; and as the number went on increasing, the different collections published for the use of the preacher filled ponderous volumes in folio. One of the earlier of this class of fabulists was an English ecclesiastic, called Odo de Cirington—at least, this seems to be the name for which there is the best authority, for no place from which he could have taken it is at present known. He appears to have lived in the latter part of the twelfth century. There is a peculiar naïveté in his stories, which amuses us, in spite of the poverty of his inventive powers, while he spares no class of society in their application. Here is an example: "One day," he says, "the raven stole the dove's young one. The dove went to the nest of the raven to implore him to release her offspring. Then the raven asked her, 'Can you sing?' The dove replied, 'I can; but not well.' The raven said, 'Sing to me.' And the dove sang as well as she could; but the raven said, 'Sing better, or you shall not have your young bird.' The dove replied, 'I am not able to sing better.' 'Then,' said the raven, 'you shall not have your young one.' And the raven and his wife together ate

it up. Thus," says our author, Master Odo, "the rich men and bailiffs carry off the ox or sheep of some poor man, and invent some charge against him. The poor man offers bail, and asks for the liberation of his cattle, and he is ready to give five shillings, or more or less, accordingly to his means. The bailiff says to him, 'Brother, can not you sing better? Unless you sing better you shall not have bail.' Says the poor man, 'It is not in my power to sing better, because I am needy and poor, and am not able to give more.' Then the rich man or bailiff either detains the cattle, or afflicts the poor man in some other way, and thus devours him." Master Odo was not very lenient, even to his own class—the clergy; for here is another of his fables, having special reference to them. "A black beetle, flying over the country, passed among most beautiful trees in full bloom, among orchards, and roses, and lilies, in the most pleasant places, till at length he threw himself upon a dunghill, composed of the dung of horses, and there he found his wife, who asked him where he had been. And the beetle said, 'I have been flying round the whole earth; I have seen the blossoms of almonds, and lilies, and roses, but I have never seen so pleasant a place as this,' pointing to the dunghill. Thus," says the moral, "thus many clergy and monks, as well as laymen, have read the lives of the fathers, pass among the lilies of the valley, among the roses of the martyrs, and among the violets of the confessors, but nowhere seems to them so pleasant and agreeable as a harlot, or the tavern, or a singing party, which is a stinking dunghill and the congregation of sinners." We may risk another example in the same spirit. "It happened that the wolf was dead, and the lion assembled the beasts, and caused the funeral rites to be performed. The hare carried the holy water, hedgehogs bore the tapers, goats rung the bells, badgers dug the grave, foxes carried the corpse on the bier, Berengarius or the bear celebrated mass, the ass read the epistle, and the ox the gospel. When the mass was celebrated, and Isengrim buried, the animals feasted splendidly on his goods, and wished for another burial like it." Such is the fable; and here is the moral, which is certainly not over-complimentary to the monks and friars, who are supposed to have been the lights of old England in "the ages of faith." "So it happens frequently," saith the pious Odo de Cirington, "on the death of a rich extortioner or usurer, the abbot or prior causes the convent of beasts—that is," he says, "of people living like beasts—to assemble. For," he adds, by way of further explanation, "it is often the case that in any convent of monks there are none but beasts, for they are lions by reason of their pride, hares by their levity of mind, stinking goats by their drunkenness and excess, hedgehogs by their timidity, for they tremble with fear where there is no need for it, inasmuch as they fear to lose their temporalities, which is not to be feared, and they do not fear to lose heaven, of which



they have great room for fear. They are called oxen, which plow the earth, because they labor more on earthly than on heavenly things," etc. If Master Odo is rough upon the Church, neither is he over-complacent toward knighthood. One fable tells us how great barons sometimes enriched themselves by robbing on the highway, as though it were not at all an unusual thing. Another is still less complimentary to some of our English knights, especially when we consider that it was probably written in the time of the lion-hearted monarch, Richard I. "There is a certain bird, called in Spain St. Martin's bird, about as small as a wren, with slender, long legs like rushes. It happened on a hot, sunny day, about Martinmas, that this bird lay down to enjoy the sunshine at the foot of a certain tree, and, raising its legs upward, it said, 'Ah! if the sky were to fall now, I could hold it up with my legs.' But at that very moment a leaf fell down from the tree, and the bird flew away in terror, screaming out, 'Oh! St. Martin, St. Martin, come and help your little bird!'" By some singular train of reasoning, this bird is supposed to be typical of St. Peter, who, after much boasting of faithfulness, denied his Saviour; but Master Odo suddenly interrupts himself to introduce another interpretation. "It may also be adapted," he says, "to certain knights of England; when they have their heads well armed with wine or ale, they say they can each stand against three Frenchmen, and that they can vanquish any thing, but when they are fasting, and see swords and spears about them, they cry out, 'Oh! St. Martin, come and help your little bird!'"

The literature of the fable in the Middle Ages had shown at its beginning a great spirit of originality and inventiveness, but as it increased in extent it became debased, and, if we may use the word thus, adulterated. The mass of the fables of the Middle Ages, indeed, are poor in incident, and possess little point. They seem merely to represent the acts and thoughts of men given to animals, in order that they might furnish the occasion for moralization in this form, without much care for the congruity of the story or the aptness of the illustration. The fashion for allegorical interpretation was, indeed, so great, that hardly any thing escaped its influence; and not only popular stories and historical anecdotes, but even facts in science, were thrown in among the fables, and fitted with moral applications. What are, strictly speaking, stories, had been introduced in the Eastern collections of fables, and a few are found among the Greek fables of Æsop, but the proportion is much greater among the medieval collections. In fact, the confusion had become so great that people then gave the name of *fabliaux* to the ordinary tales or *contes*. Among the fables we often find these *fabliaux*, which are frequently the current stories of the day, told among the people without any notion that they admitted of a moral application; and, in fact, the morality of many of them is of a very equivocal de-

scription. Others are, like the medieval fables, invented for the purpose, and they would hardly pass muster any where but in a medieval sermon. The following is taken at random from one of the sermons of a preacher of the reign of our Henry II., known by the name of Odo of Kent: "There was once a king who, it is said, loving worldly glory, caused the pavement, seats, and walls of his hall to be covered with rich carpets and tapestries, and his table to be adorned with a table-cloth and with vessels of gold and silver. A certain wise man, who was invited to dinner, and sat at the king's table, wanting to spit, looked about in vain for a convenient place, and seeing every other spot covered with ornaments, he spit on the king's beard. The servants instantly laid their hands upon him, and would have dragged him away to punish him for his temerity, but they were prevented by the king, who judging that, *as he was a wise man*, he must have had some good reason for what he did, asked him to acquaint the company with it. To whom the wise man replied, 'I saw nothing but tapestry and precious metals on every side, and could find no more fitting place to spit on than the king's beard, which was all defouled with the remains of the food he had been eating, so I spat on it.' And so with you, my brethren," the preacher continued, addressing his congregation, "if you adorn your bodies so studiously in this world, you will be despoiled of all your ornaments when you die, and the devils in hell will cover your faces with stinking hot spittle. Do not, therefore, pride thyself, man, in any beauty, since the lilies of the field are fairer than thee; nor in thy strength, for an ass is stronger than thee; for an ass will carry to the mill a greater burden than the strongest man," and so on to the end of the story. Such was medieval popular preaching: the fitness of the application of the story in this case is certainly not very obvious; but preaching in a not very dissimilar style has been revived in our own days.

A question of some delicacy, in regard to this adaptation of stories arose, or, at all events, was anticipated. As we have already intimated, many of them were far from moral, however they might be moralized. The fable itself, moreover, was notoriously not Christian, for it was universally acknowledged to have come from the ancients, who at best were looked upon only as pagan philosophers, or from the infidel Saracens, which was still worse. This objection was met in a characteristic manner. We have had Christian preachers in later times, and in our own island, who insisted on introducing the most popular airs into their church music, and pleaded in excuse that it would be unfair to let the evil one have all the good tunes to himself; and this was the sort of argument used in the Middle Ages. There lived a great preacher in England at the latter end of the fourteenth century—and our countrymen took a very energetic part in all the intellectual movements of the Middle Ages—who was called, from the place of his birth,

John of Bromyard, and was a distinguished member of both universities, a preaching friar by profession, and a great enemy of all heretics, Wycliffites in especial. He published an enormous book of themes for preachers, in which the stories and fables were brought together in thousands. These, he owns, are frequently taken from the works of the Gentiles, but who, says he, asks in what garden, or by the care of what gardener, a plant is reared, if it be known to be an efficient remedy against disease? Have we not, he continues, the authority of the Gentiles themselves that enemy's property is fair plunder—*fas est et ab hoste doceri*?—and the Scriptures represent to us the Hebrews, God's own people, enriching themselves with the spoils of the Egyptians.

In the Middle Ages, the fashion for this kind of preaching, and for the fables and tales which formed the staple material for it, seemed to increase and to become more absurd, like the fables themselves, as the period of reformation and of the revival of ancient learning approached, and when that period arrived, the medieval fables were banished at once from our literature. One cause of their disappearance was the revival in Europe of the ancient *Æsop*, that is, of the Greek text of the fables which pass under his name. During the earlier ages of the art of printing, editions of *Æsop* in the original Greek, or in a Latin version, or in the vernacular languages of the countries in which they were printed, were multiplied by the press; but even in the latter they were not made for the amusement of children, but were published in ponderous folios, for the reading of men of riper years. The Greek fables are so much more simple and elegant in their construction, and so much more classically correct in their form, than either the somewhat extravagant apologues of the Orientals or the too often dull and insipid fables of the Middle Ages, that they soon triumphed over both. With them the fable secured for itself a permanent place in the literature of Europe, which, though not at present with any great glory, it still, nevertheless, continues to hold. It claims, and justly, several of the most classical and lasting monuments of the literature of Europe during the last two centuries, and counts among its worshipers such names as LaFontaine, and Lessing, and Gay. From the high position which such writers have given to it, we may look back upon its old and long career, as, born under the warm sky of India, it crept by ways unknown to the classic clime of Greece, passed thence less obscurely to Latium, and wandered onward into the Middle Ages of Europe, there to meet its older parent from its far distant birth-place, and, conjointly with it, to take medieval society by surprise, and conquer a more remarkable position than it had previously held either in the east or in the west. The history of the fable has, indeed, been an eventful one—we might almost say, romantic, and forms not an uninteresting or unimportant chapter in the general history of human intelligence.

## SUCCESS.

I HAVE a great opinion of successful men; and I am not ashamed to confess it.

It was the fashion, some years ago, to sneer at Success—nay, indeed, sometimes to revile it, as though it were an offense, or at best a pretentious humbug. This came out of the sudden inflation of some huge wind bags, which as suddenly collapsed. To do honor to successful men was held to be arrant flunkysm; for a successful man was accounted little better than a flatulent impostor. Clever men drew pictures of Success, represented by a mighty Juggernaut passing triumphantly over the necks of thousands of prostrate worshipers. Still cleverer men wrote brilliant stories of modern life, illustrating the rise and fall of seemingly successful men; and imitative dramatists transferred these sketches of society to the stage. The great imposture of Success was the pet subject of the day. But a healthier social philosophy is now enthroned among us. We have begun to think that men who make their way to the front, becoming rich or famous by the force of their personal characters, must, after all, have something in them, though every now and then bubbles may arise, in which solid realities are reflected, only to burst into thin air. Have we not all been reading lately about "Self-Help"—and what has charmed us so much? Are not our assembly rooms, and lecture halls, and mechanics' institutions, all over the country—I ask the question after a tolerably wide autumnal circuit of English provincial towns—are they not thrilling night after night with popular orations on "Self-made Men," or, as I see it phrased at times, "Self-built Men," and all that relates to them? To prostrate one's self before what Success has won, be it power, or riches, or what not, may rightly be called flunkysm; but to honor what has won success is worthy worship, not to be condemned or restrained. It is veneration for that type of manhood which most nearly approaches the divine by reason of its creative energy. It is a good sign of the times that we appreciate it at its true worth.

It is not to be expected, however, that envy should die out of the world; and so long as there is envy, people will be found to talk about Luck. But success does not come by chance; Providence helps those who help themselves. We may fancy that two men adopt the same means toward the attainment of the same end, and because one succeeds and the other fails, we may say that the one is more fortunate than the other. But the one succeeds and the other fails because they do *not* adopt the same means toward the same end. Of the two pilgrims who started on their journey each with peas in his shoon, the one was not more fortunate than the other; he was simply more wise. The man who sank by the way, toil-worn and foot-sore, with drops of agony on his forehead, groaning with pain, may have been the better walker of the two. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to

the strong. It is by the right application of your swiftness or your strength to the particular object in view that you make your way to Success. It is not only by doing the right thing, but by doing the right thing in the right way, and at the right time, that we achieve the great triumphs of life. All this is to be dwelt on presently. It is only here to be said that the varying results which we discern are not attributable to chance—not to external circumstances of any kind; but to inherent differences within ourselves—whatsoever Envy or Vanity may say upon the subject. Success is a substantial and enduring reality; luck is a mere vapor that is speedily dissolved. "Wealth gotten by vanity," saith Solomon, "shall diminish; but he that gathereth by labor shall increase."

But what, it may be asked, is Success? and who is the successful man? I have heard it said that "all success is comparative;" but with what is the comparison? Not with the successes of others. In this sense all success is positive. The prime minister is a greater man than his butler, but he is not, therefore, a more successful one. You must measure the success of a man, not by the relation which his achievements bear to what others have achieved, but by their relation to what he himself has endeavored. If he has kept a certain object steadily before him, and has attained it—no matter what the object be—he is a successful man. In another sense, too, success is positive; for it admits of no drawbacks or abatements beyond the range of the object attained. If I strive to amass wealth, and I amass it, I am not the less successful because my son turns out a dissolute spendthrift and my daughter disgraces herself by a runaway match. Am I less successful as a poet or a painter because my wife is unfaithful to me, and I am miserable in spite of my success? Success is one thing; happiness is another. The boy Warren Hastings aimed at the Governor-generalship of India, and the recovery of his ancestral estates; was he less a successful man because, when he had accomplished these objects of his ambition, his life was embittered by the persecution of his enemies? And the boy Charles Metcalfe—he too aimed at the Governor-generalship, and he attained not solely to that eminence, but to the prouder distinction of ruling "the three greatest dependencies of the British Crown." Was he less successful, because, in the fullness of his fame, an excruciating bodily disease ate into his life and destroyed him by slow torture?

Even the disappointments and disquietudes of Success itself do not detract from its completeness. A man may not find the attainment of his object so exhilarating as the pursuit of it; but for all this he does succeed. I knew a man whose desire it was to obtain a certain public situation. There was a particular post in a particular department which he coveted, and he said to himself that he would obtain it. Night after night his way home led him down Whitehall, and as he passed under the shadow of the building which held the department of govern-

ment which he aspired to enter, he would shake his fist at it, and say, "You grim old pile, you exclude me now, but some day I shall have a home in you, be sure." And he was right. Unlikely as success appeared, he succeeded, and even sooner than he had hoped. It was nothing very great that he had obtained. But the success consisted in this, that what he won was the identical thing which he aspired and endeavored to win. It is nothing to the point that other men had won much higher posts by their successful exertions. Nor is it a matter to be considered, when we would determine the measure of his success, whether he was happier than before. There may have been distressing sets-off in other directions, or the thing for which he had striven may not have satisfied him; but the positive success was there. All success, indeed, is self-contained. If it were not, I am afraid that the catalogue of successful men might be printed on half a page.

We may think about this at leisure. *Vanitas vanitatum!* It is not the subject of discourse which I have chosen for myself. And I would rather, if I digress at all, step aside to ask whether it may not be that we all have our successes, though they be not of a kind of which the world takes any account. I must keep, however, to the subject of recognized Success, as all men understand it, and inquire how it is attained. I have heard people laugh at the misquotation of that well-known Addisonian platitude:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But I'll do more, Sempronius—I'll deserve it."

But I have thought the *varia lectio* involved in the blunder deserving of the highest consideration; and I have been more disposed to admire than to ridicule the reading,

"'Tis not in mortals to deserve success,  
But I'll do more, Sempronius—I'll command it."

More men have commanded success than have deserved it. There is nothing presumptuous in the idea. It is more presumptuous to talk about our deserts. What do the best of us deserve but complete and disastrous failure?

It has been said that "any man may have any woman." The meaning of which I hold to be, that the persevering pursuit of any object must eventually be crowned with success. *Labor omnia vincit*, as the copy-book text has it, and as the proverbs of well-nigh every country have it in other words. To set your mind resolutely upon the accomplishment of any purpose is to go half-way to its attainment. Now it commonly happens, to pursue the illustration wherewith I commenced this passage, that they who are most successful with women are not the handsomest men. And the reason of this is obvious. Handsome men rely overmuch on their handsomeness. To use a metaphor, rather expressive than eloquent, they expect that all the pretty women will "jump down their throats." But pretty women will not jump down their throats. This process of deglutition is not affected by them. They have no notion of being quietly absorbed. They must be won



—bravely, laboriously, and with a becoming sense of what is due to them. Are we to think that we have only to sit quietly in our easy-chairs, and to twirl our mustaches? Beauty is a divine gift; let whosoever possesses it be thankful. Madame de Staël, one of the most gifted of mortals, said that she would surrender all that she possessed in exchange for it. But Madame de Staël was a woman; and I am now writing about men. Every body knows that men care more about personal beauty in the other sex than women do, and for this reason, that pleasant sights and sweet sounds, and every thing soft and gentle, is a delight and a refreshment to them. But the ordinary environments of women are soft and gentle. They lead comparatively passive lives; and that which most fascinates them in the other sex is a sense of active power. What is softness and smoothness to them? Bless them, they like the grit. Even the hard lines on a man's face—the pallor, nay, the less interesting sallowness of his cheek—are interesting to them, if they denote power. I repeat that personal beauty is a great gift, even to a man. But it is only as an accompaniment to other gifts that it contributes to success. Every body knows what Wilkes, the ugliest man in England, said to Townshend, the handsomest. And it was not a mere idle boast.

And so it is with intellectual gifts of a high order. The conscious possessor relies too much upon them. Fortune is represented as a woman—do we not call her Dame Fortune?—and she must be laboriously won. Are we to sit down by the way-side, and expect that she will seat herself on our lap? “Any man may have any woman,” and any man may have any thing, if he only goes about resolutely to attain it. But he must not trust too much to what he is. Genius, like beauty, is a divine gift; let him who possesses it thank God with his whole heart; but it is not by being, but by doing, that we achieve success; and therefore it is that the most gifted, like the handsomest men, are often passed on the road by men of second-rate abilities, or, more correctly, of inferior natural gifts. I would have this distinction kept steadily in view, for people too often use the word “ability” with reference to any thing rather than to its true meaning. I am not one of those who have much faith in the general co-existence of inactivity with power. I hold that what men can do they will do; and I think it will be found that when they do it not, it is because they feel that they can not do it. There may be great natural gifts resulting only in a dreamy, indolent, unproductive state of life. But this is because the possessor has no special aptitude for any particular thing—no vocation, so to speak; no consciousness of ability to carry out any thing to a conclusion; no resolute will to attempt it. Dress up the idea as we may; cover it with whatsoever gloss of fine and attractive words; talk of the waywardness, the impulsiveness of genius; it is, in its naked reality, no more than this—that whatsoever the natural gifts may be,

their possessor lacks ability to do any thing, and feels the inability within him. He does not see his way clearly to any definite result; he does not concentrate his powers on any given object; and he runs to waste, nothing better at the best than a splendid failure.

To concentrate your powers on any given object—to go directly to the point, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and resolutely determining to succeed—is to secure Success. If once you begin to *sprawl* you are lost.\* I do not mean by this that we are to reject collateral aids. On the other hand, I would suffer all tributary streams to flow freely into the great main channel of our action. You may drive a dozen horses in the same chariot if you can only keep them well together. You must converge to a centre, not diverge from it. If I were to give way to the allurements of biographical illustration, I should soon fill a volume, instead of only a few pages; but here are a few lines from Plutarch, which I quote rather in the way of caution than of example: “There was in the whole city but one street in which Pericles was ever seen—the street which led to the market-place and to the council-house. He declined all invitations to banquets, and all gay assemblies and company. During the whole period of his administration he never dined at the table of a friend.” Emerson cites this with commendation in one of his lectures. But I can not help thinking that it is a mistake. You should never forget the Market-place or the Council-house. But you may expediently dine at the table of a friend, or invite a friend to dine at your table, in the interests of the Market-place or the Council-house. Self-help is, doubtless, a great thing, but mutual help is not to be despised. We may often make a greater stride on to success by “dining at the table of a friend” than by staying at home to post up a ledger, or to wade through a volume of statistics. Successful men, we may be sure, have not confined themselves to direct action, or looked only to immediate results. More failures are consummated by want of faith and want of patience than by any thing else in the world. We can not grow rich by sowing mustard seeds on a damp flannel, though they begin to sprout before our eyes. Concentration is not isolation or self-absorption. “Stick to your business, and your business will stick to you:” an excellent doctrine, doubtless; but what if I stick to my business more closely by smoking a cigar in my back-parlor than by serving customers in my front-shop? What if I put aside some important work, claiming attention, to dress for dinner, and to convey myself to the table of an influential friend, on the chance of

\* I learned this lesson very early in life, on the box of the North Devon coach, receiving the rudiments of my education as a Jehu. It was night. I drove from Andover to Blackwater; and three elderly ladies were ignorant of the danger to which they were exposed. “Keep them well together. Keep them well together. Don't let them sprawl,” was all the advice I received from my instructor. The lesson was worth remembering on the great turnpike-road of life.

gaining more by going out than by staying at home? When I was a very young man I wrote essays in illustration of what I then believed to be the folly of such a course. But as I grow old, every year convinces me more and more that social intercourse, of the right kind, is a material aid to success. Often the gain is palpable to you at once, and you count your advantage as you take off your dress-coat. But if not, it will find you out after many days: you have sown, and in due season you will reap. If you do nothing more than assert your individuality—make yourself a living presence among men, instead of a myth, a *nominis umbra*—you may be sure that you have done something. Am I more or less likely to read your book, or to buy your picture, or to say a good word for you, if I have a chance, to some man in authority, for sitting next to you at our friend Robinson's, and thinking you a pleasant fellow? At all stages of our journey it will be the same. It is not more incumbent upon you to remember this, that you may gain a high place, than that you may keep it. Our statesmen are wiser in their generation than Pericles. There is Lord Tiverton, the very personification of smiling success. Does he "decline all invitations to banquets, all gay assemblies, all company?"

Now, all this does not in any way militate against the theory of concentration. In a work of art there may be great variety of detail with perfect unity of action. Every accessory should contribute to the one general result—should illustrate the one leading idea. Every detail that is foreign to the subject is so much sheer waste of strength. And so it is in the conduct of life. With one object set steadily before us, we may have many varying activities, but they will all assist the main action, and impart strength and consistency to it. Singleness of aim, I repeat, in nowise demands monotony of action. But if you allow yourself to be diverted from this singleness of object, you are little likely to succeed in life. "Art is long—life is short." Knowing this, there is a universal tendency among us to go in search of specialties. General practitioners seldom get beyond a respectable mediocrity, while your specialists attain to eminence and wealth. If an eye or an ear be affected, we seek out the man who has made that particular organ the study of his life. In the pursuit of that one object, the oculist or the aurist may have studied the mechanism of the whole human frame, and the general physiology of man, but only in their relation to the particular organ to the full understanding of which he is devoting all the energies of his mind. He can not, indeed, understand his subject without the aid of this contributory knowledge. But all that is not contributory is waste. In the same manner, lawyers succeed by studying special branches of their profession; and literary men are successful in proportion as they stick to their specialties—or rather, as they are fortunate in having any. If a man can write well on any one special subject—no matter what that subject may

be—he is sure to find profitable occupation for his pen, while the general dealer in literary wares, though more highly gifted by nature, may fail to provide himself with bread. The popular appreciation of this general fact expresses itself in the well-known proverb that "a jack-of-all-trades is master of none." The world has no faith in Admirable Crichtons. They may be very pleasant fellows in their way, but mankind in general would rather not do business with them.

A shrewd, intelligent man of the world, and one, too, who had been eminently successful—for from a small beginning he had risen to the highest place in the department to which he had been attached, and had made the fortunes of his whole family, brothers, sons, and nephews, as well as his own—once said to me: "The longer I live the more convinced I am that over-sensitiveness is a great mistake in a public man." He might have said in all men who desire to succeed in life. Now, I wish it to be understood, that what is expressed here by the word "over-sensitiveness" does not signify over-scrupulousness. Be as scrupulous as you will. Do nothing that can give you a single pang of conscience. Keep your hands clean. If you can not do this, sink into the abysmal depths of failure, unsoiled and unspotted, with skin clear and white as a little child's, and be clean. But do not be over-sensitive on the score of pride, or vanity, or dominant egotism. Every successful man, you may be sure, has had much to mortify him in the course of his career. He has borne many rebuffs; he has sustained many failures. What if men do not understand you, are not inclined to encourage you, and exercise the privilege of age or superior position? Bear with it all, Juvenis, your time will come; you may take your change out of the world when you are a little older. Bah! how does it hurt you? "Hard words break no bones," saith the proverb. And they break no spirit that is not of the feeblest. The world may laugh at your failures—what then? Try again, and perhaps they will not laugh. Try once again, and perhaps it will be your turn to laugh. "He who wins may laugh," saith another proverb. If you have the right stuff in you, you will not be put down. There is a man now among us, a man of genius, who aspired to take a part in public affairs. After much travail he obtained a seat in Parliament. And the House, knowing he could write, assumed that he could not speak, and when he rose they laughed at and hooted him. He told his assailants that the time would come when they would listen to him—and he was right. He spoke the words of prophecy and of truth. And the time did come, when they not only listened, but when the men who had despised came to fear him, or to worship him; and, when he rose, either shrank appalled and dismayed, or looked to him for the salvation of their party, and applauded to the echo.

There are various roads to success, but I am somewhat inclined to think that the surest is grav-

elly and gritty, with some awkward pitfalls and blinding quicksets in the way. Was that famous nursery rhyme of the Man of Thessaly, think you, written but for the entertainment of babes and sucklings? or was it not rather meant as a lesson to children of a larger growth, to the adolescents of our nurseries of learning, starting on the great journey of life? Every one knows the story—how the hero of it

—jumped into a quickset hedge  
And scratched out both his eyes.

Doubtless the way with most of us, looking not before we leap; going ahead too rapidly at the outset—not calculating our juvenile strength, and jumping into the midst of what we think we can clear at a bound. Do we not all think ourselves “wondrous wise,” and, thinking so, encounter blinding disaster? But are we, therefore, to go darkling all the rest of our lives? It was not to teach us this that the great epic of the Man of Thessaly was written. He had the true heroic stuff in him; and he did not sit down and bewail his loss, helpless and hopeless.

And when he saw his eyes were out  
He had reason to complain;  
But he jumped into the quickset hedge  
And scratched them in again.\*

And such is the right way to fight the battle of life, to grapple with the failures and disasters which beset your career. Go at it again. You may have reason to complain that your good intentions meet with no better results; that the singleness of your aims, the purity of your aspirations, and the high courage of your first grand plunge into life lead to nothing but a torn face, smeared with blood, and a night of painful bewildering blindness. But it is better to strive manfully than to complain weakly; brace yourself up for another plunge; gather strength from defeat; into the quickset hedge again gallantly; and you will recover all that you have lost, scratch your eyes in again, and never lose your clearness of vision for the rest of your life.

Yes, indeed, if we have the right stuff in us, these failures at the outset are grand materials of success. To the feeble they are, of course, stumbling-blocks. The wretched weakling goes no farther; he lags behind, and subsides into a life of failure. And so by this winnowing process the number of the athletes in the great Olympics of life is restricted to a few, and there is clear space in the arena. There is scarcely an old man among us—an old and successful man—who will not willingly admit that he was made by his failures, and that what he once thought

\* I write the words as I learned them in my childhood; but there are various readings of all (so-called) nursery rhymes, and I am told that more correctly the concluding portion of the legend of the Man of Thessaly runs thus:

But when he saw his eyes were out,  
With all his might and main  
He jumped into the quickset hedge  
And scratched them in again.

This reading is more emphatic than the other, and better illustrates my text. It is by going at it again, “with all one’s might and main,” that we repair our foregone disasters and gather strength from defeat.

his hard fate was in reality his good fortune. And thou, my bright-faced, bright-witted child, who thinkest that thou canst carry Parnassus by storm, learn to possess thyself in patience. Not easy the lesson, I know; not cheering the knowledge that success is not attainable, *per saltum*, by a hop, step, and a jump, but by arduous passages of gallant perseverance, toilsome efforts long sustained, and, most of all, by repeated failures. Hard, I know, is that last word, grating harshly upon the ear of youth. Say, then, that we mollify it a little—that we strip it of its outer crustaceousness and asperity, and truthfully may we do so, my dear. For these failures are, as I have said, but stepping-stones to success; *gradus ad Parnassum*—at the worst, non-attainments of the desired end before thy time. If success were to crown thine efforts now, where would be the great success of the hereafter? It is the brave resolution to “do better next time” that lays the substrata of all real greatness. Many a promising reputation has been prematurely destroyed by early success. The good sap runs out from the trunk into feeble offshoots or suckers. The hard discipline of the knife is wanted. I repeat that it is not pleasant; but when thou feelest the sharpness of the edge, think that all who have gone before thee have been lacerated in like manner. At thine age I went through it all. My first great effort was a tragedy upon a grand Elizabethan model. It was submitted by a friend to a competent critic, who pronounced it to be “morally, dramatically, and irremediably bad.” I write the words now with a strong sense of gratitude to that critic; but I have not forgotten the keen agony with which they burned themselves into my soul, when I first read the crushing verdict in a dingy back bedroom in the Hummums. We have all gone through it, my dear. We! “How we apples swim!” I would speak of men—the real Chivalry of letters—whose bucklers I am not worthy to bear. Ask any one of them about their early struggles with a world incredulous of their genius, and what a history they will have to tell thee! Ay, and what a grand moral! Is there a true knight among them who does not, on the very knees of his heart, thank God for his early failures?

In estimating the sources of Success, account must, doubtless, be taken of constitution. Some of us have constitutional defects, by which others are not incapacitated or impeded. Sustained energy is possessed only by those who have powerful digestive organs. Men of a bilious, sanguine, irritable nature are capable of great spasms of energy, which carry them along so far at a time that they can allow for intervals of prostration. But there is nothing like a steady flow of health—an equable robustness of manhood. It is a blessing which few men possess, and for which the possessor has reason devoutly to be thankful. Most of us are sensible of intervals of feebleness and weariness, when we are incapable of any great exertion; when we feel painfully that we are not doing the work which we



had set ourselves to do, that we are falling behind in the race, and suffering day after day to slip by without our making any impression on the sand. For some time I doubted much as to the best mode of dealing with Nature in such a case—whether it were better to make the dominant will assert itself, and to go on in spite of the unwillingness of the natural man; in spite of weakness, and lassitude, and continual entreaties from the frail flesh; or to let Nature have her way at once, and succumb contentedly to her demands. On the one hand, there is the fear of doing your work badly—perhaps of having it to do all over again, or of making on the minds of others, whom you wish to influence favorably, an impression of feebleness rather than of strength. There is, moreover, the risk of extending the period of lassitude and incompetency by doing violence to Nature; perhaps, indeed, of permanently enfeebling your powers. On the other hand, there is the danger of making compromises with your active powers, and yielding to the temptations of indolence. We may mistake idleness for inability, and follow our self-indulgent inclinations, rather than be swayed by an honest sense of what is wisest and most befitting the occasion. It is difficult to lay down any precise rules on the subject for the guidance of others. If every man asks himself what is his besetting infirmity, and answers the question conscientiously, he will be able to decide whether he runs greater risk of injuriously forcing Nature, or of yielding too readily to her suggestions. If you know that you are not indolent—if you have, for the most part, pleasure in your work, and never need the spur—you may safely pause, when your energies are flagging, and you feel an indescribable something that resists all your efforts to go forward on the road. It is better not to do a thing at all than to do it badly. You may lose time. What then? Men, stripping for the race of life, should account no time or money thrown away that contributes in any way to their physical health—that gives tone to the stomach or development to the muscles. And we should never forget that we do not sustain our energies best by keeping them always on the stretch. Rest and recreation are no small part of discipline. The greater the work before us the more need we have of them both.

I am nearing, not the end of my subject, but the end of my space, and I see before me much which I had purposed to say, but which must be left unsaid, for such a theme is not easily exhausted. But there is one matter to which, before I conclude, I especially desire to invite attention. I have heard it said, that if we expect to get on in the world we must be suspicious of our neighbors. "Treat every man as if he were a rogue." Now, if this were a condition of Success, Success would not be worth having—nay, indeed, it would be wholly intolerable: commend me to a life of failure. But it is not a condition of Success. To know an honest man from a rogue, and to act accordingly, is doubtless a great thing; but, if we are to treat all

mankind on our journey through life as rogues or honest men, why, I throw up my cap for the latter. We may be cheated, it is true; tricked, cozened, defrauded; and we may throw away that which, worthily bestowed, might have really contributed to our success. It is a serious matter to waste our strength—to squander, in this manner, the materials of Success. Successful men, it may be said, do not make blunders of this kind. I am not quite sure of that; besides, who knows but that the strength may not be wasted after all. A good deed, done in a good spirit, can never be thrown away. The bread cast upon the waters may return to us after many days. This at least I know, that if it be true, as I have said, that Providence helps those who help themselves, it is no less true that Providence helps those who help others. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by his liberality shall he stand." It was not meant that we should stand alone in the world. Whatsoever may be our strength, whatsoever our self-reliance, there are times and seasons when we need a helping hand, and how can we expect it to be stretched out to us, if we always keep our own in our pockets? And if we do not trust others, how can we hope to be trusted ourselves? I am not writing now about high motives, but about aids to Success. Still I would have it borne in remembrance that there is a vast difference between looking for an immediate or direct return for every kindness done to a neighbor, and having faith in the assurances of Providence that as we mete to others so shall it be meted to us. The recipient of our bounty may turn his back upon us and go forth into the world only to revile us; but it does not follow therefore that we have wasted our generosity, or that the next shipwrecked brother who comes to us should be sent empty-handed away. Let us only have faith and patience, and we shall find our reward. Doubtless, there may be exceptions—apparent, if not real; but my experience of life teaches me that men who are prone to assist others commonly thrive well themselves. The most successful men of my acquaintance are at the same time the most liberal. Their system is to treat their neighbor as an honest man until their commerce with him has proved that he is a rogue, and I do not think that men are less likely to be honest for finding that they are trusted by their neighbors.

This matter of mutual aid is a point much to be considered. Self-reliance is a great thing, but it may sometimes carry us out of our depths. The most successful men are commonly those who have known best how to influence their fellows—how to turn inferior agency to good account. After all, that which any man can do by himself is very little. You must turn the energies of other men to account in furtherance of your own. The right thing is to identify their interests with yours, and not only to make them believe that by helping you they are helping themselves, but really to insure that it is so. My belief is, that selfish men do not succeed in

life. Selfishness is essentially suicidal. You know instances to the contrary, you say. Are you sure of it? Appearances are sometimes deceitful. There are men who bear the appearance of selfishness—who are harsh in manner, stern of purpose, seemingly inaccessible and unyielding—but there are soft spots under the grit. They do things differently from men of a more genial temperament. But what right have we to expect that every one should wear our colors? Stern men are not necessarily selfish men. There are men who, conscious of the excessive softness of their natures, have felt the necessity of inducing a sort of outer crust or armor of asperity, as a covering or protection for themselves, and who thus, in their efforts to counteract a tenderness approaching to weakness, do manifest injustice to the goodness of their hearts. I have known men, too, noted for an almost impenetrable reserve, who were in reality thus reserved only because no one invited their confidences. The injudicious bearing of those with whom they lived had brought them to this pass. The respect and deference of inferiors, whether of the family or only of the household, if in excess, will often produce this result. Reticence begets reticence. But men of this kind often long for an opportunity of letting loose their pent-up confidences, and, if you only touch the right spring, will raise at once the lid of their reserve, and show you all the inner mechanism of their hearts. Ay, and how grateful they will feel to you for giving them the chance! What a sense of relief is upon them when they have thus unburdened themselves! We little know what a deep wrong we sometimes do to others by suffering this outer crust of reserve to gather about them.

Whether you govern best by a reserved, dignified demeanor, or by an open, cheery manner, may be a question. Each has its advantage, and each is very effective in its occasional deviations into the system of the other. The genialities of stern men, and the asperities of genial ones, are each very impressive in their way. Indeed, the question of manner, in connection with my present topic of discourse, is one of such high importance that I can not summarily dismiss it. I do not say that it is a thing to be studied. To lay down any rules on the subject is a vain thing. People who shape their outward behavior with elaborate design generally overreach themselves. Nothing but a really natural manner is genuinely successful in the long-run. Now, the natural manner of some people is good—of others hopelessly bad, though there may be little difference in the good stuff beneath. It is hard that we should be prejudiced by what is merely superficial; but we are. I have heard it said that this is not prejudice—for the manner is the outward and visible sign of the man. But there are very excellent people in the world with manners the reverse of pleasant—people shy and reserved, or brusque and boorish, with whom personal intercourse is by no means a delight. Others, again,

there are, with whom half an hour's talk is like an invigorating bath of sunshine. In this last there is an element of success. There is another successful manner, too—one which impresses every one with a sense of your power. If you have both a manner at once gracious and powerful, you have every thing that you can wish as an outward aid to success. A thoroughly good manner will often do much to neutralize the ill effects of an unprepossessing appearance. But an ill-favored countenance may be a stumbling-block at the outset that is never surmounted. It repels at the first start. There are people described as "unpresentable," who have giants to contend against at their first start in life. When they have once made their way in the world, the insignificance or grotesqueness of their appearance is a matter of no moment. Nay, indeed, we may not unfairly assign some additional credit to the man who has forced his way to the front in spite of all physical defects and personal drawbacks. But it is an awful thing for a young beginner to have to contend against the impediments of a bad face, an insignificant or an ungainly figure, and a bad manner in the presence of others.

However material to the subject under discussion, these last remarks appear here in the nature of a digression; and I do not know that I can close this essay in any better manner than by returning to what I was saying about mutual help. Great as is self-help, I am disposed to think that mutual help is greater. If we contribute to the success of our neighbors, that is a success in itself. There are few of us who may not do something in this way, assured that we shall not do it in vain. And there are few of us who do not want, or who have not at some time of our lives wanted, a helping hand, and been saved by its timely extension. Liberality is not for nothing.—"The liberal man shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered himself."

## A DREAM OF THE CAVALIERS.

### I.

IN the May morn, rich with roses,  
And alive with dancing streams,  
The forms of the great old leaders  
Come to my waking dreams:

From the trellis'd porch of the homestead  
I see them as they pass,  
Like a line of august phantoms,  
Over the velvet grass.

And not alone do the figures  
Of the gallant Cavaliers  
Come forth from the deepening shadows  
Of the long-forgotten years:

The shapes of dear dead maidens  
Flit through the ancient hall,  
And I seem to hear their voices  
In the oak-trees great and tall.

For the river breeze, like laughter,  
Comes up from the shining shore;  
And, borne in the snowy cloud-ships,  
I pass to the years before!

## II.

They come in a great procession,  
With firm but noiseless tread,  
From the mists of the far horizon—  
Those ghosts of the mighty dead.

In front of the glittering pageant,  
With the clear dark eyes serene,  
Behold, in his ruff and doublet,  
The Knight of the Virgin Queen!—

John Smith, the fearless captain  
Of the mighty days of old,  
With the beard and swarthy forehead,  
And the bearing free and bold!

He has fought in the bloody battles  
Of the Old World and the New,  
With a soul unmoved by peril—  
A stout heart, kind and true!

He has flashed his glittering falchion  
In the sun of Eastern lands,  
And toiled, a woe-worn captive,  
In the wild Caucasian sands!

He has bent with knightly homage  
To the beauty in her bower,  
But here, in the purple sunset,  
He has met with a fairer flower!

She comes!—like a fawn of the forest,  
With a bearing mild and meek,  
The blood of a line of chieftains  
Rich in her golden cheek.

With the tender, fluttering bosom,  
And the rounded shoulders, bare—  
The folds of her mantle waving  
In the breath of the idle air.

With a crown of nodding feathers  
Set round with glimmering pearls;  
And the light of the dreamy sunshine  
Asleep in her raven curls!

Our own dear Pocahontas!  
The Virgin Queen of the West—  
With the heart of a Christian hero  
In a timid maiden's breast!

You have heard the moving story  
Of the days of long ago,  
How the tender girlish bosom  
Shrunk not from the deadly blow:

How the valiant son of England,  
In the woodland drear and wild,  
Was saved from the savage war-club  
By the courage of a child.

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And now in the light of glory  
The noble figures stand—  
The founder of Virginia,  
And the pride of the Southern land!

## III.

They pass like a strain of music,  
And the early rebels come,  
With the blare of jarring trumpets  
And the thunder of the drum.

Beware, Sir William Berkeley!  
Beware, in your island town!  
For the planters of Virginia  
Will batter your log-walls down.

Your foe, Nathaniel Bacon,  
Comes on with hasty stride;  
With lips and forehead haughty,  
And an eye on fire with pride!

Alas! for the brave young chieftain,  
His life was foully sped:  
He sleeps in the soil of Gloucester,  
With the green grass o'er his head!

And Hansford, Giles, and Drummond,  
Rest in their noble graves,  
Lulled by the winds of ocean  
And the murmur of the waves!

Thus fell those great Virginians,  
For the freedom of the land;  
The chords of the stout hearts sundered  
By the stroke of a bloody band.

A curse on the gray-beard tyrant  
Who dared not face his foe;  
Who met the prayer of a woman  
With a dastard word and blow!

For the wife of Major Cheeseman  
Prayed on her bended knee,  
In place of her noble husband,  
To die on the gallows tree.

And the knight, Sir William Berkeley,  
Greeted the wife's appeal  
With an infamous word of insult,  
And a blow of his booted heel!

## IV.

The figures fade—and Spottswood,  
At the head of his gallant band,  
Is spurring toward the mountains  
And the unknown Western land.

The gay young Knights of the Horse-shoe  
Ride fast in a joyous throng;  
And the great wild forest echoes  
With the merry shout and song.

So they stand on the Blue Ridge Mountain,  
And drink to the health of the king;  
And the solemn haunts of the red men  
With the Saxon voices ring.



The deer flies to his covert,  
And the panther to his lair,  
When the shrill neigh of the coursers  
Rings on the mountain air.

Rings in the crimson sunset  
Of the long-forgotten years,  
When the glens gave back the laughter  
Of the gay young Cavaliers!

## V.

We leave the Knights of the Horse-shoe  
To go with another band,  
On gayly-prancing horses,  
Into the Southern land.

The chief of the good companions  
Is a planter fair to see,  
With curls on his stalwart shoulders,  
And a bearing brave and free.

You may read in the ancient volume  
Writ by the leader's pen,  
Of a hundred gay adventures,  
And the fair march back again.

The book lies under his portrait,  
In the old house by the stream;  
He smiles on the speaking canvas—  
You may hear his voice, if you dream.

But better I love to ponder  
On the sweet face by his side—  
A maiden fresh as the roses,  
In the flush of girlish pride.

With the dear fond smiles and the blushes,  
And the modest shrinking grace;  
And the fair young bosom hiding  
Under the cloud of lace:

On the slender maiden figure  
In the blue silk bodice low,  
Or the rosy cheeks and the dimples,  
And the arms and neck like snow.

Brave William Byrd, the planter,  
Of Westover, by the shore,  
Smiles still on the faded canvas,  
As he smiled in the days before.

And the girl, with faint, sweet blushes,  
Like the light of morning skies,  
With the lips of fresh carnations,  
And the tender, haunting eyes,

Is Evelyn Byrd, his daughter,  
A flower of the elder day,  
Who passed, like a bud of April,  
From the sorrowful world away.

The father is like a marquis  
Of the great old Norman race;  
The child is a rose just blooming,  
With a heaven in her face.

They live in the elder annals,  
As they hang on Brandon wall—  
The girl with her budding bosom,  
And the planter noble and tall.

They shine like stars of the morning,  
Through the mists of long-gone years—  
You pass, as you gaze on the canvas,  
To the days of the Cavaliers!

## VI.

So I dream in the bright May morning  
Of the great and splendid throng—  
Of the fair or stalwart figures  
I have known and loved so long.

From the valiant Walter Raleigh,  
The "Shepherd of the Sea,"  
Who laid the broad foundation,  
To the men who made us free:

The men of the Revolution,  
Who live on the storied page—  
The great old race of giants  
Of the great heroic age!

I hear the mighty footsteps,  
And look on the flashing eyes;  
For they shine through the cloud of battle  
As the stars shine in the skies!

Ah! yet—I would rather wander  
With the tender Indian maid,  
And look on her slender figure  
As it flits through the woodland shade:

Or go with the beautiful Evelyn,  
In the twilight dim and gray,  
When she thinks, with smiles and blushes,  
Of the true heart far away!

## VII.

So I pass to the long-gone summers  
Of the unremembered years,  
And share in the joys and sorrows,  
In the April smiles and tears:

With the Cavaliers and the maidens,  
In an idle smiling dream,  
I wander away to the forest,  
Or sail on the rippling stream:

I hear, as I sit and ponder  
On the trellis'd porch of the hall,  
The tinkle of fairy laughter  
From under the oak-trees tall:

And stroll with the bright-eyed damsels,  
As they list to the flattering tale  
Told by the gay young gallants,  
In the moonlight weird and pale:

The Comedy plays before me,  
And there, on the shining shore,  
With the foolish, murmuring lovers,  
I live in the days before!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

# Monthly Record of Current Events.

## UNITED STATES.

**T**HE complete official returns of the votes for Presidential Electors have not yet been announced. We can not therefore prepare a perfectly accurate table of the votes for the respective candidates.—California and Oregon have probably given Lincoln a small plurality over either of his opponents. In New Jersey, several combinations were made of the various electoral candidates, the result being that 4 Lincoln and 3 Douglas electors received the highest number. In all the other Free States, the Lincoln electors were chosen. Of the 183 electoral votes of the Free States, Mr. Lincoln receives 180.—In Virginia, Mr. Bell received a small majority; but the votes of some districts were rejected by the canvassers on account of informality. The result was that the Governor certified to the choice of 9 Bell and 6 Breckinridge Electors. These latter, however, considering that Mr. Bell had received the highest vote, resigned, and their places having been filled, the 15 votes of the State were cast for Mr.

Bell, who also received the 12 votes of Kentucky and the 12 of Tennessee; 39 in all. The 9 votes of Missouri were cast for Mr. Douglas, which, added to his 3 from New Jersey, make his electoral vote 12. The remaining Southern States cast their 72 electoral votes for Mr. Breckinridge.—The popular vote for the several candidates can be estimated only approximately, from the fact that in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania about 550,000 votes were cast for "Fusion" candidates, opposed to Mr. Lincoln. From the data afforded by local elections it is estimated that these "Fusion" votes, if cast directly for the Presidential candidates, would have been distributed as follows: for Mr. Douglas 350,000, for Mr. Bell 130,000, for Mr. Breckinridge 70,000. We add these Fusion votes to those actually cast for these candidates in the above proportions. The following table presents an approximation to the actual result; although the official announcement may vary from it by a few thousand votes in any instance:

	Popular Vote.	Electors.
For LINCOLN, votes directly cast .....	1,825,000	180
" DOUGLAS, votes directly cast .....	925,000	
"     " on "Fusion" tickets .....	350,000	12
" BRECKINRIDGE, votes directly cast .....	680,000	
"     " on "Fusion" tickets .....	70,000	72
" BELL, votes directly cast .....	620,000	
"     " on "Fusion" tickets .....	130,000	39
Total vote .....	4,600,000	303
From this table it appears that each electoral vote cast for Lincoln represents about 10,100 voters; each for Breckinridge, 10,400; each for Bell, 18,700; each for Douglas, 106,000.		

The feeling at the South in favor of secession from the Union has assumed a magnitude wholly unexpected. In South Carolina it appears to be altogether unanimous. In Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida it is largely predominant. In Georgia, Arkansas, and Texas, notwithstanding the opposition of some of the most distinguished citizens, it is in the ascendant. The Message of Governor Gist, of South Carolina, to the Legislature of that State, is a fair exponent of the extreme Southern sentiment. He looks upon the immediate secession of his own State as beyond question, and says that there is "no reasonable doubt but that Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas will immediately follow, and that the other Southern States will eventually complete the galaxy." He argues against his State waiting for a conference with the other Southern States. "It is too late," he says, "now to receive propositions for a conference; and the State would be wanting in self-respect, after having deliberately decided on her course, to entertain any proposition looking to a continuance in the present Union." In view of what he considers to be the fixed determination of South Carolina to secede at once, and at all events, the Governor suggests several topics of legislation: Direct trade with Europe should be encouraged, and the State should "guarantee an interest of five per cent. per annum upon the capital invested in a line of steamers, so long as they shall continue the service."—As the postmasters throughout the State will resign, he recommends an arrangement with Adams's Express Company to perform postal service.—He says that "The law prohibiting masters from permitting negroes to hire their own time, and make contracts, should be so amended, and such penalties attached to its viola-

tion, that no one would venture to disregard it." He suggests that both the owner and the hirer of the slave should be punished with fine or imprisonment. "It not unfrequently happens," he says, "that slave mechanics hire white men to work under their direction. . . . This state of things should not be permitted; there must be a distinction between the races, as marked as are their different colors; and it must be distinctively understood that the white is the governing race, without an exception, and without regard to disparity of intellect, merit, or acquirements."—The allegiance of citizens of South Carolina to the Federal Government ceasing as soon as the State withdraws from the Union, it is recommended that laws be passed, advising those who "should be so forgetful of their duty to their sovereign, and so reckless of her displeasure as to disregard her ordinances or obey any other commands than those of the constituted authorities of the State, that they will be dealt with as traitors and punished accordingly. . . . South Carolina must insist upon the implicit obedience of all her citizens, both native and naturalized, and no one can be permitted to put his individual construction upon the relation he bears to the State of his birth or adoption."—In order "to dispense with the necessity, as much as may be possible, of resorting to Lynch law and illegal executions," the Governor recommends the enactment of a law "punishing summarily and severely, if not with death, any person that circulates incendiary documents, avows himself an abolitionist, or in any way attempts to create insubordination or insurrection among the slaves."—To secure a proper supply of arms, Governor Gist recommends that South Carolina should accede to a proposition from Major Ripley to establish an armory either in Georgia, Ala-

bama, or South Carolina, upon the condition that each of these States shall agree to purchase from him annually fifty thousand dollars' worth of arms for five years, and to extend their patronage for a short time thereafter.—Governor Gist also recommends that “the introduction of slaves from other States, which may not become members of the Southern Confederacy, and particularly the border States, should be prohibited by Legislative enactment; and by this means they will be brought to see that their safety depends upon a withdrawal from their enemies, and an union with their friends and natural allies. If they should continue their union with the non-slaveholding States, let them keep their slave property in their own borders, and the only alternative left them will be emancipation by their own act, or by the action of their confederates. We can not consent to relieve them from their embarrassing situation by permitting them to realize the money value of their slaves by selling them to us, and thus prepare them, without any loss of property, to accommodate themselves to the Northern Free-soil idea.”—This view is also embodied in the Message of Governor Pettus of Mississippi, who says: “As it is more than probable that many of the citizens of the border States may seek a market for their slaves in the cotton States, I recommend the passage of an act prohibiting the introduction of slaves into this State unless their owners come with them and become citizens, and prohibiting the introduction of slaves for sale by all persons whomsoever.”

This Message of the Governor of South Carolina presents views which will probably be indorsed by the Convention of that State, which meets on the 17th of December, and will be strongly advocated in other Conventions soon to be held in the extreme Southern States. As far as can now be judged, the border Southern States, Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, are disposed to act as mediators, discouraging all hasty action on the part of the South, while insisting upon action on the part of the Northern States which shall obviate all legitimate ground of complaint from the South.

The influence of these manifestations upon commerce and industry has been disastrous. A large proportion of the Southern Banks have suspended specie payments. It is therefore difficult to procure funds to send cotton to market, and though the ordinary supply is reduced, yet the current price has within a month fallen two or three cents per pound—equivalent to a decline of from 20 to 30 per cent. The price of the grain of the West has fallen in about the same proportion. National and State Stocks have been greatly depreciated. Thus the United States 5 per cent. loan of \$10,000,000, which a few weeks since was taken at a little above par, has been sold at 90. State Stocks have declined still more. Missouri sixes, which sold November 10 at 76, brought 64 December 8. Railway Stocks have been still more depreciated. New York Central fell from 79 to 70; Erie from 32 to 24; Michigan Central from 59 to 43, and other leading stocks in equivalent proportions.

Congress convened on Monday, December 3, a large majority of the members of both Houses being present. The Representatives from South Carolina took their seats, but the Senators from that State were absent. The President's Message was transmitted on the 4th. It opens with an elaborate discussion of the state of the country. The long-

continued and intemperate interference of the Northern people, says the President, has at length produced its natural effects; the different sections of the country are now arrayed against each other, and the time has come when hostile geographical parties have been formed. This does not proceed solely from the claims on the part of Congress or the Territorial Legislatures to exclude Slavery, nor from the efforts of different States to defeat the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. All or any of these evils might have been borne by the South without danger to the Union, in the hope that time and reflection might apply the remedy. The immediate peril arises from the fact that the agitation of the Slavery question at the North has at length inspired the slaves with a vague notion of freedom. Hence a sense of security no longer exists, the feeling of peace at home has given place to apprehensions of servile insurrection. Should this apprehension pervade the masses of the Southern people disunion will be inevitable. It is the belief of the President that this period has not yet arrived. The American people might settle the Slavery question, and restore peace and harmony simply by leaving the Southern States to manage their domestic institutions in their own way. As sovereign States, they, and they alone, are responsible before God and the world for the existence of Slavery among them.—The election of any person to the office of President does not, of itself, afford just cause for dissolving the Union. In order to justify a resort to revolutionary resistance, the Federal Government must be guilty of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of powers not granted by the Constitution. The late Presidential election has been held in strict conformity with the express provisions of the Constitution. Neither are the apprehensions aroused by the antecedents of the President-elect sufficient to justify revolution. His position compels him to be conservative; and, moreover, his province is to execute, not to make laws. It is a remarkable fact that, with the possible exception of the Missouri Compromise, no act has ever passed Congress impairing in the slightest degree the rights of the South to their property in slaves; and no probability exists of the passage of such an act by the present or the next Congress. No act has passed, or is likely to pass Congress, excluding slavery from the Territories; and the Supreme Court has decided that slaves are property, and that their owners therefore have a right to take them to the Territories, and hold them under the protection of the Constitution. The Territorial Legislature of Kansas did indeed pass, over the veto of the Governor, an act prohibiting slavery in that Territory; but the Supreme Court has decided that no Territorial Legislature possesses the power to pass such an act; and this will be declared void by the Judiciary when presented in a legal form. This power does not belong to any Legislature, whether State or Territorial, but solely to the people when forming or amending a State Constitution. Neither Congress nor the President is responsible for the State laws designed to defeat the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. All courts, State and National, before whom the question has been brought, with the single exception of a State court in Wisconsin, whose decision has been reversed by the proper appellate tribunal, have decided in favor of the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law. These State laws, having been passed in violation of the Federal Constitution, are null and void; and it is to be hoped that they will be repealed. At all



events, it will be the duty of the President faithfully to execute the Fugitive Slave Law as well as others; and it is not to be presumed, in advance, that he will fail to perform this duty.—The President then proceeds to argue against the doctrine that secession is a constitutional remedy for any wrongs. The Constitution contains no sanction for such a measure. The Government created by it derives its powers directly from the people, was designed to be perpetual, and was invested with all the powers necessary to carry out its laws. "To the extent of its delegated powers," says the President, "the Constitution of the United States is as much a part of the Constitution of each State, and is as binding upon its people, as though it had been textually inserted therein;" and "all Senators and Representatives of the United States, and all members of State Legislatures, and all Executive and Judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several States, are bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution." The right of resistance on the part of the governed against the oppression of their governments is indeed admitted. "It exists," says the President, "independently of all constitutions, and has been exercised at all periods of the world's history. Under it old governments have been destroyed and new ones have taken their place. It is embodied in strong and express language in our own Declaration of Independence. But the distinction must ever be observed, that this is revolution against an established government, and not a voluntary secession from it by virtue of an inherent constitutional right. In short, let us look the danger fairly in the face: Secession is neither more nor less than revolution. It may or it may not be a justifiable revolution, but still it is revolution."—The President then gives his views of the powers and duties of the Government in the present crisis. The Executive is bound by oath to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. But the only laws which define his action are those of February 28, 1795, and March 3, 1807. These authorize him, after he has ascertained that the Marshal with his *posse comitatus* is unable to execute civil or criminal process in a particular case, to call forth the militia and employ the army and navy to aid him in performing this service. But this duty can not be performed in a State where no judicial authority exists to issue process, where there is no Marshal to enforce it, and where, if there were such an officer, the entire population would resist him. This state of things now exists in South Carolina, where all the Federal officers through whose agency the laws can be executed have resigned, and whose places it is now impossible to fill. These obstacles do not lie in the way of the collection of the revenue at Charleston; this is still collected at that port, and should the Collector resign, his place might be filled. The property of the United States in South Carolina has been purchased, with the consent of the Legislature of that State, for the erection of forts, etc., and Congress has the power of exclusive legislation therein. It is not believed that any forcible attempt will be made to expel the United States from this property; but in case such an attempt shall be made, the officer in command has orders to act strictly on the defensive; and in this case the responsibility for consequences will rightfully rest on the heads of the assailants.—The President then discusses the question whether Congress has the constitutional power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to with-

draw, or has withdrawn, from the Confederacy. He concludes that "so far from this power having been delegated to Congress, it was expressly refused by the Convention which framed the Constitution;" and even if Congress possessed this power, it would be unwise to exercise it.—This portion of the Message concludes by recommending conciliatory measures. That which the President suggests is an "explanatory amendment" to the Constitution on the subject of slavery. Several instances are cited in which a similar course has been pursued. The amendment suggested by the President, which might originate either with Congress or the State Legislatures, is confined to the final settlement of the true construction of the Constitution on three special points:

- "1. An express recognition of the right of property in slaves in the States where it now exists or may hereafter exist.
- "2. The duty of protecting this right in all the common Territories throughout their territorial existence, and until they shall be admitted as States into the Union, with or without Slavery, as their Constitutions may prescribe.
- "3. A like recognition of the right of the master to have his slave, who has escaped from one State to another, restored and 'delivered up' to him, and of the validity of the Fugitive Slave Law enacted for this purpose, together with a declaration that all State laws impairing or defeating this right are violations of the Constitution, and are consequently null and void."

Passing to our foreign relations, the Message represents them, with a few exceptions, as highly satisfactory. This is especially the case with respect to Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, Brazil, China, and Japan. With none of these nations, Great Britain only excepted, exist any questions of difference; and with Great Britain only that of the sovereignty over the island of San Juan, which is now under negotiation. With Spain our relations are more complicated, though less dangerous, than before. The President repeats his former recommendation for the acquisition of Cuba by fair purchase.—With Mexico our relations remain wholly unsatisfactory, the distracted condition of that republic preventing any satisfactory adjustment. It is believed that the treaty now before the Senate will prove advantageous.—With the republics of Central America our relations are, upon the whole, satisfactory.—The state of things in Utah and Kansas is presented in a gratifying aspect. The destitution in the latter Territory, occasioned by the failure of crops, is referred to the consideration of Congress, with a recommendation that if any constitutional measure for relief can be devised, it should be adopted.—No slaves have within the year been unlawfully introduced from Africa; and a strong sentiment prevails against the crime of setting on foot military expeditions against States with which we are at peace.—In view of the deficiency of our revenues, the President urges a revision of the existing tariff, recommending specific instead of *ad valorem* duties. He repeats his former recommendations of a law appointing a certain day, previous to the 4th of March, in each odd year, for the election of representatives to Congress throughout the Union; for an act to favor a railroad to the Pacific; and for a law authorizing the Executive to employ our naval force for the protection of American citizens in Mexico and Central and Southern America.

In the House of Representatives, upon the motion of Mr. Boteler, of Virginia, by a vote of 145 to 38, so much of the Message as relates to the perilous state of the Union was referred to a Select Committee, to consist of one member from each State.

Some members from the South declined to vote on this resolution: one from South Carolina on the ground that his State was, except as a matter of form, out of the Union, and therefore the delegation took no interest in the question; and several members from other Southern States, because their Legislatures had called conventions to consider the matter, and they did not wish the aid of Congress.

The *Secretary of the Treasury* reports that the entire expenditures of the Government for the year ending June 30, 1860, were as follows:

Civil, foreign intercourse, etc.....	\$37,969,571
Interior Department.....	3,955,686
War Department.....	16,409,767
Navy Department.....	11,513,150
Public debt.....	17,613,628
Total.....	\$77,462,102

The revenue, from all sources, was—

Balance, July 1, 1859.....	\$4,339,275
Customs.....	53,187,195
Public lands.....	1,778,555
Treasury notes and loans.....	20,775,200
Miscellaneous.....	1,011,054
Total.....	\$31,091,809

—Leaving a balance on hand July 1, 1860, of \$3,629,207. Before January 1 over a million and a quarter will be required to pay interest on the public debt, five millions to redeem maturing Treasury notes, and large sums for the current expenses of Government. The *Secretary* recommends that Treasury notes should be issued for ten millions of dollars, to be secured by a pledge of the public lands. He estimates the expenditures of the ensuing year at \$60,000,000, and the revenues at \$63,000,000. These estimates, however, are made irrespective of the present revulsion, which must materially reduce the receipts of Government.—The *Secretary of War* reports that the army has been actively employed against hostile Indians. Its strength is the same as last year. He recommends the rifling of our smooth-bore cannon, and that the entire army be supplied with breech-loading arms.—The *Secretary of the Navy* reports that the Commission appointed to examine the sailing-vessels of the United States recommend the conversion into steamers of three line-of-battle ships, but do not advise the application of steam to brigs, sloops, and frigates. He urges an increase of the navy. During the year 12 slaves have been captured by our vessels, and 3119 Africans liberated.—The *Secretary of the Interior* reports that, during the year and a quarter ending September 30, 16,385,361 acres of public lands were proclaimed for sale, 9,649,471 surveyed, and 12,060,053 sold. There are 11,284 pensioners, who draw \$1,001,018. During the year 5638 patents have been issued, and 84 caveats filed.—The *Postmaster-General* reports the following statistics of his Department from 1858 to 1860, with estimates for 1861-'62:

Years.	Expenditures.	Revenues.	Deficiencies.
1858.....	\$12,721,636 56	\$3,186,792 88	\$4,534,843 70
1859.....	14,964,493 33	7,968,494 07	6,996,009 26
1860.....	14,874,772 89	9,218,067 40	5,656,705 49
1861.....	15,665,135 04	9,676,711 00	5,988,424 04
1862.....	14,955,535 23	10,398,934 60	4,566,600 63

#### SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the Liberal party still retain the ascendancy which they had gained. After the capture of Guadalajara, its defenders were incorporated into the army of their Liberal opponents. Marquez, the most dashing of Miramon's officers, who had advanced from the capital to relieve Guadalajara, was defeated, and his troops joined their former enemies. Puebla, the only strong place besides the capital re-

maining to Miramon, it is presumed has fallen into the hands of the Liberals, whose forces were again concentrating upon the City of Mexico, with favorable prospects for its reduction.—The previous pages of this Number of the Magazine contain an article descriptive of the new Chiriqui route across the Isthmus of Panama. The Report of our Government Expedition abundantly confirms the views advanced in this paper, and apparently establish the fact that this route furnishes a means of transit combining the requisites of good ports upon both oceans, and a practicable railway route between them.—Buenos Ayres has at length re-assumed its place as one of the States of the Argentine Confederation. This was formally accomplished on the 21st of October, when the Governor took the oath of allegiance. The event was celebrated by a solemn *Te Deum* in the Cathedral, and by public rejoicings in the city of Buenos Ayres. Commander Page has concluded the work of surveying the principal branches of the Rio de la Plata to a distance of more than two thousand miles from the mouth of that river. The result is, that great streams hitherto wholly unknown to the world, are shown to be accessible to steamboat navigation, and a rich and valuable region is opened for colonization and commerce.—Between *Peru* and the United States a diplomatic rupture has occurred, growing out of the refusal of the Peruvian Government to make indemnity for the capture of two American vessels seized and confiscated on the charge of taking guano contrary to the laws of Peru. Our Minister, Mr. Clay, has demanded and received his passports.

#### EUROPE.

The Prince of Wales, after a long voyage, has reached home. Leaving Portland on the 20th of October, on the 6th of November he had arrived within a day's sail of England, when a heavy gale arrested his course for more than a week, causing great anxiety for his safety. The vessels, however, arrived on the 14th, having suffered nothing beyond a deficiency in supplies; and on the following day the Prince reached Windsor Castle.—What is positively known of the progress of affairs in Italy may be summed up in a few words. The career of the Garibaldian and Sardinian troops has been one continued triumph. The union of Naples to Piedmont was submitted to the popular vote; and the result was 1,102,499 Ayes to 9371 Nays. Victor Emanuel has formally assumed the sovereignty of the Kingdom of Italy. There appears to be little disposition on the part of any of the Great European Powers to interfere in Italian affairs. But serious disagreements exist between Garibaldi and the Sardinian Government as to ulterior measures. Garibaldi has for the present withdrawn from the scene of action. In his farewell address to his army he says, significantly: "Once more I repeat my battle-cry, 'To arms, all of you!' If March, 1861, does not find a million of Italians in arms, then alas for Italy! Let the March of 1861—or, if necessary, February—find us all at our posts." The point of difference appears to be that Garibaldi wishes to make an attempt to drive the Austrians from Venice, while Victor Emanuel and his councilors hesitate at taking this hazardous step, preferring, for the present at least, to limit their efforts to the consolidation of the kingdom of Italy.

#### THE EAST.

The war in *China* has fairly commenced. On the 24th of August the French and English attacked the Chinese forts near the mouth of the Pei-ho, from

which they had been so disastrously repulsed. These were carried after severe loss on both sides, the Chinese manifesting a bravery and skill of which they have heretofore shown no examples. Fruitless ne-

gotiations were then instituted; and upon their failure the Europeans advanced upon Peking. At the latest dates they were encamped near the Chinese capital.

## Literary Notices.

*Coins, Medals, and Seals, Ancient and Modern, Illustrated and Described.* Edited by W. C. PRIME. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Among the pursuits more or less intimately connected with various important branches of knowledge, the study of numismatics occupies a high rank. The illustrations which it affords of numerous historical problems, of the manners and customs of ancient nations, and of the establishment and progress of political institutions, recommend it to the attention of the liberal scholar; while the collection of coins, on a systematic plan, is not only a source of valuable information, but forms an elegant and fascinating amusement. In many portions of this country the taste for the pursuit has, within a few years, become a passion. Large and expensive collections have been accumulated; and what, in the first instance, was usually regarded as a harmless monomania at best, now receives a large share of attention from intelligent amateurs in every walk of life. The publication of this comprehensive manual, accordingly, takes place at an opportune moment. The author is well known by his admirable volumes of Oriental travel, which evince not only the ready tact of a sagacious observer, but an enthusiastic spirit of antiquarian research. In the course of his historical studies an interest was naturally awakened in the subject of coins; and the present work is the result of wide reading and investigation, as well as of successful experience in collecting a valuable numismatic cabinet. It is intended to present, in a cheap and condensed form, the outlines of the science, which are essential to its intelligent study, but which novices, fresh to the pursuit, could not otherwise obtain except with great labor and expense. The effect of the work will doubtless be to encourage an enlightened taste for numismatics; while it will throw cold water on the blind zeal of accumulating rare and curious, but worthless pieces of metal. The volume is profusely illustrated by representations of ancient and modern coins, which, with the judicious comments of the editor, compose an attractive introduction to the science, that can not fail to be of eminent utility to the youthful student.

Some interesting details are given in the volume with regard to the comparative value of different United States coins, which, if duly heeded by the inexperienced collector, would often save him from getting his fingers burned. The dollar of 1794, for instance, is now very scarce, and commands a high price. In an ordinary state of preservation it is worth from \$4 to \$5, and in fine condition is rated at a much higher figure. Most of the dollars from 1794 to 1804 are not worth any premium on the weight of the silver, unless in extra fine condition. Only two or three specimens are known of the dollar of 1804. The dollars of 1836, 1838, and 1839 are rare, according to the dates, and sell from \$6 to \$18, according to date and condition. In 1851 and 1852 no dollars were issued for circulation, and the specimens struck at the Mint are very rare, commanding from \$15 to \$18 each at auction. The Mint proofs

of the dollar of 1858, which were never issued for circulation, are sold from \$4 to \$5. The dime of 1796 is rare, selling from \$1 50 to \$2 50. Rarest of all is the dime of 1797, which commands from \$7 50 to \$8 50. The cent is a favorite coin with collectors, and often sells for an extravagant price. The rarest is the cent of 1799, which, in good condition, is worth about \$10. Of this there are many counterfeits, altered from the cents of 1797 and 1798, which are often not easily detected even with the aid of the best magnifying-glasses. In 1815 no cent was coined, and any alleged specimens that are exhibited are counterfeits.

In one of his chapters Mr. Prime offers some practical hints to young collectors, which are none the less instructive on account of the pithy brevity with which they are expressed. Confine your attention to one class of coins at a time. Without rejecting other coins or medals not belonging to this class, give no time, labor, or money to their accumulation. Do not content yourself with poor specimens. Take the first specimen you can find of any coin, good or bad, but always exchange it for a better specimen at the first possible moment. Never pay the slightest attention to a coin whose date is doubtful. Having completed one series of coins, commence another series, and complete that. You will thus obtain, in time, an interesting and valuable cabinet. Arrange your ancient, foreign, and colonial coins by States, your regular series of United States by dates, your tradesmen's cards alphabetically, and your political tokens according to your own fancy. Clean your coins very carefully—the brass ones with spirits of hartshorn and prepared chalk; the silver with soap and water and a soft brush; and those of white metal with alcohol, or soap and water, or the hartshorn and chalk. Never pay a big price for worthless coins. Few coins are worth a high price. Even the rarity of a coin is no test of its real numismatic value. As soon as this is made the standard you cease to be a numismatist, and become a speculator.

The practical, common sense character of Mr. Prime's book may be seen from the preceding samples, and we will only add that its value is much increased by the excellent indexes with which it is accompanied.

*Methodism Successful; and the Internal Causes of its Success*, by Rev. B. F. TEFFT, D.D., LL.D. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) The singularly rapid and extensive progress of the Methodist persuasion, since its establishment by the pious zeal of John Wesley, is vigorously set forth in this interesting volume. It gives a general view of its history and present condition, a sketch of several of its most eminent preachers and divines, and a philosophical analysis of the causes and conditions of its development. The secret of its success is to be found, according to Dr. Tefft, in its character as a system of religious faith and experience. Methodism, in his view, is not an artificial aggregate of opinions and practices, gradually built up from a small and insignificant beginning, but a natural and legitimate growth from the single point of the ne-



cessity of personal religion. Methodism as an idea, as a movement, as a system, may be resolved into the personal religion of the founder, multiplied into the numerous body of his adherents, who, in every thing which they have accomplished, have been governed and propelled by this common and all-controlling force. This idea is expanded with great variety of illustration, forming a volume of uncommon interest, not only to the student of religious opinions but to the general reader.

*The Odyssey of Homer*, literally translated, with explanatory notes, by THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, forms a new volume of "Harper's Classical Library." The edition includes the Hymns and Minor Poems that have been attributed to Homer, completing all that tradition has connected with his name. The text of Ruhnken, Ernesti, and Hermann has been followed, with few unimportant variations. An interesting feature of the volume is found in the frequent quotations that are given from the paraphrases of Chapman, Congreve, and Shelley. The *Life of Homer*, which has been falsely ascribed to Herodotus—and which is, in fact, the earliest memoir of Homer extant—is presented in a lively version by Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie.

*Life of Andrew Jackson*, by JAMES PARTON. (Published by Mason Brothers.) In this volume Mr. Parton brings to a close the elaborate work in which he has undertaken to portray the life and character of the hero of New Orleans and the unrelenting foe of the United States Bank. The present installment extends over an eventful period of American history, reaching from the nomination of General Jackson to the Presidency in 1823 to the close of his life, in 1845. It consequently includes the exciting controversy relative to the canvass of 1824 and 1828; the policy of the new Democratic Administration; the reign of terror among the office-holders; the dissensions in the cabinet; the re-election of President Jackson; the development of Nullification; the war upon the Bank; the French imbroglio; the retirement to the Hermitage, and the peaceful close of a militant and stormy career. The biographer has performed his task with unabated alacrity and boldness unto its completion. He has evidently fortified himself by a thorough study of his subject, explored every available source of information, gained possession of the testimony of voluminous documents, and, without dismay at his vast accumulation of materials, has wrought them up into a singularly spicy narrative, with scarcely a line of dullness from the beginning to the end. Whatever differences of opinion may be called forth by his estimate of the salient events in the life of Jackson, or his appreciation of the peculiar traits of his character, no one will deny him the merit of rare diligence of research, conscientious fidelity of statement, and piquant energy of description.

A new edition of Lord MACAULAY'S *Critical, Historical, and Miscellaneous Essays*, with an Introduction and Biographical Sketch, by E. P. WHIPPLE, is published by Sheldon and Co. The essays are arranged in the exact chronological order of their composition, and comprise several pieces, of unquestionable authenticity, which have never before been included in any edition of Macaulay's miscellaneous writings. The Introductory Essay, by Mr. Whipple, consists of an interesting biography of Lord Macaulay, and a judicious critical estimate of his literary merits. Mr. Whipple remarks that, in losing him, England lost the man who, beyond all other men, carried in his brain the facts of her his-

tory. The strongest impression derived from his writings is that of the robust and masculine character of his intellect. He was a stout and tough polemic, thoroughly furnished for combat, and who neither gives nor expects quarter. No tenderness to frailty interferes with the merciless severity of his judgments. His love for the beautiful and true generally took the form of hatred for what was deformed and false. He found a grim delight in holding up to public execration the meanness, baseness, fraud, falsehood, and corruption which he abhorred with his whole heart and soul. His progress through history was marked by the erection of the gallows, the gibbet, and the stake; he seemed to consider that the glory of the judge rested on the number of the executions; and he has hanged, drawn, and quartered many individuals whose cases are now submitted to a rehearing at the bar of public opinion.—The other leading features of Lord Macaulay's character are commented on by Mr. Whipple in a manner that does equal credit to his candor and his acuteness.

*The Children's Picture Fable-Book* contains nearly two hundred well-known fables, in a version suited to the capacity of the youngest, and illustrated by a profusion of irresistibly-spirited engravings, from designs by Harrison Weir. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor*, by THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON, is published in a handsome octavo volume, with numerous illustrations, by Harper and Brothers. A summary of a portion of this admirable book of travels has been given in a previous number of our Magazine, enabling the reader to form an imperfect idea of the variety and richness of its contents, and the remarkable animation and graphic power of the narrative.

A neat pocket edition, in blue and gold, of WILLIS'S *Poems* and of Mrs. OSGOOD'S *Poems* (issued by Clarke, Austin, Maynard, and Co.), will attract the attention of purchasers of gift-books for the holiday season. On the poetical fascinations of these favorite writers it would be superfluous to descant at this time of day.

*Bob and Walter: with the Story of Breckneck Ledge* (published by Phinney, Blakeman, and Mason), is one of the most charming juvenile stories of the season, and will delight the heart of more than one youthful reader.

*Evan Harrington; or, He would be a Gentleman* (published by Harper and Brothers), is a spirited novel, illustrative of the distinctions of rank in English society, and remarkable for the vivacity of its narrative and the dramatic raciness of its dialogue.

A new series of Tales and Sketches, entitled *Studies from Life*, by Miss MULOCK, the popular authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is published by Harper and Brothers. They exhibit the same knowledge of the world, penetration into motives, and grace and facility of expression, which have given her such an eminent rank among the imaginative writers of the day.

Clarke, Austin, Maynard, and Co. have published an attractive edition of DICKENS'S *Little Folks*, consisting of a series of selections from the writings of the great novelist, in his own language; in which are described the fortunes of Little Nell, Smike, Oliver Twist, Little Paul, Florence Dombey, and other of his celebrated juvenile characters. It is brought out in twelve volumes, and is illustrated by Darley.

## Editor's Table.

**NATIONAL LIFE.**—Modern civilization owes a great deal to the little city of Geneva, as a strong-hold of Protestant freedom and a nursery of manly culture. The name won for this home of his adoption by that somewhat hard and intolerant, yet powerful and devoted reformer, Calvin, has never been lost; and while, in the eighteenth century, the masters of the New Illuminism, Voltaire and Rousseau, gave Geneva a kind of note that might well have shaken the bones of Calvin and Farel in their graves, even those great free-thinkers have done much to revive the interest in the great social and religious questions of our age, and the Genevan thinkers and scholars now take a leading position in Christendom. Some of the questions which they agitate from their point of view come very near to us in our different position, and we have rarely been more interested in any philosophical discussion than that which has recently taken place between Comte Léon de Gasparin and M. Bungener, upon what they call Individualism and Multitudinism in the Church. Substituting Society for the Church, and bringing into survey dominant tendencies in our own national life, we may take some good hints for our own guidance, and perhaps say a wholesome word to the times upon the relations of the Many and the One, or of Individualism and Multitudinism in America.

There can be no doubt that we are *Many*; and probably no nation on the face of the earth is made up of such various materials as ours. The diversity that Rome and her rival empires had in their colonies and tributaries we have in our own body politic; and the varieties of blood, from the phlegmatic Chinese to the excitable Irishman, are less than the varieties of creed, which range from the absolutism that claims unquestioning allegiance to the Pope, to the thorough-going rationalism that makes out each man to be his own priest, Bible, and Church. Our political faiths differ quite as widely; and while there is great enthusiasm in certain quarters for statute law and national union, there is, on the other hand, no small disposition to make each man a law to himself; and the transcendental philosopher who went to jail to prove his conscientious objection to taxes, did but carry out consistently an idea by no means uncommon in our land. Without seeking for any new theory of society, we may find in the obvious principles of our common nature the grounds of mutual difference and mutual association. Look at that score of boys who are sauntering home from school. They have just left the government of their teacher or teachers, and are all on the *qui vive* with the sense of liberty and the love of fun. Watch them, and note the certainty with which they substitute one government for another, and go to the empire of play from the empire of study. Now they divide into two parties, under exact laws and rigorous leadership, for the games of cricket or foot-ball; and again they march together, under a captain, as a juvenile military corps, and every offender against the rules of discipline is stigmatized as an offender against the common welfare. After the plays are over the boys tend homeward, each with his own step and expression, pleased to resume their own individual liberty, yet quite sure to awaken the next morning with fresh spirit for new studies and new sports, that shall bring the many and the one pleasantly and profitably together. It will not be amiss to note some of the causes that control these two

tendencies among us, and tend on the one hand to separate, and on the other hand to unite, us children of larger growth.

We tend to become many, obviously, first of all, because we are, by position and history, so free to follow our individual dispositions; and while, in other countries, the first truth taught the child is that the individual belongs to the State, the first truth generally taught here is that the State belongs to the individual. Our history presents to us a picture of companies of emigrants from leading nations of Europe, who came hither at different times and for different purposes, and who organized governments for protection and defense. The different colonies were brought together not so much by any predetermined theory as by mutual necessity; and we became a nation because assailed by common enemies and occupying a common soil. Our fathers indeed had, for the most part, one language and one ancestral tradition; yet not all of the colonies were English, and they that were so were not sufficiently united in Church and State opinions and usages to agree upon a common platform, unless moved to it by the pressure of a common danger. No friendship was heartier than that between the best men of Massachusetts and Virginia, yet it was something far more imperious than the feeling of good-fellowship that brought the Roundheads of the Bay State and the Cavaliers of the Old Dominion to stand shoulder to shoulder, and to fight through the long and weary war of liberty under the lead of Washington. Probably no movement that ever took place on earth did so much, in the same time, to make a nation of scattered colonies as the War of Independence. Yet it must not be forgotten that the primitive colonies had very marked idiosyncrasies, which must be expected to appear more emphatically after the pressure of common danger was removed, and new opportunities and competitions presented themselves. Moreover, in each colony itself the germs of stubborn nonconformity that came from the old fields of European strife could not be expected to bear their fruit at once; and we may reasonably believe that the State and National loyalty inspired by the Revolution did much to keep in check personal and sectional eccentricities. As history usually reads, and human nature develops its mingled elements, we ought to be prepared to see stubborn opinions and wills in conflict with old precedents; and we surely ought not to wonder that uncomfortable feelings should arise in a new and expanding country, whose people have hardly entered into the full sense of their liberty, and taken a full survey of their domain, after observing the difficulty which older nations, bound together by the dangers and victories and usages of a thousand years, encounter in preserving their harmony and integrity. The old nations need constantly to renew their peace by reviewing their history, and reforming their policy, and refreshing their patriotism. Why should not we do the same? What folly can be greater than to regard liberty—the very liberty that makes us free to *act*—as if it were so manifest a destiny as to dismiss free agency, and keep us in our position by an iron fatalism?

We shall see more clearly the need of revising and quickening our national life by taking a glance at the material, political, and social causes that tend to separate and disintegrate us. We have no eye to any party questions or interests, but we propose

merely to have a little kindly conference that may promote good neighborhood. The most obvious or likely cause of alienation of our people from the central government would at first seem to be the marvelous expansion of our territory, and the consequent remoteness of such large numbers from the seat of national government, and, in fact, from any strong-hold of civilization. Men depend very much upon vicinity for incentive and guidance; and although for a time after they leave their old home in the midst of a thick population they cling to it all the more fondly, and even exaggerate its charms in the enchantment of distance, yet ere long they find themselves in the main engrossed by the stern realities before their eyes, and the backwoodsman is in danger of a kind of barbaric individualism that needs effective counteraction. A certain school of thinkers, indeed, glory in this very isolation, as giving not only self-reliance but education. Yet, if we interpret human nature fairly by the light of philosophy and experience, we shall see clearly that as man rises in culture and dignity his associations with his own kind multiply and rise; while, on the other hand, as life sinks down into the low plane of merely animal appetite, sociality vanishes, and man, like the beast, thinks more of being amply fed than of any high social satisfaction. In fact, the lowest instincts, and only they, are merely private, and he who is wholly ruled by them, and who needs only to be clothed and sheltered and fed, is properly called an *idiot* or *private* person; while, as the true man rises in the development of his powers, he forms constantly new associations with his race, and in every book and art, example, lesson, he finds himself in closer fellowship with the living and the dead. We are not of course ready to apply any harsh epithets to our border population, yet we do regard them as in danger of rudeness and semi-barbarism in the absence of the mighty power of public opinion and social usage, that do so much to keep our passions in check, and bring us up to a wholesome standard of average decency and self-control. Here, in the midst of habitual social refinement and positive Christian institutions, a certain measure of good behavior becomes a social necessity; and there is a great deal in our manners and conduct that comes to us from the common life, like the quiet of Sunday with its church-going, clean clothes, and serious lessons. The more remote we are from the centres of civilization the more of this social influence we lose, and the greater is the need of keeping and strengthening all the ties that bind the backwoodsman to his nation and his race. Now we hazard nothing in saying that the national post-office, with its conveyance of letters and papers to all parts of the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence, is an immense power in promoting civilization and repelling barbarism. It seems to us a very simple institution, and we take it as a matter of course, like the green grass or the falling water, yet it is the product and expression of our national power, and without its aid the distant parts of the country would be virtually severed from the great capitals, and millions of men now within a few days' communication with their kindred and friends, would be virtually driven into exile beyond reach of the cheering word that now comes to them almost on the wings of the wind. A postage stamp costs three cents, and is soon defaced, but what a world of meaning there is in its face! It is the coinage, not of gold, but of the higher currency of human thought and feeling. That

little piece of paper virtually says to every one of us: "You belong to a great nation that cares for each one of you, and bears word from each one of you at will to every city, village, and outpost in the land." The head of Washington is justly stamped upon every national letter, and if every man in America would take out the old family Bible the next time he receives a letter from home or distant kindred, and will put the letter upon the Bible and solemnly ask himself how much he and humanity owe to the great providential fact which that red vignette commemorates, he will need no new apostle of patriotism to rebuke his languor and quicken his national enthusiasm. The mere fact that the letter or paper came to him speaks volumes; but we must also remember the worth of the contents of the letter or the paper. Letters keep household affections alive, and newspapers are the circular letters of the whole nation. It is this double communication, secured by national power in conjunction with the new locomotive forces that are doing so much to annihilate distance, that is counteracting the isolation of our border population, and bringing ever nearer the main currents of our national life. Something of this communication might remain apart from the national jurisdiction; but even if the message reached its destination, it would lose much of its worth in ceasing to be associated with the imperial hand that now bears it on its way. The familiar post-mark itself is a cipher of loyal fellowship that interprets at once our whole public history, and with every mail that comes into the village every villager feels himself bound with new ties to the whole nation. We who live generally in the crowd can hardly appreciate the socializing power of our public lines of conveyance, unless we can remember some season of absence from home, when a letter was more than a cordial to our homesickness, and seemed to bring meat and drink and friends at once within its marvelous seal. When we consider, moreover, how rapidly the best thoughts that concern the nation and mankind are circulated in our mails, and the remotest sections are in constant conference with the centres of intelligence and activity, we take more encouraging views of the unity of our people.

As national communication does so much to correct the estrangement growing out of extension of territory, we should look to better public spirit to correct the sharp individualism that is apt to grow out of the absorbing pursuit of gain and the disposition to measure worth by wealth, in the absence of the old hereditary titles of honor. With us, what is called business is the absorbing pursuit, and the pursuit becomes narrow and belittling when it is followed merely for private ends, apart from large associations with the country and the world. Surely our national life tends much to enlarge and elevate business, by connecting it with the great interests and destinies of the nation; and while we do not think that trade of itself creates patriotism, and that he is a true lover of his country who looks only to the gains to be made in her markets, we are quite certain that he is not only a better merchant, but a better citizen, who carries national feeling into his business, and identifies the prosperity of his country with his own. For our own part, we are always encouraged at seeing the interest taken by our men of business in leading public questions, for it assures us that not only are they giving their keen judgment to public affairs, that they may secure their private interests by the general welfare,

but that they are educating a powerful habit of practical forethought, and running lines of substantial connection along which currents of patriotic feeling can not but travel in due time. Any sensible man who will study the bearing of the stability and prosperity of our Government upon the business of the country will find himself becoming somewhat of a statesman as well as a political economist: and we regard commerce, agriculture, and manufactures as three great national bureaus that are watching with careful eye over the public welfare throughout all changes of parties and cabinets. We hope to see the bond between business and government more instead of less, for we have great confidence in the judgment of a people that are trained to think carefully for themselves and their children, and test every public measure by its bearing upon their welfare and the prospects of their children. True, indeed, that traffic may make men mercenary, yet the mercantile spirit that looks to sure and constant gains from honorable industry is much better than the military spirit that burns to grasp fortune or fame in a single battle, and measures success by destruction. Let the mercantile spirit be enlarged and exalted by the beautiful arts, the sciences, humanity, and religion, and we need have no fears that business will make us drudges or misers. We regard the true idealist to be he who brings the best ideas and energies to bear on actual affairs, instead of forsaking things actual to lose himself in the clouds. Reality is found only when truth is carried out or made actual; and America will gain in ideal wisdom, as well as in material wealth, when she solves the great problem of her industrial prosperity, and the closest alliance is cemented between the farms, work-shops, homes, and schools of the people and the Government of the nation.

It may be that the practical interest taken by our people at large in public affairs, on account of their bearing on private welfare, does something to make up for the absence of that national feeling which in other countries comes from the spirit of caste and the combination of privileged officials and hereditary dignitaries. Were it not, in fact, from the active part taken by the people at large in the choice of rulers and the administration of government, they might sometimes be in danger of forgetting that we have any rulers or government, since the process of election is more conspicuous than the fact of somebody's being elected; and our civil functionaries are comparatively withdrawn from public notice as soon as their success is certain. Certainly our official personages do not of themselves, as in the Old World, form a distinct class, who embody in themselves the sentiment of loyalty. Our Members of Congress go from the ranks of the people, and return thither without retaining any peculiar social caste; and even the functionaries, the most stable in the tenure of their office, as our army and navy officers, are too poorly paid and too few to do much to concentrate in themselves the dignity of the state. It is all the more important, then, that the national sentiment should be distributed widely throughout the homes and business of the people, and that we should trace out carefully the ties of connection between each citizen and the whole nation. In this way the public spirit of the old times of patriotism was nurtured. The town meeting was the germ of the State Legislature and the National Congress; and every town meeting now, as it fixes the annual tax for schools and roads, carries in its presence something of the dignity of its providential mis-

sion, and speaks of the whole nation to which it belongs.

When we consider the political and social causes that tend to divide our people, we can not but place two of these in the front rank—party-spirit and the spirit of sect, or reform movement—the one busying itself with measures directly political, and the other appealing more directly to moral and religious principles. So far as the existence of parties is concerned we can not regret it, for where there is any interest there will be differences of opinion and feeling, and parties are but the embodiment of such difference. In fact, where there are no parties, we make them for our own pleasure, and do not really enjoy our sport unless we divide our ranks, and so take sides. Indifference is one of the first dangers of a republic, and the neglect of suffrage by so large a portion of our prosperous citizens, in our great cities, at our ordinary elections, gives us some hint of what the apathy of the people at large might be without the stimulus of party-spirit to lead them to the polls. The trouble with party distinctions is not that they exist, but that they are allowed to be so exclusive and absorbing, that vast numbers of people seem to think of the point in which each party differs from its opponents, and to forget the many points in which they agree together. It is a comforting thought, however, that the points of divergence so vary in each age, and almost in each national election, that no permanent lines are drawn, and no hereditary grudges are transmitted. Party-spirit never raged higher than in the old times of Federalism and Democracy; yet it would be somewhat difficult for any of the champions of those famous factions of a half century ago to define his position by the present lines of demarkation, and there seems to be little fear of any feuds of York and Lancaster dividing us by the prestige of great names. What disastrous strifes may arise from sectional interests of a permanent character is quite a different question, yet one that by no means compels us to a gloomy solution, since parties are constantly changing, and it is the policy of the opposition to approach as near its rival platform as it can without positively accepting it. Rival factions are said generally to differ from each other in number but about five per cent., and of course the minority is obliged to agree as much as possible with the majority, so as to give the least offense and conciliate the most favor. The whole history of our country thus far leads us to believe that sectional strifes will be overruled by new points of policy or principle, and in the readjustment of parties new and more auspicious combinations will be made. The present aspects of opinion in this country already indicate the new formation, and encourage the hope that, if extreme opinions are held in different portions of the Atlantic States, there is a great reconciling power between that must at last harmonize alarming antagonisms and keep the peace and unity of the nation. The great West is probably destined to carry out this wholesome conservatism, and combine with our ruling commercial cities in checking ultraisms from whatever quarter, no matter whether the theorist exaggerates the prerogative of individual opinion or of State absolutism. The West is likely, we think, to cure us of one disposition which seems to run in the blood of many of us—the disposition to legislate too much, and to interfere with the personal liberty which is an American instinct. We are to learn, as we never have learned yet, that a republican government is peculiar, not only in the tenure,



but in the extent of its power, and its jurisdiction is limited in the range of its application as well as in the responsibility of its officers. The majority rules indeed, but it should rule only in those matters that come within its sway. If the question be who shall be Mayor of the city or Governor of the State, the majority must decide; but the majority has not right to decide upon all other questions and regulate a private citizen's expenses, tastes, table, or costume. It will be a new day when we learn to let many things alone that have given us a great deal of trouble, and we may be assured that no course leads to so much antagonism as the attempt to force an agreement. In the celestial space each orb moves freely in its own orbit, and the magnificent distances between the various members of our system teach us the wisdom of leaving more earthly bodies to walk each its own predestined way. We are not willing to do even what we like on compunction, and even the welcome dinner-bell would cease to draw us to the grateful repast if rung by an enemy who had mastered the city, and forbade our dining at any other hour. We are not fond of being tied into an easy-chair, or tethered to the cherished friend with whom we so gladly walk; and, in fact, the first principle of social as of physical health consists in the distribution of vital forces throughout their appropriate centres, and not forcing the hands to do the work of the feet, or the ears to take the place of the eyes. All the members move together happily only when they move freely, and if the legs are sometimes a little antic, it is better to teach them discretion by due liberty than to check the trouble by tying them or by cutting them off. This obvious principle is, we believe, destined to settle many vexed and ominous questions among us. The great instincts and habitudes of our people will have their way, and it is the true wisdom, and we believe the true humanity also, to leave each section free to develop its activities and institutions upon its own ground, and leave the will of Providence and the mighty forces of civilization to work out the great future of the country and the race.

It is very hard for some people to consent to this doctrine, so set are they upon legislating upon all things for the whole world, and making the ballot-box but a new form of the old despotism of the bullet and the bayonet. But we must remember that there are some things which we did not make and can not unmake. Our country, in its institutions as well as in its soil, is a great Providential fact, and we make a sad mistake when we consider it as wholly flexible beneath the shaping hand of personal opinion. If we were thirty-three allied tribes instead of so many confederated States we could more readily understand the complex and stubborn elements of our organization. We ought surely, then, to be wise enough to see the truth now, and shun the folly of undertaking to think for communities as free as we are, and quite as much bent upon following their own convictions. The tendency to deprive others of their rightful jurisdiction, and to legislate for them as far as votes can possibly do it, comes from a habit of mind that is full of force and full also of dangers. It comes from the doctrine that the State, or nation, or community, is only an aggregation of individuals, and thus the only criterion is the majority of individual opinions. Accordingly the State is nothing, and has neither body nor soul to give it unity, and the many can not be one except in the aggregation of voices. This doctrine may keep men on the alert, and quicken discussion; but it can not

create nor conserve the best forms of social polity, and it has not been held by the master builders of our fabric. The founders of our Constitution did not create our Government out of their own theories and opinions, but they embodied the rights and usages of the people under the old colonies, and the nation was thence defined not merely by the figures of the census, but the consolidated and continuous life contained in its laws and organization. This life made us more than we made it, and the abortive attempts that have so often been put forth to create new institutions by mere vote without root in the life of the community, ought to teach us the folly of our too prevailing dogmatism, and the wisdom of leaving men more to themselves and their institutions. It is not always easy to set down in writing the vital Constitution of a State or nation; for there is a great deal of unwritten law that is as powerful and authoritative as any upon the statute book; yet we are not long in finding out when the common instincts of a people are outraged, and it is altogether idle to expect by our metaphysics or rhetoric to change their character or institutions.

Our national life is acted upon very strongly by authors, orators, and reformers, who aim to bring our people up to their own ideal standard of perfection, and we should be sorry to think that their labor is wholly in vain. It is not easy to classify the countless and heterogeneous opinions and plans that are set before our people by those who claim to be the keepers of the general conscience. Yet there is one line of distinction that runs more or less distinctly through the great host, and makes two main classes of them—we mean the line between experience and enthusiasm, tried institutions and speculative ideas, or perhaps between practical conservatism and theoretical radicalism. Some persons evidently speak and act as if the true root were already planted and all the branches were to grow from it in due order, while others speak as if there were no one root, but each branch must be a root in itself. The one tendency regards the many as one in the unity of a central state or church, while the other tendency keeps the many from being one by a watchful and jealous individualism, that makes all association an act of opinion or choice depending wholly upon the will of the individual. It would be wrong to deny that great powers have been exhibited and great services have been rendered by both of those types of character. Without going into any ecclesiastical or theological controversy, consider the most strongly marked types of Church life in this country—the Catholic and the Independent we may call them more fitly than by any other name. The Catholic Church begins with the assertion of its own divine origin and authority, and trains its children within its fold without waiting for their assent or their personal experience. The Episcopal Church, at least in England, follows the same idea, and asks as much allegiance from the nation as Rome asks from the world. Now we can not surely deny that some good fruits have come from this principle of Catholicity in spite of its dangers, and not only ought we to be glad to see the continued union of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches in the United States, but we may recognize in their constitutional basis a truth that may be accepted in all our civil and religious relations—the truth that all order and all liberty must grow from a Providential root, and only by some organic law can the freedom of the individual be saved from the tyranny of the mass. We believe that the Catholic and Episcopal

bishops have done much good in showing the importance of central organization, and checking the excessive individualism that is doing so much to disintegrate our people. Yet we can not, in spite of all the excesses of Independency, for a moment consent to deride its work or regret its existence. Puritanism, with its intense subjectivity, its determination to bring every principle and quality to the test of personal conviction and experience, has been an immense power in America, and our most original literature and our most kindling eloquence have been nurtured in its school. At present the organs and champions of Independency are, perhaps, the most conspicuous features of the American Church, and there are single men in their ranks who are an institution in themselves. Yet we confess generally to a feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest under their words and in their presence. They give altogether too much prominence to present impulses and opinions, and do not strengthen and comfort us by the calm wisdom that speaks the voice of ages, and the broad fellowship that invites all men to come together under the smile of her who asks to be the mother of us all. The intense subjectivity of Independency is constantly making new tests of salvation, and imposing new terms of fellowship, and sometimes claiming for the congregated consciences of the brethren an authority that prelacy dare not claim for its priesthood. In this country the disposition to dictate how men shall eat, and drink, and amuse themselves, for example, has been carried to an extreme unknown in Europe, and not a few persons have sought protection for personal liberty under the broad wing of the Mother Church, that offers a fixed and impersonal order without the intrusion of pertinacious and exacting individualism. The hope is, that the two parties will learn something from each other; and our common national life will be enriched by a religion at once comprehensive and free, quickening personal thought without captious dogmatism, and favoring central fellowship without spiritual despotism. Already we note most interesting developments in the religious life of the people, and never in the world have more original and earnest statements of conviction and experience been made to the general ear of a great nation than among us. In our day the alliance between the pulpit and the press has been cemented, and whatever of note is preached on Sunday is sent broadcast over the land in print on Monday. It will be well for our wisest and most gifted preachers to recognize their great opportunity, and a new day will come to the nation when they see that the great topics of civil ethics may be discussed without inflaming party passions, and a preacher may prove himself to be a patriot without degrading himself into a partisan.

We have glanced at some of the material, civil, social, and religious elements of our national life. These go to form what may be called our national consciousness. We need to make this consciousness a little clearer to ourselves, and he is a wise man who really knows his own mind. In humdrum, everyday life many a good man is hardly aware that he is dependent for his happiness upon his family, perhaps thinking that he could be content to live much of the time alone; but no sooner has he gone a day's journey from home than he comes to himself and his home, and counts the weary hours that keep him away. Thus we undoubtedly have more national feeling than we are usually conscious of, and it is good for our citizens to see our flag flying in a foreign port, or hear a

strain of our music in some distant land, to reveal to us how closely we are one people, and how much we love our own country. We find that our consciousness is not only a sense but a purpose; and while it perceives the extent of the domain and the range of the population, it also plans for the whole country, and we find ourselves insensibly joining our own little personal efforts, in fancy if not in deeds, with the consolidated and continuous working force of the whole nation. In fact, we all feel that we are thinking and working in a great concern, and we measure our dignity not only by the amount of our partnership, but the wealth and worth of the whole firm. Our national consciousness should be estimated not only by its extent, but by its intensity; and we must remember that, as we are united not only by our territorial lines and census tables, but by ideas, affections, associations, principles, and men, we are not only congregated but assimilated. This assimilation may be stronger in some of the States, in their relation to State institutions, than to the national life. Yet there is much of national feeling every where, and they who scold most at the nation as such, would be sadly grieved to lose the opportunity of scolding and being scolded, and might mourn as the henpecked husband did, who felt so lonely when his wife died, and he so missed the stimulus of her tongue. Our law, education, literature, statesmanship, history, industry, religion—all are more or less national, and the very quality of our mind is American in a sense that recognizes the whole nation in its most familiar associations, ideas, and purposes.

We may well consider what must be the consequence of a disturbance or rupture of the old national ties. Not only our habitual contemplations but our enterprises must feel the disturbance, and the active force as well as the intellectual sensibility of our people suffer the shock. Nor do we estimate the evil result merely by trying to measure surfaces and count costs. Mischief is to be regarded in its quality more than its quantity; and where there is the most life there may be the worst form of perversion and death. The corruption of the best thing is always the worst, and the most sensitive and complex organization always suffers the most when lacerated. In proportion as men are near each other by ties of kindred or affection, they are most odious to each other when estranged. No quarrels are like family quarrels, no wars are like civil wars. When, therefore, we consider the great comfort, mutual protection, and progress that we have enjoyed as a nation, let us not forget that all our good neighborhood may but imbitter animosity, and the lines of mutual association may be lines of hostile contact. How much thirty millions may enjoy together who are in the main good friends, we have good reason to know. How much thirty millions of people may suffer together, who are imbittered by feuds, crazed by jealousies, or inflamed by sectional strifes, we can not tell, and hope never to know.

In surveying the various currents of our national life, one conviction of a cheering kind is quite predominant, and with the statement of this we close this article. Regarding the material, civil, social, moral, and religious lines of association together, they are so interlaced together as to afford no room for cleavage. We split easily the log whose fibres run in parallel lines, but not the log that is full of knots and seams. We saw a few weeks ago some most amusing and abortive attempts to split the

trunk of an old sycamore-tree. The axe was blunted and broken against the granite rocks which the root had seized in its embrace, and no wedges could make any headway between the tough and interlaced fibres of the wood. The stump was bored, and powder was to be brought to bear against the obstinate log; but the juices of the tree deluged two of the borings, and the third, as it exploded, opened the seam just wide enough to show how stout were the ligatures and how desperate the attempt to break them. The old scarred sycamore trunk still stands, and held out new buds in triumph after all this hard handling. The oak is a stouter tree than the sycamore, and we trust that there are growths in the garden of God and in the keeping of humanity that are stouter than the oak. When good and true and brave men grow together into loyal citizenship in a vital nationality, the fibres that cross and interlace each other at every knot are so joined by God that they can not be put asunder.

### Editor's Easy Chair.

A HAPPY New-Year, and a welcome to Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-One! The century is getting into its ripe maturity; it has crossed the table-land, and begins to step upon the downward slope. Yet, as it looks back over its own life and into the latter years of its predecessor, how much it will see of actual gain to the world.

There are philosophers who are a little doubtful of any real advance in the condition of mankind. It is all circular, they say. You lose upon one side what you gain upon the other. You invent medicine and plasters to cure wounds and disease, but it is only because you have developed diseases, and because you have so ruined your bodies that wounds become mortal. The Indian needs no medicine and no plasters. He is not ill, and his flesh heals of itself when wounded.

The reply to this argument is brief—it is not true; and if it were true, what of it?

It is not true; for when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the first of white men, they found that disease had swept off vast numbers of Indians, and the poor savages suffered sadly from the toothache.

Then, if it were true, what of it? Is there no advance in the man who walks Plymouth streets to-day over Samoset and the red denizens of the old forest?

In like manner, you may show the germs of modern thought and art and universal civilization in the Greeks. You may challenge philosophy to confound Plato, or sculpture to surpass Phidias, or architecture to rival the Parthenon. You may silence our orators with Demosthenes; you may abash our statesmen with Pericles; you may smite our poets with Homeric song. But the question of human condition is not of a few select and superior persons; it is of all mankind. In the latter days of France, a century ago, you might show colossal fortunes and a splendor of life such as no modern nobleman displays; but the real point is the condition of the multitude of men.

And the claim for this century is that the average level of the whole race is lifted. Single persons may be no wiser, or richer, or better than single men before; but the great mass of human beings know more, have more, and enjoy more than ever before.

Turn back to the recent numbers of this Magazine, and, in Thackeray's sketches of the Georges, see what the good society of England was. Then

compare the court of George First, Second, Third, or Fourth with that of Victoria. What would our late visitor, the young Prince of Wales, have been in the halls of his ancestors? There is misery enough in England, doubtless; immorality enough, and corruptibility among public men; but look through Hogarth, and is it a picture of English life to-day? Read the books of a century ago, when Samuel Johnson was the great literary Englishman, and Horace Walpole pooh-pooh-ed at Oliver Goldsmith, and how do they compare—not in genius or power, but in Christian humanity—with the books that England reads to-day: with Dickens, and Thackeray, and Carlyle, and Charlotte Brontë, and the Brownings, and Macaulay?

We are none of us likely to be suddenly caught up as saints just yet. But we need not sigh for Greece nor the golden age. It is golden only because it is gone. Many a man abuses his wife at home, and is dreadfully homesick when he goes away. Socrates was not Greece, nor Pericles, nor Homer. And it is the glory of our age, and especially of our country, that it will be known in history not for certain great men so much as for the condition of all men. See, in writing history, how this spirit shows itself, by the care with which historians describe the condition of the people. The most interesting chapter of Macaulay is thought by many to be the one in which he shows us just how far the multitude had gone in the great pursuit of intelligent content. And the chapter also shows, by contrast, how far we have gone.

If we could only make Christendom really Christian! And it is because that is being done—slowly enough, if you please, but surely—that we can cordially grasp hands and congratulate as the years roll by.

For ourselves, especially, we have nothing to deplore. Upon the whole, no nation was ever more healthy at heart, and none ever developed more rapidly. Anomalies and exceptions will gradually and peacefully be eliminated from our system. The common sense and conscience of the people have always shown themselves to be awake in any great crisis. Our danger is our prosperity, but at present we shall be able to control even that; and we shall control it always, if our good sense keep pace with our opportunities.

And to our especial good friends into whose homes this Easy Chair rolls quietly every month, let us offer an especial good greeting. The old acquaintance does not grow weary, it seems, but every year and every month it is more closely cemented. Invisible, unknown friends! always considerate and kindly, with whom the Chair, also invisible, so cordially converses, it hails with you Eighteen Hundred Sixty-One, and wishes you, most heartily, a Happy New-Year!

ONE of those guides, philosophers, and friends, the daily newspapers, for which we are all so grateful—and which, if we may take their word for it, have superseded statesmen, philosophers, and preachers—alludes lately to that unhappy class of our fellow-beings, the Lyceum lecturers, as "itinerants." The word suggests tinkers, peddlers, scissor-grinders, organ-grinders, and all the professional pedestrians. It is meant as a term of reproach, mingled with contempt. Itinerants! pah! People who peddle lectures! People who humbug the public! Charlatans! Mountebanks! Harlequins! Clowns! Zanies! Itinerants!

Well, this is really dreadful! It is not new, but it is dreadful! It is not new, for we hear it regularly every winter; but it is truly lamentable that these impostors, peddlers, tinkers, grinders, should lay waste the public mind and pick the public pocket with their shallow pretenses—as utterly worthless as calicoes at twenty cents a yard that will not wash, or maudlin newspapers at two cents apiece.

Poor fellows! Itinerants! As calmly as possible, let us inquire what is an itinerant. It is a traveler. It is a luckless wight who goes from place to place. Christ sent his disciples into all the earth; and the Methodist Church, not afraid of imitating its Master, founded the order of Itinerant Preachers. They were neither afraid of traveling to preach the Gospel, nor of calling themselves travelers. They must settle the matter with the newspapers.

A mercantile house sends its agents all through the land, to "tout" for customers, or to dun debtors and collect bills. These gentry are itinerants.

The publishers send out canvassers and commission agents to sell books. These are itinerants.

The missionary societies send out preachers into foreign countries, "from pole to pole." They are itinerants.

The great religious societies dispatch their emissaries, colporteurs, accredited agents. They are all itinerants.

Then come the unhappy fellows who have been invited to go to a hundred places, and to speak to thousands of people, who pay them most generously, and thank them too. And these are your itinerant lecturers.

They are a kind of peripatetic newspaper, but they speak to a much larger audience than many journals. A lecturer in good practice will speak sixty or seventy times in a season, to an average audience of a thousand persons. When he returns he will have talked to seventy thousand people. If he has had any thing to say, and has said it so as to lodge in the minds of his hearers, he has done no unprofitable work either for himself or his audiences, and he may congratulate himself upon a very respectable itinerancy.

But the point of the sneer seems to be that these lecture fellows go about: they travel. The argument, probably, is that Ethiopian Minstrels and "Big Shows" travel—*argal*, lecturers are Ethiopian Minstrels, and the Lyceum a big show. The argument is ingenious, but perhaps perfectly sound. Let us apply it in another way—thus: bitter, sour, disappointed, and despised people walk down Broadway every morning. But the editors of certain newspapers walk down Broadway every morning. Therefore the editors of certain newspapers are bitter, sour, disappointed, and despised.

The argument is pleasant to handle, but it is not conclusive. It works both ways. It is a sword sharpened on the edge and the back.

If a man has something to say which he puts into such a form and delivers so satisfactorily that multitudes of people want to hear him, and honor him, and reward him well, it seems a pity that they can not hear him because he would have to travel to reach them; and if he traveled he would be an itinerant.

Perhaps the critics who are so troubled by the fact that itinerancy is essential to getting from one place to another will explain how it may be avoided. It might be easy enough to explain how they themselves avoid it. Smith always avoids dining with Jones when Jones omits to ask him. But that

is a purely theoretical solution of the difficulty. Assuming that Jones does ask Smith, how is Smith to enjoy the dinner, or Jones Smith's society, unless Smith goes to Jones's house? A ready wag might suggest that they could go to Delmonico's. But that would not help; for they must be itinerants that they may get to Delmonico's.

Ah! if the newspapers which grudge the lecture fellows their little fee and the transient applause could only by experience know those beds, those steaks, those chill chambers, those startings before light, those autograph albums, those dreadful days in cars, those jokes (especially that most reverend witticism upon the eve of leaving the hotel for the hall, "There'll be no fun until we arrive, as the fellow said when he was going to be hung"), those cheerful laughs with which this well-known old favorite of a joke is received, those explanations of the small audience, those other explanations palliative of the want of applause—all faithful, kindly, and generous as they are—if the newspapers knew these things as they are known by the itinerants, they would spare them the "twit" of their vagabondage. They would feel that justice is done even in this life. They would emulate the charity of my Uncle Toby, and say to the hapless itinerant, "Go, insect; there is room enough in the world for thee and me!"

LAST month we had a word about the pictures of Mr. Jarves; the collection of the old masters which he has made in Italy, and which he hopes may find a permanent home in New York, as the foundation of a historical gallery of painting.

Mr. Jarves has collected the pictures to illustrate the progress of Christian art in Italy. He begins with the Byzantine specimens, and proceeds regularly through to the Caracci, Domenichino, and Guido. Without claiming that he has the greatest works of the great painters, he says that he has characteristic pictures by all of those who appear in the gallery; and every body who knows will not deny that he says truly. His hope is that when the collection has been seen and studied, it will be felt that the works ought to be retained in the country, because no gallery we have is like it, and because the student of art, and civilization, and Christianity may here see what otherwise he could not know until he reached Italy. As other pictures by the same men or by other artists are procured, they can be slipped into their proper places upon the line, and the gallery and the city be enriched.

The gallery will have the charm of novelty to the great mass of spectators. The quaint old manner of the early masters is entirely new to our collections. What may be called our popular idea of painting is illustrated in the rooms of the Dusseldorf Gallery, which open out of those in which the Jarves collection is deposited. The brightness and smoothness which mark the Rhine school are most agreeable to those who are not familiar with the older and religious art. But they are like sweet wines, which presently pall. The others, if at first obscure, are like the deep twilight, in which, as the eye becomes accustomed to the lesser light, it detects the lovely outline of a thousand forms at first unseen.

Thus a picture of Fra Angelico's, of which there are specimens in the Jarves Gallery, may seem at first formal, hard, and childish; but as you look on and on, and in and in, you catch some glimpse of that beauty of holiness, and that peace which passes understanding, which is the fruit of the Christian faith. They are so full of quiet, too—like cloisters



and convent gardens. The broad, still, sunny days of Italy stream over you again as you stand before the pictures. The wild life that heaved outside the walls of the church and chapel and convent in which they hung, and the raging passion that seethed in the breasts of those bending, cowed, and mitred men, the loud uproar, the romance, the apparent denial of all principle and death of religion which belong to the medieval and early modern times—all these things return as you look, and the pictures flame and blush and throb with a life which is not their life, and a charm which is beyond them.

And yet, how is it not their life? Is not a picture justly credited with all that it awakens—all that the spectator sees in it? If you see Venice in a portrait of a Doge by Titian, did not Titian put Venice into the picture? No two persons see precisely the same meaning in any work. Every thing, then, that every body sees the painter put there. His genius may work half-unconsciously to himself, as the music of an orator's voice, of which he is himself unconscious, may be the most persuasive eloquence of all his speech to many a hearer; while others are moved only by the linked logic of his thought. The orator shall have the glory of both; and so shall the painter be worthily honored for all that blazes or hides upon his canvas.

But apart from the pure romance of these Jarves pictures, there is the scientific value—that is, the assistance they furnish to the study of the progress and development both of the spirit and the methods of art. With the Hand-book of Kugler, or Mr. Jarves's own handsome and well-illustrated volumes of *Art-Studies*, you may pass many and many a morning with these pictures, and live back again, as it were, into the very infancy of art and the spring of modern history. There is no study more fascinating or instructive; and when you have finished, you are as well prepared to meet and understand the profuse treasures which Italy contains as if you had learned in all the galleries there, instead of one modest gallery here. When we can understand the progress of Christian art from the beginning, experimentally, in New York, then New York has another claim to be considered a metropolis.

Of the authenticity of Mr. Jarves's specimens it is very hard to speak finally. This, however, is very clear, that if there be a man who understands the difficulties of obtaining really fine works, and how to overcome those difficulties, Mr. Jarves is doubtless the man. He is curiously intimate with all the dodges and tricks of the imitative art; and there can be no reasonable doubt that his pictures are what he believes them to be, and the most eminent connoisseurs in Europe agree with him.

Even if they were not so, it would not be so serious a matter. Such accurate copies as they would then appear to be would be as useful as the originals in studying both the originals themselves and the art they depict. A picture so closely reproduced from the original that you can not tell the difference, is about as good for study as the original, and for this reason—that what is admirable in the original is either the sentiment, the treatment, the color, or the drawing. If these are so faithfully reproduced that the sharpest eyes can scarcely distinguish them from the model, they are the same for the student's purpose. And this is true of the Jarves Gallery. There is no reasonable doubt that they are what they are called—works of the oldest and most famous masters, from the early Byzantine down to the Bolognese school. But if they are not, they are still as useful,

and the collection is by far the most interesting that has ever been brought to the country.

New York ought to retain it. Let us hope that she *is* a metropolis, and will retain it.

A FRIEND asks the Easy Chair what he considers to be the characteristic of a Christian nation. The Easy Chair replies, Christianity. The answer seems to be very obvious. If you then ask what is Christianity, the Easy Chair refers you to the teachings of Christ.

Now there is a growing fear in many minds lest Christianity, or religion, should be secularized. Is not that the very thing we all want? Is it not because religion is supposed to have more relation with Gothic architecture, and white cravats, and solemn faces than with men doing their daily duties, that men are so really irreligious, or rather, think that they are so? Is it not true that the Christian principles are popularly regarded as holding the same relation to our conduct that the regalia—the crown and ball and sceptre—hold to a king's daily life? He is to sit in them and hold them upon state occasions; but he is not to use the crown for a hat, nor the sceptre for a cane. So the Christian precepts are to be paraded upon great solemnities—in sermons, at prayer-meetings, at funerals, upon tombstones; but they are not to regulate conduct in the office, the street, and the stock-exchange.

The king says, "I will wear the crown and hold the sceptre and ball upon all proper occasions; but really, as a general rule, I must be allowed to wear a dressing-gown and a loose coat and slippers, like other people." So any citizen of a Christian State is very apt to say, "Oh! certainly; Christianity, and doing as you would be done by, and all that sort of thing, are very well; they are good to teach the children and the women and servants on Sundays—all very creditable and very well; but in this world we must take men as they are, and look out for number one."

There are a great many people who sincerely wish that Christianity were a practicable rule of life. But, they say, if we should try it, we should not only be well laughed at, but we should be starved out. It would become actually a question of life and death.

Therefore, when "a friend" asks the Easy Chair further, "What State can you name which is a Christian State?" the Easy Chair as promptly and confidently answers, "None whatever."

Of course there are men and women whose lives blossom with religious graces, but they do not compose a religious State. There are traders in the Sandwich Islands, but you could not call it a great commercial nation. What kind of character is described by the term "Man of the world?" St. John or Talleyrand? George Washington or Aaron Burr? To know the world, is a phrase which means simply to believe that every man has his price, and every woman too.

The point in which the Christian ethics differ essentially from any other is in the grand doctrine of self-sacrifice as opposed to selfishness. But does "a friend" seriously suppose that that is the controlling principle of society in any so-called "Christian" State? Selfishness is probably as much the pivot of general action as it was in any country anterior to the Christian era: not that society has made no advance. It has, undoubtedly. The statement and formal recognition of the new principle is itself an advance. At the same time, nobody would proba-

bly consider the Emperor Constantine a better man than Marcus Aurelius.

If you wish to know the real principle of action in our society, sink a shaft of observation any where, and study the results. Let us suppose that you and I are cotton-dealers in New York. You are a seller, if you choose, and I am a buyer; and I have just heard of a sudden and enormous rise of price. To complete the illustration, I suppose also that my correspondent in New Orleans, who has telegraphed the rise to me, has also informed me that he is the first to transmit the news; and just as I read his dispatch the telegraph breaks down, and I am, consequently, perfectly sure that you have not received the news, and that, although you are enterprising and sagacious, and would have known as much as I do if the telegraph had held up, you suppose, and all the other traders suppose, the ruling price of today to be what it was yesterday.

When I enter your office I am aware that, if you knew all that I do, and all that I know you do not know, you would ask two cents more for your cotton. But I offer to buy at the current market-rate, and you are satisfied, and sell. Is that regarded as unfair? Are you not even a little surprised that the question should be asked? You can not say that my superior sagacity in acquiring information entitles me to the advantage. There is no question of sagacity—it is all luck. I suppose that you had as good and prompt a correspondent as mine, and that he was hurrying to telegraph you first, and would have done so, but he tripped in the street and fell, so that mine passed him and reached the office first; and when yours arrived the wires were down.

To hesitate in such a case would be very squeamish, would it not? It is the chance of war, do you say? Yes, it may be the chance of war; but it is not Christian. That is to say, it is not doing as you would be done by; unless, indeed, you say that, if you were a foot-pad, you would do precisely as the foot-pad does.

And that is what is meant by saying that Christendom is not yet Christian. It is easy to call ourselves so; but the question is of facts, not of words. It sounds the least bit like a sermon, perhaps. But why not? It is good to begin the year with a sermon. Or shall we regard all plain speech of religion and Christian duty as material for sermons and tracts only? Yes; and so we return to the text that we will not take it up into life, forgetting that faith is to social and national systems what the oxygen in the air is to the human and vegetable, the very secret of life.

There is occasionally evidence of the general feeling of these truths in thoughtful minds every where. It is so now. There is a careful, and candid, and charitable inquisition into the moral laws of life. In this country more than elsewhere, we are perpetually brought in contact with them. And it is one of the pleasant and frequent signs of the times that the most eminently popular and successful preachers are those who urge, with the most fiery eloquence, that we should make religion a life, and not a word; a fact, and not a fume.

And so again, a Happy New Year, and let's try it.

THE other day the Easy Chair, which, after the summer's heats, is very fond of rolling about the country to breathe the cool autumn and early winter air, quietly turned out of State Street in Albany to the studio of the sculptor Palmer. The studio is in a very quiet corner, and of that aspect which re-

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veals its purpose at once to a familiar eye. Those odd-looking buildings, with one huge window like a Cyclops—buildings which prefer all their light in two or three great draughts, instead of a distribution into innumerable sips, they are easily read by one who has been much with artists and hung around the rooms where, as in a kind of outer brain, the ideas of grace and beauty take form.

It was a happy touch in Thackeray's "Newcomes," that of Clive's life in Rome among the artists. There may not be much of it in the book, but there is a great deal of it in the reader's mind. There may be but a whiff of violet odor in the air; but if you wooed a girl in a garden, among the violets, long ago, there is more than a whiff of emotion in your mind. The delight of artist life in Italy is hinted by Thackeray, and by Dickens in "Little Dorrit," and by Hans Christian Andersen in the "Improvisatore." It is a Bohemian life, but something more and something better than we understand by that word in New York. Ah, well! those Campagna days—and days among the mountains, and on the shore, and in old cities, and in quaint osterias, and wherever the wayward spirit of romance enshrines herself—you remember them all, and Browning has sung them for us. Browning, who has sucked up Italy as a bee sucks nectar—both storing it in honey.

They try Bohemia in New York. Yes, and you might try the tropics here, if you choose. But your figs grown with great pains under glass, and your figs bursting with crimson pulp through purple skins as the sun blisters them with kisses on hot high walls over which lizards dart and sprawl, and behind which ilexes and olives shimmer and twinkle in convent gardens, and shadow cloisters of many-colored marbles, mossy, stained—they are both figs, doubtless, but they are not exactly the same. Bohemia is not drinking, and swearing, and sneering, and smoking—and yet a fair share of all of them are not unknown there. Tobacco is a comfortable weed, although a popular speaker may denounce it as the nastiest thing ever brought by the nastiest devil upon the earth. The charmed secret of tobacco eludes anathemas. There are people, dear Sir, who have routed the eating of flesh, horse and foot, quite as triumphantly as you fall upon the smoking weed. As for wine, it gets little quarter from those who are opposed to it. Nor can you make a sufficient argument for coffee or tea; perhaps not for any stimulant, or cordial, or narcotic. The argument for it, which persuades, is the abstinence from abuse. I laugh to discover that the authors of the famous tobacco-defending papers in the magazines are all smokers. But the argument is not necessary. Tobacco is not good to eat nor to drink—it is only good to smoke. If you overdo it, why, then you fail to enjoy. "Yes, Sir, but *all* use of it is abuse." Good-morning, Sir.

No, Bohemia is not simple beastliness as drunkenness is. It is not stupefaction or delirium, as tobacco and coffee may be. It is not filth of imagination or speech. It is not an affectation of disbelief in men and women. It is not profanity, and vulgarity, and coarseness of every kind. It does not necessarily dine in dark places and sup in doubtful ones. All these may be there, for they are everywhere; but the blithe realm of Bohemia is not measured or described by them. It is the lawlessness within law, the camp within the castle court.

All artists are popularly supposed to be, *ex officio*, Bohemians. But it is not so. There are many who

would scorn the name, not understanding it. Many also who would smile to think themselves included. Such a man was the late Charles Leslie, one of the simplest and sweetest of human beings. He would have been incredulous had you called him a Bohemian. Yet he was one. So was Washington Irving, his companion for some years. So especially was Charles Lamb. Tommy Moore, again, seems not to have been one. His delight was bounded by the conventional circles. He pined for them, and perished outside of them. But your Bohemian leads a charmed life, passing in and out of those circles at pleasure.

I did not mean to go to Bohemia when I began. We were coming to Palmer's studio, in the quiet corner upon the hill at Albany. And now we have mounted the stairs and are in his room. It is lighted by one huge window. The walls are of a neutral tint, and expose the colorless busts upon the ledge over the stairway, and the plaster cast of the "White Captive." The sculptor himself is modeling a portrait-bust in clay. The dull brown clay is quick with life. Vitality has flowed into it from the creative fingers. I look into the face, and am sure it could answer my gaze.

But as we chat my eyes float around the room and rest at last upon the "White Captive." It is only the cast, but it is perfect, and the work may be as well studied in the plaster as in the marble. Palmer intends to duplicate it and send it to England, which has already learned to respect our sculpture. It was a rare pleasure to stand by while the sculptor went over every part of the work, showing how the slightest causes produced the most striking effects; how the playing, glancing lights and softened glooms steeped the figure with actuality. I told him of the objection, which he had often heard, that it was not the figure of an unmarried woman. But his quiet, incredulous smile as he carefully justified every detail—the consciousness of knowledge with which he made us all see that he was right and the critics either captious or not sufficiently intelligent—were very triumphant. The truth is, that few medical men are so capable of pronouncing upon certain points and shades of anatomical precision so surely as a deeply accomplished sculptor. The appearance is naturally secondary in the contemplation of the surgeon; but it is first and all in that of the sculptor. The surgeon studies with an internal, the sculptor with an external, purpose; and that exactly discriminates the value of their verdict upon such a case as this.

As the sculptor went over it inch by inch, and through his words the secret significance of the figure streamed into my mind, I could not but recall the story of Turner and the critic, who assured him, after looking at one of his pictures, "Why, Mr. Turner, I never saw this in nature." "No? My dear Madame," he replied, "don't you wish you could?"

There was also, in another room, the bust of a statue Palmer is now finishing for a Baltimore gentleman, "The Child's first Grief." A young girl holds a nest in her hand from which the birds have flown. The tender, appealing dawn of sadness in the child's mind, the pathetic inexplicability of loss, are exquisitely rendered. The fact is as common as all grief, but this individual isolation of it is very touching. And this is the humanity of Palmer's sculptures, that they make you feel how infinitely multiplied is the emotion which, viewed and treated singly, is so full of power. The attitude of the whole figure is of a corresponding simplicity. The

arms dropped at full length; the hands caressing the nest incredulously; the eyes with an expression of sad wonder, rather at the first pang of real grief than at the flight of the feathered darlings.

Around the room were several portrait busts—the cherub heads which, cut in the singularly soft Carrara marble, people the dusk studio with what the poets would call a white stillness of lovely life. There was also the cast of the pediment for the Capitol, thoroughly American and appropriate. One of the figures—a stealthy, creeping savage, the personification of the true American Indian, not the Indian of the novels—Palmer will perhaps reproduce as a statue. We shall then have a fit typical Indian—crafty, cruel, imbruted, relentless. In Greenough's group of the "Backwoodsman and the Savage," the savage is so puny, so feeble and unimportant, that a victory over him seems to be of no more importance than a victory over a wolf. He does not stand as a type of the race which disputed the soil with the whites. Palmer's will.

### Our Foreign Bureau.

IT may be interesting to our readers, who, at best, I look through a glass of long range upon the events of Europe, to glance for once with us upon the part-colored news of a single day. Our stand-point shall be Brussels; our date the very last of October; our authorities the *Independance* and the *Nord* newspapers. A dirty sea-fog is sidling in from the north; the thermometer marks 50° Fahrenheit. A telegraph reports an insult to the Prince of Wales, and an attack upon him in the streets of New York; the assailant an Englishman, and reported insane. A million of people will discuss the matter with their breakfasts to-day.

The King (Leopold), with Madame the Duchess of Brabant and the Count of Flanders, set off at ten this morning for Liège and Verviers, their equipages having been dispatched yesterday. His Royal Highness the Duke of Brabant, being slightly indisposed, remains at the Palace.

The long session of the Swedish Diet has closed, and there is general discontent expressed at its inaction, while the papers and public opinion call loudly for a change in the national representation.

The Czar has hurried home from his trip to Warsaw, of which detailed accounts have now come in. The telegraph has brought no important rumors about the result of the Imperial interview, and Western Europe is none the wiser for the meeting. The Czar had his ovation upon entrance to the city, and so had the Regent of Prussia, who came the succeeding day, and who was most cordially received by his cousin the Czar. But, we are told, the Austrian Francis met only with coldest courtesy: no street cheers welcomed him; and at the grand ball which the Prince Gortchakov gave on the evening following the arrival of the Austrian Court the noble Polish ladies distinguished themselves by their absence. The three monarchs have met, and met socially; but politically, so far as appears thus far, each still moves in his own orbit. There has been no guaranty of Venetian Italy; no bargain as regards the Danube and the Bosphorus. The young Austrian monarch is represented as preoccupied and care-worn; all the more so, doubtless, now that his newly promulgated measures of reform are received so coolly. The retainers of the court have made a little factitious applause in Vienna. For the masses

the Imperial proclamation is unintelligible; in the German and Slav provinces the people understand only that Hungary has gained more by force, and resistance, and bold talking than themselves have gained by long years of devotion. Even Hungary will not receive as a favor what it has so loudly claimed as a right. Its best men discard the terms and tenor of the new Imperial decrees; the official illumination which was ordered upon their promulgation was "made light of" by a shower of stones upon the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, and by a carefully guarded darkness in the fronts of every private mansion. The Hungarians have grown too swiftly into courage by the example of Italy to accept now any halting favor. As with the Bourbon King in the south, a constitutional programme comes too late. The General Benedek, who goes to take command of the vast armament which has been concentrated upon the Lombard frontier, does not leave a satisfied people behind him in Hungary. His letter, which complacently affirms this, appears, by singular coincidence, in the same journal of central Europe, upon the same day, with a declaration, by a distinguished Hungarian exile, of seven potent reasons why the late edicts of the Austrian Emperor must utterly fail of the pacification of Hungary: and by still more singular coincidence, the identical journal which prints the gratulatory letter of General Benedek and the protest of the Hungarian exile, tells us also of the jeers and hootings with which the people of Pesth have received the Imperial favors. There is a leaven in Hungary that has not yet come to the full of its fermentation.

The thermometer is at 50°, and a fog is sidling in from the sea, and we have not finished yet the first page of the day's journals. A turn of a paragraph takes us to St. Petersburg, where, strangely enough, people are going to see an agricultural show in one of the largest inclosures of the city—the Riding-School Michel. There are reapers of the American plan, and Worcester plows, and malachite vases, and all shapes of wood-craft, besides imported cattle and English draining tile. But it is, after all, more an Imperial exhibition than a popular one. The machinery is all from abroad, and attracts but little attention; while the street-folk congregate about the birds and the draught-horses from the Imperial farmeries, or from the estates of the Countess Kouchelev or the Prince Vassiltchikov. An American, judging from the reports, would remark with interest only certain rare bits of gold and copper of incredible weight, and a great array of hempen tissues, heavy fleeces, and soft furs.

The Russian is far more interested in the telegraphic report that Pischpek has surrendered, after a five days' siege, and that the redoubtable chief, Atabek-Datchi, has been taken prisoner. You will look vainly for these names in your geographies; they belong to that part of Central Asia which borders upon western Siberia, and the conquest is making more sure and safe the highway which Russia is planting across an unknown region to the Amoor, and the great commerce of the East.

By the side of this report of Russian successes in the East comes to us also a Russian appreciation of the great speech of Cavour upon the opening of the Piedmontese Parliament.

The Count, says the Russian, has not ventured to explain his disapproval of, and quasi opposition to the Garibaldi expedition for Sicily; he has not sought to explain his change of position, of which, perhaps, the Garibaldian successes are the best and

only excuses. Indeed the chief of the Piedmontese cabinet, in announcing his views with respect to Rome, has given expression to an idea which would seem to excuse the tergiversations of any government at any, or all times. "A statesman," he says, properly "observant of the future, must change his course to meet its exigencies."

So it may happen that the Piedmontese action shall change again; for the King of Naples has not yet fired his last gun, or the people of Naples spoken their last word, nor Europe *spoken* as it has power to speak.

The Count recognizes the force of opinion, and of the opinion of the great governments of Europe; but he has the hardihood to suppose that while he refrains from attack upon Venice, or upon Rome itself, that he is safe. And can he fancy that his invasion of Emilia and of Naples is approved? Does he consider that he may have to answer for this invasion with cannon-shot, and not with eloquent phrases?

As yet, he says, it is not *opportune* to march to Rome; and so the political faith of Piedmont is one of opportunity! And does it occur to the Count Cavour that possibly Europe may think it opportune to declare strongly against a policy which so shocks those monarchs who are accustomed to respect the vested rights of brother monarchs?

We cite thus much (condensing a column or more into our score of lines) to show how slant the opinions of those who read the *Journal of St. Petersburg*.

Always under the same date, and in the same newspaper of Brussels, we find the result of the vote upon annexation in the city of Palermo. The registered number being 40,507, the actual voters counted 36,267. Of these, 36,232 voted Yes; 20 No; while 15 were faulty, and counted neither way.

A dispatch, dated Naples, says, "The capture of Capua, announced yesterday, is not confirmed. Victor Emanuel is at Steoni, with 25,000 men. A battle is looked for from hour to hour."

Another dispatch, dated Madrid: "The Government of the Queen has protested energetically against the Sardinian invasion of Naples, and given orders for the immediate withdrawal of the Spanish ambassador from Turin."

Russia, too, recalls her ambassador; and the Prince Gortchakov assures the Count Stackelburg that his Imperial Majesty has seen with profound regret the recent action of the Sardinian monarch; he has from time to time addressed to Cavour his friendly remonstrances. In the appreciation of his Majesty the action of Sardinia is in violation of those principles on which rests all healthful international relations, and is disturbing to those grand bases on which repose all the established governments of Europe.

Of course all this is *apres coup*; and you know how the Italian affairs have marched since the imperial and the royal protests. But we are still at our breakfast in Brussels, and a journal of one date supplies our news-talk.

To-night is promised *L'Etoile du Nord*, at the *Theatre de la Monnaie*; and at the *Theatre du Parc*, the *Filles du Marbre*.

Henri de Pène, in a racy *feuilleton*, tells us how the Parisians have been welcoming a new drama from Octave Feuillet, being almost the story of another "Poor Young Man." Like that, it first found shape in the pages of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*; and, with decorative alterations, has now come to



the stage of the Vaudeville. There is a pretty Magdalen, on whom the interest centres, and who is a repentant and brilliant sinner of the Demi-monde. But her repentance and conversion, such as they are, find their whole force and consistency and beauty in the warmth and passionateness of a real affection—as if one genuine earthly love could cure forever all the damnable ones. A sentiment redeems all the bitter logic of a wicked life. The pretty women (such as Michelet studied to fill his repertoire of *L'Amour*) clap their pretty hands at this, and say, “*Très bien! très bien!*” It would be hard to say if the pretty women admire most the wickednesses or the repentance of the Magdalen. The story is a dexterous free-love compliment, garnished with tender and charming sentiment.

The heroine endears herself to a sympathizing audience by attempting suicide; and the lover, snatching the phial of poison from her grasp counts it the proof of her redemption, and the earnest of her return into the fold of good and respectable Frenchwomen.

The same graceful paragraphist gives us a piquant scene in the salon of M. Rossini. The great master has on occasions a large bevy of friends about him. It happened thus the other evening, when great news had come from Italy during the day. The master appeared abstracted—sleepily occupied with his own thought—when suddenly he advanced to the middle of the room, affecting all the ceremonious airs which a theatrical manager assumes who “has the honor” to address a few words of explanation to his audience.

After the three customary profound salutations, Rossini addressed his smiling and attentive friends in this style—“*Mesdames et Messieurs*, it is my pleasant duty to communicate to this distinguished assembly the following details in regard to the work which our Italian troop has had the honor to present to your notice: The *libretto*, I beg to state, is from the pen of an eminent personage, who particularly desires to remain anonymous; the music is from the hand of the illustrious maestro Mazzini; the decorations and *mise en scene*, as well as the choral accompaniments, have been directed by M. Guiseppe Garibaldi; and although it is unusual to name the prompter on such occasions, yet I venture to state that the duties of that post have been kindly assumed by his Excellency Count Cavour. The *impresario*—”

Just at this point in the master's salon discourse, the Chevalier Nigra was announced (Sardinian Ambassador).

“Ah! how is this, Chevalier; not yet off?”

“The Sardinian Ambassador has taken his passports a week since,” returns the Chevalier, “and is probably before this at Turin, in obedience to the usual diplomatic etiquette: the Chevalier Nigra, however, stays with his Paris friends, and has the honor to take you by the hand.”

It was not a hard or a severe quarrel that between the Emperor and the Savoyard King.

One more transcript from our Brussels breakfast paper, and we pass over news-gathering till to-morrow. M. Paul Marcroy, in the *Revue Contemporaine*, has been surprising those whose appetites have been whetted by stories of recent adventures and misadventures in the Alps and Tyrol, with a narrative of his wanderings in the Andes. Your own mountain climbings come back to you thus, by way first of Valparaiso and Cape Horn, then of Paris, then of our newspaper at Brussels. The adventurous trav-

eler tries the ascent of the Urusayhua, a mountain of Peru, in the neighborhood of Cuzco. It looks uglier than the climb of Mont Blanc:

“At first sight both sides of the mountain appeared absolutely the same, and equally inaccessible; but upon closer scrutiny we found that, while to the right it presented an all but vertical plane, the left side displayed certain reddish lines which had much the appearance of a natural flight of stairs. We therefore resolved to attempt the escalade on this side. . . . On the third day we arrived at that point of the Urusayhua which I had often examined from below, and where, vegetation having ceased, the bare rock appeared; but what I had been unable to distinguish, and what appeared to me at this moment an insurmountable obstacle, was the expansion of the summit, which gave it, fifty feet higher up, the appearance of a mushroom. We had no longer to cope with a vertical wall, but with one projecting over our heads. For a moment we stood aghast; but on examining the rock I remarked certain projections, just large enough for a man's foot, and situated at intervals, so that, by a bold stride, one might pass from one to the other, and thus reach the opposite side of the mountain, where a further ascent might be practicable. The distance to be got over did not exceed thirty paces; but as the space was quite denuded of bushes or lianas by which to hold, the slightest false step must precipitate the adventurer into the valley where the torrent Huilcamayo was dashing along at the rate of ten knots an hour. Nevertheless I took off my shoes, fastened a rope round my body, giving the other end to Gaspard to hold, and gradually reached the third projection. As I was trying to get to the fourth, the rope I was dragging after me was caught by something. I turned my head to see what it was, and in so doing my eyes compassed the empty space below me! It was like a flash of lightning. A confused mass of verdure danced before me, intersected by the Huilcamayo glittering in the sun like a thread of mercury. I closed my eyes to avoid the horrible vision, but the vision remained in me, and I continued to see it. Then I was seized with a singing in my ears, an insupportable blast of heat rose from my entrails to my brain; then I felt my legs tremble and my wrists lose strength as if under the influence of an electric pile; an unknown force, superior to my will, made me open my eyes, and look again at that river of liquid silver which seemed to writhe in the sun. Dizziness, the demon of the abyss, had seized upon me, and was drawing me down. At this last moment, when thousands of red atoms were whirling before my eyes, I still had strength enough left to call—‘Gaspard! help!’ The brave fellow had seen the look I had involuntarily cast into the abyss, and, guessing what might occur, had, imprudently for himself, but happily for me, the daring to follow me. As my hands, convulsively closed, were about to lose their hold, he seized me by the nape of the neck, calling to me to take courage. I regained my self-possession, succeeded in retracing my steps, and, feeling the ground once more under my feet, I swooned away.” The adventurers at length reached the top of the mountain, which they found to consist of a space not more than 300 square yards, scooped out in the middle as if it had once been the bed of a lake. The only proof of the existence of the latter at some remote period was the peat formed of entwined branches of trees, whose enormous trunks lay scattered about in various stages of decay. And yet, even on this desolate spot, some

beautiful flowers were in bloom—two kinds of heath of the *vaccinium* genus, an *andromeda* or marsh cistus, a *gentian*, a purple barberry, an *actinophyllum*, some *lysipomias*, a kind of wood-sorrel, and some thin blackish reeds. The descent of the plain did not take the tourists more than six hours.

Thus we finish our eggs and paper, and our readers have all the salient things of the morning's news at Brussels, in the end of October, when the thermometer is at 50° Fahrenheit, and a dirty sea-fog sidling in from the north.

AMONG recent deaths let us give honorable mention to that of Lord Dundonald, who, at the age of upward of eighty, prepared and published a two-volume vindication of his naval career. Scarcely a week after the publication of his second and last autobiographical volume the scene closed with him; and the reputation and fair fame that he so jealously struggled to defend became the property of his heirs.

It is a tale of olden time now, how the brave Captain Dundonald, in the year 1809, conducted a brilliant naval attack upon the French fleet in the Basque Roads, which would have resulted in the total destruction of the French shipping if only his naval superior, Lord Gambier, had been equal to the occasion. It is matter of by-gone gossip how fearlessly the young Captain expressed his contempt for the officers over him, and for the Admiralty, whose servant he could never humble himself to become. Of course he was ignored, and plucked, and brow-beaten. Of course he became more radical and earnest than ever under such tuition: so that it happened, as we might naturally suppose, that the most brilliant and promising officer in the British service received no command of importance; and it happened that he chafed under neglect, and gave wanton expression to his indignation; so that finally he was deprived of all position, and disgraced.

It is a humiliating story: fervid and effervescing genius on the one part, and cool, calculating, heartless dignity on the other. If Dundonald had been given due range, there is little doubt but he would have made his name second in the naval career of England only to that of Lord Nelson. As affairs turned, his name has scarce been spoken publicly; until, in these latter days, with the weight of four-score years of ignominy resting on him, he has risen to the gravity of exculpation, and has gained a verdict for skill and patriotism, which, long ago, those who knew him best had given him in their hearts.

England, by her officials, gives slow remuneration for his worth by a pompous procession and an interment in Westminster Abbey. Whole garlands of red tape will be woven in prodigal generosity for the bier of the veteran who, fifty years ago, was strangled by two tight strands of it. If he could have had only the humility to suffer quietly the indignities thrust upon him by his superiors—if he could only have attached himself to a party with unquestioning determination—if he could only have lowered himself to the resolve of being more another man's man and less himself—he might have come to great honors in life; but not to half so many large and sincere ones at his death.

He is a notable type of worth that fails of success. He does not kill himself, like Haydon the painter; he never affected the martyr, like Barry; but with the strength of sterling manhood he bravely lived down detraction: and you and we, here and now, will fling a little bunch of flowers (in words of cheer) upon the dead hero's tomb.

Quite other death has been that of the Duchess of Alba, the sister of the Empress. There was unusual attachment between the sisters; and now, the court journalists tell us, the Empress is passing a month in Scotland, *incognita*, in the hope of wearing off, by change of scene, the desolating sense of her loss.

Other paragraphists intimate that the Empress, always a *dévoté*, is now stirred into an access of religious zeal, which can not brook her husband's political measurement of the Papal position and prospects. She leans to the priesthood more than Louis Napoleon, and the monarch advises Scotch air as an offset to the confessional graces of the Archbishop of Paris.

Then there is Sir Harry Smith, who belongs to the later necrologic lists—a brave man, who has almost outlived the story of his heroism, only because the Crimea, and China, and Italy are larger war-fields than the steppes of South Africa. We used to see his portrait in the magazines; he is graven now for all.

The princely Duke of Richmond is dead too; the ready and generous host of Castle Gordon, who traced back his patent of nobility to the royal frailties of Charles the Second and the French frailties of a courtly ancestress. He was a rarely good specimen of the insistent, conservative English country gentleman, who deplored free admission of grain, who sneered at Sir Robert Peel, who despised Cobden, who loved the smock-frocks and the clouted shoes of the British peasantry, who made speeches at agricultural shows, who poached the meadows of his tenants, who loved royalty, privilege, and wealth, and gave abundant crumbs to the poor, and at last came to sumptuous burial.

Speaking of British agricultural associations reminds us of the fact that the lesser ones, as well as the farmers' dinners, are becoming conventicles for the utterance and applause of extremist political Toryism. Those farmers who hear speech-making only once a year are capital subjects to whom to address the elegant old opinions of a half century ago on political topics. Down at Castle Hedingham (wherever that may be), a certain Major Beresford has latterly, we observe, been administering to the honest yeomen of the land a dose of most excellent Tory pap: he could not forbear a short glance at the new régime in Italy; but it was only to deplore the democratic taint of it, and to express his regret that disorderly men of little cultivation had overturned, in a turbulent manner, a fine old monarchy; speaking of the monarchy very much as he might speak of a fine old Stilton cheese. Somewhere in Bedfordshire again, a good clergyman, being invited to participate in a farmers' festival, took occasion to urge a more familiar association of the farmers and landlords with their tenants and laborers—declaring that they were treated with too great indignity, and could never appreciatingly work out improved agricultural designs until they were given more elevation of character. Whereupon a well-to-do Baronet took the poor clergyman stoutly to task for introducing agrarian views, and highly dangerous opinions to disturb a harmony that had existed for centuries. The vicar undertook a modest defense, but the landlords in the top-boots put him down. They are, of course, all good anti-Cobden men.

In the large towns, however, we find counterbalancing facts which count largely toward the progress of the work-people of England. Of such,

and eminently honorable, is the benefaction of Mr. William Brown to the city of Liverpool for the purpose of founding a free library. To this end £40,000 have been given by the merchant prince; and the building, just now complete, has been opened with inaugural festivities. The inevitable Lord Brougham was present, and at a banquet given to the generous donor in St. George's hall, spoke to the toast in honor of the House of Lords. His lordship passed a warm eulogy upon the British peers as a body, and affirmed the necessity of such a privileged estate to the effective working of the Constitutional monarchy of England. He believed their own to be the safest and strongest Government in the world; and took occasion to express strong distrust of the permanence of any purely Republican or Democratic form.

To recur to Mr. Brown: Americans all know him as the senior of the firm which is represented by Brown Brothers in New York, and by Brown, Shipley, and Co., in Liverpool. An Irishman by birth, he lived for many years in Baltimore; as early as 1809 he returned to Europe, and established himself at Liverpool in business correspondence with his father's firm in Baltimore, and with his brothers in Philadelphia and New York.

The business of the house thrived and increased with the growth of the cotton-trade, until, in the year 1836, Mr. William Brown was able to purchase the Brandon estate and manor, near Coventry, of the Marquis of Hastings for £80,000. But in the next year, 1837, the house had well-nigh been overwhelmed by the general wreck of confidence and of business. The house held protested bills to the amount of £750,000.

"Had they possessed" (says a historian of the period) "less than the strength of giants they could not have extricated themselves. The British Government saw, and looked with apprehension as it saw, the struggle of this gigantic establishment. From Inverness to Penzance there was not a single town but would have felt its fall. In Sheffield and Birmingham, and the towns surrounding them—in Manchester, Leeds, and all the great factory communities, a large number of merchants and employers, and, as a matter of course, every man and woman employed, were less or more involved in the fate of this establishment. Mr. Brown in this emergency acted like a man of sense and spirit. He put himself in the mail-train for London. He asked an audience of the Directors of the Bank of England. That was an anxious day in the Bank parlor. Fortunately the Bank had, in Mr. Curtis, a chairman who had unlimited confidence in the candor and integrity of the Liverpool merchant and banker. Mr. Brown satisfied the directors that he only required temporary assistance; that, making allowance even for a ruinous depreciation of prices, he held securities more than sufficient to cover all his liabilities, if time were given him to realize them and obtain remittances. The Bank took the protested bills, and other securities offered, and then informed Mr. Brown that he might draw upon them for £1,950,000. The decision of the Bank of England gave unbounded joy in Liverpool and the manufacturing districts. A hundred firms breathed more freely for themselves, and acknowledged that they as well as Mr. Brown had been saved from bankruptcy.

"The Bank advanced Mr. Brown £800,000 in cash, and met a few bills. Meanwhile energetic measures were taken by the agents of the firm in the United States, who remitted money to Liver-

pool by every vessel. It is said that the Bank of the United States, by its chairman, Mr. Biddle, having received £1,000,000 of money from the firm, gave them a letter of credit for £400,000, for which they were to be charged 2½ per cent.; but the Bank of England, being informed that this credit was to cost £10,000, declined, in the most liberal manner, to receive it, stating that they were quite satisfied with the credit of the house, and the securities they held. In about six months Brown, Shipley, and Co. were enabled to discharge the loan with interest, and had the gratification to receive a letter from Mr. Freshfield, solicitor to the Bank, stating that he was ordered by the directors to inform them that they never had a more satisfactory transaction with any house."

LORD PALMERSTON has latterly been taking a triumphal journey into Yorkshire. He has spoken, too, in his apt and easy way, to the Leeds Corporation, who presented him an address of welcome, and before the annual meeting of the Ragged School Society and the Shoe-black Brigade. The status of the British Government, as respects Italian changes, is shadowed forth in a half dozen words:

"Our action is the action of opinion alone. We leave the Italians to deal with their own affairs, and all we hope and wish is that other countries will follow our example, and that the people of those regions, favored with many of the gifts of nature, should be allowed to arrange their internal affairs in the manner which may seem to them best adapted to their happiness and welfare."

Again, this bit of good British philosophy is worth quoting:

"You have been pleased in this address to refer to the loyalty of the people of this country. That loyalty is innate in the mind of every British subject; for if there is one peculiarity, perhaps, which belongs to the British character, it is a sentiment of gradations of rank. Every rank knows its own position; it is neither jealous of those above, nor does it treat without respect those who happen to be below it. There is a general consciousness that in human society there must be degrees, that the preservation of the grades is essential to the welfare of the community, and that feeling and sentiment is directed with increased intensity toward the Sovereign who sits on the throne."

WE can not pass over without mention a subject which has of late engrossed so large a share of public attention in England, as that of iron-plated vessels. The successful completion of the French-plated frigate, *La Gloire*, and the reported determination of the Emperor to lay down at once the keels of some half dozen others of equal size and power, has marvelously quickened the fears and the activity of the English naval authorities. Mr. Scott Russell, in a letter to the *Times*, corrects certain misstatements in regard to the French ship *Gloire*:

"We have been told that the *Gloire* is steel-plated. She is not. Her plating, like that used in this country, is merely good hammered iron, 4½ inches thick. The plates are of similar dimensions to those of the *Trusty*, and, like those of the *Trusty*, have been penetrated by steel bolts; and I can entirely bear out the testimony of your correspondents, Captain Halsted and Captain Sherard Osborn, by stating that the experiments made in France, as well as those made on the *Trusty*, the results of which I have carefully examined, prove that the

plates are penetrable, but penetrable under rare and exceptional circumstances, so as to be practically shot-proof, and, I believe, in all cases perfectly shell-proof, which, after all, as your third naval correspondent says, is the important point. Another of your correspondents, Mr. Whitworth, after stating the ability of his shot and gun to penetrate such plates—a fact which no one who knows both can doubt—proceeds to say that ‘ships hampered by the weight of enormous plates must be unfit to carry a broadside of guns heavy enough,’ and also ‘can not be driven at the high speed which must hereafter give the superiority in naval warfare.’ On both points allow me to give an opposite opinion. The *Gloire* has been built by M. Dupuis de Lome after a most exact calculation of the effect of such plates both upon the weight and speed of the vessel; she is perfectly fit to carry a broadside of guns of as heavy a calibre as any that can be carried and worked in our own wooden ships; and she is driven at least at as high a speed as any vessel of similar dimensions in our own service. She has, therefore, proved that an exact scientific calculation can be made beforehand of the power of a ship to carry such a load, and of the velocity at which a given power will propel her. I have yet to learn that either a great weight or a powerful battery is such an enemy to speed and carrying power as not to be overcome by the judicious application of well-known principles of naval architecture. I may further add, in justice to M. Dupuis de Lome, that the *Gloire*, although a great success, must not be considered her builder’s *chef-d’œuvre*. She was built to meet the peculiarities of the circumstances in which a builder in France at that date inevitably found himself placed. Had he lived in an iron country like England, he would probably have adopted an entirely different construction, but, like a wise man, he made the best of the materials he had at hand, and has been rewarded with corresponding success.”

Vice-Admiral Sartorius (of British Navy) follows up the discussion at a later day, assuming the necessity of at once constructing an iron-cased navy, and claiming the superior efficiency of steam-rams, without heavy rigging, over the frigates now under construction. He says:

“It is well known there are a great variety of projectiles which are infallibly destructive to the wooden vessel, but one kind alone may injure the iron-cased vessel—that is, a peculiar shot not yet in general use. The timber-built ship is combustible from truck to water-lines; vulnerable from stem to stern. The iron-cased vessel may be occasionally vulnerable to shot, but is incombustible. The concentrated broadside of a line-of-battle ship may stave in the side of the iron-cased vessel, if the latter would be civil enough to cease all firing, and place herself exactly in the position desired by the liner. It is more probable that the iron-cased vessel will commence its fire the moment that she can strike, and half a dozen only of molten iron shells, or liquid fire, hitting (we know one alone has been sufficient), the wooden vessel must be in flames long before she could close upon her antagonist. At 800 or 400 yards the shot would drop off harmless from the iron sides; but every shot or shell would easily penetrate the wooden vessel at 3000 yards. As it is clear the iron walls must supersede wooden ones, let us examine which of the two actual arrangements of the former is the most efficient—the steam-frigate iron-cased, with the usual masts, yards, and

sails of a line-of-battle ship, only using her guns; or the modification of the steam-frigate, which only uses artillery, and is expressly built for speed and strength, and weight sufficient to sink by concussion, and with a rig subordinate to that important quality. I give my reasons in the following observations to show why I think the latter (steam-ram) is infinitely superior for service, less expensive in construction, and much less in maintenance. The iron-plated steam-ram can make use of guns as the steam-frigate, equal in calibre, and, if required, equal in number. She can use more guns from each extremity than the frigate from her bow or stern; therefore, whether retreating or pursuing, the steam-ram is more formidable, even when she trusts to her guns alone. A single steam-ram can effect with her beak an amount of destruction in a few minutes which would take many steam-frigates to effect very imperfectly in as many days, if at all. She could get in among a fleet at night, sink two or three ships, and disperse the rest. She could run into a harbor—such, for example, as Cherbourg—by one entrance, and out by the other, sink some of the ships at anchor in the outer road by her beak, and set fire to others by her incendiary projectiles. The steam-rams should have both extremities the same (I proposed a screw and rudder at each end, and also paddle-wheels for Channel service); she could run in or out among the enemy’s vessels, and advance or back with the same velocity and quickness. If attacking at night, with masts lowered, she could not be seen until felt, could launch out her incendiary projectiles into the town or harbor, and there would be no masts, sails, or rigging to obstruct her flight in every direction. Guarded by loop-holed and bullet-proof towers, to afford refuge to her people when boarded, and boiling water made to be ejected from them, it would be impossible to take the steam-ram. No steam-frigate could do all this. A steam-ram, when prepared for action (she has, of course, no bowsprit), with her masts lowered, the rigging—the little she has—frapped in amidships, and without any kind of outside projection, can clear instantly any vessel she may fall alongside of, or that she has run into. If boarded, the boarders must be killed or scalded. As no wreck can hang overboard, her screw can not be fouled.”

ANOTHER topic, which has proved a very fertile one for British paragraphists, has been the library of Mr. Mudie. We can explain best who Mr. Mudie is by transcribing here one of his advertisements:

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF THE PRESENT SEASON IN CIRCULATION AT

#### MUDIE’S SELECT LIBRARY.

[A list of a hundred or more follows.]

*The widest possible circulation continues to be given to every Work of acknowledged merit or general interest in HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, TRAVEL, and the HIGHER CLASS OF FICTION.*

Works of merely local or professional interest, Novels of less than average ability, Serials, and Cheap Reprints are almost invariably excluded.

THE PRESENT RATE OF INCREASE EXCEEDS

**One Hundred and Seventy Thousand Volumes per Annum.**

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION, ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM. COMMENCING AT ANY DATE.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE,

NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON; CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER; AND NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.



Mr. Mudie buys copies of a popular book by the thousand, not unfrequently engaging to take three-quarters or four-fifths of an edition on terms considerably below the usual trade price. These copies go into the hands of his subscribers in every quarter of the kingdom; and when withdrawn, or the books are supplanted by newer ones, they are offered for sale at something like one-fourth of the usual booksellers' price. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Mudie has an immense control over the book-market of England. What he does not choose to buy has dull chance of sale; whereupon the lesser literary lights raise the outcry that he is become the censor of the British press; and an uneducated tradesman of Oxford Street makes final decision upon the merit of all the literary work of the time. He determines for England (as well as himself) what books have "less than average ability," and what novels belong to the "higher class of fiction."

His being professedly a *select* library, as he says, can he not claim the right he uses? And if the right be allowed, how far is it liable to abuse; and to what extent can he do wrong to public taste or to the literary guild? These are the questions which bring out every week scores of replies. The truth is, we suspect, that Mr. Mudie, however untaught he may be, must have taken habitually a pretty accurate estimate of the public want, else his little shop (at first in Holborn, we believe) could hardly have made such enormous outgrowth. And whatever rights he may have, he also has duties, which always grow in weight with growth in power. If his whim may ruin a man he should look well to his whims. Tom Thumb may put his foot where he will; but the giant must show more consideration.

It is a little suspicious that the main attack on Mr. Mudie has sprung from those authors who have written unsalable books: these are proverbially petulant men, but usually console themselves with some eloquent new fixture of the old truth, that popularity is no measurer of merit. No more is Mr. Mudie. But the best conquest they can make of his monopoly is to write books that will sail in spite of him.

Of other literary topics, Mr. Sala's *Temple Bar* is one: Mr. Thackeray's new story another (which we trust there may be no heresy in hoping will prove better than "Lovel the Widower"). As for chirrupy Pip, he is a household companion all over two nations already.

Mr. Ruskin continues to explore transcendently the world of economics, making a great many more moral discoveries than moneyed ones. It is safe to say that his papers will not break down the Bank of England, or inaugurate any new theories of trade. It is a pity he should not keep to Art. Here and there he strikes out certain rare and radiant truths even when struggling with his economic problems; but they are only too rare and radiant. The vapor that carries a rainbow coiled in it does not feed the grass with the rainbow. If labor was all honest labor, and all credit sound credit, and all exchanges only needful exchanges, and all wants certain wants, and all Christians perfect Christians, we think Mr. Ruskin would make a successful fiscal manager; as the matter stands, we think he would make an execrably poor one. The man who has studied cattle only through such glorious shaggy outline of them as belongs to Rosa Bonheur's pictures, can not by pinching the flank of a fat bullock tell us how much tallow he carries to the hundred.

We leave this matter for a glimpse at a Papal horror of Leo XIIth's time, which a late Italian writer has furnished up, quite in the style of M. About:

"Mgr. Traietto, of a patrician family of Naples, a prelate of the most infamous character, was found one morning in his bed barbarously murdered. This crime, committed on a prelate, made Leo XII. tremble with anger. To him it was perfectly permitted to do what he liked with his tonsured cattle; but to laymen the same permission could by no means be extended. The example might become epidemic."

"Leo XII. gave formidable orders that the guilty person should be discovered at all cost. The sbirri and the gens d'armes were set into movement; confessors, nuns, devotees, were all on the watch."

"Mgr. Traietto had a domestic, a fine young man, married to a pretty Transteverine; they had children. This servant, after performing for his master all the necessary duties, went home in the evening to his own house. The police entered the dwelling of Ludovico, for so was the servant called, and found that he had got his master's watch. Interrogated how it came into his possession, he replied: 'My master gave it to me to carry to the watchmaker the evening before he was murdered.'

"No article was missing in the house of the murdered prelate, neither money, nor jewels, nor linen, nor clothes, nor papers—absolutely nothing. Neither was there any thing to prove the culpability of Ludovico. Between him and his master there was no discord, no anger, no rancor, no visible reason for vengeance. The tribunal, though composed of ecclesiastics thirsting to avenge the murder of an ecclesiastic, were still not willing to condemn one whom they did not deem guilty."

"Leo XII., for whom the crime was clear, being complete and consummate, cried in fury: 'We need an example; we need a terrible expiation.' The tribunal was compelled to condemn Ludovico. But it could not help adding to the sentence which the Pope forced it to pass, *audito sanctissimo*—an old formula of the *Curia Romana*—which signifies the votes are divided, and the Holy Father must decide. The Holy Father voted for death."

"The young wife and the children of Ludovico knelt to the Vicar of Christ to implore pardon for the husband and father, as the sovereign had yielded to the exigencies of justice, and voted for the capital punishment. Leo XII. gave the wife money as if to purchase the life of her husband, but rejected the demand for pardon; and as he desired that the penalty should be exemplary, a horrible punishment was exhumed from the Middle Ages."

"A lofty scaffold was erected in the *Place du Peuple*; it was arrayed in black. Troops of the line environed it. Strong patrols of carabinieri, police, and dragoons traversed the neighboring streets, and slowly circulated in the midst of the people who filled that fatal circus."

"It was a beautiful day in April, the beginning of Easter, and nine o'clock in the morning. Monks, peasants, young girls, priests, beggars, old hags, prelates, nobles, citizens, officers of the Government, comfortable proprietors—a crowd, gaudy, strange, most varied, most contrasted, most hideous, moved to and fro, pressed against each other, smiled, joked, prayed, made appointments, bargained—Rome in its uttermost diversity was there. Foreigners had remained for the sake of the spectacle. Women of highest rank and in highest toilet were there; Russian princesses, ladies from Great

Britain, French countesses, disputed with each other about every window whence a good view could be obtained. Every body grew impatient; every body expressed his impatience to his neighbor; every body seemed ready to hiss the executioner and the officers of justice. There was almost a fear lest a pardon granted to the criminal should spoil the entertainment, so loving is man to his brother. At last the condemned person appeared.

"He was standing in a cart that was drawn by oxen; the cart was arrayed in red, the man himself in black sackcloth. On his right was a priest, on his left the executioner. Ludovico traversed the crowd with slow steps, and cried, without ceasing, in a voice which God must have heard and marked in his book of mercy, 'I am innocent; I am innocent!' Helped, or rather, I should say, dragged by the priest and the executioner, Ludovico mounted the scaffold. He was made to kneel, that is to say, the executioner put his hand on his shoulder and forced him to bend his knees. Ludovico obeyed; he did not weep; he scarcely prayed; but he called, in a choking voice, on his wife and children. The priest kept jabbering Latin in the ear of a man who scarcely knew the Roman *patois*; then he went a little affront. The executioner, Mastro Titta, remained standing beside the criminal.

"The crowd scarcely breathed; the men could have counted each beating of the heart of the young women beside them. At last Mastro drew from under his red cloak a large stick, shod with lead. He played with this cudgel as a drum-major plays with his long silver-headed cane, as a mountebank plays with his juggling rods. Then he took a firm grasp of it, whirled it twice round his head, and struck the criminal on the left temple. A cry of horror burst from the crowd. The victim fell like an ox, and the body began to struggle in its great agony. But the justice of the Vicar of Christ was not yet satisfied; the punishment was not yet complete.

"Mastro Titta threw away his cudgel into the midst of the crowd, assailed his victim afresh, drew a butcher's knife, and cut Ludovico's throat. Then, with the same knife, he made a deep circle all round the neck, as if to trace the line, and then cut the head off, which he held up to the people. The blood of this head reddened the executioner, while two jets of blood covered with hideous stains the robe of the priest. You are thinking, perhaps, that the brutality is finished? No; Mastro Titta cut the two arms from the shoulder-blades, and the two legs from the knees of the corpse, and, gathering up the feet, the hands, the arms, the legs, the head, the trunk, he threw the whole into a box at the bottom of the scaffold. He then pulled out a handkerchief, and proceeded very quietly to use it.

"I need say nothing of the horror of the people at the sight of this frightful execution. A yell of malediction, unanimous and irresistible, burst from the bosom of the multitude, which a quarter of an hour before was so joyous; a yell of malediction which the presence of the troops of the *gens d'armes*, of the police, could not restrain. Meanwhile the priest on the scaffold, with an air of supreme indifference, took snuff. The whole affair had not at all disturbed Pope Leo XII. He thought he had done his duty. A year afterward a young man of good family died in the hospital of Santo Spirito. He confessed that it was he who had murdered Mgr. Traietto, to avenge an infamous outrage which that prelate had inflicted on his honor."

## Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer greets its readers with wishes for the happiest of all the New Years. The Drawer seeks to make the world happy, and thus has a mission as noble and useful as that of any other department of this Magazine. The wisest of men, with the wisdom of heaven in him when he spoke, said, and we are willing to believe him, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor." Without a good digestion and a good conscience no man can enjoy any thing: with them both no man ought to be miserable.

In the year that is past the Drawer was largely indebted to its voluntary correspondents for their constant favors, by which the supply of entertaining anecdote and incident was kept up with unflagging spirit. The year to come ought to be more abundant. These pages reflect the current humor of the whole country: the farthest inhabited regions of Oregon and California, and the distant islands have contributed to this common fund, and all are welcome. "The more the merrier" is truer here than any where else.

An intelligent and gallant officer in the United States army writes to the Drawer, and he is always welcome:

"When the United States army started for Utah there was a scarcity of transportation, or, in other words, there were too few baggage-wagons. Now every soldier knows how like the apple of one's eye are these same baggage-wagons, drawn as they are by six mules, on the long marches across the plains.

"A Colonel of dragoons, who had command of one of the columns, restricted the officers very much in their allowance of baggage, and was most bitter if any one tried to exceed the just amount.

"One morning the Colonel met one of his Captains (a dragoon, of course), when he burst out as follows:

"'Captain, do you know what these artillery officers want to take across the plains?'

"'No, Colonel, I do not,' said the Captain, with an inquiring look.

"'Well,' said he, 'if you'll believe me, there's one of 'em wants to take across a box of books.'

"'Books!' exclaimed the Captain; 'what next, I wonder! Now, Colonel, I have but little to take across myself—nothing, in fact, but a barrel of whisky.'

"'Of course, Captain, of course; any thing in reason, any thing in *reason*; but the idea of carrying a parcel of books across that stretch is a little more than I can stand.'

From Sierra County, California, a reader of the Drawer writes:

"We have a Postmaster in Gibsonville, by name Schoelim, of the 'Jewish persuasion,' as John Phoenix would say, and, true to his national proclivities, he is always wide awake to drive a bargain.

"One day Wright, whose peculiarity of speech consists of a certain nasal twang, entered the store in which the Post-office is kept, and throwing a half dollar on the counter, said:

"'Schoelim, give me four bits' worth of ten-cent stamps.'

"The worthy incumbent responded by producing four ten-cent stamps, which is his usual custom.

"Now," said Wright, "Mr. Schoelim, be sure and make no mistake. We sent a long way for you to fill this office, and we want you to be perfect. Examine them well. We sent all the way to *Jerusalem* for a Postmaster, and we won't have any mistakes."

"Of course we celebrated the Fourth of July in an appropriate manner, with the thunder of *anvils*, the music of a brass band, an oration, a poem, etc. After the conclusion of the ceremonies at the pavilion, the President announced that the procession would form and march to the front of the North Star Hotel, and there be dismissed by a benediction. On arriving at the appointed spot, imagine the consternation of the leader of the band when Mr. Gaza, the marshal of the day, requested him to 'play a benediction.'"

THE following "Notices" can be seen in a conspicuous place in the entry near the head of the stairs connected with a range of offices in a neighboring city:

#### NOTICE TO PEDDLERS.

No Gold or Steel Pens wanted.  
No Books or Maps wanted.  
No Paper or Envelopes wanted.  
No Essex R.R. Stock wanted.  
No encouragement given to organ-grinders or monkeys.  
No attention paid to subscription papers.  
No money given to stragglers or such cattle.  
No old Boots for sale or to let.

Five notices similar to the above have been stolen from the entry by some enraged peddler, Boot-man, or Monkey; and one who considers himself a clown or a Jackass will steal this.

A READER of the Drawer writes from a rural village in Missouri, and says:

"I must tell your humorship what I heard in a store in this place yesterday afternoon. I had stepped in to purchase some little article, when my attention was directed to an old lady who was examining a piece of calico. She pulled it this way and that, as if she would tear it to pieces, held it up to the light in different positions, spat on a corner and rubbed it between her fingers to try if the colors were good. She then stood still a while, seemingly not entirely satisfied. At last she cut off a piece with the clerk's scissors, and handing it to a tall, gawky-looking girl of about sixteen standing beside her, said, 'Here, Liz Jane, you take 'n *chaw* that, 'n see ef 't fades.' And Liz Jane put it in her mouth and dutifully went to work."

ONE of the new contributors to the Drawer tells a story of John Robinson, a friend of his, who is the cleverest of fellows, but will get drunk now and then. When half-seas over he was decidedly argumentative and dogmatical. He came home one night in this balmy state, and, stepping up to the mantle-piece, took a lamp and began to strike a match to light his lamp, though a lighted one was standing close by. His mother, sitting near, said to him, "John, why don't you light by this one, and save the matches?" John turned around and replied, "Mother, don't you know (hic) that matches are much (hic) cheaper than oil?"

MRS. MARTIN was tired of the Irish, and tried to get some other help, but could not succeed. She determined, in her desperation, to take a fresh one—a green one—just from the Green Isle, and try to

make something of her. Bridget, just over, with a broad face and broader brogue, was duly installed, and for a while worked away with some fair prospect of getting into the ways of the house. One morning Mrs. M. went by the kitchen-door, and looking in, saw Bridget straining the coffee for breakfast through a stocking! Horror-struck she exclaimed, "Bridget, what on earth are you doing?" Bridget looked up with great composure, and replied, "Sure, Ma'am, and it's not a *clane* one!"

AN Irish admirer of the Drawer tells us of one of his countrymen in Dublin, a young man who took it into his head to join the army. Having purchased his commission, he stepped into his uniform, looked at the glass, and came to the conclusion that he was what every other young man would wish to be. Believing that beauty and good clothes were not made to be hid under a bushel, he started along the Liffy to see and to be seen. It happened that he met an old officer several times, whom he did not salute. The old fellow was a rough and ready sort of person, who had skirmished in many a well-fought battle, and detested dandyism from his very soul. Seeing that the young fellow paid no respect to his senior, the old man asked him how long he was in the army.

"Seven days," responded the young 'un, with a very supercilious air.

"Ah! yes, to be sure," said the old 'un; "I had forgotten that puppies do not see until the ninth day!"

"A SUBSCRIBER" in Tennessee relates the following, and vouches for its literal truth:

"As judicial decisions are very popular with the Drawer, I wish to relate one that I witnessed when the State of Tennessee, now so great and powerful, was in her infancy. My friend Mr. Brower, twenty-five years of age, who stood six feet six in his stockings—that is, when he had any stockings to stand in—became dissatisfied with the appellation of Bob Brower, and thought that if he could affix 'Squire' to his name it would add dignity to his character with the community at large, and especially with the ladies. A vacancy occurring about this time, my friend Mr. Brower and a Mr. Johnson offered themselves as candidates for the important office of magistrate. Mr. Brower, after treating his friends to a half barrel of R—G—whisky (the young ladies will please consider those initials as standing for right good), and having thrashed his opponent twice for telling the truth about him, was elected. Our new-made 'Squire,' although previously standing six feet six, seemed now two or three inches taller, and probably would have continued to increase in stature and dignity but for a case which was brought before him at this time. Mr. P— sued Mr. D— on an open account for work and labor done to the amount of five dollars. The Court was held in an old log school-house with the ground for a floor, and the three-'limbed' stool usually occupied by the teacher became for the time being the seat of justice. The plaintiff, after being solemnly and legally sworn by our worthy magistrate, stated that he had labored faithfully ten days for the defendant, at fifty cents a day, for which he was to have received five dollars *in cash*, which defendant now refused to pay. The defendant, on being asked what he had to say why judgment should not be 'gin in agin' him, swore that an agreement had been made with the plaintiff that he should receive his pay *in oats*. Just here the plaintiff pitched into the defendant, and bit and

gouged him most scientifically. The magistrate tried in vain to restore order by 'moral suasion'; finally becoming discouraged, and recollecting that his dignity must be preserved, knocked the plaintiff down, at the same time exclaiming: 'I'm sworn to keep the peace and see that the laws are obeyed, and I mean to do it.' After all hands had had a fist in restoring order, the Court adjourned to the grocery on the opposite side of the road, and the crowd liquored at the expense of the Judge. Harmony being thus restored, the magistrate again took his seat, and after due deliberation thus addressed the litigants:

"Gentlemen (we are all gentlemen out here, that is, all of us who have the good luck to keep out of the penitentiary), 'Gentlemen, one or the other of you has sworn to a lie "sure."' Then turning to the defendant he said: 'You bring me five dollars' worth of oats.' And drawing a five-dollar gold piece from his pocket handed it to the plaintiff, and exclaimed: 'I wish I may be hung if that is not the last case that ever I try!'

"He forthwith resigned; and although he retained his title of 'Squire,' the State of Tennessee has never since enjoyed the benefit of his legal knowledge."

WE are indebted again to a valued contributor who sends the three that follow:

"A certain Judge of one of our courts was very punctilious in court etiquette, but dearly loving a joke or witticism. The nephew of the Judge was foreman of the jury, a man of great wit and humor, who knew his uncle's love of wit, and also his rigid ruling in court. The foreman was not present when the Court came in and the jury were called, but came in soon after. The Judge, in a very stern manner, addressed his nephew thus: 'Mr. S—, what excuse have you to give for keeping the Court waiting?' who, replied, in his usual comical manner: 'May it please your Honor, I overslept myself.' The Judge, turning to the Clerk of the Court, said, 'Mr. Clerk, fine Mr. S—;' who immediately arose and said, 'May it please your Honor, I never dreamed of that.' The Judge, after a short pause, showing by the working of his countenance that he appreciated and enjoyed the wit, turned again to the clerk, merely observing, 'Mr. Clerk, remit the fine.'

"THE officer who opens the court is called the 'crier.' On one occasion the said officer had lost his wife, who had led him an uncomfortable life, and he was of course absent from his post. When the Court came in, the Judge, as usual, said, 'Mr. Crier, open the court. A young and facetious lawyer addressed the Court as follows: 'May it please your Honor, Mr. B— can not cry to-day, as he has lost his wife!'

"A MEDICAL STUDENT, who had been screwed very hard at his examination for admission to the faculty, on a very warm day, was nearly overcome by the numerous questions put to him, when the following query was added: 'What course would you adopt to produce a copious perspiration?' After a long breath, he observed, wiping his forehead, 'I would have the patient examined before the Medical Society!'"

A SMART SON OF THE SEA—a stormy, stalwart sailor—says that so many sea words are spelled with an *s* at the start, that he sat down to see how many he

could set in one sentence, and he soon scared up two score, and he might have secured sixty if he had studied steadily six or seven seconds more:

"The scow and shallop slowly swim upon the Sound, and sink when scuttled; while the skiff, the smack, and slight sail-boat are sculled and skim along the surging straits; and sometimes, in a spray, scud, or squall, strike the sandy, shelly shore, and are swamped in the seething surf. But the state-ly ship and the smoking steamer, the sloop and schooner sail securely on the smooth surface of the salt sea, steered by the strong seamen."

THE contest for the office of County Treasurer in a State "down South" was very exciting in the fall of last year, and seemed to turn as much upon the popularity as the qualification of the candidates. M— had announced himself very "early in the action" as a "*solicitor*" for the suffrages of his fellow-citizens; but owing to his general reputation for facetiousness and hoaxes, the great unterrified couldn't be persuaded that he was really out. Some two weeks prior to the election-day, becoming alarmed at the probable consequences of this unwarrantable opinion among the people, he determined to make the circuit of his county, and convince his constituents that he was a candidate. In his travels he stopped at the house of an old settler to spend the night. The old gentleman was uncommitted, and M— made himself very agreeable; told stories innumerable of himself, his horse, and his prospects, and had well-nigh exhausted his "larder" when a hap-hazard remark was made of bee-trees.

Cocking his head sideways, in a way peculiar to him, M— said,

"Speaking of bee-trees, reminds me of a slight experience I had in that way myself. You see, Sir, there was a large bee-tree near my house that had worried me a long time, being's I had a fondness for bee-hunting, and I determined to cut it down. I had a woman's curiosity to know what was inside of the 'holler' that grinned at me about forty feet up the tree. So one day we all got our axes and cut the tree down; and would you believe me," said M—, leaning patronizingly toward his host, and giving the confirmatory gesture with his right forefinger, "we got out of it sixty gallons of strained honey!"

"Ain't you mistaken in your figures?"

"No. We not only got sixty gallons of strained honey, but after we left the honey run out sixty yards down-hill and forty yards up!"

"I know that's a lie!" said his host.

"That shows your ignorance!" coolly replied M—; "it was *wild* honey, and you know there's no counting on the way *it* acts!"

In the early history of the still flourishing city of Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, in Texas, and about the time of the withdrawal of the United States troops from that country at the close of the Mexican war, the inhabitants mostly consisted of that class of half renegades, half gamblers, usually found in one of our frontier towns, with a small sprinkling of honest, and sometimes Christian citizens. Among the latter was a very honest, upright merchant, known as Uncle George Doane.

Uncle George was a man of sterling worth and unshaken integrity, and, withal, a devout member of the Methodist Church, but unfortunately possessed of a most fiery temper, easily aroused, and when aroused—and in combination with his well-knit



frame and long, muscular arms—he was by no means a pleasant subject for even a courageous man to meet in a regular hand-to-hand “set-to.”

In Brownsville, at that time, was stationed one of those Methodist missionaries to whose superhuman exertions are owing so much of the religious zeal which is now manifested throughout the whole valley of the Rio Grande. Our worthy brother, Mr. Cravens, found a strong and energetic assistant, as well as a warm personal friend, in Uncle George. During a short absence of Brother Cravens from Brownsville Uncle George had a serious difficulty, arising from the shooting of a favorite dog of his by a bully known as Tom C——, who has since figured rather largely in Sonora and California, and latterly was one of the sixty-five men that followed the fortunes of General Walker in his first expedition against Nicaragua.

Uncle George, in his wrath, sought out the offender and publicly chastised him.

Brother Cravens, when informed of the occurrence, on his return, was heard to make the following very pithy remark, which has been a by-word in these “diggings” ever since: “*Brother George Doane, unrestrained by Divine grace, can whip any man on the Rio Grande!*”

“A FINE organ has been recently placed in the chapel of the new Henderson Institute, in the town of Danville, Kentucky, and a little darkey by the name of Hentz impressed into its service as ‘blower.’ He considers the bellows a bore, and, although entertaining a general idea that nothing can be done without him, always contrives to be missing when most wanted. Yesterday a free fight came off between him and another *unprofessional* Cuffee, whom Hentz finally annihilated with these withering words:

“‘Pooh!’ (with great contempt) ‘you’s nothing but a banjo boy; but I’—(here an effective pause)—‘*I plays the organ!*’ and exit Hentz, with a solemnity and dignity worthy of his position.

“FIVE-YEAR-OLD Josie fully verifies the adage about ‘little pitchers,’ etc. The other day the discourse of her elders turned upon the landing of the Pilgrims, and Josie’s mind became exercised upon the subject of her *forefathers*.

“‘Four fathers!’ she soliloquized; ‘I am sure I can’t think who they are. There’s father and my two grandfathers, that’s plain enough; but who can the other one be?’ and here she twitched her mother’s dress inquiringly.

“No immediate answer being given, she solved the problem for herself with a triumphant shout. ‘Oh! I know: it is “Our Father who art in heaven!” I HAVE got *four* fathers!’ And she walked off, disdaining farther information upon the subject.”

A CORRESPONDENT in Virginia writes that he has “no skill in telling a story,” and to prove it tells the two following, which he says have “the merit of being strictly true:”

“In a Western county of this State there resides a venerable and distinguished clergyman, who is universally beloved. But, as the sequel will show, he is a little ‘absent-minded’ at times. An aged couple lived within the bounds of his congregation, and a few months ago the old lady departed this life. The clergyman was sent for to officiate at the funeral, and unfortunately got the idea that it was the old man who had died. Accordingly the funeral sermon

of the *latter* was duly pronounced, notwithstanding he sat near the minister; but being quite deaf, failed to hear a word that was spoken. One of the audience finally whispered to the preacher that the old lady was dead, and not her husband; whereupon the service was closed with the remark that every thing said in praise of Mr. Bean was equally applicable to Mrs. Bean!

“WHILE I am writing I may as well relate another: During the last ‘Gubernatorial canvass’ in this State, as our stump speakers call it, two young lawyers appeared at a country precinct of a neighboring county, on some public occasion, to advocate the claims of the respective candidates for Governor. The terms of the discussion had to be arranged, and each orator insisted vehemently that he could not ‘do justice to himself and his cause’ in less time than an hour and a half. Finding it impossible to agree in reference to a division of the time, mutual friends were called in to settle the matter. It was decided that A should speak an hour, and then B an hour; after which each was to have half an hour to reply. A commenced in grand style, and after speaking seven minutes gave way, announcing that he reserved the right to consume the remainder of his time when he came to reply. B spoke five minutes, and becoming unwell very suddenly, sat down with the same announcement made by his opponent. A declined to speak further, because his competitor ‘had opened up no new points in the discussion;’ and, for a similar reason, B surrendered his privilege of a rejoinder. Thus a discussion which was to have lasted three hours was finished in twelve minutes, and the audience dispersed; but A and B have not heard the last of it yet.”

THE Arkansas court scenes have often figured in the Drawer. Here is one more furnished by a Little Rocker:

“While the late Judge Johnson was holding a term of the Federal Court in this city, an important criminal trial having been called, among the jurors summoned was General B——, a conceited old gentleman, fond of using high-sounding words. When his name was called, he appeared in his usual pompous style. Judge J. put the customary inquiry, ‘Have you formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?’ The General, looking very important, replied, ‘Well, I might say I have formed a sort of a *problematical* opinion.’ The Judge, immediately raising his hand and pointing toward the door of the court-room, exclaimed, ‘Now, Sir, you can please *problematical* out of this court-room, for you are too big a fool to serve on any jury.’”

“THE late Mr. Frederick Tropnell, one of the ablest lawyers in the State, was a candidate for the State Senate. Old Bob Triplet, a dissipated but jovial character, meeting Mr. Tropnell at the bar-room of the principal hotel, requested a loan of ten dollars.

“‘Bob,’ says Mr. Tropnell, ‘you have been borrowing money of me several times; before I lend you any more, I want to know whether you are going to vote for me or not.’

“Triplet, putting on one of his good-natured smiles, replied, ‘Fred, *financially* I am with you, but *politically* I am agin you!’”

THE colporter of Louisa County called on an old

lady in his regular rounds, and introduced himself as a colporter.

"Ah!" said she, "and this is Col Porter. Well, I thought I knew all of old Jimmy Porter's boys, but the one they call Col I never saw before. Come, be seated, Col. How are you? I know your brothers."

Col accepted the seat, but soon departed, taking with him his package of books unopened.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"There resides near Bloomfield, Nelson County, Kentucky, a 'jolly old soul' known as Colonel Fielding Merrifield. The Colonel, some years since, was in Springfield, Washington County, Kentucky, and met one of Washington's hard-fisted sons, who asked him who might he be, and 'whar he lived at?' The Colonel replied as follows:

"'I live twenty miles from Springfield; four miles from Fairfield; half a mile from Bloomfield, just back of Tom Duncan's corn-field, and my name is Fielding Merrifield.'"

"I WOULD like," says a parent in Michigan, "to introduce one of our future great divines in the person of a little blue-eyed boy only two and a half years old. The other afternoon a good many ladies called upon his mother, and hearing them ask for her as he ran to the door with the girl, a new idea came into his head, for, as all dressed for sleep and kneeling at his mother's knee to say 'Now I lay me,' he knocked on the floor, saying, 'Mamma, see if the Lord is in first.'"

"A COUPLE of 'good uns,'" says a friend in Cincinnati, "have been bothering my head for some time, and in a moment of desperation I have determined you should have them.

"In the township in which I reside a very active politician, who can't write his own name, was elected constable as a reward for party services. A few days afterward a writ was placed in his hand to be served, and in due time he returned it to the magistrate. That worthy functionary, on examining the return indorsed thereon, with difficulty repressed a smile, and inquired of the constable who had written it. Anxious to conceal his ignorance, he replied, boldly, 'I did it, Sir. Isn't it well done?' Upon inquiring into it further, it was ascertained that he had got a well-known wag to act as clerk for him, who had made his return as follows:

"'Life is the time to *serve* the Lord—25 cents.'"

"I was in at my barber's, a jolly African, and he was giving me the titillations of a shampoo, when the conversation turned on Jones, a member of the bar. Bill inquired if I knew him. I answered, 'Very well.' Bill replied, 'He shaves wid me. He's got de littlest head I ever seed on any man.'

"We were all startled (and I lost a handful of hair) by a short, fat darkey lying on a settee grunting out:

"'Wat's use a man got fur a big trunk wen he hain't got many *close*?'"

THE following comes from Chicago; but we had many similar scenes and sayings in these parts just on the eve of the last Presidential election:

"During the Know-Nothing culmination of 1854 and 1855, which was felt in Chicago as much as any where else in the country, crowds were daily rushing to 'Phil Hoyne's Coort' (Recorder's), the favorite place for making citizens.

"One day, while the clerks were all busy in this laudable occupation, a son of Erin rushed in, in breathless haste, and exclaimed:

"'Mr. Hoyne, Pat Madden has just left for owld Ireland, and he said I might have his citizen paper; and here it is sure; plaze alter the name on it.'

"Phil respectfully declined, much to the disgust of the anxious candidate for citizenship.

"At another time, during the same season of excitement, a crowd was making tracks toward the court-house, when the foremost of them stopped a gentleman coming out and asked him 'where Mr. Hoyne's office was?'

"'What Mr. Hoyne do you mean?' says the person interrogated.

"'I want,' says the speaker, 'the Mr. Hoyne that makes American citizens out of Irishmen.'

"The crowd were accordingly directed to the citizen manufactory."

"An old correspondent of the Drawer begs leave to furnish you with the following result of extreme politeness on the part of President Buchanan:

"During the strife for the United States Marshalship of the Northern District of Illinois, in January, 1860, made vacant by the removal of C. N. Pine, the then Marshal, among numerous applicants Colonel Snowhook, a well-known Celt of this neighborhood, went to Washington backed by a host of friends. During a stay in Washington of over five weeks he made frequent calls on 'Old Buck,' who always treated him with great politeness; but the opposition was too much for the gallant Colonel, and he returned unsuccessful.

"In a conversation with his old friend Phil Hoyne, of 'Phil Hoyne's Coort' memory, shortly after his return, as to his hopes while at Washington, he remarked:

"'Pon my sowl, Phil, I was thinking the old gentleman was treating me with *too much politeness* to give me the office.'"

A FRIEND in Massachusetts writes:

"At the criminal term of the Superior Court now being held in Lawrence, Massachusetts, a little boy six years old was called as a witness in an assault case. The district-attorney, having some doubts whether a boy of so tender age knew the nature of an oath, proceeded to ask him a few questions, as follows:

"DISTRICT-ATTORNEY. 'Little boy, do you know what it is to testify?'

"LITTLE BOY. 'I suppose it is to tell the truth.'

"DISTRICT-ATTORNEY. 'Yes; but what would be the consequences if you did not tell the truth?'

"LITTLE BOY. 'I suppose I should be sent to jail.'

"DISTRICT-ATTORNEY. 'But would not God punish you?'

"LITTLE BOY. 'No, I guess not; *dad's a Universalist*.'"

THE late Judge Peters, of Connecticut, was a strong Democrat, and a violent opposer especially of every thing connected with the famous Hartford Convention. Roger Minot Sherman and Calvin Goddard, who had been members of that body, were once talking with Judge P. on the subject, when the latter, half facetiously and half in earnest, said:

"Well, gentlemen, if you had been tried before me for that matter I would have hung you both,

not only without law and evidence, but, if need be, against both."

"That," said Sherman, making a low bow, "only proves your Honor's remarkable impartiality—that you would decide our case on the same principle that you do the greater part of the cases that come before you!"

In his religious views Judge Peters was understood to be a Universalist. On one occasion an offender had been convicted before him of two different crimes; when for the *first* the Judge sentenced him to the State Prison *for life*, and then for the *second* for *five years more*! As the Court was adjourned, Sherman, stepping up to him, said:

"Well, Judge, I am happy to see that you are changing your religious views, at least on one important subject."

"How so—how so?" said the Judge. "I don't understand you."

"Why," said Sherman, "it is plain from your sentence that you believe in punishment *after death*."

It is but just to the Judge, however, to add that he defended his sentence on the ground that the criminal might be pardoned for the first offense, and in that case would be held for the second.

SEVENTY years ago it was common on Long Island and in Connecticut to give children for *names* a whole text of Scripture. Thus, Mr. Crabb named a child "Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven Crabb." The child went by the name of *Tribby*. Scores of such names could be cited. The practice of giving long and curious names is not yet out of date. In Saybrook, Connecticut, is a family by the name of Beman, whose children are successively named as follows:

1. Jonathan Hubbard Lubbard Lambard Hunk Dan Dunk Peter Jacobus Lackany Christian Beman.
2. Prince Frederick Henry Jacob Zacheus Christian Beman.
3. Queen Caroline Sarah Rogers Ruhamah Christian Beman.
4. Charity Freeloove Ruth Grace Mercy Truth Faith and Hope and Peace pursue I'll have no more to do for that will go clear through Christian Beman.

"I WANT to report to you some of the experiences of a backwoods *young doctor*. His patients being of the excessively ignorant class, he gets more fun than fees.

"A few days ago I was called to a house, on a professional visit, where the inmates have a holy horror of 'calamy and laudamy.' While making my way into the good graces of the mother, by fondling upon my knee a certain breechless brat, I noticed a number of small bones attached to a string, and worn by the child as a necklace. Knowing the strange belief in charms that such people sometimes have, I immediately remarked,

"'I see your child, Madam, has had rheumatism.'

"'No, Sir,' says the worthy dame; 'them thar are rattlesnake bones, put thar to make Pete have a easy time a cuttin' his teeth. Last spring, when the boys was a plowin' down in the bottom, they plowed up a powerful big rattlesnake, and I jest tuck him and biled him three days and nights, beginnin' on Friday mornin'. I tuck the bones then and put 'em on a string, as you see thar, and made him wear 'em tel now. I recon, doctor, he wus about as sick a chile as you ever seed when them bones wus put on his neck; he begun to git better

right off, and niver has bin sick from that day till now. You spake, doctor, about the rheumaty pains; I never hearn as 'twas good for them, but I expect it mout be, seein' it worked sich a powerful kure on the teething. The best thing as I ever seed tried fur the rheumatiz is to take four pieces of eel-skin, jist as wide as your three fingers, and tie one on both ankles and one on both wrists.'

"I remarked, 'No doubt that is very good.'

"'Yes,' she chimed in, 'I have knowed that to kure when all manner uv doctors' means has failed.'

"Here the conversation took a pleasant turn weather and cropward, affording the young Esculapian an opportunity to make his farewell bow. Just as I was mounting my pony Mrs. B—— sang out, 'Doctor, is this medacine you left for Betsy pisin?' Having assured her of its anti-'pisin' qualities, I rode back home, to await another call of the same kind."

SUBJOINED are a few Irishisms, of actual occurrence, worthy of preservation in the Drawer. They come to us from Pittsburgh:

"A contractor who was building a tunnel on a certain Ohio railroad observed, one morning, that the face of a member of his gang had its surface all spotted with bruises and plasters.

"'Ah! Jimmy,' said he, 'what have you been doin'?"

"'Not varry much, Sur,' answered Jimmy; 'I was jist down at Billy Mulligan's last night, Sur, an' him an' me we had a bit av a discooshen *wid sticks*!"

"THE same contractor entering his tunnel quietly one day, unobserved by his workmen, owing to the darkness of the *hole*, overheard one of the party lamenting his hardships since coming to America; drawing, for contrast, a bright sketch of his life in the 'ould country.'

"'Oh!' said the complainer, with a sigh, 'av I wos only bock agin to me father's palish!"

"'Your father's palish, is it?' responded a fellow-workman, with a jolly squint of his eye at the distressed 'noble scion.' 'Sure an' av ye wor there ye moight sthan' on the groun' an' reach yer han' down the chimbley and open the door av it!"

"A COAL-BOAT from Pittsburgh was some years since floating down the Mississippi toward New Orleans. As the crew lolled round in the sun, two of them drifted into a vigorous verbal passage at arms on the Slavery question. The contest waged hotly, and with more fervor of feeling than strength of argument. Finally, to clench his positions, the pro-slavery champion, Sam Stoner, took emphatic ground.

"'I tell you,' said he, 'a nigger's a beast—he hain't no soul! Now I tell you what it is. I kin prove from the Bible that a white man's got a soul, but who can show me any place where it says a nigger's got one?"

"Like many another, Peter Voss, Sam's opponent, knowing the contents of the good book only by hearsay, naturally credited his neighbors with all the Biblical knowledge they claimed, and was consequently staggered by this bold challenge. Big Pat, a blundering Erinite, the butt of the crew, who, while sunning himself at length on a board, had listened to the 'discussion,' now sleepily came to Peter's rescue, by asking,

"'An', Misther Sthoner, if a nager hasn't a sowl,

how is it wid the half-an'-halfs?—Have they half sows?"

"Well, by thunder!" said Sam, after pausing a moment to recover from the blow, "I never thought of *that* before!"

THE following, from Mississippi, is equal to any thing in Arkansas:

"There once resided in the County of L——, in Eastern Mississippi, a young lawyer, whom I will designate as B—— H——, who was remarkable for nothing except his insolence to the Court and his diminutiveness in size, being just five feet and one inch. At a recent term of the circuit court for said county, Judge W—— presiding, the Court, for some discourtesy on the part of B—— H——, imposed a fine of \$10 on him, which had been made the judgment of the Court, but remained unpaid; the Judge, proceeding with the business of the term, called the next case in its order—John C. Patterson, *vs.* Robert Blakeney; E. and C. for plaintiff, and 'W.' for defense.

"JUDGE W——. 'You perceive, gentlemen, that I was counsel for the defendant before I was elected to the office of Judge, and am therefore incompetent to preside in this trial. The cause must be continued, unless the parties can agree to try it before some member of the bar, to be selected by themselves.' (The statute authorized parties to appoint a special Judge to try cases where the Judge presiding is interested.)

"After a short consultation, E——, one of the counsel for plaintiff, addressed the Court: 'If your Honor please, the parties have agreed to call B—— H—— to the bench, to preside on the trial of this cause.'

"JUDGE W——. 'Very well.'

"He retired from the bench, and B—— H—— took the seat with an air of dignity which could find no parallel in the history of jurisprudence.

"B—— H—— (presiding). 'Mr. Sheriff, let us have order in court. *Mr. Clerk, remit that fine that Judge W—— imposed on me this morning!*

"The Clerk, believing it to be his duty to obey all orders from the bench, promptly entered the order setting the judgment for the fine aside, greatly to the amusement of the bar and the discomfiture of Judge W——. The joke was so good that Judge W—— let the last order remain undisturbed. B—— H—— has since been elected by the people to that office by an overwhelming majority."

"SOME two years since," writes a Missouri lawyer, "while trying a cause of the 'State of Missouri *vs.* P—— T——,' for breach of the peace—the prosecutor being an Irishman, full blown, and the defendant a German—an Irishman was called as a witness on the part of the prosecution. His national proclivities (seen plainly in the *bent* of his evidence) were all aroused by the insult to his fellow-countryman, and his testimony was about as follows: 'Ye see, Sir, I was a standen on Mr. Wiles's poorch, and I saw him *strick* him, and I runs oover to where he was, and when I got there *I was sure he was dead, by the way he breathed, Sir!*

"LAST night," says the same correspondent, "an Irishman bought a lamp from one of our merchants, and when about to pay for it discovered that he was minus a five-dollar bill which he was certain he had in his pockets a few moments before. Looking around, while searching his pockets for the missing

bill, he remarked, in a very dolorous voice, '*And sure, Sur, if I haven't lost it, it's gone intirely, Sur!*'"

A NORTH CAROLINA correspondent sends to the Drawer a very striking epitaph from the tombstone of a sailor. The monument is reared "to the Memory of Captain William Harker, born at Beaufort, North Carolina, March 26, 1791; died at Newbern, North Carolina, October 7, 1822, aged 32 years.

"The form that fills this stilly grave  
Once tossed on Ocean's roaring wave,  
Plunged through its storms without dismay,  
And careless weltered in its spray;  
Wreck, famine, exile, scatheless bore,  
Yet perished on this peaceful shore.

"No tempest whelmed him 'neath the surge,  
No wailing sea-bird screamed his dirge;  
But fever's silent, hidden flame,  
Consumed by stealth his hardy frame;  
And softly as an infant's breath  
He sank into the arms of death.

"The weather-beaten bark no more  
Hangs shivering on a leeward shore;  
But, wafted by a favoring wind,  
Life's stormy sea hath left behind;  
And into port securely passed,  
Hath dropp'd his anchor there at last."

AN Eastern correspondent says: "I send you the following inscription found on the grave-stone of a person that, in his lifetime, had been a carpenter, singer, and a grafter on fruit-trees; and who in his last moments was neglected by his wife, and not receiving that attention in his sickness which some of his relatives thought he deserved, they wrote the following on his grave-stone, which may now be seen in the grave-yard of Dorchester, Massachusetts (the North Cemetery):

"Long fifty years full well he wrought  
On buildings, fruit-trees, and the song;  
With age, infirmity was brought,  
He pined, neglected—was that wrong?"

ANOTHER correspondent writes: "I copied the following, while on a survey up the Kennebec, from an old grave-stone near Fort Halifax, in the vicinity of Waterville, Maine:

"Here lies the body of Richard Thomas, an Englishman by birth. A Whig of '76. By occupation a cooper. Now food for worms. Like an old rum-punchon, marked, numbered, and shooked. He will be raised and finished by his Creator in the last day.

"America, my adopted country, my best advice to you is this—Take care of your liberties."

"Near him lies his wife, upon whose tombstone is the following:

"How loved, how valued, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot:  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee."

Two epitaphs from a grave-yard in New Jersey are added to the growing collection in the Drawer:

"She suddenly entered into rest,  
A husband and two babes she left;  
Her mother mourns, her friends weep,  
While she in Jesus is asleep."

"Meet for the fellowship above,  
He heard the call, Arise, my love!  
I come, his dying looks replied,  
And lamb-like as his Lord he died."

"THE Drawer is a great receptacle for quaint epitaphs, yet here is one I have never seen in print.



It is engraved upon a rough slab not a hundred miles from Philadelphia:

"Touch not this stone with pick or spade,  
For here it is that I am laid;  
'Tis here I was by Cupid smitten—  
'Tis here I first received the mitten:  
And, whether I did wrong or right,  
I left this world Miss Blake to spite."

"ONE found in St. Philip's church-yard, Birmingham, probably over some stray son of the 'Emerald Isle.' The italics are my own in all:

"O, cruel Death! how could'st thou be so unkind  
As to take her before, and leave me behind?  
Thou should'st have taken both of us, if either,  
Which would have been a comfort to the survivor."

"ON a tombstone in one of the cemeteries at Florence, Italy; said to have been translated by the sculptor, Greenough:

"Here lies a Cardinal who wrought  
Both good and evil in his time;  
The good he did was good for naught:  
Not so the evil—that was prime."

"In Chatham church-yard, by a husband on the death of his wives:

"ON THE FIRST.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;  
blessed be the name of the Lord."

"ON THE SECOND.

"I called upon the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles."

"AMONG the remarkable sayings of small children, I think one uttered by a young daughter of mine is worthy of a place. When a little more than three years old she was visiting her grandmother, and having had a piece of cake and eaten it, she asked for more. Her grandmother said, 'No, you have had plenty; and "enough is enough."'

"The little girl at once replied, 'Well then, grandma, "Not enough is not enough;" and was immediately rewarded with a large slice."

"A BRIGHT little fellow, stopping with his parents and grandfather, some time ago, at a fashionable hotel, was not a little surprised at the display of glittering ware upon the table. The silver forks were a special object of curiosity—they are *plentiful* now where *he* lives. Imagine the 'feelinks' of the family when youngster called to his grandfather, sitting at the opposite end of a well-filled table,

"Oh, grandpa! grandpa! look here!" (holding a fork aloft, and raising his voice) '*tin forks*, with SPOON HANDLES!"

"I READ your anecdotes of children," says a correspondent in Panama, "with interest, and take the liberty of sending you one:

"A few evenings ago a party of us were sitting on the sidewalk, enjoying the delightful breeze which our evenings here always afford, when a young five-year old came trotting along and joined us. Addressing one of us, he inquired, 'Mr. Brown, where's your little boy?' 'Why, in bed, of course, where you ought to be at this hour,' replied Mr. B. 'Ah! yes, I know,' says Charlie; 'but our clock's stopped, and ma says I may always sit up till it strikes eight!'"

DURING the last Presidential campaign, at the

Wide-Awake celebration upon the occasion of Governor Seward's visit to Chicago, as the procession was passing along Michigan Avenue, some few of the Wide-Awakes were observed marching without having their lamps lighted; whereupon a little girl, about four years old, was heard to exclaim to her mother, "Oh! ma, see, there are the foolish virgins too! Just see! they didn't put any oil in their lamps."

"OF the many precocious children whose youthful witticisms have been handed down to posterity through the medium of your invaluable Drawer—the most interesting part of the Magazine to fond mammas—not one, I believe, has hailed from the Badger State. To show the world that Wisconsin wives can raise smart children, as their farmer husbands raise the largest grain-crop of any State in the Union, witness the following:

"My little four-year old, whose amiable weakness is pie, on being put to bed a few evenings since, and requested, as usual, to say his prayers, on coming to the part, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' stopped, and thinking a moment, said, 'Ma, why must I pray for bread, when I'd rather have him give me pie?'"

THE Sandwich Islanders read the Drawer, and write for it too. Here is the last letter from that quarter:

"HILO, HAWAII, August 22, 1860.

"DEAR DRAWER,—You are full of fun, and have often caused me to laugh immoderately. We have some original characters out here, and funny scenes often occur in our courts. The following may, perhaps, be found worthy to appear in the Drawer.

"Old Jack Wood,' who has resided at the islands upward of thirty years, having occasion to visit the woods near his place one day, came upon a party of natives, who were in the act of skinning one of his bullocks which they had shot, and not being able to come to terms with the thieves, returned home and entered a complaint against them before the District Justice. The parties being convicted by the Justice, appealed to the Circuit Court, which obliged Jack to come all the way to Hilo as a witness. On being called by the District-Attorney, Jack came forward, evidently much abashed, and took the oath. He seemed to feel the whole responsibility of the case, and being determined to do his best, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and commenced a vigorous speech to the jury, but was soon stopped by the Court, and informed that he was not expected to address the jury, but simply answer the questions that might be put to him by the counsel. He was considerably nettled by the interruption, and answered pettishly.

"DISTRICT-ATTORNEY. 'Mr. Wood, tell the Court and jury whether you saw the defendants skinning one of your bullocks?'

"JACK. 'Yes, I did.'

"DISTRICT-ATTORNEY. 'Were there any other persons with you at the time?'

"JACK. 'Yes, there was.'

"DISTRICT-ATTORNEY. 'How many?'

"JACK. 'There was five of us.'

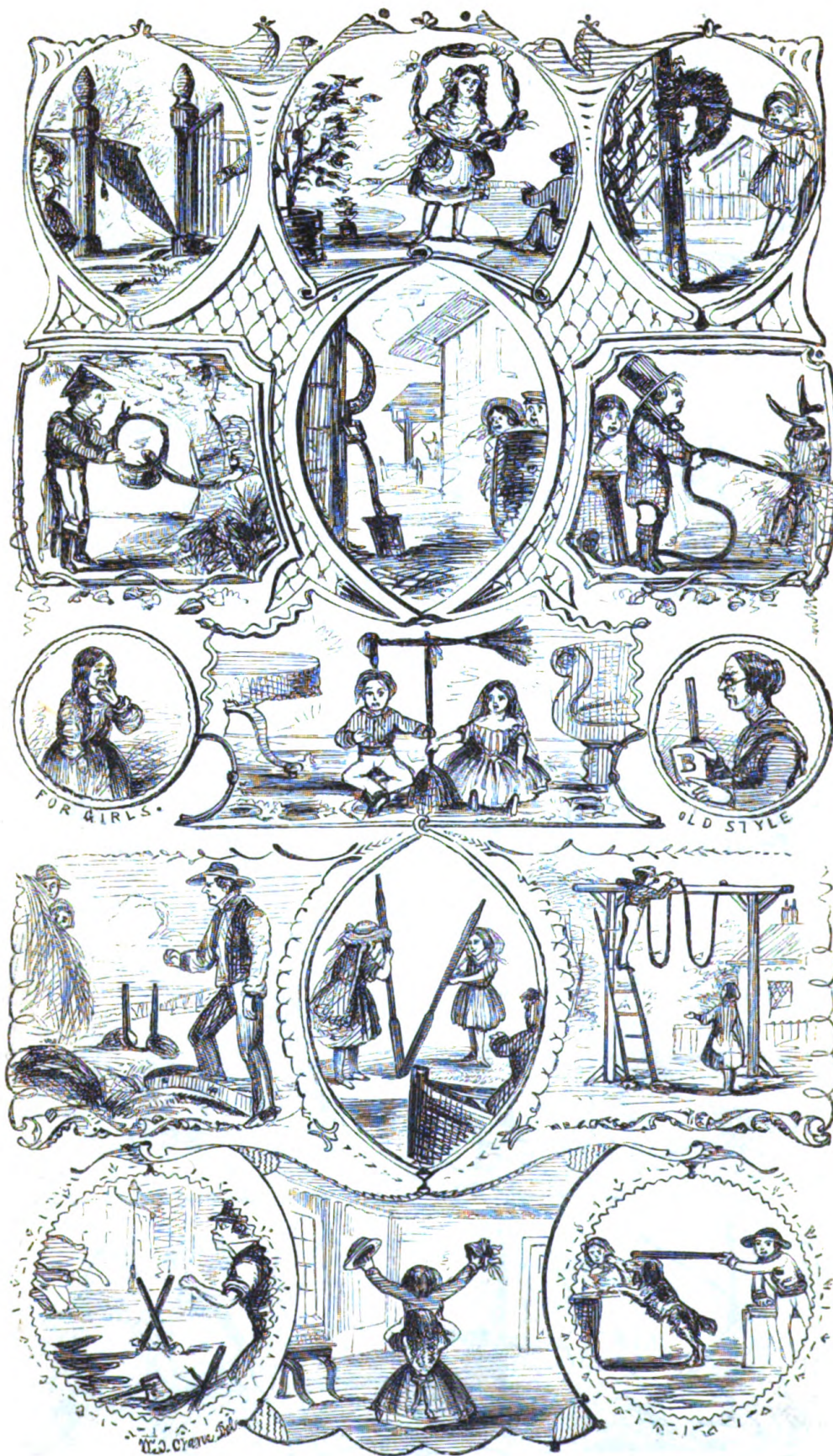
"DISTRICT-ATTORNEY. 'Who were they?'

"JACK. 'Wa'al, there was myself, my wife, my daughter, and the two donkeys!'

"The explosion of laughter that followed this statement made further proceedings impossible for some minutes."









# Fashions for January.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT  
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—VISITING COSTUME AND GIRL'S DRESS.





FIGURE 3.—BOY'S DRESS.

WE illustrate a dress designed for a DINNER or VISITING TOILET. While it may be made of any chosen material or colors, it is specially suited for plain fabrics of a single color. The corsage is high, with a somewhat rounded waist, and having *revers* or lappets; it is open one half its depth. The sleeves are funnel-shaped, cut open, the outside portions at the bottom being turned up and held in place by a tasseled cord, brought through, lacing the slashing of the upper sleeve. Under the opening made by the slashing a piece of the same is placed. The corsage is similarly laced, and adorned with a rosette *passanterie*. The skirt is set on in wide plaits. For in-door wear, open lace under-sleeves are worn; but for out-doors closed under-sleeves, as in the illustration, are preferred. The coiffure is of pearl netting.

In the GIRL'S COSTUME the jacket is of Magenta-colored velvet, lined with primrose-colored taffeta, the skirt being of merino to match.

In the BOY'S DRESS the jacket is of blue velvet, faced with a false canary-colored taffeta vest, trimmed with braid to match. The pants are light blue, embroidered at the sides.

The UNDER-SLEEVES are of lace, gathered in lozenges, and confined by velvet buttons to match the color of the dress.

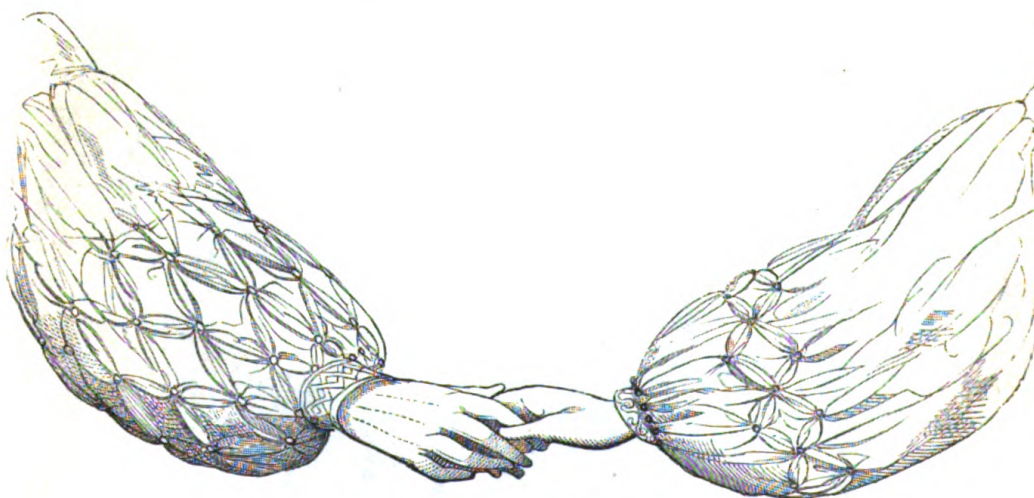


FIGURE 4.—OPEN UNDER-SLEEVES.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXIX.—FEBRUARY, 1861.—VOL. XXII.

A PEEP AT WASHOE.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

[Third Paper.]



CARSON VALLEY.

AS ill-luck would have it, a perfect hurricane sometimes in gusts so sudden and violent that swept through the cañon from Gold Hill; it was utterly impossible to make an inch of

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headway. Tents were shivered and torn to shreds all along the wayside. I saw one party sitting at breakfast, with nothing but the four posts which had originally sustained their tent and a few fragments of canvas flapping from them as a protection against the wind. Nothing could withstand its terrific force. Cabins with bush tops were unroofed; frame shanties were rent asunder, and the boards flew about like feathers; the air was filled with grit and drift, striking the face as if the great guns, which are sometimes said to blow, were loaded with duck-shot. Nor did the wind confine itself to one channel. It ranged up hill and down hill, raking the enemy fore and aft. In one place two tents were torn up, as one might say, by the roots, and carried off bodily to the top of the mountain; in another, half a dozen might be seen traveling down hill, at the rate of forty miles an hour, toward the Flowery Diggings. What became of all the unfortunate wretches who were thus summarily deprived of their local habitations I never learned. Most likely they sought refuge in the coyote holes, which, in fact, appeared to be untenanted; for I don't think coyotes could live long in such a country.

A short distance beyond Gold Hill a trail strikes off to the right, which is said to cut off four or five miles of the distance to Carson City. That would be a considerable gain to a traveler making his escape from Virginia City, and whose every step was attended with extreme physical suffering, to say nothing of the mental disquietude occasioned by his proximity to that place. Besides, it avoided the "Devil's Gate," of which I had also an intense dread. What hordes of dark and inexorable imps might be lying in wait there, with pitchforks to impale a poor fellow upon, and kegs of blasting powder to blow him up; what accounts might have to be rendered of one's stewardship at head-quarters; what particular kind of passport, sanded over with brimstone and stamped with a cloven foot, might be demanded—it was not possible to conjecture. At all events, it was safer to incur no risk. The old adage of the "longest way round" did not occur to me.

I took the trail, and was soon out of sight of Gold City. The mountains were covered with snow, not very deep, but soft and slippery. In my weak state, with a racking rheumatism and the prostrating effects of the arsenic water, the labor of making headway against the fierce gusts of wind and keeping the trail was very severe. Every few hundred yards I had to lie down in the snow and await some relief from the paroxysms of pain. After an hour or two I reached a labyrinth of hills, in which the trail became lost by the melting of the snow. I still had some idea of the general direction, and kept on. My progress, however, was very slow, and at times so difficult that it required considerable effort of mind to avoid stopping altogether, and "taking the chances," as they say, in this agreeable region. Now all this may seem very absurd, as compared with the sufferings endured

by Colonel Frémont in the Rocky Mountains, and doubtless is, in some respects. As, for instance: I was not shut up in a gorge of the mountains, a thousand miles from the habitations of man; I was not in a state of starvation, though thin enough for a starved man in all conscience; I was not at all likely to remain in any one position, however isolated, without being "spotted" by some enterprising miner in search of indications. But then, on the other hand, I was thoroughly dredged with arsenic, plumbago, copperas, and corrosive sublimate, and had neither mule nor "burro"—not even a woolly horse to carry me. Does any body pretend to say that the renowned Arctic explorers ever encountered such a series of hardships as this? Four or five months of perpetual night, with the thermometer 80° below zero, may be uncomfortable; but then the adventurer in the Polar regions has the advantage of being the furthest possible distance from certain other regions—say, from Virginia City.

About noon I came to the conclusion, that however willing the spirit might be the flesh had done its best, and was now quite used up; so I stretched myself on the snow under a cedar bush, and resolved to await what assistance Providence might send me. I was not long there when a voice in the distance caught my ear. I rose and called. In a few minutes a mysterious figure emerged from the bushes at the mouth of a cañon a few hundred feet below. I beckoned to him to come up. The singular appearance and actions of the man attracted my attention.

His face was nearly black with dirt, and his hair was long and shaggy. On his head he wore a tattered cap, tied around the chin with a blue cotton handkerchief. A tremendous blue nose, a pair of green goggles, and boots extending up to his hips, completed the oddity of his appearance. At first he approached me rapidly; but at the distance of about fifty yards he halted, as if uncertain what to do. He then put down his pack, and began to search for something in the pockets of his coat—a knife, perhaps, or a pistol. Could it be possible this fellow was a robber, who had descried me from the opposite mountain, and was now bent upon murder? If so, it would be as well to bring the matter to an issue at once. I was unarmed—having even lost my penknife by reason of a rent in my pocket. There were desperate characters in this wilderness, who would think nothing of killing a man for his money; and although I had only about forty dollars left, that fact could not possibly be known to this marauder. His appearance, to be sure, was not formidable; but then one should not be too hasty in judging by appearances. For all I knew he might be the—Old Gentleman himself on a tour of inspection from Virginia City.

"Hallo, friend!" said I, assuming a conciliatory tone, "where are you bound?"

Upon this he approached a little closer. I soon perceived that he was a German Jew, who



had either lost his way or was prospecting for silver. As he drew near, he manifested some signs of trepidation—evidently being afraid I would rob him of his pack, in which there was probably some jewelry or old clothes. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I had no intention of robbing him. I had not come to that yet. There was no telling to what straits I might be reduced; but as long as I had a dollar in my pocket, I was determined to avoid highway robbery. Besides, it was beyond my strength at this particular crisis—a fact which the Jew seemed to recognize, for he now approached confidently. His first exclamation, on reaching the spot where I stood, was—

“Dank Gott! Ish dis de trail?”

“Where are you bound?”

“To Carson. I pe going to Carson, and I pe losht for six hours. Mein Gott!

It ish an awful country. You know the way?”

“Of course. You don’t suppose I’d be here if I didn’t know the way?”

“Dat is zo.”

“Come on, friend; I’m going in that direction. But don’t walk very fast—I’m sick.”

“Zo? Was is de matter?”

“Poisoned.”

“Mein Gott! mein Gott! Das is awful.”

“Very—it makes a fellow so weak.”

“Mein Gott! Did dey poison you for your money?” And here the Jew put his hands behind him to see if his pack was safe.

“Oh no, it was only the water—arsenic and copperas.”

“Zo!”

This explanation apparently relieved him of a very unpleasant train of thought, for he now became quite lively and talkative. As we trudged along, chatting sociably on various matters of common interest, it occurred to me from time to time that I had seen this man’s face before. The idea grew upon me. It was not a matter of particular importance, and yet I could not banish it. His voice, too, was familiar. Cer-



AN OLD FRIEND.

tainly there was something about him that possessed an uncommon interest.

“Friend,” said I, “it occurs to me I’ve seen you before.”

“Zo? I dink de same.”

Some moments elapsed before I could fix upon the occasion or the place. All at once the truth flashed upon me. It was Strawberry Flat! I had slept with the man! This was the identical wretch who had robbed me of my stockings! In the excitement produced by the discovery and the recollection of my blistered feet, I verily believe, had I been armed with a broadsword or battle-axe, after the fashion of Brian de Bois Guilbert, I would have cloven him in twain.

“Ha! I remember; it was at Strawberry! You slept with me one night,” said I, in a tone of suppressed passion.

“Das is it! Das is it!” cried the Jew. “I shlept mit you at Sthrawberry!”

The effrontery of the villain was remarkable. Probably he would even acknowledge the theft.

“Friend,” said I, calmly and deliberately, “did you miss a pair of woolen stockings in the morning about the time you started?”



"Look here!" quoth the wretch, suddenly halting, "was dey yours?"

"They were!"

At this the abominable rascal doubled himself up as if in a convulsion, shook all over, and turned almost black in the face. It was his mode of laughing.

"Well, I daught dey vos yours! I daught to myself, mein Gott! how dat fellow will shwear when he find his sthockings gone!"

And here the convulsions were so violent that he fairly rolled over in the snow, and kicked as if in the agonies of death. It was doubtless very funny to rob a man of his valuable property and cause him days of suffering from blistered feet; but I was unable to see any wit in it till the Jew regained his breath and said:

"Vel, vel! I must sthand dhreat for dat! I know'd you'd shwear when you missed 'em. Vel, vel! das is 'goot! Here's a flask of first-rate brandy—dhrink!"

I took a small pull—medicinally, of course. From that moment my forgiveness was complete. I harbored not a particle of resentment against the man, though I never again could have entertained implicit confidence in his integrity.

In due time we reached the banks of Carson River at a place called Dutch John's, distant about four miles from Carson City. I have an impression that John was an emigrant from Salt Lake. He had brought with him a woman to whom he was "sealed," and was the father of a thriving little family of "cotton-heads." Some of the stage-drivers who were in the habit of taking a "smile" at John's persuaded him that he was now among a moral and civilized people, and must get married. To be "sealed" to a woman was not enough. He must be spliced according to Church and State, otherwise he would wake up some fine morning and find himself hanging to a tree. John had heard that the Californians were terrible fellows, and had a mortal dread of Vigilance Committees. The stage-drivers were rather a clever set of fellows, and no way strict in morals; but then they might hang him for fun, and what would be fun to them would be death to him. There was some charm in living an immoral life, to be sure; yet it would not do to enjoy that disreputable course at the expense of a disjointed neck. On the whole, John took the advice of the stage-drivers, and got married. Next day he rode through the streets of Carson, boasting of the adroit manner in which he had escaped the vengeance of the Vigilance Committee. I am happy to add that he is now a respectable member of the community. Not that I recommend his whisky. I consider it infinitely worse than any ever manufactured out of tobacco-juice, Cayenne-pepper, and whale-oil at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, where the next worst whisky in the world is used as the common beverage of the inhabitants.

Leaving John's we came to the plain. Here the sand was heavy, and the walking very monotonous and tiresome. This part of Carson

Valley is a complete desert. Scarcely a blade of grass was to be seen. Shriveled sage-bushes scattered here and there over the sand were the only signs of vegetation. Even the rabbits and sage-hens had abandoned the country. All the open spaces resembled the precincts of a slaughter-house. Cattle lay dead in every direction, their skulls, horns, and carcasses giving an exceedingly desolate aspect to the scene. Near the river it was a perfect mass of corruption. Hundreds upon hundreds of rotting carcasses and bleached skeletons dotted the banks or lay in great mounds, where they had gathered for mutual warmth, and dropped down from sheer starvation. The smell filled the air for miles. Thousands of buzzards had gathered in from all parts to the great carnival of flesh—presenting a disgusting spectacle as they sat gorged and stupefied on the foul masses of carrion, they scarcely deigning to move as we passed. In the sloughs bordering on the river oxen, cows, and horses were buried up to the necks where they had striven to get to the water, but from excess of weakness had failed to get back to the solid earth. Some were dead, others were dying. Around the latter the buzzards were already hovering, scarcely awaiting the extinction of life before they plunged in their ravenous beaks and tore out the eyes from the sockets. On the dry plain many hundreds of cattle had fallen from absolute starvation. The winter had been terribly severe, and the prolonged snows had covered what little vegetation there was. Those of the settlers who had saved hay enough for their stock found it more profitable to sell it at \$300 a ton and let the stock die. Horses, oxen, and cows shared the same fate. Many lingered out the winter on the few stunted shrubs to be found on the foot-hills, and died just as the grass began to appear. It was a hard country for animals of all kinds. Those that were retained for the transportation of goods were little better than living skeletons, yet the amount of labor put upon them was extraordinary. In Virginia City it was almost impossible to procure a grain of barley for love or money. Enormous prices were offered for any kind of horse-feed, by men who had come over on good horses, and who wished to keep them alive. At the rate of five dollars a day it required but a short time for the best horse to "eat his head off." Hay was sold in little wisps of a few pounds at sixty cents a pound, barley at seventy-five cents, and but little to be had even at those extravagant rates. A friend of mine from San Francisco, who arrived on a favorite horse, could get nothing in the way of feed but bread, and he paid fifty cents a loaf for a few scanty loaves about the size of biscuits to keep the poor animal alive. It was truly pitiable to see fine horses starving to death. The severity of the weather and the want of shelter were terribly severe on animals of every kind. Good horses could scarcely be sold for a tenth part of their cost—though the distance across the mountain could be performed under ordinary circumstances in two days. But where all was rush and confu-

sion there was little time to devote to the calls of humanity. Men were crazy after claims. Every body had his fortune to make in a few months. The business of jockeying had not grown into full vogue, except among a few who were always willing to sell at very high prices and buy at very low—a remarkable fact connected with dealers in horse-flesh.

The walk across Carson Valley through the heavy sand had exhausted what little of my strength remained, and I was about to give up the ghost for the third time, when a wagoner from Salt Lake gave me a lift on his wagon and enabled me to reach the town. Here my excellent friend Van Winkle gave me another chance in his bunk, and in the course of a few days I was quite recruited.

The courteous reader who has followed me so far will doubtless be disappointed that I have given so little practical information about the mines. Touching that I can only say, as Macaulay said of Sir Horace Walpole, the constitution of my mind is such that whatever is great appears to me little, and whatever is little seems great. The serious pursuits of life I regard as a monstrous absurdity on the part of mankind—especially rooting in the ground for money. The Washoe mines are nothing more than squirrel-holes on a large scale—the difference being that squirrels burrow in the ground because they live there, and men because they want to live somewhere else. I deny and repudiate the idea that any man really has any necessity for money. He only thinks he does—which is a most unaccountable error.

But then you may have some notion of going to Washoe yourself—just to try your luck. Good friend, let me advise you—don't go. Stay where you are. Devote the remainder of your life to your legitimate business, your wife, and your baby. Don't go to Washoe. If you have no money, or but little, you had better go to—any other place. It is no retreat for a poor man. The working of silver mines requires capital. A poor man can not make wages in Washoe. If you are rich and wish to speculate—a word in your ear.

"The undersigned is prepared to sell at reasonable prices" [this I quote from one of my advertisements] "valuable claims in the following companies:

The Dead Broke,	The Fool Hardy,
The Rip Snorter,	The Ousel Owl,
The Love's Despair,	The Grab Game,
The Ragged End,	The Riff-Raff.

The titles to all these claims are perfect, and the purchaser of any claim will have no difficulty whatever in holding on to it."

I hope it will not be inferred from the desponding tone of my narrative that I deny the existence of silver in Washoe, for certainly nothing is farther from my intention. That there is silver in the Comstock Lead, and in great quantities, is a well-established fact. How many thousands of tons may be there, it is impossible for me to say, but there must be an immense quantity—beyond all calculation in fact, as the ore is scattered all around the mines in great heaps, and every heap is said to be worth a fortune if it would only bear transportation to San Francisco at an expense of \$600 per ton. The best of it is sorted out and packed off on mules every day or two, partly to get the silver out of it, and partly to show the speculators in San Francisco that the mines have not yet given out. The yield per ton is estimated at from \$1200 to \$2500. During the time of my visit to the mines but little work could be done on account of the number of speculators who were engaged in trying to sell out, few of them being disposed to engage in the slow operation of mining. Some said it was on account of the weather, but I suspect the weather had very little to do with it. The following is a rough estimate of the Companies who claim to hold in the Comstock vein:

Billy Choller.....	1820 feet
Hill and Norcross.....	250 "
Goold and Curry.....	300 "
Savage.....	800 "
Washoe.....	1200 "
Belcher and Best.....	223 "
Sides Ground.....	500 "
Murphy.....	100 "
Kinney.....	60 "
Central.....	100 "
California.....	250 "
Walsh and Bryan.....	50 "
Central (again).....	150 "
Ophir.....	200 "
Mexican.....	100 "
Continuation of Ophir...	1200 "
Newman, Scott, and Co.	300 "
Miller Co.....	3000 "
Bob Allen and others....	900 "

Besides about forty miles of outside claims, said to be on a direct line with the Comstock, and to be richer if any thing than the original vein.

When I left, the prices asked for a share in any of the above companies ranged from \$200 to \$2000 per running foot, and it was alleged that the purchaser could follow his running foot through all its dips, spurs, and angles. Some of these companies numbered as high as two or



HOLDING ON TO IT.



CROPPINGS.

three hundred. I know a gentleman who sold out all his assets and invested the proceeds, \$800, in 8 inches of the Central, and another who mortgaged his property to secure five feet in the Billy Choller. These gentlemen are, in all probability, at this moment worth a million of dollars each.

In short, the whole country looks black, blue, and white with silver, and where there is no silver there are croppings which indicate sulphurets or copperas.



HONEST MINER.

The Flowery Diggings were in full flower; and if they have since failed to realize the expectations that were then formed of them it must be because the Mammoth lead gave out, or Lady Bryant did not sustain her reputation.

To the honest miner I have a word to say. You are a free-born American citizen—that is, unless you were born in Ireland, which is so much the better, or in Germany, which is better still. You live by the sweat of your brow. You are God's noblest work—an honest man. The free exercise of the right of suffrage is guaranteed to you by the glorious Constitution of our common country. Upon your vote may depend the fate of millions of American freemen, nay, fate of Freedom itself, and the ultimate destiny of mankind. I do not appeal to you on the present occasion for any personal favor. Thank Fortune, I am beyond that. But in the name of common sense, in the name of our beloved State, in the name of the great Continental Congress, I do appeal to you if you have a claim in California **HOLD ON TO IT!** Don't go pirouetting about the country in search of better claims, abandoning ills that you are well acquainted with, and flying to others that you know nothing about. If you do, you may find it "a gloomy prospect."



"A GLOOMY PROSPECT."

I was now, so to say, permanently established at Carson City. In other words, it was questionable whether I should ever be able to get away without resorting to the intervention of friends, which was an alternative too revolting for human nature to bear. The only resource left was "The Agency." I had forgotten all about it hitherto, and now resolved to call at the Express office, and see what fortune might be in store for me. Surely the advertisement must have elicited various orders of a lucrative nature. Nor was I disappointed. A package of letters awaited me. Without violating any confidential obligations, I may say, in general terms, that the contents and my answers were pretty much as follows:

A.—Wishes to know what the prospect would be in Washoe for a young man of the medical profession. Has a small stock of drugs, and proposes to engage in the practice of medicine, and at the same time keep a drug store.

*Answer.*—Doctors are already a drug in Washoe. Brandy, Whisky, and Gin are the only medicines taken. Bring over a lot of good liquors, prescribe them at two bits a dose, and you will do well. Charge, \$10—please remit.

B.—Has about twenty head of fine American cows. Would like to sell them, and wishes a contract made in advance.

*Answer.*—Could find nobody who wanted to pay cash for cows. Money is scarce and cows are plenty. Have sold your cows, however, for the following valuable claims: 25 feet in the Root-Hog-or-Die; 40 feet in the Let-her-Rip; 50 feet in the Gone Case; and 100 feet in the You Bet. Charge, \$25, which please remit by Express.

C.—Would like to know if a school could be established in Washoe with any reasonable prospect of success. Has been engaged in the business for some years, and is qualified to teach the ordinary branches of a good English education, or, if desired, Greek and Latin.

*Answer.*—No time to waste in learning here, and no use for the English language, much less Greek or Latin. A pious missionary might find occupation. One accustomed to mining could develop what indications there are of a spiritual nature among the honest miners. No charge.

D.—Wishes to invest about \$1500 in some good claims. Has three or four friends who will go in with him. Is willing to honor a draft for that amount. Hopes I will strike something rich.

*Answer.*—Have bought a thousand feet for you in the very best silver-mines yet discovered. They are all in and about the Devil's Gate. Several of them are supposed to be in the Comstock Ledge. They are worth \$50,000 this moment; but if you can sell them in S. F. for an advance of \$2000 do so by all means, as the silver may give out. Charge, \$400 or nothing.

E.—Has been in bad health for some time, and thinks a trip across the mountains would do him good. Please give him some information about the road and manner of living. How about lodgings and fare? Is troubled with the bronchitis, and wishes to know how the climate would be likely to affect it.

*Answer.*—Hire a mule at Placerville, and if you are not too far gone the trip may benefit your bronchial tubes. The road is five feet deep by 130 miles long, and is composed chiefly of mountains, snow, and mud. Lodgings—from one to two hundred lodgers in each room, and from two to four bedfellows in each bed. Will not be troubled long with the bronchitis. The water will probably make an end of you in about two weeks. Charge—nothing.

F.—Is a lawyer by profession, and desires to establish a business in some new country. Thinks there will be some litigation at Washoe in connection with the mines. Wishes to be informed

on that point, and would be obliged for any general information.

*Answer.*—About every tenth man in Washoe is a lawyer. There will doubtless be abundance of litigation there before long. Would advise you to go to some other new country, say Pike's Peak, for instance. Respecting things generally, Miller and Rodgers are going up and whisky down. Charge, 50 cents. Please remit.

G.—Thinks of taking his family over to Washoe. How are the accommodations for women and children? And can servants be had?

*Answer.*—Keep on thinking about that or something else, but don't attempt to carry your thoughts into effect. If you do, your wife must wear the—excuse me—she must wear male apparel. For accommodations, yourself and family might possibly be able to hire one bunk two feet by six; and you might seduce a Digger Indian to remain in your domestic employ by giving him \$2 in cash and a gallon of whisky per day. Charge—nothing.

H.—Has a house and lot worth about \$10,000. Would like to trade it for some good mining claims. Can not sell the property for cash on account of a difficulty about the title; but this you need not mention, as it can probably be adjusted for a reasonable consideration.

*Answer.*—Have traded your house and lot for 100 feet in the Pine Nut, 50 do. in the Ousel Owl, 50 do. in the Salmon Tail, 25 in the Roaring Jack, and 25 in the Amador. These are all good claims, and it will make no difference about the title to your house and lot, as each claim in the above-mentioned companies has also several titles to it. Charge, \$500. Please remit.

I.—Is in the stove business, and understands that cast-iron stoves bring a high price in Washoe. Has some notion of sending over a consignment. Please state expenses and prospect of success.

*Answer.*—Stoves are very valuable in Washoe, especially cooking-stoves. It costs from 25 to 50 cents per pound to get them over on mule-back, at which prices they can be sold for claims, but not for money. If you have any very young stoves that can be planted, as the Schildbergers planted the salt, a good crop of them can be sold. Charge—nothing.

J.—Is inventor of a process for extracting silver out of the crude ore, without smelting. The machinery is simple, and would easily bear transportation. Could the patent-right be sold in Washoe?

*Answer.*—Nothing is more needed here than just such an invention as yours. Bring it over by all means. If you can extract silver out of the general average of the ore found here, either by smelting or otherwise, you will do a splendid business. Charge, \$50. Please remit.

K.—Understands that lumber is \$800 a thousand in Virginia City. Can be delivered at the wharf in San Francisco from the Mendocino Mills for about \$20 a thousand. Would it be practicable to get any quantity of it over, so as to make the speculation profitable?



*Answer.*—You are correctly informed as to the value of lumber in Washoe. A balloon might be constructed to carry over a small lot; but in case you found that mode of transportation too expensive, I know of no other way than to remove a portion of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in the rear of Placerville, or run a tunnel through underneath. It is possible that the price of labor might be an obstacle to the success of either of these plans, in which event, if you can contract to put one board on the back of each man leaving San Francisco he may be able to earn his board, and you may be able to get your lumber over cheap. Charge, \$25. Please remit.

I have thus given an average specimen of the letters that came pouring in upon me by every mail. It kept me busy, as may well be supposed,

to attend to the numerous requests made by my correspondents; but the trouble was, no money came. There was a great deal, to be sure, for future collection, and as long as that was due it could not be lost by any injudicious speculation. It was some consolation, therefore, to reflect upon the large amount of capital that had accrued in the various operations of the Agency.

At this crisis, when fortune had fairly begun to smile, the weather changed again, and for days it stormed and snowed incessantly, covering up the whole valley, and blocking up every trail. A relapse of rheumatism and my poison-malady now seized me with renewed virulence. I had scarcely any rest by night or day, and soon saw that to remain would be a sure way of securing a claim to at least six feet of ground in the vicinity of Carson. The extraordinary number of



MOUNT OPHIR.





THE FLOWERY DIGGINGS.

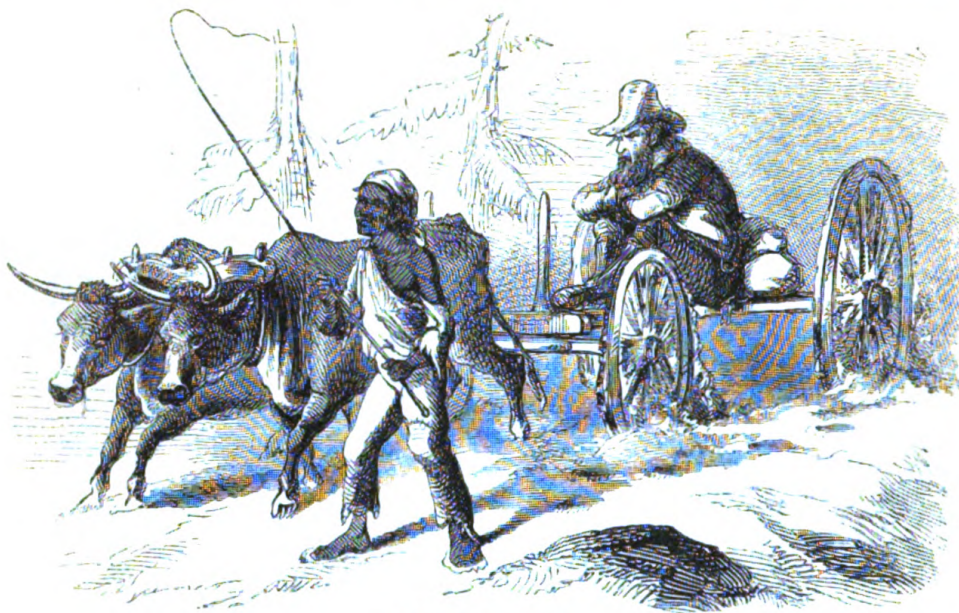
persons who had invested in silver mines, and who were anxious to sell out in San Francisco, suggested the idea of changing my Agency to that locality. I therefore notified the public that there was a rare opportunity of selling out their claims to the best advantage; and it was not long before I was freighted down with "indications," powers of attorney, deeds, and bills of sale.

As soon as the weather permitted I set forth on my journey homeward, taking the stage to Genoa, in the hope of finding a horse or mule there upon which to cross the mountains. It was doubtful whether the trail was yet open; but a thaw had set in, and the prospect was that it would be practicable to get over in a few days. The stage from Genoa to Woodford's had been

discontinued, in consequence of the expense of feeding the horses. All the saddle trains had left before the late snow, and there was not an animal of any kind to be had except by purchase—an alternation for which I was not prepared.

In this unfortunate state of affairs there was nothing left but to try it again on foot. It was with great difficulty that I could walk at all, much less carry my blankets and the additional weight of a heavy bundle of "croppings." The prospect of remaining at Genoa, however, was too gloomy to be thought of. So I sold my blankets for a night's lodging and set out the next morning for Woodford's. By dint of labor and perseverance I accomplished about eight miles that day. It was dark night when I reached a small farm-house on the road-side. Here





RETURN FROM WASHOE.

a worthy couple lived, who gave me comfortable lodgings, and cooked up such a luxurious repast of broiled chicken, toast, and tea, that I determined, if practicable, to remain a day or two, in order to regain my strength for the trip across the mountain.

The kindness and hospitality of these excellent people had the desired effect. In two days I was ready to proceed. Fortunately an ox-wagon was going to Woodford's for lumber, and I contracted with the driver, a good-humored negro, to give me a lift there for the sum of fifty cents.

I had the pleasure of meeting several San Francisco friends on the road, and gave them agreeable tidings of the mines. The trail had just been opened. A perfect torrent of adventurers came pouring over, forming an almost unbroken line all the way from Placerville. By this time the spring was well advanced and the excitement was at its height. The news from below was, that the whole State would soon be

depopulated. Every body was coming—women, children and all. Of course I wished them luck, but it was a marvel to me what they would do when they reached Washoe. Already there were eight or ten thousand people there, and not one in fifty had any thing to do or could get employment for board and lodging. Companies were leaving every day for More's Lake and Walker's River, and the probability was that there would be considerable distress if not absolute suffering. But it was useless to talk. Every adventurer must have a look at the diggings for himself. There must be luck in store for him if for nobody else. For my part I had taken a look and was satisfied.

The ox-team traveled very slowly, so that there was a good opportunity of seeing people pass both ways. The difference in the expression of the incoming and the outgoing was very remarkable; being about the difference between a man with fifty dollars in his pocket and one



OUTGOING AND INCOMING.

who wished to borrow that amount. There was that canny air of confidence about the former which betokens the possession of some knowledge touching the philosopher's stone not shared by mankind generally. About the latter there was a mingled expression of sadness and sarcasm as if they were rather inclined to the opinion that some people had not yet seen the elephant.

As my ox-carriage crept along uneasily over the rocky road, I was hailed from behind, "Hello dare! Sthop!" It was my friend the Jew again! I had lost sight of him in Carson, and now by some fatality he was destined to be my companion again.

"Mein Gott! I'm tired valking. Can't you give me a lift?" The driver was willing provided I had no objection. Now I had freely forgiven this man for the robbery of my stockings. I was not uncharitable enough to refuse help to a tired wayfarer; yet I had a serious objection to his company under existing circumstances. His boots were nearly worn out, and mine had but recently been purchased in Carson. If this fellow could embezzle my stockings and afterward unblushingly confess the act, what security could I have on the journey for the safety of my boots? I knew if he once started in with me he would never relinquish his claim to my company until we reached Placerville; for the fellow was rather of a sociable turn, and liked to talk. It seemed best, therefore, under all circumstances, to have a distinct understanding at once. The treaty was soon negotiated. On my part it was stipulated that Israel should ride to Woodford's on the ox-wagon, provided he paid his own fare; that we should cross the mountain together for mutual protection, provided he would deposit in my hands his watch or a \$10 gold piece, as security for the safety of my boots; and, finally, that he would bind himself by the most solemn obligations of honor not to steal both the security and the boots. To all of which the Jew assented with one of those internal convulsions which betokened great satisfaction in the arrangement. The watch was

covered with pewter, as I discovered when he handed it to me; but I had no doubt it was worth eight or ten dollars. Besides, the treaty made no mention of the quality of the watch. It might possibly be an excellent time-piece, and at all events seemed to be worth a pair of boots.

Toward evening we arrived at Woodford's. Between two and three hundred travelers from the other side of the mountain had already gotten in, and it was represented that there was a line of pedestrians all the way over to Strawberry. The rush for supper was tremendous. Not even the famous Heenan and Sayers contest could compare with it, for here every body went in—or at least tried to get in. At the sixth round I succeeded in securing a favorable position, and when the battle commenced was fortunate enough to be crushed into a seat.

In the way of sleeping there was a general spread-out up stairs. By assuming a confidential tone with the proprietor I contrived to get a mattress and a pair of blankets. The Jew slept alongside on his pack, with a covering of loose coats. Nature's balmy restorer quickly put an end to all the troubles of the day, notwithstanding the incessant noise kept up throughout the night.

In the morning I awoke much refreshed. It was about seven o'clock and time to start. I turned to arouse my friend Israel, but to my surprise found that he had already taken his departure. A horrible suspicion seized me. Had he also taken— Yes! of course! my boots were gone too! And the security? The watch? I looked under my pillow. Miserable wretch! he had also taken the watch. I might have known it! I was a fool for trusting him. When I picked up the old pair of boots bequeathed to me as a token of remembrance by this depraved man—when I held them up to the light and examined them critically—when I reflected upon the journey before me, it was enough to bring tears to the sternest human eye.

No matter! I would catch the dastardly wretch on the trail. If ever I laid hands upon him again, so help me— But what is the use of swearing. No man ever caught another in this world with such a pair of boots on his feet—and here I examined them again—never! One might as well attempt to walk in a pair of condemned fire-buckets.

There was no help for it but to await some chance of getting over on horseback. Fortunately, a saddle-train which had passed down to Genoa during the previous day returned a little after daylight. For the sum of \$30, cash in advance, I secured an unoccupied horse—the poorest animal perhaps ever ridden by mortal man. There is no good reason that I am aware of why people engaged in the horse-business should



THE JEW'S BOOTS.



always select for my use the refuse of their stock ; but such has invariably been their practice. I have never yet been favored with a horse that was not lame, halt, or blind, or otherwise physically afflicted.

I had not ridden more than a mile from Woodford's before I discovered that the miserable hack upon which I was mounted traveled diagonally—like a lugger beating against a head-wind. His fore feet were well enough—they traveled on the trail ; but his hind feet were continually undertaking to luff up a little to windward. When it is borne in mind that the trail was over a bank of snow from eight to ten feet deep, and not more than a foot wide, the inconvenience of that mode of locomotion will at once be perceived. Every few hundred yards the hind feet got off the trail, and went down with a sudden lurch that kept me in constant apprehension of being buried alive in the snow. Another serious difficulty was, that my horse, owing perhaps to the defect in his hind legs, had no capacity for short turns ; so that whenever the trail suddenly diverged from its direct course he invariably brought up against a rock, stump, or bank of snow.

I appealed to the captain or commander of the train to give me a better animal, but he assured me positively this was the very best in the whole lot ; and that I would find him peculiarly adapted to mountain travel, where it was often an advantage for an animal to hold on to an upper trail with his fore feet while his hind ones were searching for another down below. In short, on this account solely he had named him "Guyascutas."

As there seemed to be no way of impressing the captain with a different opinion of the merits of Guyascutas, I was obliged to make the best of a bad bargain, and jog on as fast as spurs, blows, and entreaties could effect that result.

In reference to the Jew, whom I expected to overtake, and for whom I kept a sharp look-out, it may be as well to state at once that I never again put eyes on him. Whether he secreted himself behind some tree or rock till the saddle-train passed, or, overcome by remorse for the dastardly act he had committed, cast himself headlong over some precipice, I have never been able to ascertain. He is a miserable wretch at best. In view of the future I would not for all the wealth of the Rothschilds stand in his—Well, yes, for that much money I might stand in his boots, provided no others were to be had ; but I should regret extremely to be guilty of such an act toward any fellow-traveler as he had committed.

It was four o'clock when we got under way from the Lake House. A mule-driver from the other side of the divide had cautioned us against starting. There had been several snow-slides during the day, and it was only a few hours since the trail had been cut through. A large train of mules heavily laden must now be on the way down the grade, and fifteen other trains had left Strawberry since noon.

Those who have passed over the "Grade" can best appreciate our position. Two of our horses had already died of starvation and hard usage. There was no barley or feed of any kind to be had at the Lake House. The snow was rapidly melting, and avalanches might be expected at any moment. Only a day or two ago one of these fearful slides had occurred, sweeping all before it. Two mules and a horse were carried over the precipice and dashed to atoms, and the driver had barely escaped with his life.

It was considered perilous to stop on any part of the Grade. The trail was not over a foot wide, being heavily banked up on each side by the accumulated snow. Passing a pack train was very much like running a muck. The Spanish mules are so well aware of their privileges when laden, that they push on in defiance of all obstacles, often upsetting the unwary traveler by main force. I was struck with a barrel of whisky in one of the narrow passes some time previously and knocked nearly senseless, so that I had good cause to remember their prowess.

It was put to the vote whether we should make the attempt or remain, and finally, after much discussion, referred to our captain. He was evidently determined to go on at all hazards, having a stronger interest in the lives of his horses than any of the party.

At the word of command we mounted and put spurs to our jaded animals.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "keep together ! Your lives depend upon it ! Watch out for the pack trains, and when you see them coming hang on to a wide place ! Don't come in contact with the pack-mules or you'll go over the Grade certain."

There was no need of caution. Every nerve was strained to make the summit as soon as possible. It should be mentioned that the "Grade" is the Placerville state road, cut in the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas, and winding upward around each rib of the mountain for a distance of two miles. It was now washed away in many places by the melting of the snow, and some of the bridges across the ravines were in a very bad condition. From the first main elevation there is still another rise of two or three miles to the top of the divide, but this part is open and the ascent is comparatively easy. In meeting the pack trains the only hope of safety is to make for a point where the road widens. These places of security occur only three or four times in the entire ascent of the Grade. To be caught between them on a stubborn or unruly horse is almost certain destruction at this season of the year.

The only alternative is to dismount with all speed, wheel your horse round, and if possible get back to some place of security.

In about half an hour we made a point of rocks where the trail was bare. Our captain gave the order to dismount, and proceeded a short distance ahead to reconnoitre. The whole space occupied by our twelve horses and riders was not



SNOW SLIDE.

over six or eight feet wide by about thirty in length. Should any of the animals become stampeded they were bound to go over. The tracks of several which had recently been pushed over the precipice by the pack trains were still visible. Our captain returned presently with news that a train was in sight. Soon we heard the tinkling of the bell attached to the leader, and then the clattering of the hoofs as the mules descended with their heavy burdens. One by one they passed. Whisky, gin, and brandy again! Barrels, half-barrels, and kegs! The vaqueros made the cliffs resound with their Carambas and Carajas, their Doña Marias and Santa Sofias!—a language apparently well understood by the mules. This was a train of forty mules, all laden with liquors for the thirsty miners. The vaqueros reported another train within half a mile of twenty-five mules, and others on the Grade.

After another train had passed, our captain gave the word to mount and “cut for our lives!” Scarcely five seconds elapsed before we were all off, dashing helter-skelter up the trail. The horses plunged and stumbled over the rocks, slush, and mud in a manner truly pitiable for them and dangerous for us. In some places the mules had cut through for hundreds of yards, and the trail was perfectly honey-combed. But there was no time for humanity. Dashing the spurs into the bleeding sides of our animals, we pushed on as if all the evil powers of Virginia City were after us.

“Go it, boys!” our captain shouted; “neck or nothing! I see the train! Two hundred yards more and we’re all safe!—Caraja! Here’s another train right on us!”

It was a palpable truth! The pack-mules came lumbering down around a point not fifty yards from us.



"Dismount all! Wheel! and cut back for your lives!" This was the order. In a moment we were all plunging rantically in the snow. Some of the horses were stampeded, and one man had gotten his riata around his leg. The mules had also commenced a stampede, when, by dint of shouting, plunging, and struggling, we got clear of them, and went tearing down the trail to our old station. The train soon passed us. Whisky again, of course. "How many trains more, Señor?"—to the vaquero. "Carambo! muchos! muchos!"—and on he went laughing. This was hard. We could not stand here much longer, for the tremendous bank of snow above us began to show indications of breaking away. Two trains more passed in rapid succession, and then our captain rode ahead again to reconnoitre. It was growing dusk. The prospect was any thing but cheering. At a given signal we mounted once more. Now commenced a terrible race. Heads, necks, legs, or horse-flesh were as nothing in the desperate struggle to reach the next point. This time we were in luck. The haven was attained just soon enough to avoid a train of forty mules. From the vaquero we learned that another was still on the Grade. We might be able to pass it, however, half a mile further on. At the word of command we again mounted, and put spurs to our jaded animals. It was not long before we

heard the tinkling of a bell. Now for it! halt! The mules were on us before we could turn; and here commenced a scene which baffles all description. Some of us were overturned, horses and all, in the banks of snow. Others sprang from their horses and let them struggle on their own account. All had to break a way out of the trail. The mules were stampeded, and kicked, brayed, and rolled by turns. The vaqueros were in a perfect frenzy of rage and



THE GRADE.



terror combined—shrieking Maladetto! Carambo! and Caraja! till it seemed as if the reverberation must break loose the snow from above and send an avalanche down on top of us all. Bridles got foul of stray legs and jerked the owners on their backs; riatas were twisted and wound around horses, mules, and whisky-barrels; packs went rolling hither and thither; men and animals kicked for their bare lives; heads, legs, and bodies were covered up in the snow-drifts; and nobody knew what every body else was doing, or what he was doing himself. In short, the scene was altogether very lively, and would have been amusing had it not been intensified by the imminent risk of slipping over the precipice. It was at least a thousand feet down into Lake Valley, and a man might just as well be kicked on the head by twelve frantic horses and twenty-five vicious mules as undertake a trip down there by the short cut.

All troubles must end. Ours ended when the animals gave out for want of breath. Upon picking up our scattered regiment, with all arms and equipments used in the *melée*, we found the result as follows: Dead, none; wounded by kicks, scratches, sprains, and bruises, six: mortally frightened, the whole party, inclusive of our captain; lost a keg of whisky, which some say went down to Lake Valley; but I have my suspicions where that keg went, and how it was secreted.

From this point over the summit we met several more pack trains, and had an occasional tumble in the snow. Nothing more serious occurred. It was quite dark as we commenced our descent. The road here was a running stream of mud, obstructed by slippery rocks, ruts, stumps, and dead animals. It was a marvel to me how we ever reached the bottom without broken bones. My horse stumbled about every hundred yards, but never fell more than three-quarters down. Somehow people rarely get killed in this country, unless shot by revolvers or bad whisky.

The crowds were thicker than ever at Strawberry. From all accounts the excitement had only just commenced. Five thousand were represented to be on the road from the various diggings throughout California. I had bargained for a bed, and was enjoying the idea of a good supper—the savory odor of which came through the cracks of the bar-room door—when our captain announced that he could get no feed for his animals, and we must ride on to "Dick's," fourteen miles more. This was pretty tough on a sick man. The ride since morning had been quite hard enough to try the strength and temper of a well man; but add fourteen miles to that, of a dark night and raining into the bargain, and the sum total is not agreeable. It was useless to remonstrate. The captain was inflexible. He could not see his horses starve. One was just giving his last kick, and three more were about to "go in." I might stay if I pleased, suggested the captain, but the horses must go on. As I had paid thirty dollars for

the ride, and had barely enough left to get to San Francisco, there was no alternative but to mount. By this time three of the party were so ill as to be scarcely able to sit in their saddles.

It is wonderful how much one can endure when there is nobody at hand to care a pin whether he lives or dies. I rather incline to the opinion that many people in this world die from the kindness and sympathy of friends, who, if thrown upon their own resources, would weather it out.

I have an impressive recollection of the fourteen miles from Strawberry to "Dick's." My horse, Gyascutas, broke down about half-way. The rest of the party pushed on. About the same time the old tortures of rheumatism and neuralgia assailed me in full force. It was pitch dark. There was no stopping-place nearer than "Dick's." The weather was cold, and a drenching rain had now penetrated my clothes to the skin.

A distinct recollection of my feelings a month ago, as I tramped along over this road with my pack on my back, afforded me ample material for philosophical reflection. Was it now somebody else—some decrepit old foggy who had lost his all, and had nothing more to expect in this world? Or could it possibly be the glowing enthusiast, just freed from the trammels of office, and inspired by visions of mountain life, liberty, and wealth? If it was the same—and there could hardly be any mistake about it, unless some mysterious translation of the spirit into some other body had taken place at Virginia City—the visions of mountain life, liberty, and unbounded riches were certainly of a very different character.

In addition to the peculiarity in the hind-quarters of Guyascutas, which caused him always to take two trails at the same time, I had now reason to suspect that he was entirely blind of one eye, and afflicted with a cataract on the other. Every hundred yards or so he walked off the road, and brought up in some deep cavity or against a pile of rocks. The mud in many places was up to his haunches, and if there was a comparatively dry spot any where in existence, he was sure to avoid it. I think he disliked me on account of the spurring I gave him on the Grade, and wanted to get rid of me in some way; or perhaps he considered his own course of life beyond further endurance.

The result of all the stumbling, and running into deep pits, banks of rock, and mud-holes, was that I had to get down and walk the remainder of the way. If a conviction had not taken possession of my mind that the captain would compel me to pay for the horse, in the event of failure to produce him, I would cheerfully have left him to his fate, and proceeded alone; but under the circumstances I thought it best to lead him. At last the welcome lights hove in sight. It was not long before I was snugly housed at Dick's, where a good cup of tea brought life and hope back again. This, I



RETURN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

may safely say, was my hardest day's experience of travel in any country.

Next day poor Guyascutas was so far gone on his long journey that I had to leave him at a stable on the road-side, and proceed on foot. By night I was within six miles of Placerville. Here I overtook a fellow-traveler, and bargained with him for his horse. From Placerville, by stage to Sacramento, the journey is devoid of interest. I arrived at San Francisco in due time, a little the worse for the wear, but still equal to any new emergency that might arise.

The citizens of San Francisco were on the *qui vive* for news from Washoe. Almost every man with a dollar to spare, and many who had nothing to spare, had invested, to a greater or less extent, in claims—from thousands of feet down to a few inches. Conflicting accounts had recently come down. The public mind was in a state of feverish excitement. Was

Washoe a humbug, or was it not? Was there silver there, or was it all sham? What was the Ophir worth at this time? How about the Billy Choller and the Miller? These were but a few of the questions asked me on Montgomery Street. It required an hour to walk fifty yards, so great was the pressure for news. Could I tell any thing about the Winnemuck, or the Pine-Nut, or the Rogers? Did I happen to know what the Wake-up-Jake was worth in Washoe? What about the Lady Bryant—was it true that it had gone down? Whereabouts was the Jim Crack located, and what was Dead Broke worth? In short, I looked over more deeds, and answered more questions of a varied and indefinite nature, in the brief space of three days, than had ever been put to and answered by any one man before.

The editor of the *Bulletin*, who had made a flying visit to Washoe, and in whose company I



had traveled down from Placerville, commenced about this time a series of articles, in which he told some startling truths. Base metal had been found in the Comstock; to what extent it prevailed nobody could tell. If the Comstock should prove to be worthless, what hope was there for the "outside claims?"

The news spread like wild-fire. A panic seized upon the multitudes whose funds were invested in Washoe. Men hurried about the streets in search of purchasers of Washoe stock; but purchasers were nowhere to be found. Every body wanted to sell. The Comstock suddenly fell from one thousand down to five dollars per foot, and no sales at that. Miller went down fifty per cent.; and the Great Outside could scarcely be given away at any price! Alas! had it come to this? The gigantic Washoe speculation "gone in," and none so poor to do it reverence!

Softly! A word in your ear, reader! They are only "bucking it down" for purposes of speculation. The keen men who know a thing or two are buying up secretly. The silver is there, and it must come out. All this cry about base metal is "a dodge" to frighten the timid. If you have claims, hold on to them; they will be up again presently.

For my part, I thought it best to leave San Francisco before my correspondents—for whom, it will be remembered, I had executed some business in Washoe—retracted their good opinion of my sagacity. There was no chance at this crisis to sell the various claims with which I had been commissioned at Carson City. Capitalists were short of funds. The money market was laboring under a depression. The liver of the body politic was in a state of collapse. I went to the principal bankers, but failed to accomplish any thing. They even refused to lend money on unquestionable security.

In view of all the circumstances, I determined to visit Europe. If the moneyed men of the Old World could only be satisfied of the ex-

tent, variety, and magnificence of the investments to be made in the New, they would not hesitate to open negotiations with an agent direct from Washoe.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, *January, 1861.*

You will perceive from my address, most esteemed reader, that I am now established at one of the best points for pecuniary transactions on the Continent of Europe. I have seen many of the wealthy burghers of Frankfort, and am pleased to say that they manifest a very friendly disposition. As yet they do not quite understand the nature of the proposed securities; but I have great confidence in their sagacity. My negotiations with the Rothschilds have been of the most amicable character. They have gone so far as to express the opinion that Washoe must be a remarkable country; and yesterday, when I proposed to sell them fifty feet in the Gone Case, and forty in the Roaring Grizzly, for the sum of one hundred thousand florins, they smiled so politely, and withal looked so completely puzzled, that I considered it best not to force an immediate answer. You are aware, of course, that in important negotiations of this kind it is judicious to let the opposite party sleep a night or two over your proposition. That the Rothschilds are at present a little wary of any investment in Washoe is quite natural. The nomenclature is new to them. They have never before heard of Roaring Grizzly and Gone Case silver mines. But if that should prove to be their only objection, I have no doubt they will ultimately purchase to the extent of several millions. If they do, I shall be happy to negotiate sales for a reasonable commission, to be paid strictly in advance. My publishers will, I am confident, forward any letter to my address. The postage must be pre-paid. The rates, which are somewhat high, can be ascertained by inquiry at the post-offices in San Francisco, New Orleans, Saint Louis, Boston, and New York.



READING EXTRA BULLETIN.



## TO RED RIVER AND BEYOND.

[Third Paper.]

ONE Tuesday morning we began our journey from Pembina to the Selkirk settlement.

Joe Rolette, our host, with his two little boys whom he was taking to the Catholic school at the settlement after the summer vacation; Mr. Bottineau, a French half-breed, whose excellent farm between St. Joseph and Pembina I have mentioned in another place; Joseph, and myself were of the party. Joe Rolette rode in a miniature Red River cart with his youngest boy—a miniature of himself—behind a diminutive mule rejoicing in the title of Thomas Jefferson, and with a genuine patriotism responding by an accelerated gait to the exclamation of his abbreviated Christian name—"Tom!" Tom was a mule in miniature, saving only his ears, and held together in his little and tight fitting skin all the virtues and none of the vices of the race of which he was the minimum. The cart which he drew was loaded with all the blankets of the party, the cooking utensils, pemmican, bread, and other provisions, and the passengers mentioned; but he drew it along at a lively trot from sunrise to sunset, forty-four miles a day, with the vigor and continuity of the balance-wheel of a chronometer, and tired out even the first-rate horses which the rest of us rode.

A few words will describe the appearance of the country between Pembina and Fort Garry. In all external aspects, to one who travels by the river road, it is the same from Fort Abercrombie to within a few miles of Lake Winnipeg. The direction of the road is very nearly north. It is the continuous chord to which the river, in its winding course, supplies a hundred greater or lesser arcs. The banks of the river are thickly wooded with elm, oak, and poplar, and this wall of trees is at the traveler's right throughout the journey, always bounding the eastern horizon. This general prospect is varied



JEAN BATTISTE WILKIE.

President of the Councilors of St. Joseph, in Sioux warrior's dress.—See *Magazine*, October, 1860.

by lines of timber stretching away to the west, and marking the course of the tributaries of Red River.

About the middle of the forenoon, near one of these tributary streams, we came in view of a shanty, inhabited by an old Scotchman and his wife—she the first white woman in the Selkirk settlement. We were treated to bowls of fresh milk, with the cream standing thick upon it, and making a man blush to remember that he came from a city where stump-tailed abominations and watery-blue dilutions had long since led him to forget the appearance of the genuine lacteal fluid.

The shanty was not neat nor well furnished. The bed, which stood in one corner, was small and narrow, the walls had never been white-washed, nor the mud floor boarded over, though the cooking-stove and table, which also occupied this their only apartment, left little of the floor to be seen or trodden upon.

An hour after sunset we came to the spot where we were to pass the night. It was one always used by the plain hunters, and marked by heaps of ashes, charred stumps, and well-worn paths leading down to the water's edge. An old man and his wife had come to the campground before us, and were camping half-way down the bank, to be sheltered from the cold wind which was blowing over the prairie. As we led our horses down to the water, we could see their faces by the camp-fire, both wrinkled and seamed with old age, and his white hairs and stooping figure indicating that he had passed the threescore and ten, beyond which all is labor and trouble. He was sitting on the ground in the lee of a large log, smoking a short pipe, while the woman was blowing the embers of their fire to get a coal to put in her own. They had evidently had their scanty supper of tea and pemmican, and had spread their single pair of blankets in preparation for the night. Our host knew them, and when we had made our own huge fire on the prairie—of logs too large for them to lift—and were eating supper by its cheerful blaze, he told us their story.

It was the pitiful story of another Lear. The old man had been strong and vigorous, and well to do in his prime, famous as a breaker of horses, and had gathered together a little property, enough, if well husbanded, to keep him and his wife from poverty. All this, when he began to feel the infirmities of age, he had given to an adopted son, asking in return only the food and shelter necessary for his few remaining years. For a short time he was well cared for; but when this faithless wretch had it all securely in his hands, and he became accustomed to its possession, he set the old pair adrift, and now is laying up ill-gotten wealth, and counts his cattle on Sundays, and thanks God he is not poor as other men are, and goes to sleep comfortably housed, while the cold wind and rain drench the white hairs of the old man and woman who had called him son.

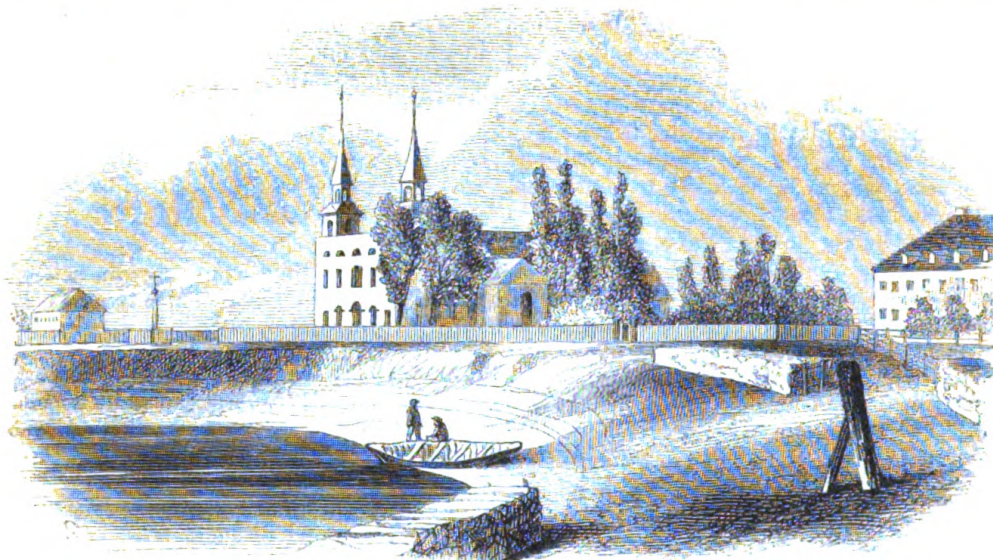
We were up and off long before sunrise (but the old man and his wife had started before us), and rode fifteen miles briskly before breakfast, meeting several Red River trains, which had made an early start on their way to St. Paul or the plains. We stopped for breakfast at the house of Mr. John Dace, which marks the beginning of the more thickly inhabited part of the Red River settlement—from this point stretching down to the vicinity of Lake Winnipeg, clustering most thickly in the vicinity of Fort Garry, sixteen miles below.

At Mr. Dace's house every thing was in strong contrast with the house at which we had lunched on the previous morning. Neatness and thrift were obvious at a glance. The men were out in the fields gathering in the harvest, and the warm sunshine of an autumn morning was lying on the clean plank floor, as it loves to lie where there is stillness, and it can make cool shadows. The morning's work had long been completed, the floor scrubbed, every thing set to rights, and the

baby sent to sleep in a swinging hammock, made of long cord and a shawl, by the time we came. In the adjoining apartment we could hear the low talk of women. The wife of Mr. Dace, a half-breed woman inclined to corpulency, soon came in, and learned our wishes; and while breakfast was preparing for us in the next room we had time to look round us. The room was a spacious one for a block-house, and one of the heavy beams which ran under the ceiling was supported by a stout post, against which the baby's hammock swung, giving him a slight jerk, which, to a metropolitan baby, for instance, would have been any thing but sleep-provoking. A double bed, on which I could see plenty of good blankets, but no white sheets, stood in one corner, and two or three old oak trunks served for seats on one side of the room. The chairs were of the same substantial home-made manufacture, and one or two had bottoms of hide, like those of snow-shoes. The table was an old-fashioned one, the leaves supported by swinging legs. The walls were neatly white-washed, and where the plastering had been rubbed the invariable neatness of the apartment was preserved, though at the expense of mortar. The windows were small, and the door low—the doors being accommodated to the size of the windows, perhaps, and the sashes to the size and costliness of the little six by eight panes which, when the house was built, were worth 1s. 6d. sterling. Through the open door we could catch a glimpse of the waters of the river, red where the sun shone upon them through the trees, from behind us. Pigeons and wild geese, with potatoes and turnips unsurpassable any where; bread and butter, cheese and tea, white sugar and cream were set before us. Mr. Dace was too far back in the fields on the prairie to be called; but as we drove on we noted the luxuriant growth of the vegetables in his garden, and the thickness of the sheaves in his wheat field.

Delayed by Joe's horse-racing and a drunken ferryman, above the settlement, we did not come in sight of the spires of the *Cathédrale de Saint Boniface* till near sunset. At last they appeared—two bright lines rising above the last grove of poplar trees through which we had to pass, standing out clear and glistening against the deep blue of the sky, and surmounted by the cross. A little farther on we left the woods behind us, and came in full view of the heart of the Red River settlement—the very spot where, half a century ago, the Earl of Selkirk planted his colony. Close at our left was another field of wheat, half of it harvested, and each pile of yellow sheaves sending its long eastward shadow over the closely shaven plain. Near at hand two half-breeds were loading a cart, and where the standing wheat began, a group of reapers were busy at work with sickle and scythe, women following behind, raking and binding, and adding to the golden tents upon the field at one end as fast as they were taken away at the other. The red sashes which most of the men wore sup-





CATHEDRAL OF ST. BONIFACE.

plied the only lacking color in the landscape. Beyond them, to the west, flowed the winding blue line of the river, topped by the dark brown of its farther bank, left in shade by the setting sun. A mile beyond, on its western bank, just where the shaded blue waters of the Red River were augmented by the gleaming silver of the Assiniboine, on which as it flowed from the west the sun still shone brightly, stood the massive quadrangle of Fort Garry, with its four cone-topped bastions; and directly ahead of us, on one side of the river and close to its banks, a few rods further on, whither all the waters of the two rivers seemed to sway and flow, arose the high walls of the Cathedral of Saint Boniface, surmounted by the two glistening spires which had greeted us at a distance.

Fort Garry is a very fine structure. The exterior wall is of limestone, quarried on the river bank near by. At the four corners are four imposing bastions. Of the thickly-crowded houses within, one or two may be of the same material, limestone, but most are of wood, including the Company's officers' quarters, and those of the officers of the Royal Canadian Rifles, a company of which is stationed here, whose rations are supplied by the Hudson's Bay Company. As you enter the spacious quadrangle by the arched gate-way, which opens to the south close to the bank of the Assiniboine, the impression is the usual one at sight of soldiers' barracks; but passing to the building at the northern end of the square, and by the soldiers and servants who are straggling about, this impression vanishes as you come in view of the spacious edifice in which Chief Factor M'Tavish, who is also Governor M'Tavish, of the colony of Assiniboia, resides.

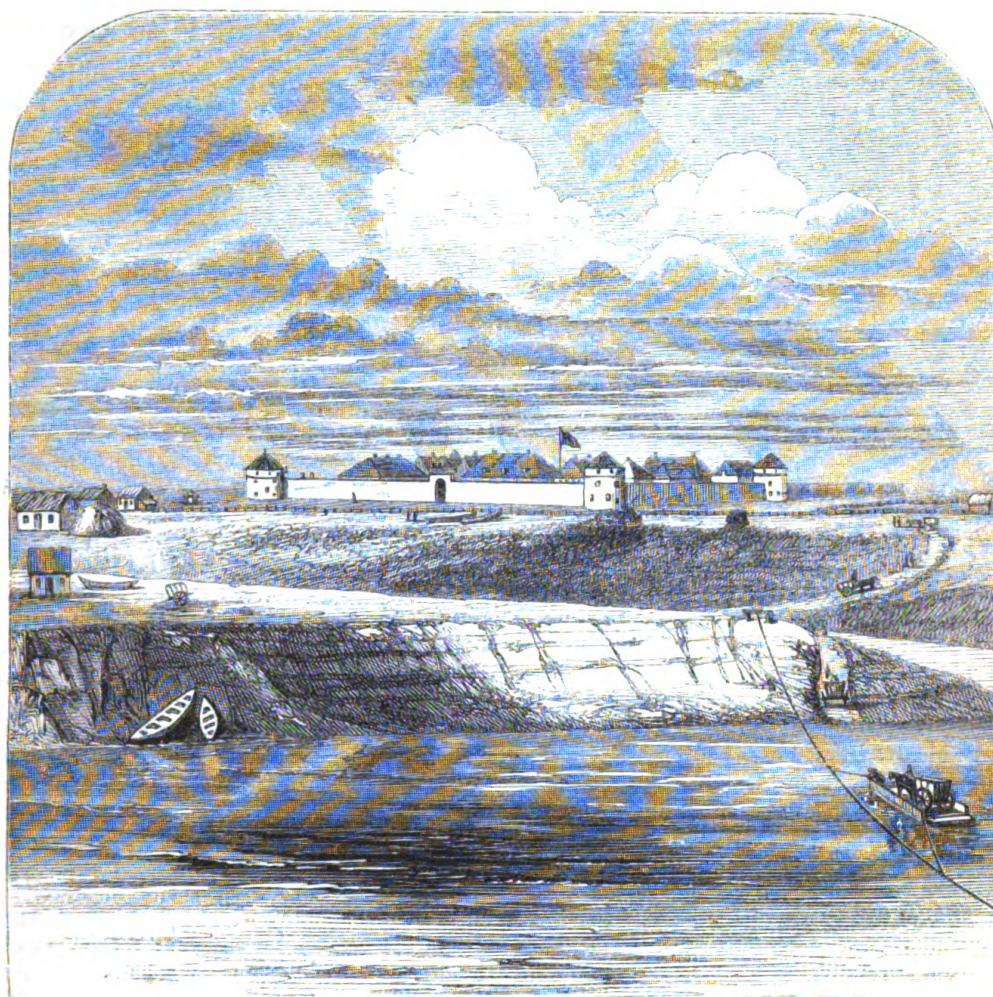
We were treated with great courtesy by the Governor during our stay in the settlement, and the innumerable questions which the current of conversation and recent events led us to ask, were responded to with an unflinching freedom and

sincerity. In some of the Canadian commissioners' reports the reticence and the misrepresentations of the Company's officers are dwelt upon, but in this quarter, at least—and it is the highest in the settlement—we found neither. Governor M'Tavish is a gentleman of Scotch birth or descent, as his name and appearance indicate. His figure is tall, and his head finely shaped, with a broad, high brow, which, without particularly jutting eyebrows, gives you the impression of mental calibre. The wrinkles upon his forehead and face are such as care, not age, accounts for, and are set-off by the Palmerston style of whisker and a heavy mustache, together with long sandy hair, in which the streaks of gray are only beginning to appear. His manners had the quiet, well-bred tone oftener found among Englishmen than others, and his voice is low from the same cause or from some bronchial affection. Energy, determination, and executive ability were the obvious characteristics of the man. What we had before learned of his culture and tastes was confirmed by the books which we saw lying on the table and book-cases.

At many of the posts of the Company the year's business is done up in a few weeks, and till the same season rolls around again there is an absence of all employment, and a closing out of all news, such as affords the common food of thought to most persons linked by daily or weekly newspapers to the rest of the world. Some of the Company's officers are wise enough to improve these long intervals of leisure, taking care to supply themselves with books, which do not perish with the single using. The Governor was long stationed at York Factory, where all the business of the year is crowded into the brief two months in which the ships of supply from England, and the boats from the interior posts with furs, arrived and departed, and there or elsewhere made himself a learned man.

In regard to the settlement of the northwestern





FORT GARRY.

areas, it may be well here to observe that, inasmuch as timber occurs mainly on the banks of rivers, their population will be greatly retarded or increased by the knowledge of the existence of other kinds of fuel at accessible points. We had been repeatedly informed by half-breeds of the existence of coal or lignite in strata in the banks of Mouse River and the Saskatchewan. Governor M'Tavish showed us pieces of lignite from that river—the first that we had seen—and confirmed the fact of its existence on the upper waters of Mouse River. He added, that it was used habitually during the winter at Fort Pitt; and a retired chief factor, whom we afterward visited, told us that at his former station, at the Carlton House, it had supplied their blacksmith's forge. The important bearing of this fact upon the future population of the northwestern country is apparent. There is considerable pine timber upon the great streams of this northern river system; and if trees were planted with pains by all new settlers, a sufficient supply for ordinary purposes might be kept up. But it is to be taken into the account, that in these high latitudes the winter season is of longer duration than in the equally fertile and likewise timber-

less prairie districts of our own Northwestern States. As the need shall arise these mines of coal will, therefore, be worked, and will supply the fuel of millions for a thousand years. Such difficulties as are now had in burning it will not be experienced when coal stoves supply the place of the open hearth.

I suppose that Norman W. Kittson is the man who has done as much as any one to break up their happy solitude. As long ago as 1844 he was guilty of forging the first link which connected the Mississippi and the Red River of the North. As always, trade was the occasion of the enterprise. His store, which was formerly at Pembina, on our side of the international line, tapped the rich fur trade, in which, north of the line, the Hudson's Bay Company had a monopoly, and perhaps he now and then purchased from hunters north of the line skins to balance those which the Company's men gathered south of it. Now the license of exclusive trade has expired, and Mr. Kittson is allowed an open rivalry in the settlement itself. His store stands on the east bank of the Red River, opposite the mouth of the Assiniboine. He and other enterprising traders, during the year 1857, sent through

St. Paul houses, for exportation below, more than \$120,000 worth of furs. Moreover, traders and private parties are sending money as well as furs to St. Paul, for supplies. Formerly they had to rely on the favor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and undergo the delay, and share the expense of the long trip of the ships from York Factory to England and back. Now the round trip can be made, by way of St. Paul and New York, in thirty to forty days, and in the year mentioned as much money's worth of money as of furs was left by these people in St. Paul—\$120,000.

A day or two after our visit to Fort Garry, Joseph and I hired two saddle-horses, for a trip to the lower stone fort, properly called Lower Fort Garry. We had crossed the river at this point before in a canoe, but the difficulty experienced in getting our horses over the two rivers—Red River and the Assiniboine—gave us a realizing sense of the nature of the ferry and ferryman, and new facts for generalization as to the character of the Red River half-breeds. I believe the person who leases the ferry-boat pays £20 a year for the privilege, and charges three-pence for a passage; but the ferry-boy, according to our observation, spends a portion of his time dodging the demands on his paddles and his patience. The bank of the river is of stratified clay, which in rainy weather is exceedingly slippery, and accumulates in tremendous quantities about the feet; and there is nothing to prevent horse, cart, or man from slipping from the top of the bank into the river, except a log or two where the boat lands. It has never entered into the mind of the owner of the ferry, I presume, to save himself the delay of carts in getting down the bank carefully, by building a plank walk with cleets from its top down to low-water mark. The ferry-boat is a flat boat twice as long as broad, and tackled to a cable which is stretched from shore to shore. The rope which connects the forward end of the boat with the cable being shortened, the side of the boat is swung around so that the current helps to shove it over. The same steep and muddy bank is at the west side of the river; also on the south side of the Assiniboine—the same lazy ferry over it, and the same unplanked bank on its north side. Moreover, there is no boat running straight across the Red River below the Assiniboine. To cross from the east side of the Red River to the side below the Assiniboine, where Fort Garry stands, one must needs cross both rivers in this tedious way, subject to the mercy of the mud if it rains, of the ferryman if he is lazy, and of the two rivers in any case. We were an hour and a half in getting to the fort with our horses, in spite of working our passage by hauling at the ropes. If things work as they will work, my opinion is that that ferryman will go to his grave haunted by visions of a planked bank down to the Styx, and Charon as a driving Yankee running a two-horse ferry-boat across the damned river; and it is not impossible that, on stormy nights, the good Doctor, who resides at the fort near at hand, may be waked from his virtuous slumbers by the shout

of some future bold captain calling on his men, through the wind and rain, to take a reef in the stove-pipe, or to whip up the nigh horse.

But we were over at last, and spurring our horses, galloped on down the river. A few sketches made on our return journey will give the reader an idea of the appearance of the views at two or three of the principal points between the two forts. But it must be left to his imagination to picture the immense fields of wheat which we found, some on the right of us going to the houses, which continuously skirt the river, and others to the left of us extended over the prairie almost as far as the eye could reach. As along the bank on the other side of the river, above Fort Garry, so on this side of the bank below it, the straight road led us through poplar forests and shrubbery, through which, at every bend of the river, we could catch glimpses of the fields of wheat, or barley, or potatoes, or oats—the neat white homes of the settlers rising at frequent intervals, surrounded by their well-thatched outbuildings, and hay or wheat stacks—these daily growing more numerous, for our journey was made in the very middle of harvest time, and part of it in the light of the harvest moon.

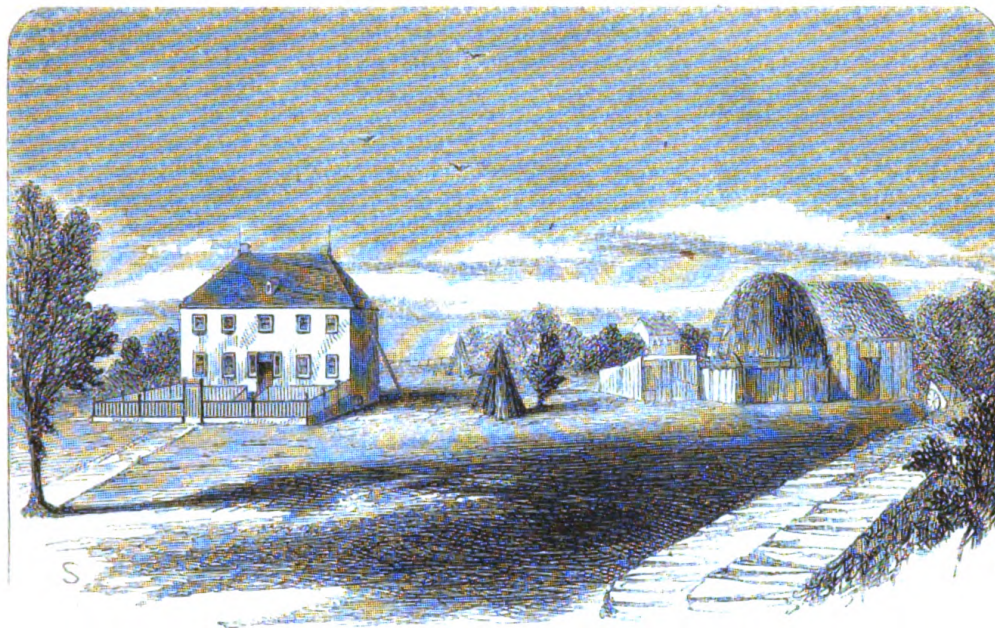
Often the dwelling of some retired Hudson's Bay Company officer might be seen on a commanding point, distinguished by its superior size and height from the buildings around it. Here numbers of the old factors or traders of the Company are contented to return and spend the rest of their days, among the scenes and under a jurisdiction familiar and agreeable to them, relying for news of the entire world upon their monthly files of the English newspapers; for supplies of the necessities of life upon the half-breed farmers and hunters around them, and of its luxuries upon their annual importations from England, or, in latter years, the States.

Spires of churches, and the long arms of wind-mills, broke the level lines of the pictures that greeted our eyes as the road led us on from open place to open place, through the poplars that surrounded it for a portion of the way. Wind-mills grind the wheat for all the settlers. There is one steam-mill, with two run of stones and a set of saws. It was not grinding or sawing when we passed; but in its shadow two men were laboriously dragging at either end of a heavy rip saw, though the circular was in perfect order. Whose fault this is I can not guess, but it is clear that in an American settlement the settlers would not suffer it to be any one's fault.

In like manner the road, which had been begun to be mended in several places, was left half finished, its last state worse than its first. In dry weather, however, it is as level as a floor. There is a bridle-path close on the banks of the river, but no road.

Our own horses we had left at Pembina, to get fat for the home journey, and the horses which we hired for this trip might have been buffalo runners in their day, but their days must have been in Lord Selkirk's time. It was dark before we had got half-way to the lower fort. We drew





RESIDENCE OF J. H. HARRIOTT, ESQ.

bridle, therefore, at the residence of Mr. J. H. Harriott, a retired chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, to whom we had letters, and whose residence was a mile nearer than the lower fort, where we had at first intended to pass the night.

A true gentleman of the old school—that we were within the walls of his house was sufficient reason why he should treat us like princes. Though, to tell the truth, we did not even have the honor of resembling princes *incognito*. One summer's journey on the prairies had reduced us almost to extremities in the matter of clothing. We wore borrowed "biled shirts," mine covered with a borrowed coat once and a half too large, and Joseph's covered with a coat, his own, so ragged that that had to be concealed by an overcoat just a little better. As for our trowsers, "the least said the soonest mended;" and they would have stood but little mending more. With hair uncut and beards untrimmed, sun-burned, and looking more like foot-pads than gentlemen, we had ventured upon this journey with a degree of confidence in the natural agreeableness of our countenances and amenity of our manners—that they would interpret us aright—such as, under better clothes, we should never have dared to indulge. As we rode along in the twilight, we had amused ourselves by assuming to be what we must have seemed—Dick Turpins, Jack Shepherds, patent-safe men—but before riding into Mr. Harriott's gate recovered our dignity as possible princes.

None of our suspicions seemed to have entered the minds of our host and hostess. While we remained under their roof—a period protracted at their own request—we were the recipients of a bountiful hospitality.

From numerous long and interesting conversations with our host, we obtained many partic-

ulars regarding the management and practical working of the Company's operations, and especially regarding the geography of the Saskatchewan district and the district lying between its waters and those of the Missouri and of the Rocky Mountains, from the Kootonais pass northward. In the various capacities of clerk, chief trader, and chief factor, Mr. Harriott had traveled over or resided in many places in this vast territory. Now establishing a trading-post at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; now in charge of the Carlton House or of Fort Pitt, on the head-waters of the Saskatchewan; and, again, leading parties, with a rich freight of furs, through a dangerous Indian country; and there, or elsewhere, having such hair-breadth escapes, and such exciting adventures, undergoing such risks, and hardships, and exposure, as would make one thrill to hear, though never to be heard from his lips except by solicitation, which added the charm of unconscious modesty to what was already sufficiently brave and admirable.

A view of Mr. Harriott's residence is given above, and may be taken as a type of the better class of dwellings in the Selkirk settlement. It is built of limestone, quarried from the native rock, and within and without was planned by its owner. One fact reveals some of the causes of the stagnation of things at Red River. Mr. H., when building his house, left in the spacious dining-room an arching alcove for a side-board, at the same time giving a cabinet-maker at the settlement an order to fill it. Several years have elapsed, but what with the cabinet-maker hunting, and farming, and doing nothing, Mr. H. has not yet seen even the wood of which his side-board is to be made.

A few well-selected books, house-plants in the windows, choice engravings on the wall, riding





LOWER FORT GARRY.

whips and guns in the hall, tobacco jar and pipes on the side-table, a melodeon and accordeon and music-box in the room which New Englanders call a parlor, tell the story of how the pleasant summer days and long winter nights are whiled away, and how a life of exposure and adventure and toil is rounded with rest and calm and domestic peace.

One pleasant afternoon our host ordered his carriage to the door and drove us to the "Stone Fort." The horses were a gay pair, and whirled their load down the graveled walk and over the bridge and along the road at a pace that needed a strong hand on the reins. The carryall was of a soberer sort, imported from England by way of Hudson's Bay and York Factory, and of a pattern not now in fashion here or there—low, heavy wheels, thick, substantial whiffle-trees, high dash-board, and a body like that of the carriages of well-to-do English squires half a century ago. We were soon at the fort. The view here given was taken from the south—the direction in which we came. The fort is built of solid limestone, as are many of the buildings inclosed, and is, perhaps, the most imposing of the Company's structures. It was erected at the advice of Sir George Simpson, but has never been of the use which was anticipated for it. Its capacious buildings serve mainly for the storage of furs and provisions, and the large crops which are gathered from the farm. A distillery near by, where the Company once undertook to manufacture their liquor, is no longer used for that purpose. When Assiniboa is made a colony, the fort may be bought for government offices.

One Sunday morning I had the pleasure of accompanying my host and his wife to the church of St. Andrews, of which Archdeacon Hunter is in charge. The church was well filled: the congregation a well-dressed one—not differing

greatly, I think, from one which might be seen in any country village in England, since it consisted, in the bulk, neither of French half-breeds, who are almost always Catholics, nor of Scotch, who worship at the kirk, but mainly of the English and their descendants: together with a few half-breeds here and there, Company's servants and officers, a retired chief trader and factor or two, and on the walls the tablet of one who had lately died.

The sketch below of the church edifice, in which Archdeacon Hunter officiates, may give a faint idea of its appearance and situation. It is, perhaps, the neatest building in Red River. Constructed of limestone, from the quarries near at hand, the stone has been dressed and piled with more regard to architectural rules than any other. A wall of the same kind of stone surrounds the church and the grave-yard in its rear. Its position upon the banks of the river is a very fine one. Standing upon its porch one may look up or down the river and see the neat homes and farms of the settlers, while its tasty outlines form a prominent object in the landscape to those gazing upon it from either direction.

Dining with Thomas Sinclair, a gentleman long resident at Red River, I learned that the *Anson Northup* was not the first boat, though doubtless the first steamboat on the Red River of the North. In the back-ground of the sketch of Bishop Anderson's church, there is to be seen the roof of a steam mill—the only one on Red River. The machinery of this mill, which grinds wheat and saws logs indiscriminately. Mr. Sinclair was commissioned to transport from St. Paul to Fort Garry. The perils of the land transit may be faintly appreciated by one who has read of what we suffered in our less difficult undertaking. Probably it would have

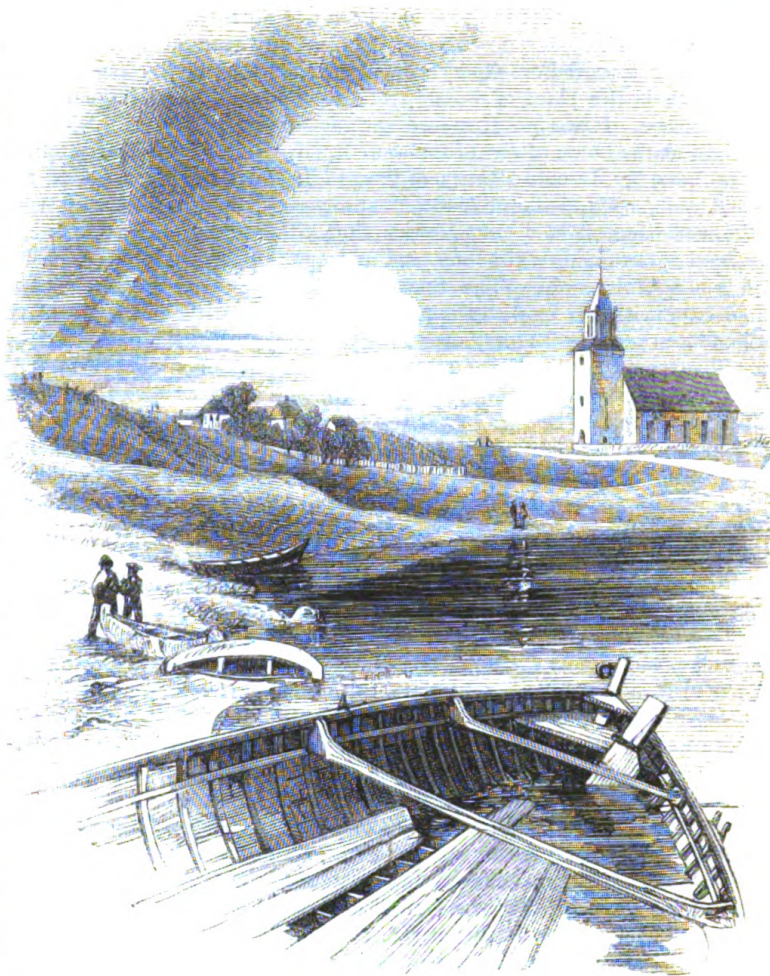


been still more difficult to carry such heavy loads by the plains. This he did not attempt to do, but camped at Graham's Point, two miles above Fort Abercrombie, and there made a rude boat or batteau. Noah's ark could not have served its maker's purpose better. Mr. Sinclair's boat was 55 feet long, and 13 feet wide. Unlike Noah, Mr. Sinclair had no oakum, pitch, or tar wherewith to calk the seams. This seemed to balk his hopes, but the difficulty was overcome by using basswood and grooving the planks. They were so green and damp that water ran ahead of the planer. But not a drop ran into the boat when they were put together, and the cargo—all the machinery of an engine twenty-horse power, was landed at the settlement in safety. Unless the name of the Indian who first dipped a paddle there can be ascertained let this pass as the first navigation of Red River.

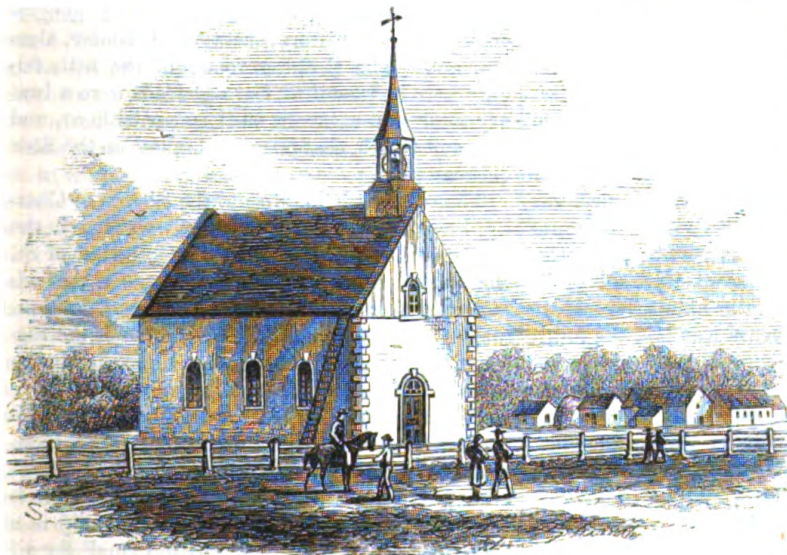
James Sinclair, the brother of the gentleman just mentioned, has been likely to lose something

of his proper fame. It is claimed, apparently on good authority, that he first discovered the pass through the Rocky Mountains, now named after Captain Palissier, and went through it

three several times; first, in 1841 with two families of emigrants; second, in 1848 with seven men going to California; and in 1854 with his own family, and a number of cattle, his intention being to start a stock farm in Oregon. In one of his journeys, perhaps the last, the party which he led were compelled to leave their carts by the roadside on this side of the mountains, and pack their stuff through. These carts were seen by some of Captain Palissier's men, and indeed used



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.



THE KIRK.

to boil their tea with, and must have signified to one who saw them that the pass had been discovered and used.

Returning toward Fort Garry we passed the kirk, which is the place of worship of the old Scotch settlers. It was our good fortune to spend the night at the house of one of the most intelligent of these, Mr. Donald Murray, of Frog Plain. He had been personally familiar with the progress of the settlement from Lord Selkirk's time till now, and entertained us till long past midnight with his reminiscences. The Scotch settlers, who occupy with the English the portion of the settlement around Fort Garry, are mostly farmers. They may send hunters to the plains or pay for their outfit, but themselves rarely go, except for pleasure. They are by far the most sober and industrious class of the community, and have been the salt which has saved it till now. They abide in the old ways. The majority of the English residents at the settlement, together with many of the more intelligent half-breeds, worship in the church of which a sketch has been given above (Archdeacon Hunter's), or in that under the care of Bishop Anderson, given below. The bishop was absent from the settlement during our visit, and we did not have the pleasure of seeing or hearing him. The half-breeds and natives are for the most part Catholics, and their religious services are held in the large cathedral of St. Boniface, opposite Fort Garry. The Right Reverend the Bishop of St. Boniface, in the colony of Assiniboia, gave us extremely interesting accounts of the religious and educational establishments in his diocese. Bishop Tache has himself been in the country for fifteen years, and no unprejudiced observer can fail to see the fruits of his industry and pious zeal. His diocese is immense, and the care of the missions in the interior country where it extends, which are altogether heathen missions, is no small part of his self-denying and laborious work. Besides this, there is under his charge, and constituting the more engrossing division of his labor, the ministration and aid afforded to the Catholic population of Red River and neighborhood. A Canadian like themselves, their brother, therefore, and their friend, no outward circumstances restrict the influence which his character and high office enable him to exercise.

There are four parishes in Red River—St. Boniface, St. Norbert, St. Francis Xavier, St. Charles. St. Boniface includes within its limits the central and most populous part of the settlement. Mgr. J. N. Provencher was its first bishop, having landed at Fort Douglas about the middle of July, 1818. In two years was laid the foundation of the first religious edifice—a wooden chapel. The Church of St. Boniface, Bishop Tache's cathedral, now replaces it.

It is, perhaps, the finest, certainly the most imposing building in the settlement. It is 100 feet in length, 45 in breadth, and 40 in height, not reckoning the spire. In its two tinned and airy towers is a fine and well-matched peal of three bells, weighing upward of 1600 pounds.

In the rear of the cathedral, with a lower roof, is the dwelling of the bishop. He escorted us, by a rear entrance, through his house into the cathedral, on the occasion of our first visit to him, and a more striking surprise could not have been prepared for us. We came out by a door at the side of the altar, and there suddenly beheld pillared aisles, frescoed roof, and all the gorgeous paraphernalia with which the Mother Church solicits and attracts her communicants. To a nice taste the effect might have seemed a little gaudy, but when we learned that the Sisters of Charity and some of the Brothers had accomplished these decorations without aid or pattern, the offense passed; for piety takes rank above taste, or else what excuse have we for the bare walls, the stingy paint, to say nothing of the beggarly pinched ceremonial in some abodes of our enlightened Protestant worship? Indeed, of a Sunday or a fête day, when the church is thronged; when, after a successful hunt and safe return, the half-breeds gather to the cathedral in all their fanciful variety of dress, their brilliant sashes, and blue or white capotes; the dress of the women, too, not less brilliantly catching the eye, there is a sense of harmony gratified by this likeness and general prevalence of striking colors, which would never be elicited by the same throngs in a country meeting-house in New England. A tablet in the wall commemorates the piety and labors of the earliest bishop.

Bishop Tache's house is large, and he shared it, as well as his private residence, with his clergy, the Brothers of his schools, and some orphans. Formerly the boys' school of the Brothers of the Christian doctrine was kept in the bishop's house, but for a year or two now they have had possession of the building erected for them a few hundred feet north of the cathedral—seen in the sketch above. It was here that little Joe Rolette was schooled, and as the tuition is very low, and in some cases a gift, the school is well filled. The scholars are examined semi-annually, and we heard the most creditable reports of their proficiency in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, sacred and secular, algebra, etc. The sleeping rooms of the little fellows were bedsteadless, but bedsteads were a luxury their parents were used to go without, and they enjoy their neat piles of blankets on the floor quite as well.

The convent belonging to the Sisters of Charity, known in Canada as the Gray Nuns, is in the foreground of the sketch of the Cathedral of St. Boniface. It is to the south of the cathedral, separated from it by a well-cultivated garden, through which, when we passed, some of the Sisters were at work, assisting and directing the labors of half a score of boys.

We were indebted to Bishop Tache for an introduction to the lady superior of the convent, and to her kindness for the opportunity of examining all parts of it. From garret to cellar it was full of interest. The building itself is a very spacious one, though still too small for all its uses. A large chapel was being erected dur-



ing the summer of our visit, and as the settlement grows other additions will be necessary. The amount of work done and of good accomplished by Sister Valade and the Gray Nuns under her direction is something remarkable. The current expenses of the convent are defrayed entirely by the proceeds of the labors of the nuns. In the garret of the convent we were shown the spinning-wheels with which they spin the material for their plain gray gowns, woven also by their own hand. Their fine garden, too, they till. The more accomplished among them give their leisure to fine embroideries and rich needlework, sold to visitors, or sent to Canada for sale. They board twenty or thirty girls, and, for compensation, give them an education beyond that of most district schools in the United States. The languages used are English and French, and the subjects principally taught are reading, spelling, the catechism, grammar, sacred history, arithmetic, geography, English history, Canadian history, ancient mythology, vocal music, and the piano-forte, as well as the doctrines and practices of the Catholic religion. Besides keeping a day-school for all the little girls of the parish desirous of instruction, they maintain and educate in a separate apartment fifteen or twenty poor orphan girls, without charge to any one except themselves. Nor is this the sum of their labors; they minister to the sick or afflicted of the parish unweariedly, and by their example of charity, industry, and economy, have wrought a perceptible change in the character of that class of the population over whom their care extends.

The neatness and order of the convent was apparent in every part. The uncarpeted floors were not waxed, but not an atom of dust lingered upon them. The kitchen was as neat as a New England housewife's after the morning's work is done, and when the sun lies on the floor and lights up the polished tins. Even the garret, where every thing was stowed, was in an orderly litter.

The lady superior conversed with us only in French, undefined by the Canadian *patois*; but one of the nuns, whom no visitor several years ago to the Montreal convent has forgotten, and whose beauty nor the attraction of the world has turned aside from her life of self-denial and hidden labor, conversed with us in English, and left us without information on no point that we desired to know. After a general conversation in the large reception-room of the convent, hung with portraits of the bishops and of saints, and decorated with specimens of the handiwork of the nuns, and having also in one of its corners a sewing-machine of Wheeler and Wilson's patent, this beautiful nun conducted us to the music-room, and there entertained us with polkas, redowas, and marches, played by the more accomplished of the pupils. Strange sounds these; to us, flashes of the world, forsaken for months in the midst of its hurry and gayety, its life of cities and operas and art and trade and parades, its pomp and wealth and show;—to these Gray Nuns, dull gleams, perhaps, of an outer world,

resigned and forsaken for all the years of their lives.

In other rooms we listened to recitations, singing of the older and younger ones, heard the quick, bright answers of little half-breeds, recognizing the painted block letters which hold the knowledge and wisdom of the world; saw them march about the room in lock step, hymning nursery rhymes; listened to the story of one poor Indian girl left by her savage parents on the prairie to starve and die, a rope tied about her, cutting into her tender flesh and wearing away her life, but saved in her last hours for a longer and better life here; saw and heard other things of like tenor and character, too numerous to mention in these crowded pages, and left the convent with the benediction of the nuns. We, Christians of another name, were thankful that, although on another continent, he whom they called father we called Antichrist, here, at least, charity and the good works of a Christianity inspired elsewhere than at Rome, and at sources long forsaken by the successors of St. Peter, were making their secure and noiseless way.

In the parishes of St. Norbert, St. Francis Xavier, and St. Charles, there are also schools for boys and girls, under the charge of the pastor and the Sisters of Charity; in the first 31 boys and 29 girls, and in the second 13 boys and 26 girls. The population ministered to in St. Boniface parish is 1400; in the other three, the first two having each a chapel, a little more than 2000. At the extremity of Lake Manitoba there is still another chapel, for the convenience of thirty or forty families.

Let it be remembered that here there is no law and no general provision for education; that the houses for the most part are sparse, that the parents are careless and indifferent, and that, though the charge for education is but ten shillings a year, scarcely one child in ten pays for his schooling, while to insist on payment would drive two-thirds away.

There are seventeen schools in the settlement, generally under the supervision of the ministers of the denomination to which they belong. The parochial school of Archdeacon Hunter, under the charge of a gentleman from Dublin; Mr. Gunn's commercial boarding-school, whose scholars are, the most of them, the children of Presbyterians; the Rev. Messrs. Black, Taylor, and Chapman's schools; and three minor schools, under the supervision of the Episcopal ministers in different parishes besides those above mentioned, are the most important of them.

The Indian church, at the lower end of the settlement, is one of the peculiar features of Red River. It is mostly attended by Ojibbeway Indians, whose behavior is attentive and decorous. The singing, in which the soft, low voices of the Indian women join, led by a melodeon played by the wife of the minister, is very sweet. The prayers were read in English, the lessons in Ojibbeway, and the sermon in Cree.

Mr. Cowley, the minister, is not only a mis-



BISHOP ANDERSON'S CHURCH.

sionary, but also physician, judge, arbitrator, and adviser of the Indians. When the Indians require his services as doctor during the night, they quietly enter the parsonage door, which is never locked, make their way in the darkest night to the well-known stove-pipe leading from the sitting-room into his bedroom above, give two or three low Indian taps, and quietly await the result.

No one would doubt the value of these missions among the Indians who could see the contrast between those who have become Christianized and others who have not. Mr. Dawson tells of disgusting dog feasts and medicine dances held by prairie tribes on a Sunday, while he was there, within a mile and a half of their Christian altars. The next Sunday after leaving the settlement we spent at Pembina, and there witnessed a begging dance, and heard a begging oration from an Indian orator. Not so disgusting, to be sure, as a dog feast, but still sufficiently in contrast with the Sabbath rest which we had enjoyed the week before.

The population in Mr. Cowley's mission consists of about 500 baptized Indians and 203 heathen.

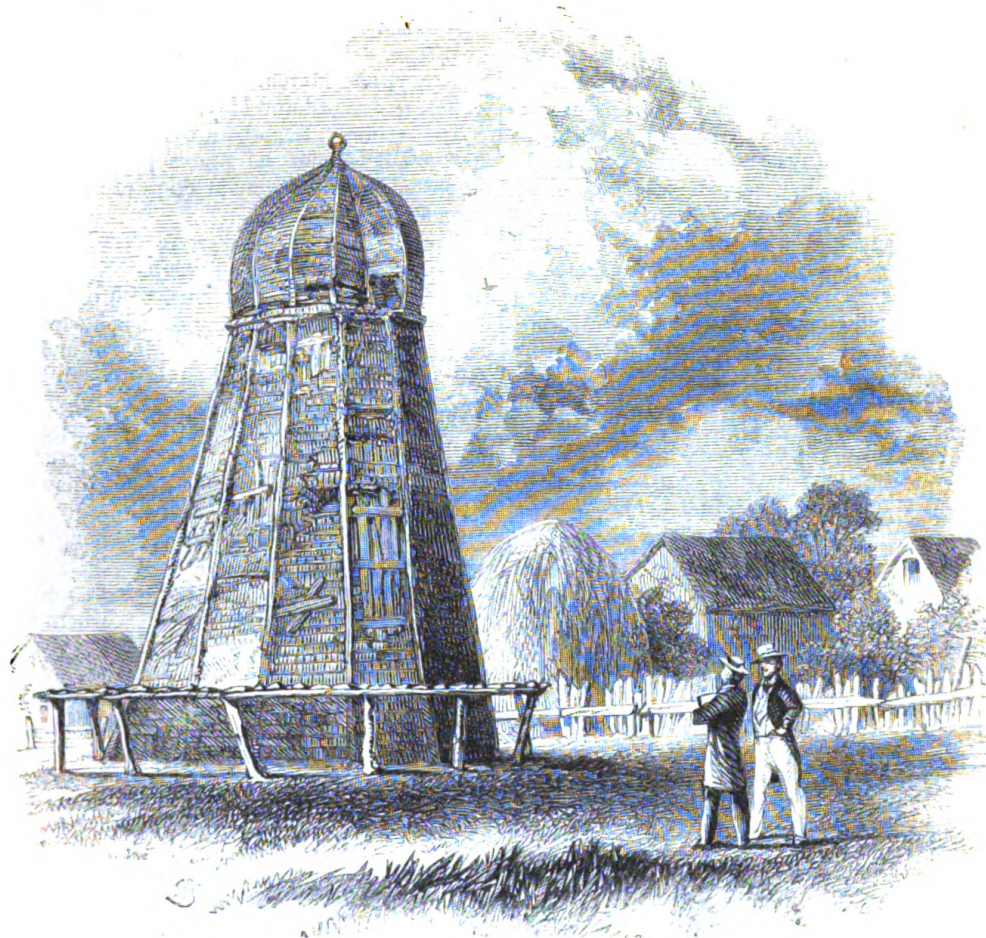
The relative proportion of these several classes is fairly shown in the census list of 1856, where the families are numbered as follows, according to their origin :

Rupert's Land, half-breeds and natives . . . . .	816
Scotland . . . . .	116
Canada . . . . .	92
England . . . . .	40
Ireland . . . . .	13
Switzerland . . . . .	2
Norway . . . . .	1

The total population of the settlements on the Red River and the Assiniboine, in that year, amounted to 6523. Including those of Pembina, St. Joseph, and vicinity, and making allowance for the natural increase since the census was taken, it is probable that the number now reaches nearly 8000. There is a very distinct and well-preserved difference in faith between the population of the different parishes into which the settlements are divided. Some are almost exclusively Protestant; others equally Roman Catholic. In the last ten years there has been a considerable emigration of young men to the States and Canada; so that while in 1849 there were 137 more males than females in the settlement, there were in 1856 seventy-three more females than males.

The census roll of Red River has one curious blank in its pages. It has no enumeration of trades and occupations. Almost every man is his own carpenter, house-builder, wheel-wright, blacksmith, and all are either small farmers or hunters. Rock, suitable for grindstones, lies almost under their feet, but they for years have used those imported by the Hudson's Bay Company. Their pottery, too, is imported. There are about sixteen wind-mills, and half as many water-mills. The only steam (saw and grist) mill in the valley, which, as before said, stood idle while a rip-saw was dragged through heavy timbers under its very eaves, was burned down last June, the loss amounting to £1600; so ending another enterprise, with a fatality which seems to have been common wherever the peo-





OLD MILL (ONCE IN FORT DOUGLAS).

ple of the settlement have attempted to overcome the general stagnation. A model farm was once attempted there to show the native farmers what science applied to agriculture could accomplish. Mismanagement produced a miserable failure. The exploits of a Buffalo Wool Company are only remembered to be pitied; the sheep and tallow schemes, and the agricultural associations attempted, have likewise fallen through; and a fulling-mill completes the cast of abortive enterprises. Another steam-mill, however, will soon replace the old one.

The supplies of the Red River people were formerly imported for them through Hudson's Bay, at high charges, by the Company; but with the growth of our Western settlements, which are extended almost to northernmost Minnesota, they have been able to obtain them directly from the United States, which they visited in huge caravans, or through the traders who themselves visit St. Paul. The principal American traders are Norman W. Kittson, who has done more than any one else to open the trade, and J. W. Burbank and Co., now the proprietors in part of the *Anson Northup*.

These facts, and the immense extent of frontier not easily governed by custom-house regulations, will account for the large number of

merchant shops (fifty-six) enumerated in the last census.

Mr. Kittson's store, which has a fine position near the cathedral, and opposite Fort Garry, is very like other Yankee country stores; but in those of the minor or native traders the object seems to be to conceal rather than display their goods.

Besides the merchants, there is another class, called freighters, who row the heavy Mackinaw boats, and haul them and their loads over the portages between York Factory and Red River. There were fifty-five of these boats enumerated in the last census; on the next they will have become much diminished, from the change in the route of importation, although in the supplying of the northwestern districts some will be as indispensable as ever. The employment of Indians by the freighters was a matter of special prohibition only a few years ago, as introducing a kind of industry not compatible with hunting, and likely to direct attention from the fur trade. The shrewd reader may here see some clew to many mysterious facts in the condition of the Red River settlement, and of the Indian missions here and elsewhere in Rupert's Land.

The tenure of land in Assiniboia is singular. It is sometimes sold to purchasers at 7s. 6d. ster-



ling per acre, the title being conveyed under the form of a lease for 999 years. There are half a dozen conditions in the lease saving the interests, and profits, and control of the Company, which has been generally enforced. The condition that one-tenth of the land should be brought under cultivation in five years is observed or not, as may happen. In very many instances among the half-breed settlers, they did not know the number of their lots, the ground of their tenure, and had no document from the Company or any other authority. Some had paid, some had received land for services, some had squatted and were never disturbed, others had received it as a present from Sir George Simpson; and now, beyond the limits of the settlement on the river, no new squatter has any thing to pay.

The northward deflection of isothermals as you pass west of the great lakes, and toward the west coast of the continent, is a fact well known. Red River nobody supposes to be as cold as Labrador. It finds its parallel in the climates of the interior districts of Northern Europe and Asia. The summer temperature is high; the winter cold and severe. There is a plenty of rain in the summer months, a general absence of late spring and early autumn frosts. Professor Hind found, in 1855-'56, the summer of Red River four degrees warmer than that of Toronto, with 21.74 inches of rain in favor of Red River.

The natural division of the seasons for the climate of Red River is as follows:

*Summer.*—June, July, and August.

*Autumn.*—September and October.

*Winter.*—November, December, January, February, and March.

*Spring.*—April and May.

The summer temperature and the absence of frosts determine its fitness for agricultural purposes, and the splendid crops are the proof thereof.

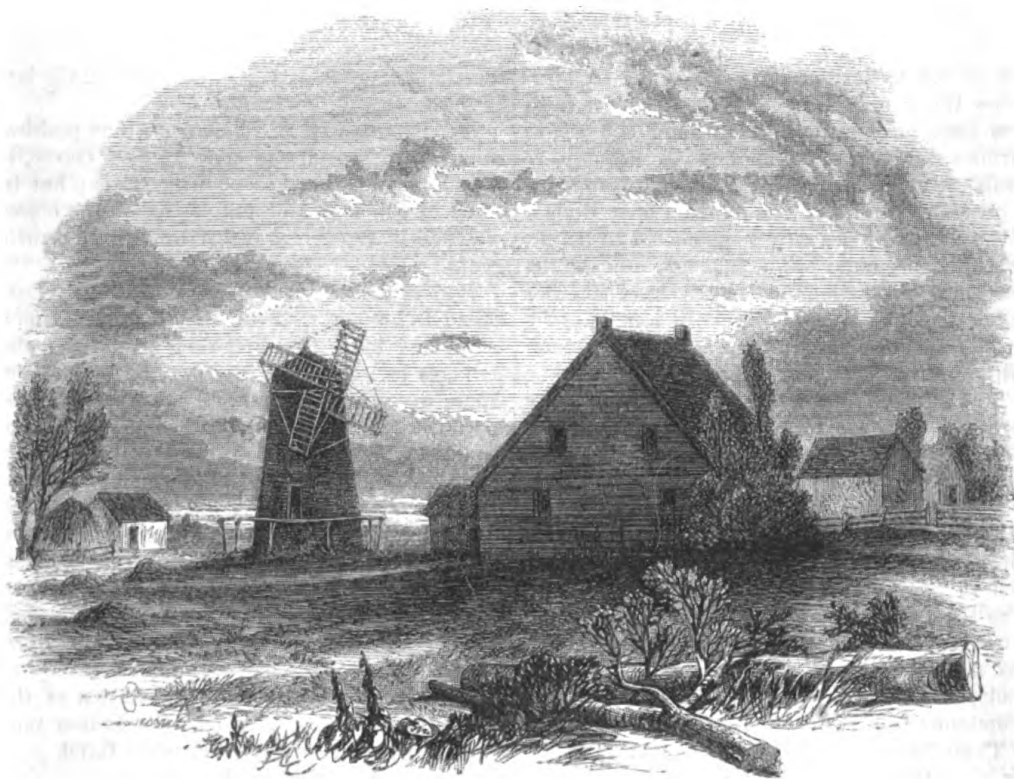
The clear, dry atmosphere renders innocuous the very cold weather of winter. The half-breeds camp out on the plains, with only a few blankets and robes. Indian corn is a sure crop on the dry points of the Assiniboine and Red River, the horse-teeth and Mandan corn being the kinds most cultivated.

Wheat is the staple crop in the settlement. Forty bushels to the acre is a common return on new land, and in some cases the yield has been between fifty and sixty bushels. The grasshoppers, which have several times eaten up every green thing, are its only enemies.

Of hay the quantity is unlimited, and the quality excellent. Hops grow every where wild, and with the greatest luxuriance. Pease grow wild, and the yield is large. Potatoes are surpassed in size and quality by none that we are accustomed to find in Washington Market.

All kinds of root-crops grow well, and attain large dimensions; and all the garden vegetables which grow well in Canada and Northern New York flourish better in Assiniboine.

Flax, hemp, and tobacco are cultivated to some extent, the want of a market alone pre-



VIEW NEAR FORT GARRY.





OTTER TAIL TO CROW WING.

venting the first two from becoming most valuable exports.

Melons are cultivated in some of the gardens of the settlement with wonderful success; and the kitchen gardens of the Royal Canadian Rifles at Fort Garry, and of the Sisters of Charity over the river, would deserve prizes at an Illinois State Fair.

The limitless prairies environing the settlement are fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers; and in the thickets and long grass are strawberries, raspberries, sakatome berries, gooseberries, and prunes.

After remaining a week or more in the settlement, the changing of the weather, which was now beginning to have something of the chilliness of autumn, and the departure of the last trains of the half-breeds, made us think more intently of returning. One mild September afternoon, therefore, having first crossed the Stygian ferry, whereof the Charon is no Yankee, and bade adieu to friends at the fort, and to the bishop, and to Kittson and Cavalier, border-settlers who have begun to save the province from itself, and have also rescued Joe Rolette from his enemies, we remanded ourselves to the life

which we had left, and them all to their annual hibernation. We reached John Dace's by nightfall, and, the house being full, spread our blankets on the floor of his keeping-room, and slept till morning. The next day Joseph and I bestrode our horses, turned their heads southward, and with a smart gallop soon left the last house of the settlement hidden behind the billowy prairie grass, as the rounding waves hide the ships at sea. Before its chimney-pot had gone down, however, Joseph turned on the river bank, rose in his stirrups, and apostrophized the settlement in a manner which, as I stood and listened, brought tears to my eyes and a handkerchief to my nose. If the thermometer had been farther from 32° Fahrenheit not even the orator would have suspected the sincerity of my emotion. That day we traveled fifty-four miles, reaching Pembina after dark, exhausted, and feeling as if bifurcation had attained its maximum. The next day Joe Rolette came; he, too, certain, for twenty-four hours after dismounting, that the earth had ceased to rotate, but performed its journey around the sun with hard trotting on a macadamized orbit.

At Pembina we made our final preparations

for a solitary journey across the country to Crow Wing, on one of the upper tributaries of the Mississippi, bearing the same name. The Pembina postmaster—for even here the American Briareus extends one of his finger tips, and sorts the mails—concluded to accompany us, and by waiting for him benevolently a day, we were rewarded by a month's later mails, which came just in time not to be too late, with letters from home and friends, and news of the world without, whose attractive force, in spite of Kepler and Faraday, was in the ratio of the square of the distance.

One busy Monday morning, on the 19th of September, after a rainy Sunday, we ferried ourselves over the Red River of the North, swimming the horses, dragged our cart up its steep and muddy bank, and soon left the waters gleaming red in every wave under the bright sunshine, as it swept on to the frozen seas, far behind us.

The cart was light, the horses pretty well rested, and the law of the inverse ratio began to operate, so that a dog-trot became even Dan Rice's habitual gait. Twenty-five miles were put behind us the first day, and we came to camp by twilight on the wooded banks of a beautiful river. Rounding its curve we came in sight of a camp-fire, around which were huddled three Red Lake Indians—a father and his two sons. We fraternized directly, amazing them with a prodigal gift of tea, and saved the trouble of cooking our supper by being invited to share their huge kettle of boiled ducks. As far as we could learn they had supped twice already, but this did not prevent them from eating a third time. The old man, in the abundance of his hospitality, even tore strips from the sheet of white bark, which was all their shelter from the wind, to make torches for us, twisting the strip into a roll, impaling it diagonally on a stick thrust in the ground, and lighting its upper end. The engorgement of the red-skins convinced us of their honesty for the night, and we all slept with both eyes shut; and when we waked in the morning and found two of our four horses gone, we accused only the quadrupeds of theft. We scoured the woods and the prairies in vain, and finally set the Indians on the hunt, ourselves watching by the camp. The red leaves of autumn, like flakes of blood, drifted down from the branches of the trees, and floated away on the surface of the stream. The soft whirr of the wings of ducks alighting or flying was a foil to the solemn stillness in which the ungathered harvests fell before the silent sickle of the wind, and the pomp and summer glory of the year made ready for its winter shroud.

Before night one of the horses had been found, and the next afternoon an Indian messenger returned with another from Pembina in lieu of the one lost. We loaded our carts and traveled on for a few miles, camping beside a huge marsh. Two or three hours before daylight the postmaster awoke by chance, and aroused us with the cry of "Prairie on fire!" At the west of us

the whole sky was lit up with lurid fire. Great surging billows of smoke swelled up against the black, starless sky, their under sides reddened all over with the reflection from the flames below. The wind was blowing almost directly upon us, and we could feel the gusts of hot wind every moment alternating with the cool night breeze. It was easy to see that the fire was gaining upon us rapidly. While we stood gazing the swift flames had come so fast and far that we could already see their fiery tips flickering above the green grass, a long advancing line stretching far away to the northward. Every moment the devouring lips came nearer, and lifted themselves higher, and the huge molten billows swept on toward us in vast volume and solid phalanx, as if to engulf us and plunge us in the conflagration below. There was no time to be lost. We found the horses, that were all standing fascinated by the glare, and beginning to tremble with excitement and fright, harnessed and saddled them, turned their heads to the south, obliquely away from the direction of the wind, and at the end of an hour's fast riding were past the limit of its southernmost line.

Red Lake River is the largest of the tributaries of Red River, excepting only the Assiniboine. Indeed it bears the same relation to the Red River above its mouth as the Missouri to the Upper Mississippi. It is itself the main stream. We came to its banks one afternoon, at the spot figured in the sketch below, dined, and then attempted the passage. The water was high, and the river wide. By wading it on horseback we soon found the easiest spot to cross. It was necessary to enter the stream from a projecting spit of land, make head against its current for a few rods, then turn where the deep channel was narrowest, wade through it, and keep on a long, shallow bar to the opposite shore. The force of the current in the deepest part was more than any but a strong man could stand against, and even over the shallow bar, to wade, was like forcing one's legs through dry sand.

We emptied the cart, laid bars on the top, piled our goods and chattels upon them, weighting the upper side so that the current might not tip the cart over, and, one of us standing upon the same side, with Dan Rice harnessed between the shafts, we entered the water. With coaxing and thrashing and shoving, Dan was induced to pull the cart up stream as far as the turning point, where we were to cross the deep channel. Feeling the force of the water against his legs, sideways, here, and anxious probably for his equine equilibrium, not another step would he budge, though we besought, and pulled, and solicited, and shoved, and thrashed, and dragged him, as we three best could, on horseback or up to armpit in the cold water. It was of no use; Dan could not or would not go on: there was nothing left, therefore, but to drive him back, and try one of the other horses. But return was as bad as to go o'er. The obstinate brute would move in no direction, and for aught we could see seemed willing to stand in his tracks till the





FORDING RED LAKE RIVER.

waters had washed him, piecemeal, from off the face of the earth. We all then jumped into the water, unharnessed the balky wretch, backed the cart down the stream to the shore, and led Dan out. The other horses failed from sheer weakness. Each did his best, but got no further than Dan had tried to go. Indeed a little black horse came nearer drowning than swimming. The current knocked out his legs from under him, and had not Joseph lifted his nose above water by jumping on the hinder end of the cart, we should have had four legs the less to get home with.

The afternoon was already more than half gone; the horses too tired to be ridden back and forth through the water any longer with safety; and Joseph, not in good health, had already ex-

ceeded prudence; so it only remained for the postmaster and myself to shoulder our bags and boxes and ferry them over bipedally. Superfluities had no chance of transportation—that terrible strain upon the muscles could be endured only for what was necessary to take us to civilization again, so that it was only for guns, pemmican, blankets, and frying-pans, and not at all for dressing-cases, steel-pen coats, and French mirrors that we terebrated the stony bottom of the river with our great toes and blistered the soles of our feet. Last of all we took the cart to pieces, and with a long rope, of which we both had hold, floated over successively the box and wheels. One feather's-weight more must have swept us down the river.





OTTER TAIL CITY.

In two or three days more of rapid travel, crossing Sand Hill, Rice, and Buffalo rivers, we reached the Leaf Mountains, seen at the north of us when we were near Osakis Lake, left two more of our horses exhausted on the way; and at the end of another day's journey came to Detroit Lake, a fine sheet of water, skirted by a noble forest. The trail led us for twelve miles through its delightful shade. We loaded our cart with pigeons and partridges, shot *en passant*, discarding here the last of our pemmican, and the next noon dined at Otter Tail City, the whole of which is seen in the cut above. Six miles further on we came to Leaf City (houses one, population one), slept within four walls, rested a day while the rain poured, and on the 1st day of October, through sloughs innumerable and fathomless, came to the Crow Wing crossing—a rope ferry over the river of the name—from which there was continuous water, not to Arctic, but to Tropic seas and the Atlantic.

One more day's journey brought us to the "Agency," where two or three thousand Chipewya Indians were assembled to receive their annual payment; and to Crow Wing, a thriving village on the Mississippi, just below the junction of the Crow Wing River, whence stages, steamboats, and railway cars, soon carried us to our respective homes.

I have just space to append a few statistical items: Four years ago the Red River Settlement contained

Houses.....	922	Churches.....	9
Stables.....	1232	Shops, stores, etc.....	56
Barns.....	399	Schools.....	17

—making 2635 buildings in all.

The live stock is as follows:

Horses.....	1503	Cows.....	3593
Mares.....	1296	Calves.....	2644
Oxen.....	2726	Pigs.....	4674
Bulls.....	290	Sheep.....	2429

Of these there were lost, during the winter of 1855-'56, 16 horses, 3 mares, 21 oxen, 16 cows, 43 sheep, 57 calves, 28 pigs.

The implements of the settlers curiously indicate their habits:

Plows.....	585	Canoes.....	522
Harrows.....	730	Boats.....	55
Carts.....	2075		

There are nearly 16,000 acres of land under cultivation.

The machinery in use in the settlement is very little, and mostly turned by natural forces.

Wind-mills.....	16	Carding-mills.....	1
Water-mills.....	9	Thrashing-mills.....	8
Winnowing-machines....	6	Reaping-machines.....	2

The average value of dwellings, linstock, implements, and machinery, is reckoned as follows:

Dwellings.....	£49,260
Linstock.....	52,401
Implements.....	5998
Machinery.....	3377
Total.....	£111,036

The grand total value of all that is above the soil of Red River then remaining at a little over half a million dollars, exclusive of the Company's forts and provisions.



Original from  
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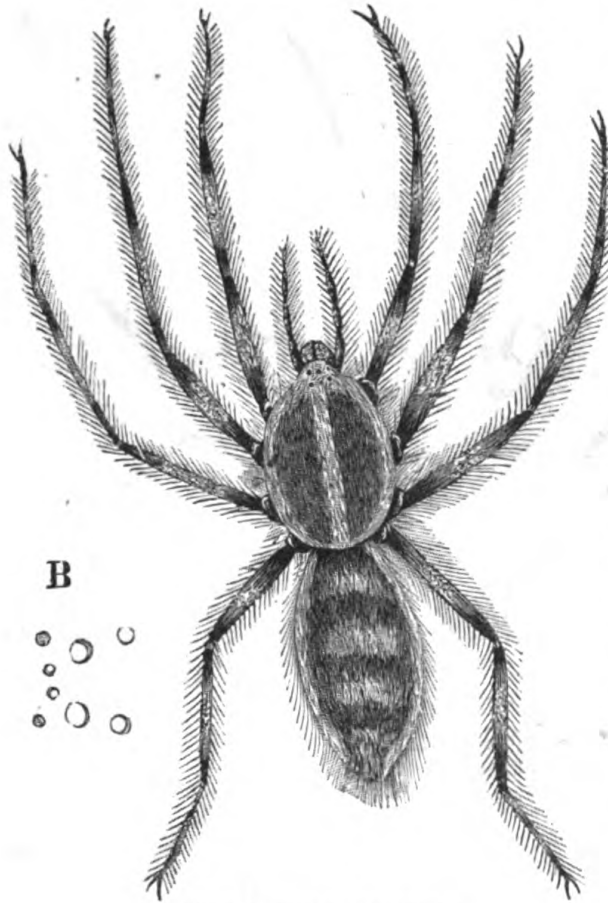


FIGURE 1.—LYCOSA GYROPHORA.  
B. The Eyes.

### MORE ABOUT SPIDERS.

"It was no snake, I verily believe,  
But a sly *spider* that seduc'd poor Eve."

**I**T would be a great mistake to suppose this order (*Arachnida*) can be exhausted in a few Magazine articles. Volumes could not contain

all that may be said of them: the varieties, the changes, the habits, the manœuvres; the marvelous instinct, the philosophical subjection to circumstances; the eagerness with which life is enjoyed when they are free; and the resignation, content, and patience with which it is borne when in a state of captivity; the maternal affection, the devotion to their young; the industry, the ingenuity, the combination, the tact. The exhibitions of *almost* reflecting powers approximate this division of Natural History to that of our humanity in a degree most startling, most overwhelming, to a close observer of their habits and modes of existence.

I propose in this paper to present some illustrations of their nests, a few warlike incidents, and some remarks concerning the mysteries of their organization, which will place the reader on the threshold of a kingdom, into which, if he have patience and courage to advance, will open never-ending subjects of study, and produce most convincing proofs of Divine instruction given to all creatures. There are most marvelous exhibitions of instinct; of the combining of purposes to produce certain results which would cover a man, unless he were a Christian believer, with dismay and terror. There is no room here for a single thought save that of the majesty of a Creator; for even in the falling of the spider's thread

must be seen the finger that directs and the hand that guides.

The bee builds now as she did thousands of years ago in Paradise. The ant excavates her subterranean city or builds her mounds of clay as she did when the world was young. The

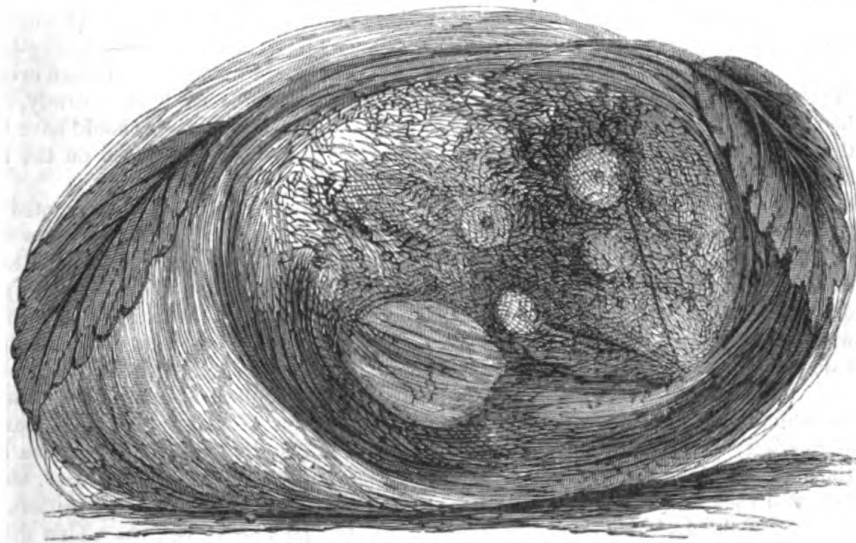


FIGURE 2.—NEST OF LYCOSA.



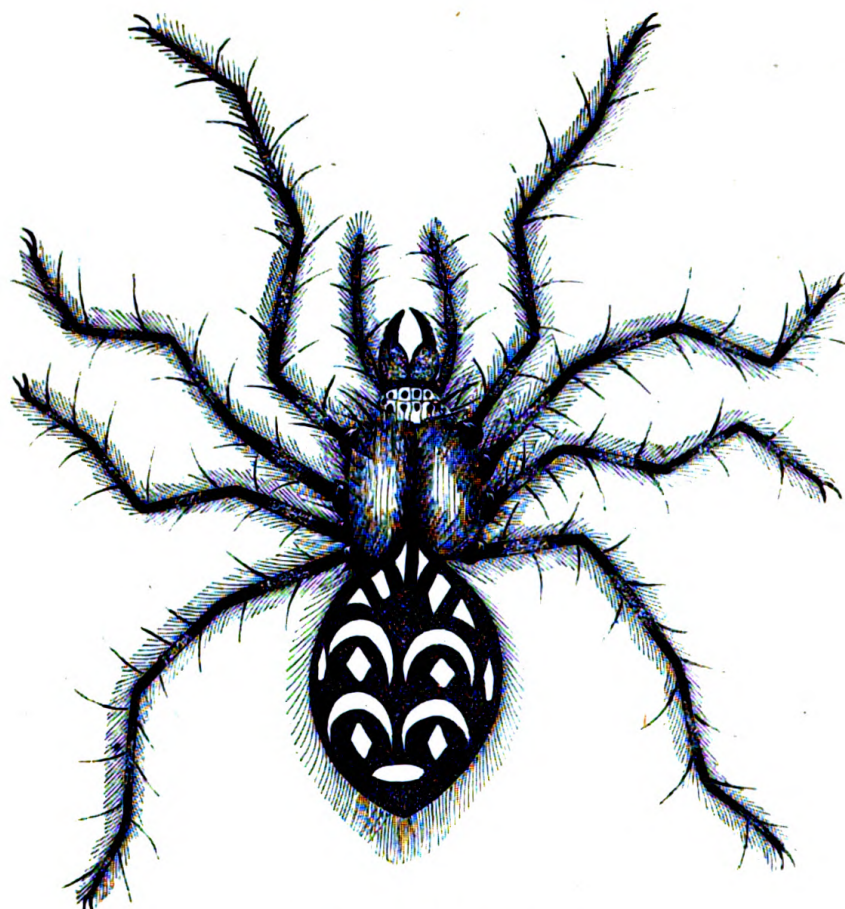


FIGURE 3.—THORIDION SCHIZOPODS.

wasp rolls out the paper for her palace with the same patience and assiduity that were expended upon the first specimen hung beneath the stars. The moth seeks the same flowers which she did when the moon glimmered down for the first time upon the sheen of her golden wings. The butterfly sips at early dawn the same nectar which she sought when the flowers first opened their cups to the earliest dew that fell from the blue canopy of the then near and embracing heaven. There is never any change in their routine; the never-varying process of their labors is always the same. But the spider will accommodate itself to any thing, to any position, to any circumstance. It will submit to a total annihilation of old habits; and, what is more, succumbs cheerfully, patiently, resignedly. No position ever finds them at fault. They are never at a loss to provide for an emergency; and, unlike man, whom they resemble in so many points, they never despair—they never lose time in repining.

The nests which I am about to present are probably not precisely what they would have been if built in the solitude of the forest, or beside the lonely rocks; still they do not depart from the natural procedure of the architects, but are simply proofs of what I have said above, showing

their capacity for succumbing to circumstances and adapting themselves to the accidents of life.

For instance, the *Lycosa Gyrophora*—*Lycosa* of the Lichen—(Figure 1) if at liberty, would have spread her web over a space of nearly a foot, covering the lichen or moss which she had chosen with a very thickly woven sheet, fastened down closely on all sides, in the centre of which would have been placed her treasure—the egg-bag. To one thread would have been attached every line; and this she would have held so firmly, that not a midge with its delicate wing could have touched a line but she would have been on the alert to resent the insult.

The architect of the nest, represented in Figure 2, was obliged to adapt herself to new circumstances. She was placed, in the hurry of capture, under a glass in which was a piece of the lichen that grows on rocks every where. I had forgotten that there was another inhabitant concealed there—a pretty little *Epeira* belonging to the same locality, whose nest was in course of construction with the two dead leaves you perceive. The first performance of the *Lycosa*, after she had examined the premises, made her toilet, and ascertained her true position, was to devour the poor little *Epeira*. This done, she cut away and cleared off all the labor of the

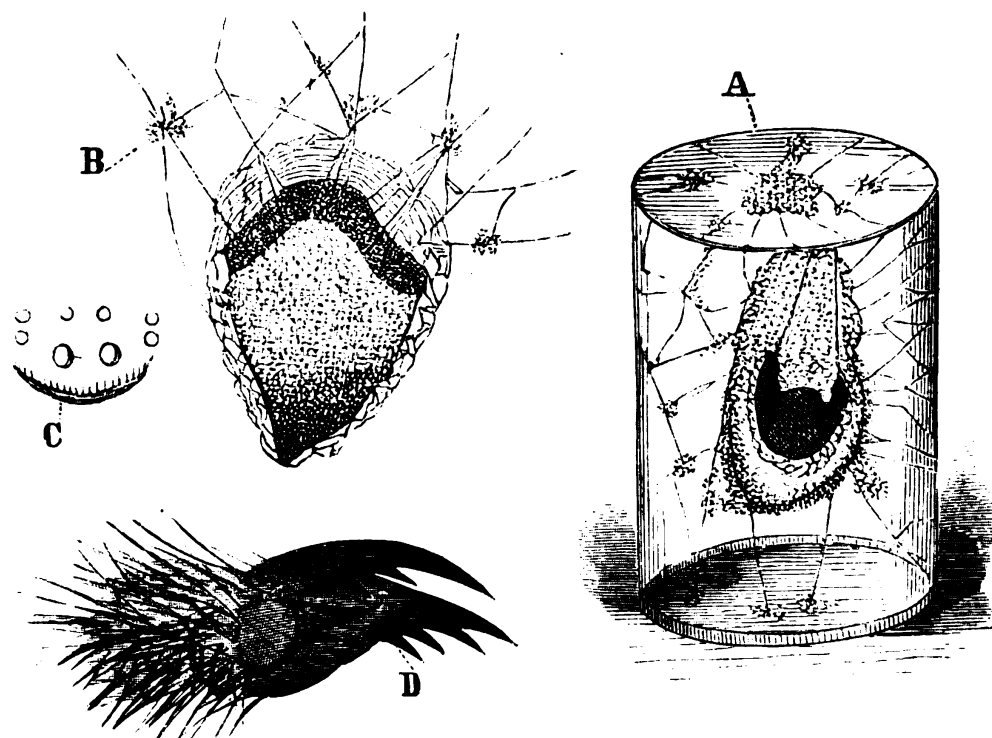


FIGURE 4.—NEST ETC., OF THORIDION.

A. Nest.—B. Egg Bag.—C. Eyes.—D. Claws.

former occupant, and before noon the next day she had constructed the nest before you.

It is impossible for pen or pencil to convey the beauty of the silvery strands—resembling floss silk—which compose the nest. It was laid over and around the lichen, and was so strongly attached to the paper on which the glass stood that it can not be detached without cutting it away, piece by piece, with a knife. The egg-bag is placed under the floss, and is elaborately covered with a dense golden-brown sheet of silk; and over all this strong coarse lines are carried around and over the leaves, attaching every part firmly together, and more firmly to the paper. And here the owner sat, from day to day, watching and brooding, eating and reposing, for six long months. But on the tenth day of the seventh month she roused herself, cut away the silk leading to the egg-bag; crept in, examined it; detached and opened one end of it; came out, renewed the broken threads, spun a fresh cover over the whole, and toward evening gathered herself close up to the golden bag and died. Her eggs had evidently never been impregnated.

This is not a large specimen, being her first year. They live along river-courses, wherever the lichens grow affluently, and where they are not likely to be disturbed. They are very shy and timid, and you must look close to find one. Toward winter, and if they remain over to the next spring, they burrow far under the rocks.

The next specimen (Figure 3) is the *Thoridion schizopoda*, so called from her claws being so singularly divided. How she would have woven

her nest if free I can not tell; but one morning I found this beautiful little purse (Figure 4), elaborated as you see it, under the glass. It is the prettiest, daintiest little affair conceivable, combining beauty, strength, and elasticity. It is impervious to water. No moisture will adhere to it. I have tried several times to sink it, without success. It is composed of strong white silk over a stronger frame of dark-brown. The apparent opening around the rim is tightly closed with coarse brown silk; and it was attached to the glass in the manner represented, line for line. The spider generally composed herself between the lines attached to the bottom. She did not live over six weeks in confinement. Her food did not suit. In her natural state it would have been the small meadow grasshopper and locusts. Beef and flies were not to her taste. When full-grown, this spider will cover a space of three inches in circumference. Fine specimens can be found in meadow lands any where.

The *Clubiona filices*—Fern Clubiona—(Figure 5) is a most ferocious dame. She constructs her web far under the falling branches of the fern thickets, and she will dispute any attempt to disturb her. Had it been possible to have been bitten by a spider, when I captured this one I should have experienced her disposition to do all the harm she was capable of effecting. I nearly drew her legs off in detaching her claws from my glove. She had hidden her castle and herself in the deepest recesses of the fern bushes, and if the regularity with which the leaves were drawn together had not attracted my attention,



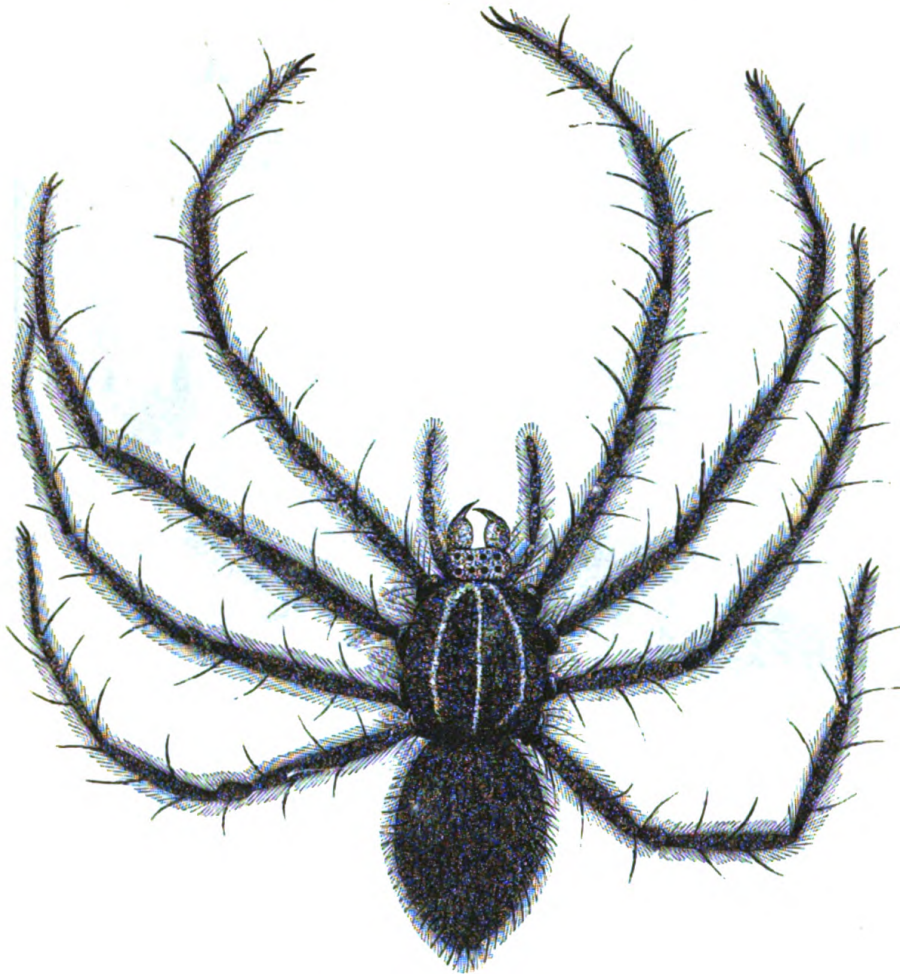


FIGURE 5.—CLUBIONA FILICES.

I should have missed her. But on a closer examination I found that they covered a silken ball (Figure 6) of nearly the diameter of a half dollar, with the fern leaves closely concealing it. She must either have been injured in our fight, or she must have died from rage, for she lived only a few hours after her capture.

On a branch just above the nest of the Clubiona hung a nest of the *Epeira filices*—*Epeira* of the Fern (Figure 7). It was but recently finished; the fresh leaves had not had time to wither or fade. There was no opening perceptible, except a thinness of the web where you perceive the dark spot between the leaves. This I broke away, and out crawled a pretty little pale-brown spider. She had a ball of eggs within, confined nicely with two bands resembling white satin ribbon. She died before the eggs were hatched. When I saw the little ones working out I placed them in a garden, where they (at least some scores of them) flourished finely.

The *Ctenus tangeneus*—Touching *Ctenus*—is rare. She is thus called from her propensity for touching a thing and drawing back again and again. You might suppose her blind by her manoeuvres until you rouse her; but she then

shows that she can clutch tight enough. She is brown, covered with very black hairs. Her claws are very simple, but equal, and able to hold the slightest thread. She draws down the end of a long grass leaf and spins her web as you see in Figure 8. The centre resembles a finely-woven linen button. When she considers herself in a place of safety her bag may be seen hanging as represented; but on the slightest alarm it is caught in her jaws and she drops to the ground. You need not seek her now. Before you can wink twice she is some yards away, gliding like lightning from leaf to leaf, from branch to branch. They are the fleetest creatures known, I think; and if by chance you can pursue one closely she changes her run into a succession of long leaps, doubling and dodging like the hare. But no matter what her haste or fright may be, she never relinquishes her bag. This is of a dark lead-color, and the eggs are yellow.

Notwithstanding my limited space, I must present the charming little *Clubiona agaricus*—Mushroom Clubiona—(Figure 9). She is a most brilliant creature. The red with which her body is colored is a most peculiar shade, and as the



light falls upon it the variety of hues is most astonishing. She is very small, and carries her egg-bag—a dark-colored affair—attached to her. She weaves her nest under the bell of the mushroom. It is thick, and closely woven of white silk. Here she dwells, devouring all the small flies and gnats attracted by the locality where mushrooms grow, or the glutinous stuff thrown off by them. She is always busy, and apparently changes her location daily. If she remains till spring she works her way under turf or manure, and can often be found near a bed of the latter, concealed under a close web spun in the



FIGURE 6.—NEST OF CLUBIONA.

hollow of a clod, or in the space between two small clods, which are connected by her web. Here she remains in safety until her summer domicile shoots up in a night; and her chosen home gladdens her longing sight once more. Again her chamber is hung with its silvery upholstery, her egg-bag safely deposited therein. Then, with content, feeling her labors ended, she drops beside her treasure and calmly expires.

Those entomologists (Walckenaer and others) who propose to class spiders from the manner of

habits very remotely, or from analogy presumed that they never vary. This is most decidedly erroneous, as any one who chooses can convince himself.

Here is before me now a small *Epeira*, of the size of a large pin-head—a fac-simile, but in miniature, of the *Epeira diadema*—the large geometrical garden spider. You might suppose that she was the young of this species, if you did not perceive her maturity by her egg-bag. Three days ago she spun a most scientific and perfect web. Radii and circles, as if measured by rule,

hung between a branch of fuschia and the top of a geranium. She had eleven lines running down to the jars to secure the web; and here she swung all day. Early next morning she cut away the whole fabric, transferring herself to another geranium, and there spun a long, vertical, triangular web, with loose lines running in every direction close to the earth. Here she watched the entire day. This morning a long suspension-bridge, of more than twenty cables, runs up to an ivy branch; and here she is now performing upon the tight-rope with apparently great enjoyment. Now all this you may suppose “a

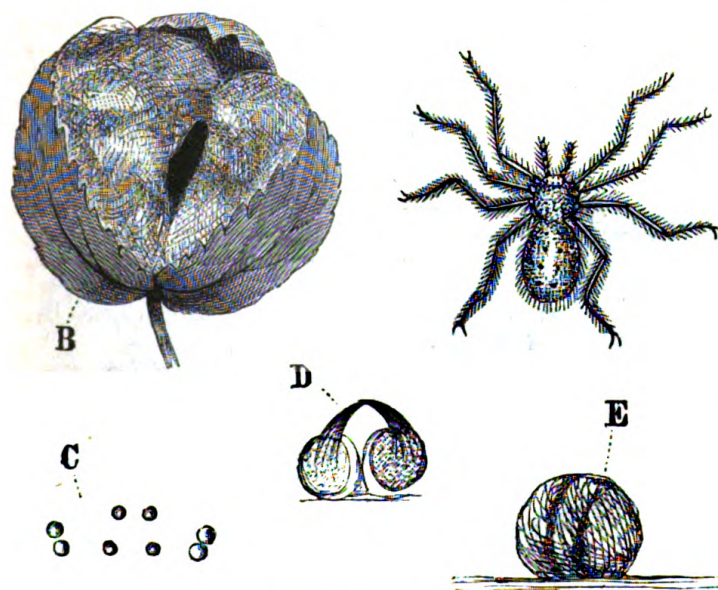


FIGURE 7.—EPEIRA FILICES.

B. Nest.—C. Eyes.—D. Mandibles.—E. Egg-Bag.



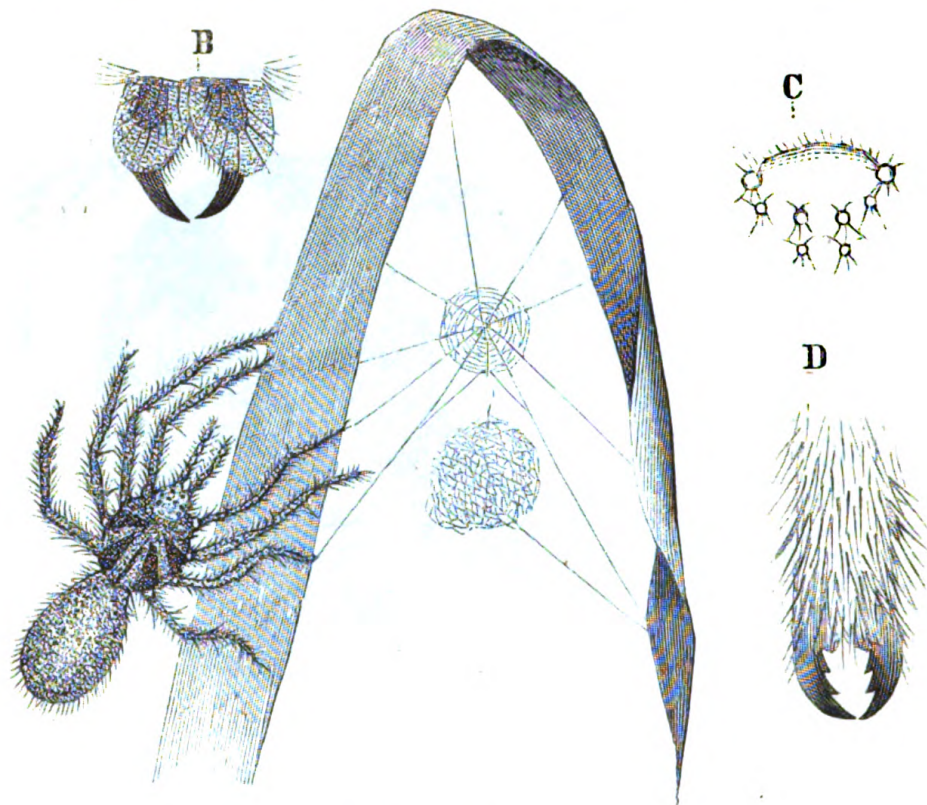


FIGURE 8.—OTENEUS TANGENEUS.  
B. Mandibles.—C. Eyes.—D. Claws.



FIGURE 9.—CLUBIONA AGARICUS.

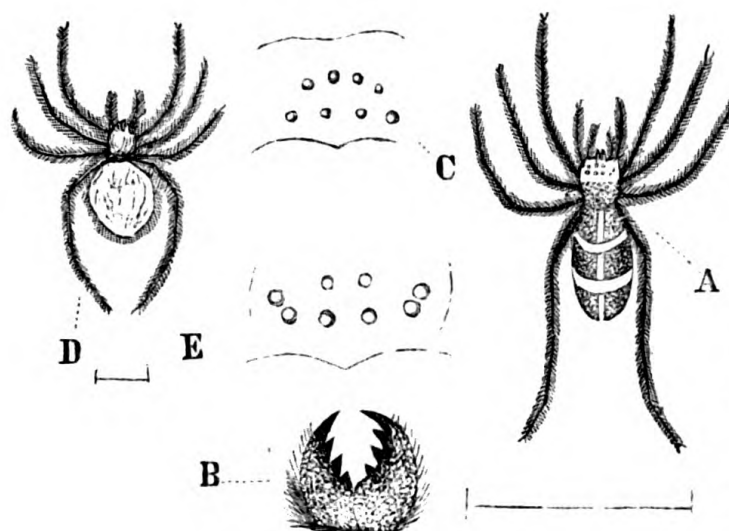


FIGURE 10.—DRASSEUS AND EPEIRA.

A. *Drasheus Perfida*.—B Mandibles.—C. Eyes.—D. *Epeira Prasinus*.—E. Eyes.

freak of fancy." Not so; she is wisely providing for her own comfort. In the jar where grows the ivy a small *Tipula* had deposited her eggs, and the newly-escaped flies are coming forth by dozens. Already the lower web is spangled with their wings, and these irregular lines serve her purpose equally as well—far better, in fact—than the elaborate web of two days ago. A hundred such instances can be deduced, which

renders such a classification, at least in this country, worthless.

Let us turn now to a consideration of other faculties. Spiders are susceptible of anger and revenge, affection and friendship, and the love of companionship, even when in captivity with other insects whose most violent opponents they would be if in a state of freedom. I have verified these observations in an endless number of instances. A *Lycosa* and a Beetle hibernated in the earth in the same jar all winter. An *Epeira* and a Lady-bird lived together under a glass nine months in most affectionate companionship. I have now

another under a glass with two small beetles, living most amicably. Often the spider can be seen close between her two companions, apparently enjoying a friendly gossip. They have been thus domiciled nearly three months. Put under the glass a fly, a rose-bug, or any other insect, and it is trussed up in a second. I have starved her five days at a time, and yet the little beetles went unscathed.

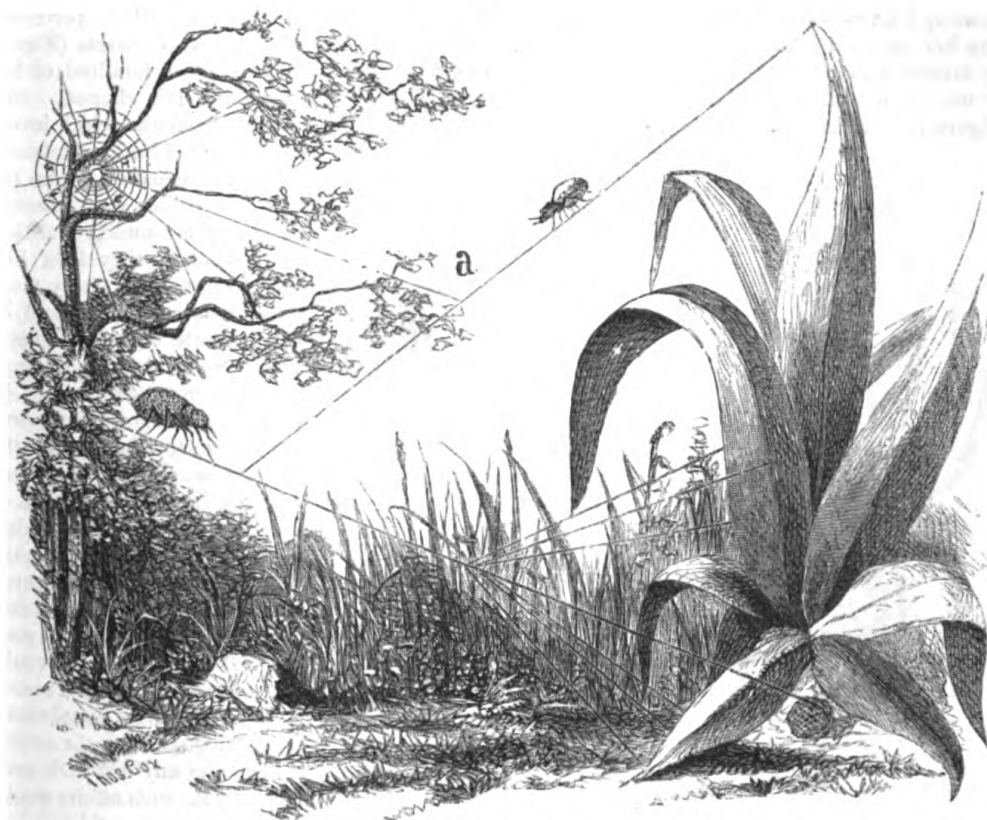


FIGURE 11.—FIGHT OF DRASSEUS AND EPEIRA.



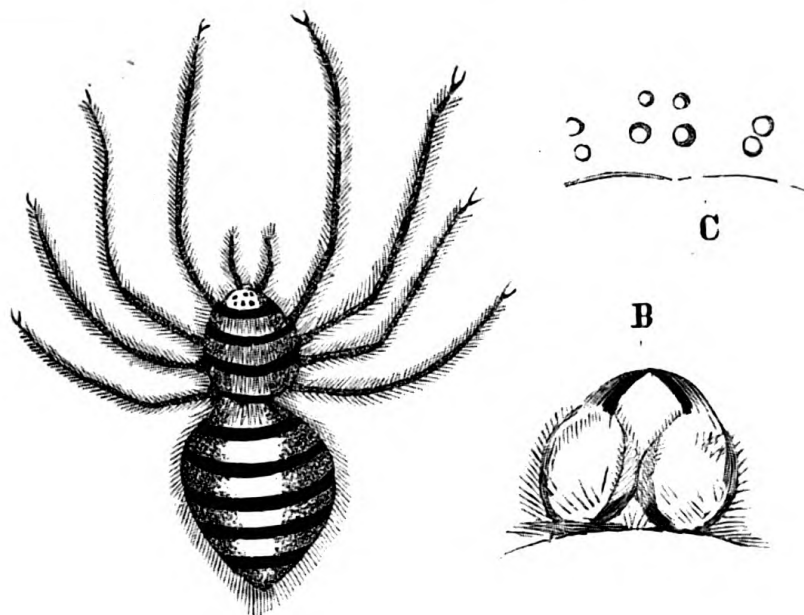


FIGURE 12.—*EPEIRA FASCIATA*.  
B. Mandibles.—C. Eyes.

Their affection for their young, their industry, ingenuity, perseverance, and instinct, I need not here recapitulate. But some of their manœuvres and manner of defense in their various rencontres may be amusing.

A pleasant day last August I was busy in a garden, behind some shrubbery, lying in wait to entrap a Lace-Wing, who was occupied depositing her eggs on some dahlia plants near by. My attention soon became absorbed in watching the uneasy movements of a very small *Epeira*—(Figure 10)—a pretty little thing, nearly white,

shaded with green. They are generally seen about six weeks at this season, feeding on the minute *Tipulæ* and *Culicides* (Gnats), which come forth as second broods about this time. She was very restless, moving around, up and down, as if hesitating whether to abandon her web or not. I looked behind the lilac bush on which her web was hung, and there perceived the cause of her alarm. A *Drassus* (Figure 10), which would have made a hundred of her bulk, was keenly watching her chance. She had constructed a bridge from the tough leaves

of a species of South American aloe. You can see (Figure 11) how her cables were placed; but you must understand that these, though they look like single lines, were really more than twenty double; and as they vibrate with the gentle breeze you might have conceived them to be threads of silver. The chief one ran down, as you see, to a hole under the grass, where her family were just coming into existence.—Hunger was the cause of her present proceedings. Her anxiety for her young prevented her from hunting for food farther away. How long this contest had been going on I could not surmise; but now I seated myself to watch its conclusion. Most unequal were the adversaries; and any one little conversant with such affairs would have supposed it could have but one termination—in favor of

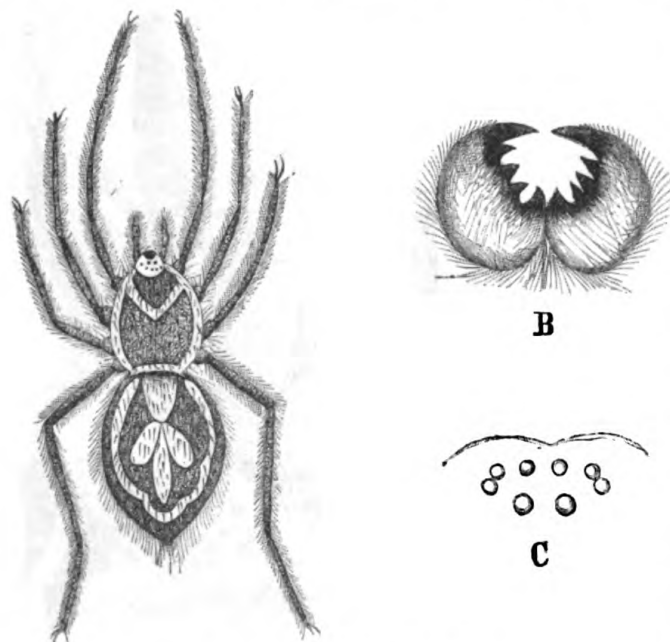


FIGURE 13.—*THORIDION MIGRATUM*.  
B. Mandibles.—C. Eyes.

the Drasseus. Four long hours did each plot and counterplot—hiding under leaves, and watching each other's movements with most direful animosity. I was rather weary, I must confess, and concluded to return to my Lace-Wing, when I saw the giantess march haughtily across her bridge, determined to storm her enemy's castle, and die or be victorious.

"Poor little one!" thought I, "your doom is sealed! What a *bon-bon* you will prove!"

It must be remembered that these pulmonaria see only on a level, or with their heads down, never upward. As soon as she had disappeared under the leaves, and was evidently ascending, the little *Epeira* dropped down and struck the main cable, and quick as lightning swung up to the point of the aloe leaf. Her enemy, distracted at the idea of some intruder visiting her own nest, hastened to retrace her steps. But just as she reached the angle of the two lines (at a) the little one silently dropped down upon her, and fixed those minute fangs into the body where the thorax joins the abdomen. The battle was over, the victory won. I was startled at the unexpected cheer which escaped me at such an amazing exhibition of foresight and management. In the afternoon late, when I visited the spot, the enemy was wound up in a silken ball and hung to the aloe leaf, a warning to all future intruders. The little heroine was reposing from her fright and fatigue. I wish she could have understood my congratula-

tions. But by-and-by, when the moon gets up, she may probably, if not too lazy or compassionate, visit her enemy's home, over the silken bridge she took so much pains to build, and sup on her young. Ah! does not retribution meet us at every turn?

There is a different way of settling such difficulties. This *Epeira fasciata* (Figure 12), all orange and black in bands—a most gorgeous dame—had her home on a pot of earth on which stood a small gallipot with a branch of lilac stuck in it. Here, under the glass, she lived many months. She went up leisurely every day and renewed the glutinous web hung at the top. I do not know whether she would have adopted this proceeding if at liberty. I rather think, however, that she would have done so from the smallness of the almost imperceptible outlets in her spinnerules. Put in a dozen flies, in a few evolutions they stuck fast. When hungry she would ascend, walk over the stuff without any hinderance, select her victim, use him up, often three at a meal, then renew the snare, and descend to the earth in the lower jar and make her toilet.

At last I got weary of this monotonous way of living, and put under the glass as a companion, or at least a change of victims, a *Thoridion migratum* (Figure 13)—a common brown spider, found in gardens and hot-houses. The *Epeira* ascended with all the *empressement* imaginable, examined the intruder, gave her a contemptuous

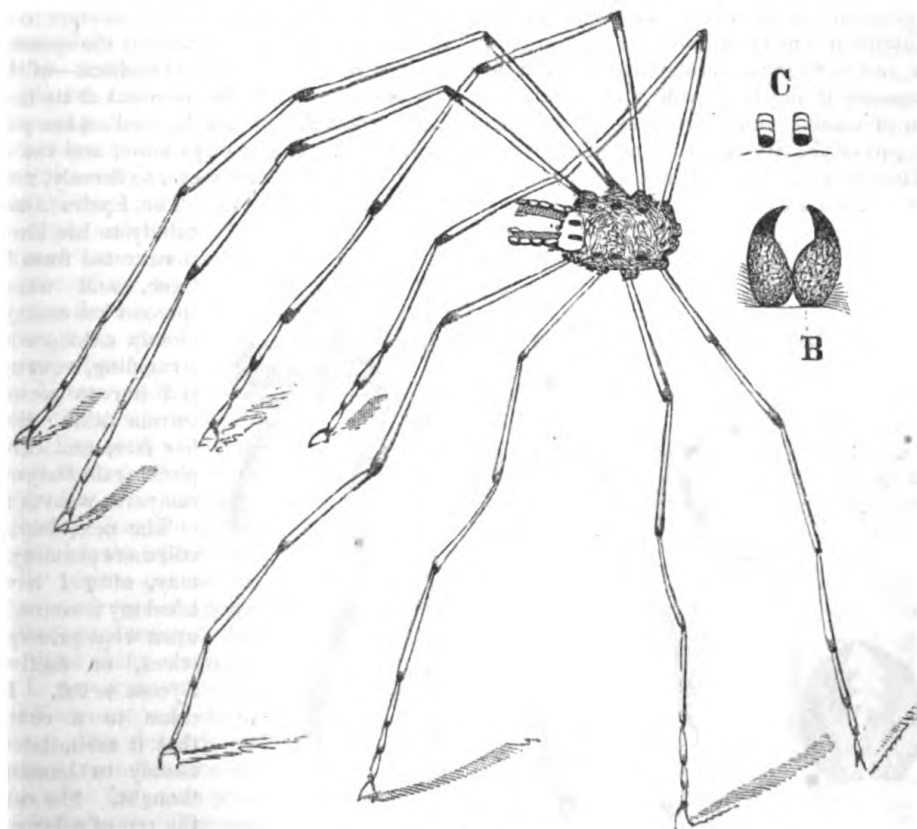


FIGURE 14.—PHALANGIUM.

B. Mandibles.—C. Eyes.

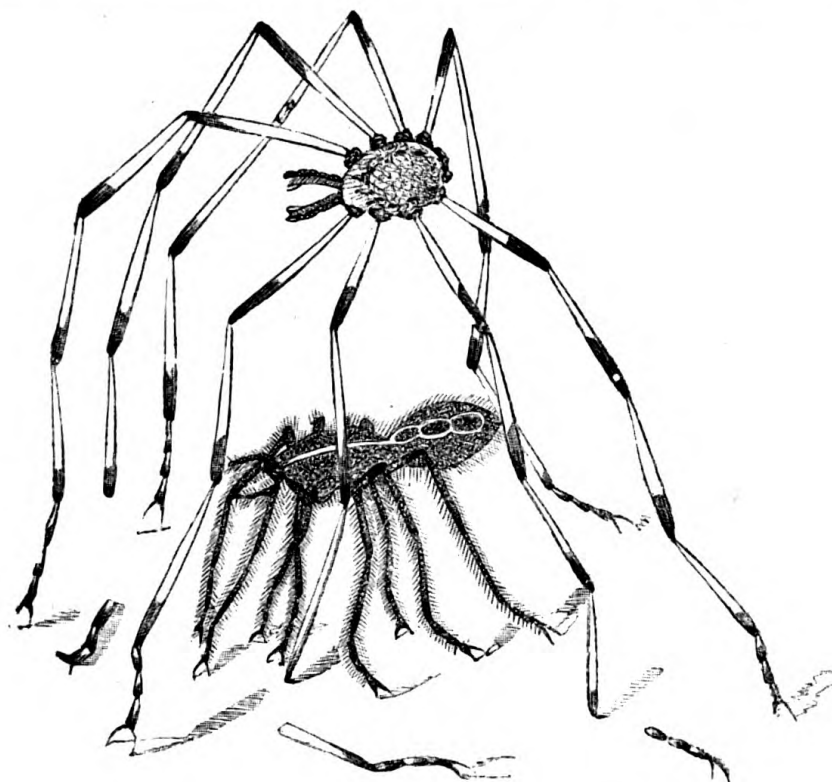


FIGURE 15.—THE FIGHT.

sneer, we may presume, and paused to reflect what next should be done. In the mean time the Thoridion was examining the new premises rather carelessly and indifferently. In a few minutes—as if she had made up her mind—a system of teasing and petty annoyances began on the part of the Epeira, to which, after a while, the Thoridion determined not to submit any longer. Then a chase began round the edge of

the jar. Round and round they went. Sometimes the Epeira allowed the Thoridion to almost touch her. Bets were made by the spectators—against my opinion or supposition—of how it would end. When the race was at its most exciting point the Epeira dropped on her path the fatal snare. A few steps more, and the enemy stuck fast. Pull away ever so fiercely, not a leg could be drawn forth. The Epeira descended

calmly to her lower station, rested from her fatigue, and when she thought her enemy sufficiently exhausted from struggling, went up, nipped her to secure her certain death; then bit her free, and carelessly pitching the body over the ramparts, went up to sup.

The next instance is still more puzzling. You may, after I have finished my account, decide upon what principle, instinct, or motive the *Lycosa* acted. I have come to a conclusion that it assimilates very closely to human forethought. She swung at the top of a large glass, and being pressed for a secure place, I fancied

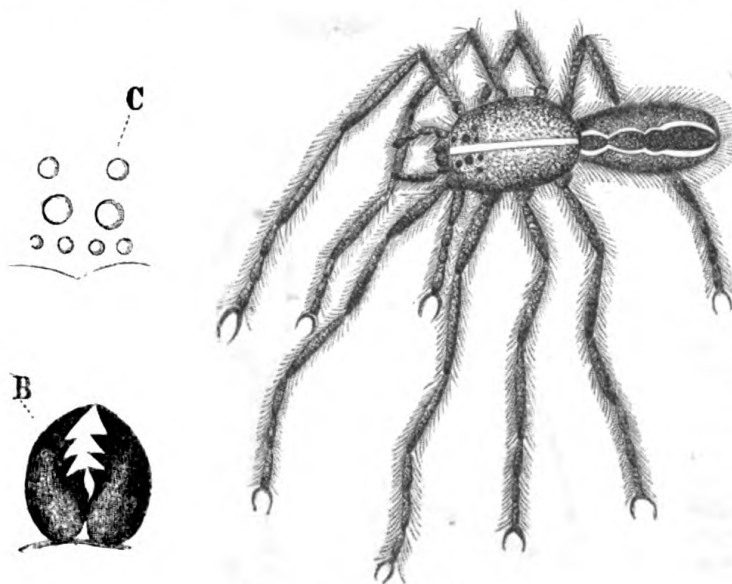


FIGURE 16.—LYCOSA NOCTES.

B. Mandibles.—C. Eyes.



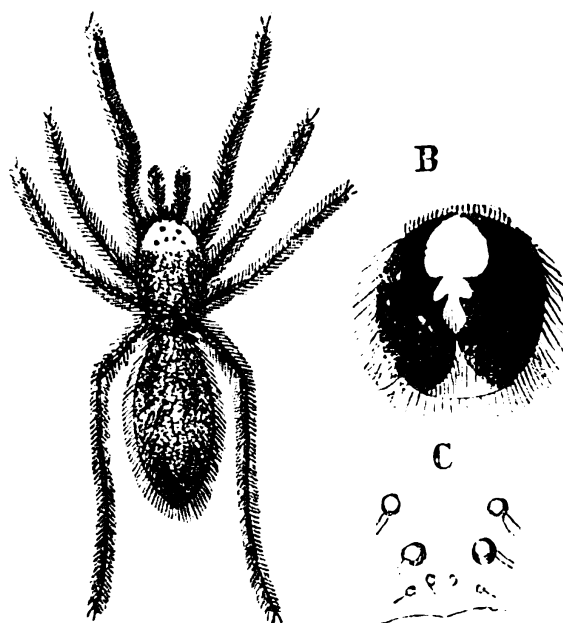


FIGURE 17.—LYCOSA VIOLACEUS.

B Mandibles.—C. Eyes.

the long-legged Phalangium (Figure 14) might repose at the bottom without giving offense. Not so. In a few minutes down she came to examine the intruder. Her ire was up, and I soon saw a fight in prospective. It would be very unequal, for Long-legs has but two eyes, and they placed on her back—her food being the *Acarus telatarius* (Red Spider of hot-houses), and other mites found on plants. She needs them placed thus to secure her sustenance. The Phalangium is classed in the third family of the *Trachean Arachnida*, as it breathes through tracheæ like other insects; that is to say, through vessels which receive the aerial fluid, and distributing it through ramifications in every part of the body, thus remedying the want of circulation as it is found in the *Pulmonary Arachnida*.

The *Lycosa*, without loss of time, "pitched into her" literally (Figure 15). Imagine her dismay when those long legs (in some they have fifty joints) lengthened out and elevated the speck of a body far away out of the reach of her fangs—she would pass out more enraged than ever. The long summer's night I sat a spectator to this odd contest. I illuminated the ring grandly, and determined to crown the victor, if it went into next year. Two o'clock struck. The poor *Lycosa* was almost frantic with rage. Aim where she

might, the long legs descended over her like a shadow. Three—four rung out over the silent hills. I was becoming weary, and, apparently, so was the *Lycosa*. She lay stretched close up against the glass; her flashing eyes, scintillating with rage, fixed upon poor Long-legs, as if meditating what next step to take. A few more minutes passed, when up she sprung, with one bound, and snapped off like pipe-stems the two front legs, four joints up. So it went on, until only an entire one amidst the stumps was left. With this the Phalangium buffeted her adversary most superbly; but all in vain. Away went this leg at last, and down on her thigh-joints she sunk. It was all over with her. When the day was dawning she was being nicely trussed up; and the stanch heroine soon clambered up to her loosely woven castle—satisfied, no doubt, that she had done a good night's work.

The *Lycosæ* (Figures 16, 17, 19) are never seen in the daytime, and I doubt if they can see except in the dark, although their eyes are very bright.

This must be the last battle which I may record: In this old gate (Figure 19) lived a peaceful *Tegenaria*, spinning and weaving as if she might be waiting another Ulysses. One day came (Figure 17) this gayly-dressed *Lycosa* (Figure 18). The bright violet rays scintillating from her drove out modest Penelope into her fortress—the hole in the post—leaving her web suspended without as usual. I had often noticed her in my walks, and had determined upon kidnapping her when she had finished her labor of love—the egg-bag. On visiting the spot, one afternoon, I beheld a new tenant beside the

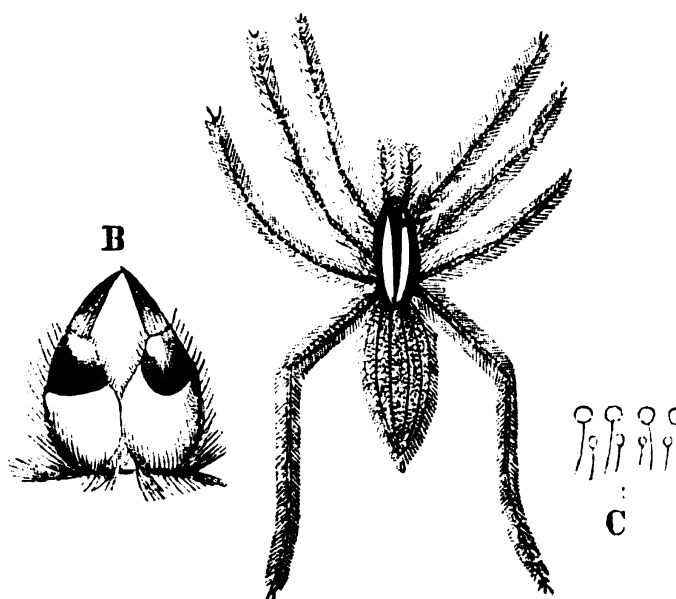


FIGURE 18.—TEGENARIA TEXTURA.

B. Mandibles.—C. Eyes.



FIGURE 19.—NESTS OF LYCOSA AND TEGENARIA.

old gate. The home was finished—a nice silken tube near the roots of a tree, and a few cables run carelessly up to the bar above. But neither occupant was to be seen. I took a straw and pushed in to the residence of the Tegenaria. Softly as it was done, I perceived she was within, with a powerful web spun over each side of the hole. Then I knew the quarrel had begun.

I went to our violet friend, and penetrated with the straw into her domestic concerns. Up she came, foaming with rage, dashed up her cables, and across the bar to the domicile of the quiet little body over the way. She was determined one or the other should vacate without delay. Forthwith she commenced biting and tearing at the entrance nearest the web. I went round to watch proceedings. I was astonished to find the Tegenaria remained so quietly within. More and more furious became the attack. In a few moments out came the Tegenaria, with her bag between her jaws, and down the post she ran in the greatest haste. The Lycosa was well in by this time, and I was anxiously watching for her to come out the opposite side. But this was never to be. The interior of the web must have been made highly glutinous, the legs and mandibles of the poor Lycosa were so clogged it was impossible for her to extricate herself. Struggle as she might, she was caught. The Tegenaria hid her bag safely under the grass, and came sedately and slowly over the rail; behind, her adversary, and was preparing to finish her—the sly vixen!—when I put my bottle over the hole and drove her in. I secured the bag,

and with difficulty drew out the Lycosa. It was impossible to detach the web. I was enabled to obtain her bright colors during her struggles. She soon died, and fifteen minutes after she was as black as she well could be. The Tegenaria lived to be eaten by her children—a sacrifice of herself she seemed delighted to make.

I have mentioned elsewhere that the females of this family are invariably nearly double the size of the males, and are found vastly outnumbering them, owing to the habit they have of devouring their lovers. Besides this difference, the male spider of every subgenera has a great bulging out of the palpi, which appears, so far as I have seen, to differ in every individual even belonging to the same division, as you may perceive in the parts of Thoridions represented (Figure 21). No matter how very dissimilar the palpi may be in individuals, they seldom differ in other parts of the body exteriorly. Therefore it has been concluded by some entomologists that the palpi of the male have very much to do in the impregnating of the eggs; but the Eleusinean secrets of this kingdom are still hidden from mortal ken, as far as my authorities go, judging from my own and their experience. Conjectures are not facts, and should not be admitted by the advocates of truth.



FIGURE 20.—MANDIBLES AND EYES OF MUSH-ROOM SPIDER.



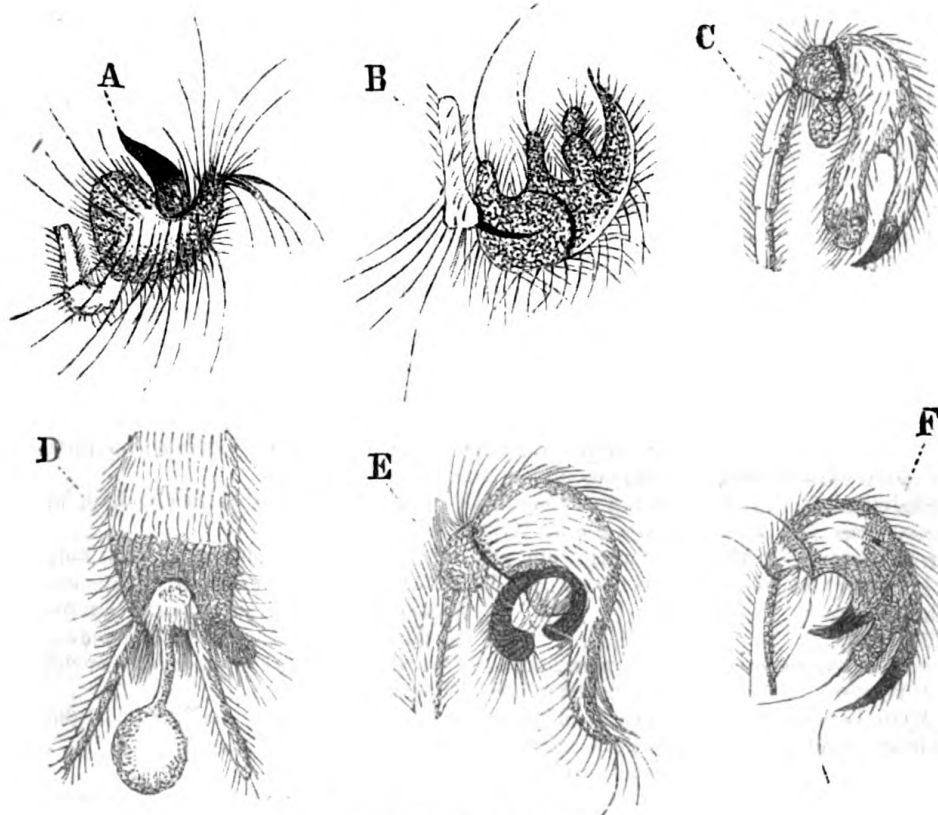


FIGURE 21.—PALPI OF MALES.

A. Palpus of Luminous Thoridion.—B. Of Wandering Thoridion.—C. Of *Segestria*, found near Philadelphia.—D. Abdomen of Male *Clotho*.—E. Palpus of Wall *Clotho*.—F. Palpus of Small *Epeira*

In the subdivision of *Clotho* I must state an exception to the general rule. You perceive (Figure 21, D) an appendage to the abdomen of the male. I have never met with it on any of the others. In illustrating these palpi you see them, as it were, closed, but on the approach of the female the expanse and ramifications these members exhibit would be enough to frighten any nervous person. In observing the male *Clotho*, which I came upon very unexpectedly, not perceiving that the female was near by, I congratulated myself on the discovery of something very new—a wonderful creature. The palpi were double the length and size of his whole body, and he appeared the most extraordinary creature ever seen. I had to touch him several times before he would change his position, he was so entranced; but at last, the female becoming alarmed, and scampering off, he concluded to follow her, but they both very unexpectedly found themselves in a bottle. Several times afterward I saw the expanding of these palpi, but could not get the glass near enough to authorize an illustration in this position.

We have all heard a great deal, and seen a vast deal written, about the ferocity of spiders, their cruelty, their insatiable appetite, and their dislike to companionship. I have seen seven varieties spinning their webs on one bush, and it is rare if ever a spider can be found truly isolated. There is always one or more not far

away. To be sure, they do not work together, like other insects, as the bee, the wasp. They, indeed, like wise human beings, dislike crowds or jams.

As for their appetite and their ferocity, if they could throw stones, should we not hear some smashing of glass? But the poet has answered this charge so well I will give you his suggestions:

"Arn't you a murd'rer?" gravely Susan cries;  
Arn't you forever busy with that claw,  
Killing poor unoffending little flies,  
Merely to satisfy your nasty maw?"

"But, Susan, don't you feed on gentle lamb?  
Don't you on pretty pigeons cram?"

Don't you on harmless fishes often dine?"

"That's very true," quoth Susan; "true, indeed."

"Oh! with what eloquence these spiders plead—  
This little rascal beats a grave divine."

## SAINT BARBARA.

"WHAT a queer little body!" exclaimed one fashionable lady to another as a girl passed through the room, leading a child by the hand, and carrying one in her arms.

"Our Barby."

"Where in the wide world did you discover such a funny specimen of humanity?" laughed the first speaker. "She looks as if modeled from one of Punch's caricatures."

"Oh, we've had Barby, as the children call



her, for a long time; and I don't know what we should do without her."

Now Barbara was not very comely to look upon. Truly, as the lady said, she was a queer little body. Almost dwarfish in stature, her head was so large as to look out of all proportion. Not a feature in her face seemed rightly adjusted. One eye was lower than the other, and set at a different angle; and both were singularly small for the size of her face, which was broad and round as a full moon. Her nose was neither Roman nor Grecian, and yet it made a prominent feature, and had a very decided expression. The mouth was large, but not coarse or sensual; the chin delicate and receding. Barbara's manner of walking was not what people call graceful. Her short, round, thick person—she was all waist or none, as you might choose to have it—swayed from side to side in a duck-like manner. There is a word that exactly expresses the gait, but we will not use it. We are not holding "little Barby" up to ridicule.

"I know very well what I would do with her," said the visitor.

"What?"

"Send her to a menagerie, or any where else."

"Why so?" The lady looked a little serious.

"Oh, because I wouldn't have such a hideous monster about me. I would no more trust my children with her than I would with an orang outang. One glance at her face and person is enough for me. No beautiful soul is enshrined in that deformed body. Depend upon it, nature never hangs out a sign like that, except in warning."

"We know Barbara," was the confident, quietly spoken answer.

"You may think you know her. And so we thought we knew our kitten, until one day it struck its sharp claw in baby's face."

"What an elegant silk!" said the lady to her visitor, changing a subject that was growing unpleasant to her. "Where did you get it?"

"At Levy's."

"Has he any more of the same style?"

"Yes. There were two or three other charming patterns when I selected this."

And then the conversation went ranging away upon themes not of interest in connection with our present subject—the humble, homely Barbara. It is just ten years since she entered Mrs. Grayson's family. She was then only twelve years old. It was not much that Barbara could remember of her parents. They were poor working people, who did not manage to get along well, and Barbara's earliest memories had not, therefore, many sunny gleams to brighten them. She was not more than six years old when her mother died, leaving her, an unlovely child, to the unwilling charity of strangers. The six years that followed were marked by many sufferings. The poor child rarely had a kind word from any one. Mrs. Grayson first saw her in her kitchen, one cold winter morning, with a milk-pail serving them with milk.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed to the cook, after

the child went out. "What a singular looking girl! Who is she?"

"Some oddity that our milk-woman has picked up," replied the cook.

"How long has she been coming here?"

"About two weeks; and I'm really getting to like the funny thing."

Once seen, Barbara's image was not likely to fade from the mind. Mrs. Grayson thought of her several times during the day, and on the next morning dropped down early into the kitchen. Barbara came in from the frosty air just as Mrs. Grayson entered, her face almost purple with cold. She set down her milk-pails and stood up between them, almost as cylinder-like in form as they, though by no means proportionally taller. There was an almost ludicrous expression of suffering on her singular face.

"Why, you're 'most frozen, child," said Mrs. Grayson.

"Indeed and it's bitter cold, ma'am," replied the little girl, putting to her mouth her red finger-tips, which protruded through the worn woolen gloves that covered her hands, and blowing with an energy that made her breath almost whistle against them.

"What is your name?" asked the lady.

"My name's Barby, ma'am."

"Barbara."

"Yes, ma'am; but they call me Barby."

"Have you a mother?"

"No, ma'am."

"Nor father?"

"No, ma'am."

Barbara's answers were made in a prompt, even, rather musical tone of voice, in which was no sign of weakness.

"How long have you been serving milk around?" asked Mrs. Grayson.

"Two or three weeks, ma'am," replied Barbara. "Susan got sick and went away, and Mrs. Miller said I must try my hand at serving customers."

And the child stooped as she spoke, and taking the cover from one of her pails, began filling the cook's pitcher with her usual allowance of milk. This done, she replaced the cover, and without stopping to be the recipient of any further kind inquiries, braced herself up to the work of carrying the two heavy vessels, and went trudging away on her round of duty.

"It's a shame," said the cook, "to put such work on a mere child. But some people have no mercy."

Mrs. Grayson sighed, and went in a thoughtful mood from the kitchen.

One morning toward the end of January, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, the cook tapped at Mrs. Grayson's door and said,

"I wish, ma'am, that you'd just come down and look at Barby."

"What's the matter with her?" asked the lady.

"Well, I think, ma'am, that you ought to see her," replied the cook.

"Very well. I'll be down in a moment," said Mrs. Grayson, and she hurried on her morning wrapper and descended to the kitchen.

There stood little Barbara between her milk-pails, just stooping to the task of lifting the heavy burdens. The cook had been trying to keep her until Mrs. Grayson came down, but Barbara had no time to lose, for customers were waiting; and her sense of duty, or fear of punishment—which may not be known—was too strong to let her wait, even with the hope of seeing the lady who had once spoken to her kindly.

Mrs. Grayson saw at a glance that hardship or sickness had been making sad work with the child. The round, healthy face had changed to one of suffering and emaciation; and there was a shrunken look about her figure that contrasted strongly with its former plumpness. As she raised her eyes Mrs. Grayson saw in them a look that moved her sympathy.

"I wish, ma'am," said cook, "that you would just look at Barby's feet."

"I can't stay a minute longer." And Barbara stood up straight, lifting by the act her pails a few inches from the floor. "I'm late now, and people want their milk."

"Let them want it," said cook, dogmatically, stepping forward as she spoke, and taking out of Barbara's little hands the two heavy pails, which she placed on a table beyond her reach.

"Oh, but Mrs. Miller will be angry!" urged the child in distress. "And then, you know, people want their milk. They can't have breakfast until I get round."

"Now, ma'am," said the cook, "just look at them feet! Did you ever see the like in all your born days?"

She grasped Barbara by the arms, and, placing her on a chair, lifted one of her feet, which was covered with the remnant of a woollen stocking and an old slipshod leather shoe. Through rents and worn places in the wet stocking shone the fiery skin, which was cracked and ulcerated.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayson, sickening at the sight. "Take off the stocking, Jane," she added.

The stocking was removed, exhibiting the extent to which the foot was diseased. There were great cracks in the heel, the edges of which were of a dark purple, as if mortification were threatened. The whole foot was of a deep-red color, and the tense skin shone as if polished.

"Only chilblains, Mrs. Miller says," remarked Barbara. She did not speak in a tone of complaint.

"Let me see the other foot," said Mrs. Grayson.

Jane removed the old shoe and stocking and exhibited a foot in even a worse condition.

"How do they feel?" asked the lady.

"Oh, ma'am, they itch, and burn, and hurt now, dreadfully," replied the child.

"Draw me a bucket of cold water, Jane."

"Yes, ma'am." And Jane turned away quickly.

"Oh dear!" said the child, in distress. "Give me my shoes and stockings. All the people are waiting for breakfast. I'll never get round."

"Put just enough warm water in to take off the chill."

Mrs. Grayson spoke to Jane, not heeding Barbara.

"Will that do?"

"No. It is too warm. I want it just about like cold spring water."

"Do let me go," urged Barbara. "All the people will be angry."

"There; put your feet in," said Mrs. Grayson, as Jane set the bucket down on the floor in front of the child.

"Mrs. Miller will beat me." And tears ran over Barbara's face.

"No, Barby," said Mrs. Grayson, kindly. "Mrs. Miller shall not beat you. I will see to that."

"But you don't know her, ma'am, as I do."

"I'll tell you what I do know, Barby," said Mrs. Grayson, as she knelt on the floor by the singular-looking child, who drew so strongly upon her sympathies, and held her feet in the water. "I know that Mrs. Miller will never hurt a hair of your head."

"But what will people do for their milk this morning?" Barbara was as much troubled on this head as on that which involved consequences to herself.

"Do without it!" was the firm reply. "You are not going from this house to-day."

"Oh dear, ma'am; that won't do. I must go round with my milk."

It was in vain that Barbara plead for freedom to go forward in the way of duty. She was under the control of those who were stronger than she, and resolute. After keeping the child's feet in cold water for nearly ten minutes, or until they had ceased to ache and burn, Mrs. Grayson dried them with a soft napkin until all moisture was removed.

"Now stand up, Barby."

But in attempting to bear her weight Barbara cried out with sudden pain, while the blood started from many gaping sores on her feet.

"You see, Barby," said Mrs. Grayson, kindly, "that there is to be no more serving of milk to-day. Jane," she added, "can't you take her up to the little room next to yours? There is a bed in it, you know."

The cook's heart was in all this. So she lifted Barbara in her strong arms and carried her up stairs, followed by Mrs. Grayson.

"I think she has fever," said Jane, as she placed her on the bed. "Just feel how hot her hand is!"

"Yes; I noticed that," replied Mrs. Grayson. "The child has considerable fever. In fact, she's sick enough to be in bed instead of on the street carrying milk-pails; and in bed we must place her. So, do you help her off with her clothes while I go for one of Helen's wrappers."

"Indeed, ma'am," urged Barbara to this, "I can't lie here; Mrs. Miller will be so angry;

and what will the people do for their milk?" This was the question that troubled the poor child most of all.

"Do without it, and who cares!" answered Jane, who was getting provoked at Barbara's great concern for her customers.

"I care," said the child, speaking in a firm voice. "They expect me, and I've never disappointed them. Every body's breakfast will be waiting."

"Not every body's by a large number," replied Mrs. Grayson, smiling. "But don't let that trouble you. What can't be cured must be endured."

"I wish Mrs. Miller knew about it," said Barbara, still pursuing the theme.

"Where does she live?"

Barbara gave the direction. It was not far away.

"I'll send her word to come and get her milk-pails."

This satisfied the child, who, now that the strain was off of her, was showing more and more exhaustion. Jane removed her soiled and scanty garments, and laid her under the bed-clothes.

"I do believe I am sick," said Barbara, in her artless way, lifting her eyes languidly and looking up at Mrs. Grayson. "What a kind lady you are! God will bless you for being good to poor little Barby."

Her voice, which was singularly soft and sweet, died faintly away, and her lids fell heavily over her eyes. Mrs. Grayson, who was touched with pity for the strange child, and who felt her interest increasing every moment, laid her hand upon her forehead. It was burning; and the sunken cheeks bore the deep flush of fever.

Two weeks passed before Barbara was able to sit up. During the first week she was delirious for nearly three days; and the physician said that her life was in danger. In the beginning he feared that she had an eruptive fever; and there was some anxiety on the part of Mrs. Grayson for her children. But this apprehension soon gave way; and then her two little ones—Jenny and Katy—made their way to Barbara's chamber, and spent most of their time there. At first her uncomely face repelled them, but when she spoke the charm of her voice drew them toward her like magnetism.

The love of children was born in the heart of Barbara; and she was delighted to have Jenny and Katy in her room. As soon as she was able to sit up she amused them by various little arts and devices which she had learned, and read to them out of the books they brought to her. In the beginning of this intercourse Mrs. Grayson watched Barbara very closely, and questioned the children minutely as to what she said to them. She was soon satisfied that all was right. That although she had come up amidst rudeness, temptation, and exposure to vice, she was untainted by the atmosphere she had been compelled to breathe; that she was pure in heart as one of her own little ones.

"Barby," said the lady to her one day, after she was able to sit up in a chair for several hours at a time, "How would you like to live with me?"

A flash of light went over the little girl's face, and she looked at Mrs. Grayson in an eager, hopeful, bewildered manner, as if she half thought herself dreaming.

"I'm in earnest, Barby. How would you like to live with me?"

"What could I do, ma'am?"

"My nurse is going away. Don't you think you could take her place?"

"I love Jenny, and Katy, and the baby," was Barbara's answer.

"That's one qualification," said the lady.

"And I'm strong when I'm well."

Mrs. Grayson thought of the two great milk-pails and was satisfied on that head.

"And I'll do just what you tell me to do."

"Very well, Barby, I think we may settle it that you are to live with me as my nurse. If you love the children, and are strong, and will do just what I tell you, I can ask no more."

"But," said Barbara, a troubled look coming into her face, "maybe Mrs. Miller won't give me up."

"Why not?"

"She says I'm bound to her. A lady asked me once if I wouldn't come to her house and live. When I told Mrs. Miller she got dreadful angry, and said if I dared to go away she'd bring me back."

"Did you ever go any where with her, and put your name, or mark, on a paper?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then you're not bound to her."

"Oh yes, I am, though. She made me promise on the Bible, a good while ago, that I'd live with her for five years. And it isn't two years yet. I didn't want to do it, but she made me."

"Why did she exact this promise, Barby?"

"I don't know, ma'am, unless it was because I was always a-working and a-doing, and got through with almost as much as two girls."

"And you think yourself bound by that promise?"

"Yes, ma'am. If Mrs. Miller won't give me up, I must go back there. I promised on the Bible, you know."

"And to keep your promise you are willing to take up your old hard work again of feeding and milking cows, and serving around milk, instead of coming into this nice house to nurse children whom you love?"

"Yes, ma'am, if Mrs. Miller won't give me up," replied Barbara, firmly but sadly. "I promised on the Bible that I'd live with her five years, and I've only been there two years."

"But, if I understand you, Barby, Mrs. Miller forced you to make this promise."

"She said she'd beat me if I didn't do it."

"Then she compelled you."

"But, ma'am, you see I needn't have promised for all her threats. I could have stood the



beating, and held my tongue, if she'd killed me. That's how it was. So, as I've promised, I'm bound."

Struck with her mode of looking at the question and still more interested in her, Mrs. Grayson determined to let matters take their course between Barbara and Mrs. Miller, in order more thoroughly to test the character of this singular child.

"I must send for Mrs. Miller," she said, "and have a talk with her. Perhaps I can induce her to give you up."

Barbara was not very sanguine; and Mrs. Grayson noticed that her face now wore a troubled look. Her heart had leaped at the promise of a better life, in contrast with which the old hard life she had been leading for years looked harder than ever.

Mrs. Miller, who had called already several times to ask about Barbara, but who had not been permitted to see her, was now sent for. The child shrunk back and looked half frightened as the hard, coarse, determined-looking woman entered the room in company with Mrs. Grayson and fixed upon her a pair of cold, cruel, gray eyes. Something like a smile relaxed her withered face as she spoke to Barbara.

"I have sent for you," said Mrs. Grayson, "in order to have a little talk about Barby."

Mrs. Miller nodded.

"Is she bound to you?"

"Yes, ma'am." Promptly and firmly answered.

"Would you like to give her up, if I'd take her?"

"No." Mrs. Miller uttered the little word resolutely.

"In what way is she bound?" queried Mrs. Grayson.

"She's bound all right, ma'am—fast and sure," replied Mrs. Miller, showing some impatience.

"And you can't be induced to part with her?"

"No, ma'am."

"Not for her good? I would like her for a nurse; and that will be so much easier for her, you know."

"She's my girl, Mrs. Grayson," replied the woman to this; "and I don't think it just right for you to be trying to get her away from me. What's mine is mine."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Grayson; "and particularly on Barby's account. But, if you won't give her up, why—"

She paused and looked at Barbara. There was an expression of almost hopelessness upon the child's face that touched her deeply.

"Why, I won't." Mrs. Miller finished the sentence. "And now, ma'am," she added, "Barby has been a trouble to you long enough, and had better come home."

"She is not well enough to be moved for two or three days yet," said Mrs. Grayson.

"I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Miller. "She's strong. I reckon she can walk round with a little help. Come, Barby."

Barbara made a motion to rise from her chair.

"Barby can't go to-day," said Mrs. Grayson, speaking in a tone of voice that meant quite as much as her words.

"Not if I say so?" interrogated Mrs. Miller.

"Not even if you say so!" Mrs. Grayson spoke firmly, though she smiled, in order not to arouse the woman's bad temper.

"She's my girl; not yours," said Mrs. Miller.

"Sickness has made her mine at least until she is well enough to be moved with safety," was replied. "And I must insist upon the right which I possess."

"When do you think she will be well enough?"

"In two or three days, I hope."

"Say in three days?"

"Yes."

"Very well, ma'am. Send her home on Saturday."

"You'd better call on that day," said Mrs. Grayson.

"I shall be very busy on Saturday. Can't you send her home?"

"I would prefer to have you call," replied Mrs. Grayson.

"I'll be here, ma'am," said the old woman, rising. "And see here, Barby," addressing the little girl, in a severe tone, "don't let there be any shamming on Saturday. I shall be here for you bright an early."

During the next two days Barbara gained strength slowly, and on Friday was able to go down stairs and about the house. The children were delighted at this, and kept with her all day. Mrs. Grayson observed her closely, and was surprised to see her so cheerful, and so interested in all that pleased Jenny and Katy. She was very quiet in her manner, and from a certain soberness of countenance, and drooping of her eyes when not doing or saying any thing, it was plain that she was not insensible to the great change that awaited her on the morrow.

Saturday came, and Barbara got up early, though still weak from her recent sickness; and when Mrs. Grayson came down stairs, she found her all ready to go when called for by Mrs. Miller.

"And so you are going to leave us, Barby?" said the lady, looking at her kindly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Barbara, with a little faltering in her voice.

"We don't want you to go, Barby."

"Thank you, ma'am." Barbara looked grateful. "But I'm bound to Mrs. Miller, and you know she says I can't leave her."

"Barby!"

"Ma'am!"

"Mrs. Miller has no right to keep you. You can leave her if you wish to do so."

But the little girl shook her head, and answered,

"I'm bound to her, you know."

"Only by a promise which she forced you to make. She can't hold you for an hour if you choose to leave her. You can stay here and

become nurse to the children, and Mrs. Miller can't help it."

"I promised on the Bible," said Barbara, with great seriousness; "and that makes me bound."

Mrs. Grayson did not think it right to press the matter any further. A child's conscience is a tender thing, and already she had tested Barbara's sense of duty nearly beyond the warrant of humanity.

Mrs. Miller had promised to be around, bright and early, and she was as good as her word. In this pause she came in. Barbara turned to Mrs. Grayson, and put out her hand to her, looking up thankfully, even with love in her homely face. She did not speak. Her heart was too full. Mrs. Grayson took her hand and held it tightly.

"Well, Mrs. Miller, so you're here for Barby?" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am. I said I'd be along this morning. Come, Barby."

Barbara drew on her hand, making an effort to disengage it from that of Mrs. Grayson. But the latter did not relax her hold.

"I think, Mrs. Miller, you'd better let Barbara remain with me. She is not right well and strong yet, and may become sick on your hands."

"Never you fear about that, ma'am. She is not going to get sick. Come, Barby"—the woman's voice showed impatience—"I'm in a hurry!"

"Barby," said Mrs. Grayson, "go up stairs for a little while. I will call you when we want you."

Barbara hesitated, and looked at Mrs. Miller.

"Jane, take her up stairs."

The cook had Barbara out of the room in a twinkling.

Mrs. Grayson fixed her eyes on Mrs. Miller steadily for some moments without speaking.

"I don't understand this, ma'am," said the latter, sharply.

"I want to say a word or two about Barby that may as well not be said in her presence," replied Mrs. Grayson. "Taking the condition in which I found her a few weeks ago as the result of your way of treating the poor child, I do not see that it would be altogether right for me to let her go back into the cruel bondage from which sickness released her."

Mrs. Miller's gray eyes fairly flashed, while her cold, wrinkled face grew dark with anger.

"She's bound to me, and I'll have her, dead or alive!" she said, fiercely.

"Bound only by a promise which you extorted from her by threats, and which you wickedly made her confirm by laying her hand upon the Bible."

Mrs. Grayson spoke with severity.

"Who says so?" demanded the woman, confronting Mrs. Grayson with something of menace in her attitude.

"One who will not lie," said Mrs. Grayson, steadily and bravely returning the almost threat-

ening gaze that was fixed upon her. "But we will not bandy fruitless words. Barby is not going back, Mrs. Miller. Even if she were bound by law, I would be a witness against you on the charge of cruel treatment, and have the indenture broken. And now, I make you this simple proposition. In order to set the child's mind at rest, I will buy from you her services, on condition that you release her from the promise extorted by threats two years ago."

"What will you pay me?" demanded the woman.

Mrs. Grayson drew out her purse, and taking from it a ten-dollar gold piece, held it up between her fingers, saying,

"That."

The woman shook her head.

"Very well. That, or nothing." Mrs. Grayson dropped the coin back into her purse, and made a movement as if she were about to leave the kitchen.

"I want my girl!" said Mrs. Miller, almost savagely.

"Barby will never go back to your house!" There was a resoluteness in Mrs. Grayson's voice and manner which left no doubt as to her being in earnest. "Your cruel abuse has canceled all right to service from her on any plea. I have offered you ten dollars as an inducement to release her from a promise she gave you under compulsion two years ago, and which weighs upon the child's mind. If you receive the money, well—so much gain to you; if not, I will take measures to satisfy her that you broke faith by cruel treatment, thus setting her free."

"If I must, I must," said the woman, doggedly, at last. "Give me the money."

"Jane." Mrs. Grayson spoke to the cook, who had returned. "Bring Barby here."

The little girl came in with Jane, looking paler, and showing plainly the signs of a strong mental conflict. It was clear that habitual self-control was giving way.

"Barby," said Mrs. Grayson, "you are not going back to Mrs. Miller's. She gives you up to me."

There was no start, nor sudden lighting up of her face, nor marked expression of joy.

"Is it so, Mrs. Miller?" queried the lady.

"Yes," growled rather than spoke the old hag, if we must call her so.

Barby sat down without speaking, covered her face with her hands, and remained as still as a statue.

"There." Mrs. Grayson held out the glittering coin. The woman seized it eagerly, and without a word left the house.

"Barby," said Mrs. Grayson, kindly.

But Barby did not stir.

"Barby!"

No response or movement.

"See, Jane! Quick!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayson, in an excited tone.

The cook sprang forward, and was just in time to catch Barby as she fell over from the chair on which she was sitting.

Long repressed excitement, followed by a sudden reaction, had proved too much for the feeble child, not yet recovered from a prostrating sickness. She had fainted.

"Is it really true, ma'am," said Barbara, looking up at Mrs. Grayson, half an hour afterward, from the bed where they had laid her, "that I am going to live with you? Or, was I only in a dream?"

"It is true, Barby. Mrs. Miller has given you up to me."

The child continued to look at Mrs. Grayson for some moments with an expression of love and reverence on her face as one might look at an angel. Then she kissed her hand, and turned away to hide the signs of feeling which she could not control.

Here is the story of "little Barby's" introduction to this lady's family, where she had been living for ten years up to the time when the reader was introduced to her as a "queer little body," looking for all the world as if "modeled after one of Punch's caricatures."

Mrs. Grayson, with all her good sense and good feeling, had a vein of ambition as well as pride in her mental constitution, and these drew her into fashionable life and inspired her with fashionable emulations; and so we spoke of her in the beginning as a fashionable lady. As Barbara gained in years, strength, and intelligence, her position in the household of Mrs. Grayson, as nurse to her children, became one of the highest responsibility. Her pure, deep love for these little olive plants, and her innate sense of right and duty, caused her, after the first strong emotions of gratitude began to subside, to give up her life to their good. The mother's fondness for society took away largely from her interest in her children, and left them for the most part with Barbara, and subject to her influence. Homely as she was to the verge of caricature, awkward in her movements, and with something that struck you on the first glance as ludicrous in her whole appearance and manner, these children had for her a respect and an affection which gilded over what was plain, even to repulsion in the eyes of strangers, and made her seem to them almost beautiful.

Mrs. Grayson meant all that her words implied, when she said, "I don't know what we should do without her." And yet, with all her native kindness of heart and high estimate of Barbara's qualities, she was proving, in her way, almost as hard upon her as Mrs. Miller had been. Not cruel, exacting, unkind, and brutal like the latter—compelling exhaustive labor by force and punishments—but so neglecting her own duties as to let more than a double share fall upon Barbara. In sickness and in health this patient, loving, earnest girl was the untiring nurse and companion of the children—six in number at the time she first passed under the reader's notice. For her there were no days of release from the routine of care and duty. Cook, chamber-maid, and waiter, all had their afternoons, once a week, and their half Sundays. But the

children could never spare Barby. Nor had Barby any wish to be spared. An afternoon to herself, weekly, or a half Sunday, was not in all her thoughts. How could such a thought find entrance when the heart had no desire? What would the dear children, who so loved and depended on her, do, if she were away taking rest or seeking pleasure? No, no, there were no half days nor holidays for Barby. The mother could make her daily round of calls, and have her daily ride for health and mental recreation, and the mother could spend evening after evening at opera, ball, or party, but Barby the nurse must never leave her precious charge. The mother could forget her sick child in the attractions of public and social life; but the patient, loving, devoted, conscientious nurse never for a single instant of time.

Well said Mrs. Grayson, "I don't know what we should do without Barby."

But human flesh is not imperishable. The nerves and muscles are not of iron. You may tax the mind and body too far. The student, enamored of his books; the artist, seeking to throw upon canvas or cut in marble the beautiful ideals that charm his imagination; the sterner mathematician, bending all the powers of his mind to the elucidation of propositions and theories; the ascetic, seeking the way to heaven through a denial of nature's legitimate wants—these, and other devotees, may destroy themselves, as to natural life, through a neglect of its orderly demand, and thus become, in the eyes of the world, martyrs to art, science, or religion. And so may the humble nurse—thinking only of the children who need her care—waste her strength, and become a martyr to her undying love. But she will not get into the Church's calender of saints, for her life is hidden from public view. There is nothing about her that the world recognizes as heroic.

So wasted the vital powers of "little Barby," under the exhausting, never-ceasing duties that fell to her lot. You rarely saw her without a baby in her arms; and few nights of unbroken sleep blessed her weary eyelids. If the child were sick, fretful, or restless, it was Barby, not the mother, who sat up through the long dreary hours; and none thought to relieve her from duty on the next day, that Nature might have a chance to win back her departed strength. She never complained, never spoke of weariness, never told of the hundreds and hundreds of wakeful hours she passed, while all the household, except some sick or fretful little one, was sleeping in sweet oblivion.

"Have you noticed Barby's cough?" said the family physician one day to Mrs. Grayson.

"Not particularly. She has some cold, I believe," replied Mrs. Grayson. Then observing that the doctor looked serious, she added:

"Why did you ask? is there any thing peculiar in her cough?"

"Yes; it isn't a common cough. You'd better see that she doesn't expose herself."

"I thought she'd only taken a little cold,"



remarked Mrs. Grayson. "She's often up at nights with the children. Do you think she requires medicine, Doctor?"

"It is always best to take things in time," the doctor replied.

"Shall I send for her?"

"Yes; I think it will be well to ask her a few questions."

So Barby was sent for. She came down from the nursery with a great chubby baby in her arms, and two little ones holding on to her dress.

"Barby," said the lady, "the doctor wants to ask you about your cough."

"Me! My cough?"

She spoke in evident surprise.

"Yes, Barby," said the doctor, kindly; "I noticed to-day that you coughed frequently, and I thought I would ask you about it before I went away."

"Oh, it's nothing," replied Barbara; "nothing at all; only a little tightness here"—laying her hand on her breast.

"How long has it been troubling you?"

"I've had it a good while."

"And it grows worse?"

"Not much."

"Have you any pain in your breast or side?"

"Yes, Sir; always a little in my right side; but I don't mind it."

"How do you sleep?"

"Sound enough, when I once lose myself."

"How soon do you get to sleep?"

"Never much before one or two o'clock."

"How comes that, Barby?" queried the doctor.

"Willy frets a great deal in the first part of the night, and I have to be up and down with him."

"But you sleep soundly after that?"

"Yes, Sir; until about five o'clock, when little Georgy wakes."

"And you get up then?"

"Not always. I can generally manage to keep him in bed. But the dear little fellow is fast asleep by seven o'clock in the evening, and it's no wonder he is awake bright and early. I often feel condemned because I don't get up with him; but I wake in such a sweat, and feel so weak, that I can't always force myself."

"Wake in a sweat?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Always?"

"Always, now."

"You never told me this, Barby," said Mrs. Grayson, in some astonishment.

"I never thought of telling you, ma'am. It isn't any thing to complain of," replied Barbara.

"How long have you had these night-sweats?" asked the doctor.

"For two or three months."

"That will do, Barby," said he, in a kind tone of voice. "I will send you some medicines. This cough and these night-sweats must be broken."

The doctor and Mrs. Grayson looked at each

other in silence, while Barby retired from the room.

"I am taken by surprise," said Mrs. Grayson, seriously.

"Rather a bad state of things, madam," responded the doctor, with gravity. "That girl must be looked to, or she will slip away from you one of these fine days in a twinkling."

"Not so bad as that, doctor."

"Yes, just as bad as that; so you'd better look to it that she doesn't lose quite so much rest. Nature won't bear up under the exhausting demands to which it has been subjected."

Mrs. Grayson said that she would make some different disposition of things in order to give Barby more time for sleep. And the doctor went away promising to send a package of medicine.

A new *Prima Donna*, with an unpronounceable name, was advertised to appear in "*Il Trovatore*" on that very evening, and Mrs. Grayson was going to the Opera. And so, naturally enough—or, we might say, unnaturally enough—she forgot, in thoughts of her own pleasure, the pressing needs of her patient, self-denying nurse. No different disposition of things, as promised, was made, by which Barby could get a few hours of refreshing sleep during the first part of the night. Not even a thought of her humble dependent found its way into Mrs. Grayson's mind until, on going up to her chamber between one and two o'clock in the morning, she heard Willy's fretful cries in the nursery, with interludes of coughing from Barby.

"There!" she said to herself, reproachfully, "if I haven't forgotten that girl! I meant to have made some arrangement by which she could get more sleep. I must see to this without fail to-morrow."

With this good resolution Mrs. Grayson retired, and soon lapsed away into profound slumber, though Willy fretted on and Barby coughed for an hour longer.

Attention having been called to Barby with so much seriousness by the doctor, Mrs. Grayson observed her closely on the next morning, and saw, with concern, what she might have seen at any time within the previous two or three months, if she had looked carefully, that her face was pale, her eyes dull, and her whole appearance that of languor and exhaustion.

"How do you feel, Barby?" she asked.

"Very well, ma'am," was answered.

"Then your looks and words do not agree," said Mrs. Grayson. "How did you sleep?"

"Pretty well."

"Did you cough through the night?"

"A little."

"What time did Georgy wake up this morning?"

"About the usual time."

"Say five o'clock?"

"Thereabouts, ma'am."

"Did you have to get up with him?"

"Yes, ma'am. I don't think the dear little fellow was quite well."

"How long were you up with him?"

"Off and on, until day."

"What about the night-sweats you told the doctor about: did you have them?"

"Yes, ma'am. I always have them."

"Well, this won't do, Barby," said Mrs. Grayson. "The doctor says you mustn't lose so much rest. I shall have to make some arrangement to relieve you of either Willy or Georgy at night. You must get more sleep, earlier or later."

Barby did not reply. As she stood, with her eyes upon the floor, her name was called from the nursery.

"Yes, dear," she answered, and hurried back to her charge.

So ended the interview. But the nurse was not forgotten. Several times through the day Mrs. Grayson thought of her, and turned over the ways and means of relieving her from the exhausting demands nightly made upon her strength. Difficulties naturally presented themselves. The children were used to Barby, and so much attached to her that it was not probable either Willy or Georgy, the troublesome ones at night, would submit to being taken from her room.

The experiment was made on Willy, in order to give Barby a chance to gain sleep during the first part of the night. But he rebelled, of course; and, instead of fretting between sleep and wakefulness, screamed to the full capacity of his lungs. This was worse for Barby than the care of Willy; so, after enduring the baby's cries for half an hour, she could hold out no longer. Leaving her bed and throwing on a wrapper she went to Mrs. Grayson's room, and took, almost by force, the screaming little one from her arms. No sooner were her tender, loving tones in his ears than Willy's cries changed to murmurs of delight, as he nestled his head down upon her bosom.

"Dear pet lamb! They sha'n't take him from his Barby!" And with these assuring words she ran back with the hushed child to the nursery and laid him in his crib beside her bed.

So that experiment proved a failure and was not attempted again. The next trial was with Georgy, the five o'clock boy. After he was asleep he was removed to his mother's room. Mrs. Grayson did not get home from a party until past one o'clock. It was two before she was lost in sleep. At five she was awakened by Georgy, who wanted to get up.

"Georgy can't get up now," said the mother, half-asleep and half-awake.

"Barby! Where's Barby? I want Barby!" cried out the child, in a voice that expressed both passion and surprise.

"Hush! Lie still! You can't go to Barby!"

But the mother might as well have spoken to the wind. Georgy only cried the louder.

"Do you hear, Sir! Stop that crying this instant!"

No impression.

"You Georgy!"

The tempest raged more fiercely.

"Stop this instant, or I'll punish you!"

The threat may not have been heard. It certainly was not heeded. Mrs. Grayson felt too uncomfortable under the double annoyance of broken sleep and stunning cries to be able to keep a very close rein on patience.

"Did you hear me?"

She had left her bed and gone to the one occupied by Georgy.

"Hush this moment, Sir! I won't have such goings on!"

Mrs. Grayson was unheeded. Patience could hold out no longer. The hand which she had uplifted in threatening came down upon the rebel with a smarting stroke.

"Oh no! Please, ma'am, don't do that!" And a hand caught her arm that was a second time upraised. It was the voice and hand of Barbara.

"Please don't!" pleaded the distressed nurse, who had left her bed and come to the door of Mrs. Grayson, on the first sign of trouble. She had not stopped to throw on a wrapper; but, in her thin night-clothes, moist with the perspiration that made sleep a robber of strength instead of a sweet restorer, ran down stairs and along the cold passage to the chamber where the strife she dreaded had commenced.

"Go back to your room, Barby!" said Mrs. Grayson, with anger in her voice. "How dare you interfere?"

"Barby! Barby! Oh, Barby!" cried the child, in a voice of anguish. "Take Georgy! Oh, take Georgy!"

Hurt by the tone and words of Mrs. Grayson, Barbara retired slowly toward the door; seeing which, the child stood up screaming after her wildly, and fluttering his little hands as if they were wings to bear him to his beloved nurse. The tender heart of Barbara was not proof against this appeal, and she returned with hesitating steps.

"Didn't I tell you to go to your room!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayson, passionately.

"Yes, ma'am; but I can't go. Let me take Georgy, won't you, please?"

The voice of Barbara was low, imploring, and husky with oppressive feeling; her face pale and distressed.

"Barby! Barby! Take Georgy!"

The odds were against Mrs. Grayson, and she yielded. Georgy sprung into the arms of his nurse, who, with tear-covered face, bore him from the room.

"I think, ma'am," said the chamber-maid, soon after breakfast, "that you'd better go over and see Barby."

"See Barby! Why? Is any thing the matter with her?"

"She's in bed yet."

"In bed!"

"Yes, ma'am. And I think she's right sick."

Mrs. Grayson waited to hear no more, but

went over quickly to the nursery, where she found Barbara in bed.

"Are you sick, Barby?" she said, kindly, laying her hand upon her forehead, which she found hot with fever.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Barby, in a dull, half-unconscious manner.

"How long have you felt sick?"

"I had a chill this morning."

"After you came from my room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you any pain?"

"I feel so tight here, in my breast, that I can hardly breathe."

"Is there pain as well as tightness?"

"When I take a long breath."

And then Barby lay very still and heavy, like one falling into semi-unconsciousness.

There was no mistaking the fact. Barby was seriously ill. Some little resistance was made by the children on attempting to remove them from her room; but they yielded when told by their mother with a hushed, serious voice, and a sober countenance, that "Poor Barby was sick," and must be kept very quiet.

When the doctor, who was immediately called, saw the sick girl, his countenance betrayed concern; and when questioned earnestly by Mrs. Grayson on leaving her room, he said that it was an attack of acute pneumonia.

"Then she is in danger?" said Mrs. Grayson, a pallor overspreading her face.

"In great danger, madam," was the emphatic reply.

"What is to be done?" asked the lady, turning her hands within and around each other, like one in pain and bewilderment of mind.

"Keep her perfectly quiet, and give the medicines I leave in the order prescribed," said the doctor.

"You will call in again to-day?"

"Yes. I will see her before night."

"And you think her really in danger?"

Mrs. Grayson's voice betrayed her great anxiety.

"No good can arise from concealing the fact, madam. Yes, the girl is in danger, as I have already told you."

"Don't neglect her, doctor!" Mrs. Grayson's voice choked. "Oh, if we should lose Barby, what will we do?"

True, true, kind-hearted, but not always considerate lady! what will you do without this humble, unattractive, unobtrusive little body, whose face, figure, and movements excite mirthfulness or ridicule in strangers? You have forgotten Barby in your fashionable pleasures—forgotten her with a cruel forgetfulness, through which have been sapped the very foundations of her life—and now, we fear, consideration has come too late. What will you do without Barby? Did you only think of yourself and your children in this extorted exclamation? Perhaps yea, perhaps nay. The human heart is very selfish—very.

"I will not neglect her, madam!"

Did the doctor mean any thing by this emphasis of the pronoun? Doubtless, for he looked steadily at Mrs. Grayson until her eyes fell. He had not been in attendance for years in her family without comprehending the position and duties of Barby.

Reader, we will have no concealments with you—this sickness is unto death! Yes, even so!

A mysterious Providence?

Nothing of the kind. Her burdens were too heavy for her, and she has fallen by the way; fallen, to rise no more—fallen just at the period when her heart was most in her duty, and those to whom she ministered most in need of her loving, patient care. Ah! if she had been rightly considered; if there had been for her, in the heart of Mrs. Grayson, a tithe of the regard in which Barby held her children, this sad martyrdom would not have taken place. But she did not mean to wrong Barby. None knew her better or valued her more. Did not Barby owe every thing to her? See from what a life of cruel hardship she rescued her. True—all true. Yet, does this mend the wrong? Your house will burn down as surely from a thoughtless exposure to fire as through the torch of an evil incendiary. Destruction waits not to ask the why or the wherefore.

Day after day the fatal disease progressed, with a steadiness and rapidity that set medical skill at defiance; and when it became at last apparent to all that the time of Barby's departure was at hand, a shadow of deep sorrow fell upon the household of Mrs. Grayson.

What would they do without Barby? She had grown into the whole economy of things; was a pillar in the goodly frame-work of that domestic temple; and how was she to be taken away without a loss of strength and symmetry?

But death waits not on human affairs. The feet of Barby were already bared for descent into the river whose opposite shore touches the land of immortal beauty; and in spite of skill, care, regret, and sorrow the hour of her departure drew near, until it was at hand.

True to the last, Barby's thoughts dwelt always on the children; and she felt the disabilities of sickness as an evil only in the degree that it robbed them of the care she felt to be so needful to their comfort and happiness. If she heard Willy cry, or Georgy complain, she grew restless or troubled. Every day she had them brought to her bedside that she might look at them, and utter, were it ever so feebly, a word of love.

"Dear, dear! Won't I be well soon, doctor? What will the children do?"

How many times was this said even after hope had failed in the physician's heart. At last the time came when concealment from Barbara of her real state was felt to be wrong, and the duty of communication devolved upon Mrs. Grayson.

"Barby!" she said, as she sat alone by her bedside, forcing herself to speak because she



dared not any longer keep silence. "Barby!" She repeated the name with so much feeling that the sick girl lifted her dull eyes feebly to her face and looked at her earnestly. "Barby, the doctor thinks you very ill."

"Does he?" The tones were untroubled.

"Yes; and we all think you ill, Barby."

"I know I'm very weak and sick, ma'am." She sighed faintly.

"If you should never get well, Barby?"

"That is, if I should die." There was no tremor in her feeble voice.

"Yes, Barby. Are you willing to go?"

"If God pleases." She said this reverently, as her eyelids closed.

"And you are not afraid to die?"

The eyes of Barby opened quickly.

"No ma'am," she answered, with the simplicity of a child.

"You have a hope of heaven, Barby?" Mrs. Grayson tried to speak calmly, but her voice could not wholly conceal the flutter in her heart.

"Children go to heaven?"

"Yes."

"I love children."

She said no more. That was her answer. After a pause Mrs. Grayson said:

"The doctor thinks you will not get well."

"As God wills it," was her calm response.

"You have done your duty, Barby."

"I have tried to, ma'am, and prayed God to forgive me when I failed."

"You have read your Bible often?"

"Every day." A light gleamed over her countenance.

"You loved to read that good book?" said Mrs. Grayson.

"Oh yes. I always felt as if God's angels were near me when I read the Bible. Won't you read me a chapter now? I haven't heard even a verse since I was sick."

Mrs. Grayson took from a table Barby's well-worn Bible, and read, with as firm a voice as she could command, one of the Psalms of David. She did not attempt to make a selection, but opened the book and read the first chapter on which her eyes rested. It was the twenty-third.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Mrs. Grayson shut the book and looked at Barby. There was light all over her wasted countenance, and her dull eyes had found a new lustre.

"It is God's word," said the sick girl, smiling

as she spoke; "and I always feel when it is read as though he was near by and speaking to me."

She closed her eyes feebly again, and for a little while lay very still. Then her lips moved, and Mrs. Grayson bent low to catch the murmur of sound that floated out upon the air.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

All was still again. Mrs. Grayson felt as she had never felt before. It seemed to her as if she were not alone with Barby, and she turned under the strong impression to see who had entered the room. But not to mortal eyes were any forms visible. And yet the impression not only remained but grew stronger, and with it came a sense of deep peace that lay upon her soul like a benediction from heaven. All things of natural life receded from her thought, taking with them their burden of care, anxiety, and grief.

In this state of mind she sat for many minutes like one entranced, looking at the face of Barby, which actually seemed to grow beautiful. Then there came a gradual awakening. The consciousness of other presence grew feebler and feebler, until Mrs. Grayson felt that she was all alone with Barby? No! Barby had gone with the angels who came to bear her upward. Only the wasted and useless body was left behind, never more to enshrine in its rough casket that spirit of celestial beauty.

"It is over?" said the doctor, who called on the next day to see his patient.

"Yes, it is over," replied Mrs. Grayson, tears of true sorrow filling her eyes.

"How and when did she die?"

Mrs. Grayson told the simple but moving story of Barby's departure.

"And went right up to heaven!" said the doctor, turning his face partly away to hide the signs of feeling. Then he added: "I must take a last look at Barby."

And they moved to the room where her body, all ready for burial, was laid. On the wall of this room hung a likeness of the nurse, surrounded by the children to whom her life had been devoted with such loving care. It was a most faithful likeness, giving all her living expression—for the sun had done the work of portraiture. After looking at the soulless face of the departed one for a few moments the doctor turned to the almost speaking portrait and gazed at it for some time. Then taking a pencil from his pocket he wrote these two words in a bold hand on the white margin below the picture—

"SAINT BARBARA."

And turning away left the apartment without a word.

In Mrs. Grayson's nursery, richly framed, hangs this picture of "SAINT BARBARA;" and the children stand and look at it every day, and talk of her in hushed tones, almost reverently. Of her it may with truth be written, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith

the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Though absent in body she is yet in spirit present by thought and love with the children she so tenderly cared for while in the flesh, and her influence is ever leading to good states and prompting to right actions.

Blessed Saint Barbara! The world knows you not, and the Church has failed to enroll you in the calendar of her worthies. But you are canonized for all that; and your memory is sacred in the hearts of children. Blessed Saint Barbara! If our dim eyes could penetrate the vail, we should see you clothed in immortal beauty!

### BATTLE GOSSIP.

"THE thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear," says old Montaigne; "and with good reason, that passion alone, in the trouble of it, exceeding all other accidents." And yet extreme fear sometimes causes actions which the most daring courage would fail to urge men to. As in the first pitched battle the Romans lost against Hannibal, under the Consul Sempronius, a body of ten thousand foot, that had taken fright, "seeing no other escape for their fright, threw themselves headlong upon the great array of the enemy, which with wonderful force and fury they charged through and through and routed, with a very great slaughter of the Carthaginians." Courage is indispensable to the soldier; yet some of the greatest commanders have in their youth shown signs of nervousness. Philip of Macedon ran away, in his first battle. Sancho XII., King of Navarre, was surnamed "the Trembling," because, going into battle, he was always seized with violent tremors. Yet he was a truly brave man; for one of his friends attempting to comfort him by representing as less the dangers he was about encountering, the stout old king replied: "You understand me ill; for could my flesh know the peril my courage will presently carry it into, it would sink down to the ground." That gallant general, Lord Hill, was so sensitive that in his youth he fainted at the sight of blood, and after he had entered the army fainted again, on beholding from his window a prize-fight in the court. A lady once wondered how, with such sensitiveness, he was able to act with great coolness and vigor in the midst of dreadful scenes of carnage. "I have still the same feelings," said he; "but in the excitement of battle all individual sensation is lost sight of."

Next to courage endurance is the greatest military virtue. The two qualities, in fact, go together; and have never had a finer example than in the wreck of a British transport ship in the Bay of Bengal, in the early part of this century. The vessel had sprung a great leak; and being about to sink, all efforts to relieve her being vain, the Colonel commanding first put the women and children in the only boats which could be used, and then ranged his brave soldiers

upon deck under arms, told them their inevitable fate, and, seeing the ship now about to give her last fatal lurch, ordered to "present arms." Thus, standing firmly in their ranks, no man moving or showing fear, they fired a volley as she sank, and went down standing at ease, in as fine order as though they had been arrayed upon parade ground.

Since the days when Alexander the Great, marching at the head of his army through the borders of India, suffering with the soldiers excessive thirst, yet threw away the casque full of water which was brought him in the presence of all, saying that one soldier is no better than another—since that day, the burning plains of India have witnessed some noble examples of bravery, endurance, and self-sacrifice. Sir William Napier relates that on one of the long marches the Twenty-fifth Sepoys, being nearly maddened by thirst and heat, saw one of their water-carriers approaching with full skins of water. They rushed toward him in crowds, tearing away the skins and struggling together, with loud cries of "Water! water!" At that moment some half-dozen straggling soldiers of the Twenty-second came up, apparently exhausted, and asked for some. At once the generous Indians withheld their hands from the skins, forgot their own sufferings, and gave the fainting Europeans to drink; then they all moved on, the Sepoys carrying the Twenty-second men's muskets for them, patting them on the shoulders, and encouraging them to hold out. It was in vain; they did so for a short time, but soon fell. It was then discovered that these noble fellows were all wounded, some deeply, but thinking there was to be another fight, they had concealed their hurts, and forced nature to sustain the loss of blood, the pain of wounds, the burning sun, the long marches, and the sandy desert, that their last moments might be given to their country on another field of battle.

Women have shown as great coolness and intrepidity in battle as men. The celebrated Captain Molly gained her grade of sergeant from Washington's own hand at the battle of Monmouth, where, her husband being shot down at the gun he was serving, and the gun about to be abandoned, she took his place, and did no little injury to the enemy, while her cool bravery won the admiration of all beholders. She had already distinguished herself at Fort Clinton, where, the Americans being about to retreat from it, she rushed back to her husband's gun, with the lighted match he had dropped in his flight, and touched off the piece. It was the last gun fired in the fort. Women soldiers have not been so rare in modern times as the rude life would seem to warrant. The spice of romance found in rough campaigning experiences seems to have its charms for the fairer and weaker sex. In 1739 died Christian Davies, who "served several years with great valor in the Enniskillen Regiment, but receiving a wound at the battle of Aghrim, was discovered." Her biography was published in 1741, with the following title:

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
MRS. CHRISTIAN DAVIES,  
THE  
BRITISH AMAZON,  
COMMONLY CALLED  
MOTHER ROSS;

Who served as a Foot-Soldier and Dragoon, in several Campaigns, under King William and the late Duke of Marlborough; containing Variety of Transactions, both serious and diverting: wherein she gave surprising Proofs of Courage, Strength, and Dexterity in handling all Sorts of Weapons, rarely to be met with in the contrary Sex.

Her first fight was the battle of Lauden, where she was wounded in the ankle. Here she said: "I heard the Cannon play, and the small Shot rattle about me, which, at first, threw me into a sort of Panick, having not been used to such rough Music."

Among other adventures of this singular woman, while in Flanders, she gained the affections of a burgher's daughter, which led to a duel with a rival lover, a sergeant of the same regiment, who had insulted the lady in question, and was wounded. For this she was imprisoned, the sergeant's wounds being considered mortal. The father of the young lady obtained the release of our heroine, her arrears of pay, and her discharge. She escaped from this love affair on the plea that she was sensible that the father would not bestow his daughter's hand on a poor foot-soldier, at the same time remarking to the young lady, that "although no more than a common sentinel, she had as much honor as a general, and purposed to gain a commission by bravery." An odd adventure subsequently befell her, for a child was laid to her charge, as being the father, and refusing to expose the perjury of the mother, she defrayed the expense of the infant, who did not live above a month.

When her sex was discovered she resumed the feminine apparel; but she never lost the masculine roughness contracted in her former campaigns, and was always ready for any rude adventure. Once, riding a mare, on which she carried provisions, she offered to race her against the horse of a Captain Montgomery, who had ridiculed her mount. The manner in which she relates the story is very characteristic. She says: "I offered to run the Mare against his Horse for a Pistole, and we would both ride. Brigadier Godfrey, who was by, laid another Pistole on my Side. We both went to the place chosen to run upon, and starting at the beat of Drum, placed to give the Signal, he suffer'd me to keep pace with him for some time; but finding he was going to leave me, I made a furious Push at him, flung Man and Horse into a Ditch, and thus won the Race! The Brigadier laugh'd heartily at my Stratagem, the Captain was half angry, but I got a couple of pistoles; for the Brigadier gave me that he had won, and I did not much concern myself, nor should I have given myself any Trouble had he been irritated, for

I may safely say I had as little Fear about me as any Man in the Army."

It is pleasant to know that though she occasionally drank a little too much, this Amazon was otherwise virtuous and beyond reproach, while her devotion to her husband, in his old age, was most exemplary, and indeed, by long-continued watching at his bedside, led to her own death.

Augustina, the heroine of Saragossa, is a famous instance of female bravery and military enthusiasm. She was a handsome girl of twenty-two when, in 1809, her native city was besieged by the French. While carrying refreshments to the soldiers she arrived at the battery of the Portillo at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed in it. The citizens and soldiers for the moment hesitated to re-man the guns. Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and the slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder; then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege; and having stimulated her fellow-citizens, by this daring intrepidity, to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire on the enemy.

At Matagorda, near Cadiz, in 1810, Mrs. Retson, a sergeant's wife, was tending the wounded, when, during a fearful cannonade, a cry for water arose. A drum-boy was ordered to procure some from the well, which was in the centre of the battery. The little fellow hesitated, and stood dangling the bucket in his hand. "Why don't you go for water?" exclaimed the surgeon. "The poor thing's frightened," interrupted Mrs. Retson, "an' nae wonder; gie me the bucket, my man, an' I'll gang mysel'." Seizing the bucket from the trembling hand of the boy, the intrepid heroine, stumbling over the bodies of the dead, amidst the roars of artillery and the groans of the wounded, hurried on to the well. The instant that she had lowered the bucket a shot cut the rope! Nothing daunted, however, with the assistance of a seaman she recovered the vessel, had the rope spliced, and bore the precious liquid to the parched lips of the wounded. During the hottest of the fire, and when it was almost impossible to remove from the parapets without being struck, Mrs. Retson, young in years, and blooming in health and beauty, refused to leave her husband, or remove from the spot where she was of such admirable service. When it was found necessary to repair one of the embrasures, she alone, with perfect composure, entered, and, in the face of the enemy, remained till she had completed all that could be done.

It is singular how many battles have been fought on Sundays and holidays. The Devil, who presides over the horrors of war, would seem to take a peculiar pleasure in setting his victims by the ears on the very days when they should set their hearts to worship God, and when their own kith and kin at home are praying to be pre-



served "from battle and murder, and from sudden death." The battle of Ravenna, in which, according to the old chronicler, "one shot of a double cannon did kill forty men," was fought on Easter Sunday, 1572. The victory of Towton was gained by Edward of York against King Henry on Palm Sunday, 1461; an old historian remarks that "this day was celebrated with lances instead of palms." Warwick the king-maker was beaten at Barnet, ten years after, on Easter Sunday, 1471. The battle of Edgehill, one of the first between Charles I. and his Parliament, was fought on Sunday, October 23, 1642, and it is related that Cromwell viewed the contest from a neighboring church-tower. "Loudon Hill" was fought on Sunday, June 1, 1679. The defeat of Aghrim occurred on Sunday, July 12, 1691. The great victory of Ramillies was gained by Marlborough on Whitsunday, May 12, 1706. Passing over many other instances, we come to the Duke of Wellington's campaigns, in which some of the chief actions took place on holidays. The "Iron Duke" had a fondness for Sunday fights, which he must have contracted in the land of his birth—sweet Ireland! The action of Vimiera was fought on Sunday, August 21, 1808. That of Fuentes d'Onore was gained on Sunday, May 5, 1811. On Sunday evening, January 19, 1812, Lord Wellington issued the brief and determined order that "Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock." The battle of Orthez was fought on Sunday, February 27, 1814; that of Toulouse on Easter Sunday of the same year; and, finally, the battle of Waterloo, in which the Duke closed the career of his great antagonist—whom, it is curious to know, he never in his life saw—was decided on Sunday, June 18, 1815. Coming down to our own times, we find that the battle of Inkermann was fought on Sunday, November 5, 1854; and the great Indian rebellion broke out on Sunday, the 10th of May, 1857, at Meerut.

Of our own battles, that of New Orleans was fought on Sunday, January 8, 1815; but the following list shows the singular fact that, of the actions in our Revolutionary War, but one of importance was fought on *Sunday*. It is probable that our troops, wearied and ill-provided, were glad to rest on the first day of the week; and very likely Washington, so far as he could control the events of a campaign, refrained from interference with this day of peace.

Lexington, April 19, 1775..... Wednesday.  
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775..... Saturday.  
Quebec (Siege of), December 31, 1775..... Sunday.  
Long Island (or Brooklyn), August 27, 1776..... Wednesday.  
Harlem Plains, September 16, 1776..... Monday.  
White Plains, October 28, 1776..... Monday.  
Fort Washington, November 16, 1776..... Saturday.  
Trenton, December 26, 1776..... Thursday.  
Princeton, January 3, 1777..... Friday.  
Bennington, August 16, 1777..... Saturday.  
Brandywine, September 11, 1777..... Thursday.  
Saratoga (first battle), September 19, 1777..... Friday.  
Saratoga (second battle), October 7, 1777..... Tuesday.  
Germantown, October 4, 1777..... Saturday.  
Forts Clinton and Montgomery, Oct. 6, 1777..... Monday.  
Red Bank, October 22, 1777..... Wednesday.

Monmouth, June 28, 1778..... Sunday.  
Wyoming, July 4, 1778..... Saturday.  
Quaker Hill (Rhode Island), Aug. 23, 1778..... Saturday.  
Savannah (captured), December 29, 1779..... Tuesday.  
Brier Creek, March 3, 1779..... Tuesday.  
Stono Ferry, June 20, 1779..... Sunday.  
Stony Point, July 16, 1779..... Friday.  
Savannah (abandoned), October 9, 1779..... Saturday.  
Guilford Court House, March 15, 1780..... Monday.  
Charleston (surrendered), May 12, 1780..... Wednesday.  
Waxhaws, May 29, 1780..... Monday.  
Springfield, June 23, 1780..... Wednesday.  
Rocky Mount, July 30, 1780..... Friday.  
Hanging Rock, August 6, 1780..... Friday.  
Camden, August 16, 1780..... Wednesday.  
Cowpens, January 17, 1781..... Wednesday.  
Hobkirk's Hill, April 25, 1781..... Friday.  
Augusta (captured), June 5, 1781..... Monday.  
Ninety-six, June 19, 1781..... Monday.  
Jamestown, July 9, 1781..... Saturday.  
Eutaw Springs, September 8, 1781..... Friday.  
Yorktown (surrender), October 19, 1781..... Friday.  
New York (Evacuation of), Nov. 25, 1783..... Tuesday.

Monmouth, which was thus the only important action of the whole Revolution, fought on Sunday, was farther remarkable as a day of intense heat. Many of the soldiers died from the heat alone, without being wounded, and a different temperature might have had an important effect upon the result of the action. The weather has influenced the fate of many a battle in the world's history. At Solferino, the retreat of the Austrians was protected by a tremendous storm, which prevented the victorious French and Sardinians from a bloody pursuit. At Waterloo the heavy rain during the night of the 17th of June prevented greater slaughter, as the shots seldom rose after they had once touched the ground, and never bounded along like when the ground is dry; the shells also frequently buried themselves, and when they exploded, produced no other effect than throwing up fountains of mud. Napoleon's retreat through Russia was rendered fatal altogether by the fearful winter, of which the Russians shrewdly availed themselves. At the Battle of Plassey, in 1757, a heavy shower of rain against which the British preserved their ammunition, so damaged that of their enemies that the firing on that side for a while was almost discontinued. The defeat at Falkirk Moor on the 17th of January, 1746, was attributed to a violent storm of rain and wind the whole time of the action, which beat so in the face of the British that they could not see before them; spoiled the ammunition in the act of loading; rendered their arms almost useless, and made the ground so slippery and heavy that the artillery could not be brought up. And, finally, at the battle of Cressy, according to Froissart, "There fell a great rain and eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows, for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs." The rain is said to have rendered the bow-strings of the Genoese archers useless, but the English, having kept their bows in cases, were not affected by the weather.

But the weather is not the only seemingly trivial circumstance which has affected seriously the fate of armies. During the "Seven Years' War" the French troops were so harassed by mice, which destroyed their provisions, that, according to a news-item in the *London Gazette*, for November 17, 1761, they "demanded from the country of Eichsfeld and Hohenstein four hundred cats; one hundred had been already delivered to them. The motive for the demand is, that the mice ate up their magazines."

And, on the other hand, when Marlborough was besieging the town of *Aire*, in the French Netherlands, his army, cut short of provisions by the loss of several boats-full to the enemy, found a supply of grain where one would little look for it. General Stearne relates that "the soldiers found concealments under ground which the mice had laid up for their winter store, and that in such abundance that it was a great relief to us toward the end of the siege. These hoards were from four to six feet under ground, and in many of them our men found some pecks of corn."

There are many instances of worn-out cavalry horses, sold out of the army and used in menial employments, remembering and obeying, years after, the sound of a regimental trumpet. At the battle of Waterloo some of the horses, as they lay on the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, commenced eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness; others were noticed quietly grazing in the middle of the field, between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs. Whenever a charge of cavalry passed near them, these horses would form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, without riders, gallop with the rest, neither stopping nor flinching when the encounter took place. A more touching instance than this even occurred at the battle of Magenta, where a dog belonging to a lieutenant of the foreign legion marched into action with his master, and the two were mortally wounded almost at the same instant. The faithful animal had sufficient strength to crawl to his master's side, and expired licking his wounds. The drummers of one of the Zouave companies owned a dog, who accompanied his masters every where. Now this company led the charge in one part of the field of Solferino; and as the drummers marched in front of the company, and the dog marched in front of the drums, this brave animal had actually the honor of leading one of the most brilliant charges in the whole war. It is pleasant to know that the noble animal escaped un wounded, and is now the pet of his regiment in Paris.

The late war was farther remarkable for the successful use, made by Napoleon III. on several occasions, of balloons, for reconnoitring the position and movements of the enemy. The brothers Godard, celebrated French aeronauts, made several successful ascensions, taking with

them engineers and officers, who thus gained important information. It was, indeed, reported that the French victory at Solferino was due, to some extent, to important information of the enemy's movements, procured by means of an ascension performed by some of the staff of the Emperor. Balloons were used at the battle of Liege, at the commencement of the French Revolution. Experienced engineers ascended and reported on the position and movements of the Austrian army. Continual notice was afforded of whatever occurred in the Austrian camp, the number of their artillery, and their motions, by notes thrown down among the French troops, and attacks were consequently made against the enemy's most assailable points. They were also employed by the French at the battle of Fleurus, during the siege of Mentz, and subsequently at that of Ehrenbreitstein. The balloon, in all these instances, proved serviceable; and especially at the latter place, the height of the fortress rendering it impossible to reconnoitre the internal portions in any other manner.

Paper and pencils of different colors were provided for the engineers who ascended, and the signs being previously decided on, the paper, when marked, was fastened to an arrow-like rod, loaded at one end and pointed in order to fix itself upright in the ground. To the other end was attached a small silk flag, and being dropped in the ground within reach of the French, the desired information was communicated.

There is an old story that the Dutch, the Yankees of those days, when Van Tromp literally swept the seas with a broom at his mast-head, used to sell powder and shot to such of their enemies as came into action ill-provided with those necessities. It is notorious that, during the Mexican war, American merchants sold large quantities of ammunition to the enemy, especially on the Californian coast, where, in the years '47 and '48, it was no unusual thing for Yankee merchant-vessels to be caught by United States cruisers loaded with powder for the Mexican troops. But it has happened ere now that the enemy's shot have been very eagerly gathered up to keep up a fire which would otherwise have slackened. The Duke of Wellington was once in this predicament; and more recently at the siege of Sebastopol, by a general order dated October 24, 1854, the Commander-in-Chief authorized "the payment of four-pence for each small shot, and six-pence for each large shot which may be brought into the camp of Lieutenant-Colonel Gambier, Royal Artillery, near the light division, by any soldier or seaman."

Suwarrow, the great Russian bear, had the name of a conquered city struck upon the musket-balls he found in its magazines, and gave one to each of his soldiers by way of a medal; and in like manner the Prussian soldiers, engaged at Waterloo, received from their Government medals cast from the cannon taken from the French on that occasion—a more gratifying decoration, one would think, than that provided for the English soldiers, which was of silver.

Cæsar wrote, "Veni, vidi, vici;" and Commodore Perry, with like brevity, reported, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours;" but both were beaten by General Sir Robert Boyd, who, while Governor of Gibraltar, having need of beef for his garrison, wrote to the agent in England this laconic dispatch: "Browne, Beef, Boyd." Browne sent the stores, with the reply: "Boyd, Beef, Browne." This recalls the story of Peter de Dreux, the celebrated fighting bishop of Beauvais, who, being taken in arms by Richard Cœur de Lion, was imprisoned and fettered for personal injuries during his own captivity. Pope Celestine III. remonstrated in behalf of the prelate, to whom, in reply, the King sent the Bishop's helmet and armor to Rome, with this neat dispatch taken from Genesis xxxvii. 82, "Know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." The Pope declined further intercession, and replied, "That the coat the King had sent did not belong to a son of the Church but of the camp; and the prisoner, therefore, was at Richard's mercy."

### THE SKATERS.

LIKE clouds they scud across the ice,  
His hand holds hers as in a vice;  
The moonlight strikes the back-blown hair  
Of handsome Madge and Rupert Clare.

The ice resounds beneath the steel;  
It groans to feel his spurning heel;  
While ever with the following wind  
A shadowy skater flits behind.

"Why skate we thus so far from land?  
Oh! Rupert Clare, let go my hand!  
I can not see—I can not hear—  
The wind about us moans with fear!"

His hand is stiffer than a vice,  
His touch is colder than the ice,  
His face is paler than the moon  
That paves with light the lone lagoon!

"Oh! Rupert Clare, I feel—I trace  
A something awful in your face!  
You crush my hand—you sweep me on—  
Until my breath and sense are gone!"

His grasp is stiffer than a vice,  
His touch is colder than the ice;  
She only hears the ringing tune  
Of skates upon the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare! sweet Rupert Clare!  
For Heaven's mercy hear my prayer!  
I could not help my heart, you know—  
Poor Willy Gray—he loves me so!"

His grip is stiffer than a vice,  
His lip is bluer than the ice;  
While ever thrills the ringing tune  
Of skates along the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare! where are your eyes?  
*The rotten ice* before us lies!  
You dastard! Loose your hold, I say!—  
O God! Where are you, Willy Gray?"

A shriek that seems to split the sky—  
A wilder light in Rupert's eye—  
She can not—can not loose that grip;  
His sinewy arm is round her hip!

But like an arrow on the wind  
The shadowy skater scuds behind;  
The lithe ice rises to the stroke  
Of steel-shod heels that seem to smoke.

He hurls himself upon the pair—  
He tears his bride from Rupert Clare—  
His fainting Madge, whose moist eyes say,  
Ah! here, at last, is Willy Gray!

The lovers stand with heart to heart—  
"No more," they cry, "no more to part!"  
But still along the lone lagoon  
The steel skates ring a ghostly tune!

And in the moonlight, pale and cold,  
The panting lovers still behold  
The self-appointed sacrifice  
Skating toward the rotten ice!

### COUSIN MAURICE.

"Now God be thanked for years enwrought,  
With love that softens yet."

MILLY DENNIS was an orphan, but she had never known any of the sorrow or hardship that the name is apt to imply. Losing both parents in infancy, she had become the pet and spoiled darling of her mother's only brother, John Ayre, Esquire, of Ayre Hall, and the very sunshine and brightness of the stately old mansion, from the time her baby feet began to patter about its oaken floors, till now, when she sat, in girlish dignity, at the head of her uncle's table, the mistress of the whole establishment. Petted and indulged she had been, to a degree that would have ruined a temper less sweet and sunny, a heart less loving and unselfish. Willful and impetuous she certainly was, saucily conscious of her own sway over all the hearts around her, and doubtless abusing her power at times with naughty caprice; but for all that she was very charming and lovable, not more through the beauty of her face than through her blithe kindliness of voice and manner, which told truly how innocent and loving was the young heart within.

Mr. Ayre was a widower, with two sons, but no daughters; so that Milly had no rival whatever in the household affections. She was the centre for all, and each of the three, in his own way, made her very necessary to his happiness. For her uncle she had a hundred small services to perform, not one of which, in his estimation, could be properly rendered by any one else; and



Washington and Maurice, in a less material way, were quite as dependent upon her. Washington, the older son, was full ten years her senior, and, like his father, a true country gentleman—fond of all out-door life, and spending his time partly in superintending a large plantation inherited from his mother, and partly in field-sports. He was not intellectual or highly cultivated, but he had a large fund of good nature and mirthfulness, and kept the Hall continually full of his friends and companions, liking nothing better than to bring Milly among them, and see them fascinated by her girlish prettiness and piquant manners.

Milly was very fond of Cousin Washington, and very willing to entertain him, and his friends as well, in her own bewitching, coquettish way; but after all, her true companion and best friend at Ayre Hall was her Cousin Maurice. He was but three years older than herself, and they had grown up together, played, and studied, and read together, sharing all tastes and sympathies and enjoyments, until they were nearer and dearer to each other than even brothers and sisters are apt to be.

They were very unlike, too. Milly was always childlike and impetuous: one saw the variable, impulsive feeling in every flash of her dark-fringed eyes, every expression of her mobile face, every curve and line of her exquisite mouth, which made one think involuntarily of those pretty lines:

"Your lips are like the prophet-flower  
When thus they quivering close, my love;  
We're sure to have a summer shower  
From the blue eyes that rain above."

She was caressing and demonstrative, loving to be petted herself and to lavish tokens of her tenderness on those around her. There was no reserve in her nature, no suspicion, no coldness where she gave her confidence and affection; and just as fascinating and irresistible as the sunshine itself was the charm of her bright, frank cheerfulness and gayety, which seemed to fear no possibility of change or sorrow. Indeed, there was no possibility of abiding change for such a disposition as hers. One felt instinctively that however she might shrink and tremble, or even be beaten down entirely in the storm of affliction, she would yet spring up, buoyant and hopeful again, and by the light in her own spirit shed brightness on the dreariest paths.

Maurice was a complete contrast to much of this. He was grave, thoughtful, reserved, undemonstrative; living much within himself, and truly dependent for love and companionship upon only one living being, who was Milly. Not that he was lacking in affection for his father and brother; he loved both sincerely and earnestly, but he had little intellectual sympathy with them, and was self-sufficient without them. It was only Milly who possessed the key to the secret chambers of his soul, who inspired him with courage to do or dare every thing for her sake, who by a word or touch could dispel the shadow of gloom and depression that sometimes, without

reason, clouded his life; and who had first stirred for him the fountain of sweet and bitter waters that lies in every human soul, waiting for the moving breath of its master-spirit.

When or how this love had made itself manifest to him he hardly knew. It had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until it was now the most vital principle of his life, deep-rooted, wide-spreading, influencing every thought, purpose, and act. Yet such was his habit of reserve and his power of self-control, that no one ever suspected the feeling he cherished so sacredly, the hope in which all his dreams of happiness centred. He chose that it should be so, for his excessive sensitiveness could not bear that any rude hand should touch so delicate and exquisite a flower. It was with an inward pang sometimes that he felt that Milly herself was as unconscious as the rest. It would have made him quite happy if she had been a little timid and reserved with him; if he could have seen any bashful shrinking away when he came near, any hidden emotion revealing itself in downcast eyes or causeless blushes; any token, in short, that he might have recognized as an answer to something similar in himself. But he never did. Milly was as open as daylight with him always, just as frank and affectionate and demonstrative at seventeen as she had been at seven. It was somewhat of a trial to hear her musical, merry voice calling him all manner of playful, caressing names; to have her fairy fingers busied about his person, tying his cravat the better to suit her taste, smoothing his hair, or more frequently rumpling the curly brown locks in mischievous fondness; or to feel her light kiss on his cheek after any little absence—and know that his father and his brother shared the same favors equally with himself; when there was a passion burning in his heart which longed to clasp and close her for his own sole possession, to be divided with no one on earth.

Why he never gave her any idea of his real feeling I can hardly tell. It was partly because of his constitutional lack of the demonstrative faculty, partly some little fear of what the result might prove; but more especially, I think, because his fine sense of honor and delicate consideration shrank from trammeling her with any engagement while she was yet so young and her heart so untried. He would wait until she was older, until others had sought but failed to win his treasure; and then he would tell her of the love he had hoarded for months and years, hidden in his secret soul as its most precious jewel, and kept sacred and pure until it was worthy of even her acceptance. So (he said to himself, in the simplicity of his hopeful trust) she would accept it, and wear it, and crown his life with gladness and blessing.

So Maurice dreamed, and the years went on, each one adding new grace and loveliness to Milly, until she had reached the maturity of eighteen summers. Unconscious as she had been, and still continued to be, of any thing more

than cousinly affection on Maurice's part, she was nevertheless very well versed in all the signs and tokens of the tender passion in other quarters. Washington's friends had acquired a habit of coming quite as often to the Hall when he was not there as when he was, and more than one of them had laid desperate siege to the heart of his fair cousin. Dating from her sixteenth birthday, when partly astonished, and partly frightened, but a great deal more amused than either, she had refused her "first offer," up to any time within the two years, Milly might have been mistress of any one of half a dozen plantations, far or near, if she had only chosen.

But she did not choose. She laughed, danced, sang, and flirted with her hapless lovers, one and all, giving no more of her smiles to the one than the many, and keeping provokingly heart-whole herself through every thing. She enjoyed it with all her might, too; admiration and homage, though not necessary to her existence as they become to some beauties, were nevertheless very pleasant to the little lady; for she was by no means exempt from the small vanities and triumphs of her sex and her belle-ship. Maurice looked on at all this with no great concern. It is true he would have liked a quiet walk or talk with Milly much oftener than he could get it nowadays, for even when she was at home the Hall was almost always full of visitors who claimed the largest half of her time. Visitors in whom he took but small interest, moreover; but he bore it patiently, seeing Milly delighted in her hostess-ship, and comforted himself with the conviction that all this would have an end in the course of time. She would tire of so much gayety, such constant society, begin to long by-and-by for a different, a deeper experience of her own heart and life, and failing (as he knew she had failed) to find it in any love that had yet been offered to her, would turn at last to him, and know there was the rest she sought. This was Maurice's faith, and he rested in it, and was content; while Milly danced through her summer-time as joyously as ever, and just as unconscious of all his dreams and theories concerning her.

There came a new guest to Ayre Hall in these days—a young Mr. Richard Thornton, whose father had been an old friend of Mr. Ayre. He was a Northerner, traveling over the South, and brought a letter from his father to his father's old friend. Mr. Ayre was delighted to revive old times and old memories in this unexpected way, and therefore Mr. Richard Thornton was most hospitably urged to make the Hall his home for a prolonged visit. It is recorded of him that he felt unable, by reason of certain engagements calling him to pursue his travels without delay, to accept the invitation for longer than one night, until Milly was called in by her uncle to give her welcome to the stranger; whereupon his engagements seemed suddenly to diminish in importance, and the one night extended itself finally into a fortnight. For he proved a most agreeable guest indeed, and won favor in the eyes of

all the household, from Mr. Ayre down to Milly herself, in a very little while.

Perhaps she was the first to feel the difference between him and the other men around her. He had the advantage of having traveled much and been much in society, which gave him a certain grace and ease of manner that pleased her taste at once, even before she discovered that he was really as cultivated and accomplished as he appeared to be. But it was not long before her womanly instinct found out his true refinement of mind as well as manner; and she thoroughly liked and admired him before he had been many days at the Hall. Maurice liked him too, notwithstanding a little dread of the effect of his manifold attractions upon Milly. He had been a student, like himself, and read, and loved, and appreciated books more after his own fashion than any one Maurice had met before. There was no resisting the pleasure of this sympathy. It had a new charm in it, and he gave himself up to it frankly, thinking it foolish, after all, to apprehend any danger to his cherished hopes from a mere passing visitor, whom they might never see again.

Milly, being unconscious of these hopes, however, did not feel exactly as Maurice did about Mr. Thornton. She neither wished nor believed that she should never see him again. Indeed, it would have given her an unaccountable pain if any one had told her that this pleasant visit was to be the end, as well as the beginning, of an acquaintance which had interested her so much. She had, in general, a very capricious and careless way of receiving the compliments and attentions of her admirers. They half-amused, half-gratified her girlish vanity, without waking the slightest real feeling. But it was different with this man, and she almost wondered at herself for the secret pleasure which fluttered through her heart at any token of admiration from him.

Not that she was at all in love with Mr. Thornton. She did not imagine any thing of the sort, and such a thought would have shamed her inexpressibly if it had entered her mind. But she was more interested in him than in any man she had ever met: he had wakened new emotions, excited strange, vague desires and anticipations altogether unknown before. Now, if at any time, Maurice should have told her his secret; for her heart, in this first troubling of its deep waters, could have comprehended his yearning love, and in its new perception of its own desires and needs, would have given itself up, fully and gladly perhaps, to his keeping. But Maurice did not see this; so he lost his last and best opportunity.

Milly, having nothing else half so exciting or pleasant to think about, dreamed of Richard Thornton, and dwelt upon all the little incidents of his visit until she had learned by heart, literally, almost every thing he had said or done while at Ayre Hall. Especially she recalled, with a blush and tremor of delight, his few last words spoken for her hearing alone:

"I shall come again soon, very soon, if I may—if I dare! Will *you* promise me welcome for another visit?"

And then the sudden warm pressure of her hand, the hasty gesture with which he half carried it to his lips, and then dropped it with such a glow upon his face! Milly Dennis treasured it all in her secret heart, and Maurice Ayre would have had bitterness and despair in his could he have known how often the sweet flush on her cheek and the tremulous gladness of lips and eyes were caused by those same untold memories and unspoken anticipations. Poor Maurice! it would have been better if he had known, for then the blow would not have come with such terrible force at last.

For Mr. Richard Thornton *did* come again, and that within as short a time as he could find any sensible excuse for coming. Maurice was by, and saw the welcome which she gave him, and his first real pang of jealousy was caused by the unwonted pleasure that he saw she felt in the return. He began to think it was indeed time that he should speak to her; and day by day after that watched eagerly for an opportunity. But he never could find her alone long enough to exchange five words with her. There was forever some new excursion on hand, some beach-party, or picnic, or riding expedition, planned for Mr. Thornton's benefit, which occupied every day; and then there were moonlight sails on the river, or long-continued strolls up and down the shady avenues of the extensive lawn, in which Milly was always appropriated by Mr. Thornton, who seemed especially to enjoy this sort of exercise; or else a dancing party in the house evening after evening. And so the days and weeks went on, full of wild, sweet excitement to Milly, learning for the first time "love's young dream;" but to Maurice more and more full of doubts, and longings, and anxious fears.

The second visit came to an end after three weeks, however, and he breathed freely again. It was not possible, he thought, that any harm could have been done in so short a time. Richard Thornton was a mere stranger still, an untried acquaintance; and however much *he* might have been fascinated, it was certain that Milly Dennis had too much maidenly reserve to have yielded up *her* heart to any such hasty wooing. So, strengthening himself with this belief, he went to look for Milly an hour or two after Mr. Thornton's departure.

He had left Ayre Hall late in the afternoon, and it was now just in the dusk of evening. Milly had wandered off somewhere for a solitary walk, but he guessed her probable whereabouts, knowing her fancy for a certain sheltered nook upon the high bank of the river, which she called her watch-tower. So he turned his feet thither, and found her there as he had anticipated. She was sitting on the flat gray rock which was the only seat the watch-tower furnished, with her hands folded idly across her knees, and her eyes looking dreamily over the river, whose moon-

lighted waves broke with soft, rippling murmurs upon the shore. She did not see Maurice until he was quite near her, and then she sprang up with a start, and a blush that he could see even in the uncertain moonlight, reddening all over her face. But he had hardly time to notice it, and wonder what it meant, before she had quite recovered herself and spoken in her usual way.

"You almost frightened me, Maurice," she said, gayly; "I had been getting nervous any how with being here all alone in this pallid moonshine, and you came up so noiselessly I took you for a ghost at first. How did you know I was here?"

"How did you know I came to look for you?" Maurice asked, with feigned carelessness.

"Because," Milly retorted, saucily, "I know you did! What else should bring you to my watch-tower? But I'm glad you came, any way, whether it was for me or not. I wanted you."

"Did you? for what, Milly?" he exclaimed, eagerly; and a strange, wondering, joyous hope sprang to sudden life in his heart.

But her answer quenched it as suddenly. "I wanted you," she said, shyly, half averting her blushing face, although she drew closer to him, and laid her hand caressingly upon his shoulder while she spoke, "because I have something special to say to you, Maurice—something to tell you that I want you to know before any body else."

"What is it? A wonderful secret, I dare say!" he answered, jestingly; but even while he spoke the light words a chilling presentiment crept to his heart, and her soft touch upon his shoulder seemed like a leaden weight, pressing the life out from all his sweet dreams.

"Whose heart have you been breaking now with your inexorable 'No?'" he went on, as she still hesitated while smiles and blushes kept flitting over her face.

"Nobody's!" she exclaimed at last, hastily. "This time I said 'Yes,' Maurice!"

"To what? an invitation to a ball, or a proposal for a ride?"

"Neither one, Sir! The invitation was to a wedding, and the proposal for a *wife*," she answered, with a mock stateliness, which did not quite cover her real embarrassment.

"And you said yes? Milly, you are not in earnest; it is impossible!" he cried, quickly and incredulously, taking her hands in his, and turning her face to the moonlight. "You are trying to tease me—to frighten me—but it is no use, I shall not believe you."

"But, Maurice, you must," she returned, with a mixture of earnestness and bashfulness in her voice. "I mean what I say; I have only told you the truth. Mr. Thornton has asked me to marry him, and I have promised that I would. That's the whole story. I don't know why it should vex you, either: I thought you would be pleased, for I know you like Mr. Thornton. Of course I wouldn't marry any of those others that have been tormenting me so



long—and I could understand that you would never be willing—but *he* is very different. He is more like you than any body else who has been here; I liked him for that, first of all, and now I like him for his own sake, Maurice."

She did not see the white, despairing face above her, as this confession escaped her lips; for her own cheeks were burning with girlish shame, and she could not lift her downcast eyes even to meet her cousin's look, after such an acknowledgment. She was so far from any suspicion of the truth, however, that she did not even wait for him to answer, but continued with a frank, simple confidence:

"I have been longing to tell you all about it; but I couldn't while he was here, and it was only last night that it happened, too. He said that he loved me from the very first time he saw me, and I couldn't help telling him that I liked him a little bit too! I was ashamed—for it seems such a short time since we knew him at all; but I couldn't help it, Maurice, indeed. I do like him; I had to tell him so—wasn't it right?"

She looked up into his face at last with a shy, appealing glance, as she asked this question; but in the moonlight she could not see how pale he was, and she was too full of her own happy excitement, besides, to mark the agitation which even his strong will could not yet control. "Tell me, Maurice," she repeated, eagerly, "was it not right? are you not glad? I know you ought to be; but I can't be satisfied until you tell me that you are willing and pleased. So congratulate me now: say you know Mr. Thornton is a great deal too wise and good for me, but you are glad that your cousin has been honored by his choice, and you are sure she will be as happy as even you could wish her to be!"

Poor Maurice! it was a hard trial to stand there with those soft hands clasping his, to meet those tender, appealing eyes, that sought his with such unconsciousness of the anguish he was enduring, to listen to such words from her lips, and answer her as she wished to be answered! And yet he wrestled bravely with his bitter disappointment, and kept down the agony that struggled for expression. He knew that his dream was over now—that hope was vain and effort useless; and with noble self-renunciation he determined that Milly should never know the pain she had caused. It was too late now to speak for any good, and he would not embitter the gladness of her happy love by pouring out his own unavailing grief and despair. So with a brave self-abnegation that few men would have been capable of, he answered Milly's questions to her full satisfaction, submitted to the caresses which in her overflowing delight she showered upon him, and listened to all her unreserved confidences, until she herself was weary of talking, and the waning moon gave her warning to return to the house.

At the door of her own room he kissed her good-night, with a fervent "God bless you, Mil-

ly!" She threw her arms around his neck with a half-laughing, half-tearful "Good-night, Maurice—you dear old cousin! I hardly know now whether I love you or Richard best!"

And so they parted: Milly to lay her happy head upon slumberous white pillows, and dream radiant dreams of her blissful future; Maurice to pace the floor of his study, hour after hour, with a fever in his brain which neither the cool night shadows, nor the morning that dawned dewy and fragrant upon his vigil, could allay.

There are few men, as I think, capable of the self-denial, generosity, and power of control which Maurice exhibited in the time that elapsed between this event and Milly's marriage. Few who could have resisted the temptation to supplant one who might so well have been deemed a usurper, and win back the love which seemed his by right; fewer still who, even being hopeless of success, could have refrained from pouring forth the story of their passion and disappointment. But he was strong enough and magnanimous enough to overcome both impulses, and though his heart was breaking within while his lips spoke the words of sympathy and satisfaction that were expected of him, Milly never knew it. She only thought, when she noticed the shadow on his brow which he could not always order away even in her presence, that he was sorry on account of the separation that must take place, grieved at the prospect of parting with her, and because she must go so far away from them all; and that of course was very natural. It was the only drawback to her own perfect happiness, as she told Maurice in her frank unconsciousness, that she should have to leave Ayre Hall, her uncle, and her cousins—especially *him*, whom she had loved best of any body in the world, except—and there the sudden blush and smile, so genuine and spontaneous, supplied the unspoken name as well as any words could have done. Maurice would have periled his life to have seen such a glow and brightness overspread her face at thought of him, and very bitter was the haunting conviction that it might have been, if he had only improved the abundant opportunities so long afforded him.

"It might have been." The thought haunted him forever, at midnight and noon, at home and abroad, in his lonely solitude and when she sat beside him, frank, loving, caressing as ever, confiding to him her happy hopes and plans for the future, and in so doing torturing him to an extent that she never imagined. It was so hard to listen to her, so hard to bear her careless, unreserved demonstrations, and seem to sympathize with her glad anticipations—tormented all the while by this tantalizing conviction. It so maddened him sometimes that he could endure her presence no longer, and he would leave her abruptly to wonder what she had said or done that should make him act so strangely.

But this ordeal came to an end at last. Mr. Thornton, like most lovers, was eager for the consummation of his happiness; and his wish had become Milly's law of late, so the wedding was

ordered at an early day. Maurice had to take part in the ceremony, of course; to stand up with the groom, and be foremost with congratulations to the bride. There was no escape from all this, and so he submitted to the torture as best he might. It was short, at least, and there were no prolonged festivities to distract him; for Milly, grown suddenly silent and sober, given to causeless bursts of tears and passionate outbreaks of affection toward her uncle and cousins—as she began at last to realize the fact of her approaching separation from them all—had determined to have a quiet wedding and go away at once.

Maurice put her into the carriage, kissed her tearful face for the last time, and stood looking after her till the carriage was fairly out of sight. Then he went to his study, and no one saw him again that day. What anguish that no eye might look upon was endured; what battle was fought, and what victory won, is not for us to inquire. He made no sign, and no one knew of his soul's conflicts.

The old Hall was a dreary place after the sunshine of Milly's presence faded from the grim, stately rooms, and the music of her fresh, young voice no longer echoed through them. Visitors came but rarely, for Washington's sporting friends, and even Mr. Ayre's old chums, found the atmosphere of the house changed. A shadow of silence and solitude had fallen over it; and this was so painfully felt by Washington and his father that they spent but a small portion of their time within its walls. Mr. Ayre drove about the country; frequented the wayside "towns," so called; attended faithfully the county courts; did every thing, in short, but stay at home; and Washington rode, and fished, and hunted, and made long "camping-out" excursions, more diligently than in the first enthusiasm of his sporting days. Maurice alone seemed unaffected by the household change. He said nothing when his father and brother talked of Milly, and complained of their bereaved condition, and the loneliness of the house. He only of the three seemed never to miss her or need her, although she had been more to him, even to outward observers, than to either of the others. Washington wondered openly at his apparent indifference, and declared him "a queer stick"—but his father's intuitions were more delicate and clear. He began to suspect, after a time, the true state of the case, and with a tender sympathy which Maurice understood and appreciated, refrained from any remark or allusion which could give pain. He alone guessed the fire that was hidden beneath his son's grave, unimpressible exterior, and he knew but little of its extent.

Months passed in this way at the Hall, Milly's letters being the chief excitement. They were long and frequent, especially to Maurice. She described her beautiful Northern home, dwelt upon her husband's devotion and his manifold perfections, and declared that she would

be perfectly happy if she could but bring Ayre Hall and its inhabitants to New York. By-and-by she wrote, rapturous with a new delight, a child had come, a blue-eyed, bewitching girl baby, such a baby as never had been born before, if one might believe all Milly's exaggerations. This letter too, Maurice answered, as he answered all the rest, with tender interest, loving sympathy, and congratulation; but it was the hardest task he had ever had to perform. The happy young mother little dreamed of the sore struggle undergone before those affectionate and joyful congratulations, which she read with such pleasure, could be written. But after that struggle came the most real and abiding peace he had known. The evil spirits of envy and bitterness and hatred being conquered, "angels came and ministered unto him."

About this time Washington married—mainly incited to the act, I verily believe, by Milly's pictures of connubial blisses; which, together with the dullness and loneliness of the paternal mansion, so aroused his energies that he sought and found a mate for himself. She was such a woman as Washington might have been expected to choose—pretty and amiable enough, but no substitute for Milly. It was rather an irritation than a comfort to Maurice to see her in Milly's place; for the new couple settled at the Hall, to please Mr. Ayre. The silentness of their bachelor home was more congenial to his feelings than the new bustle and cheerfulness which the young wife's advent excited, and which only reminded him of a past that could never be restored. His father and brother were satisfied, however, and Maurice was too accustomed to sacrifice to be greatly disturbed. He only withdrew more and more into himself—not with churlishness, or selfish neglect of outward kindnesses; on the contrary, Ellen was delighted with his brotherly attentions, and as much of her admiration and affection as she could spare from Washington she soon gave to Maurice; but with a manly resignation to the lonely, unshared life appointed him.

His father's death, a few months after this marriage, left him more isolated still. It happened very suddenly, after a few days' illness, which had alarmed no one. When the change came it was too late even to summon Milly, although the dying man yearned for a sight of his darling before he departed. Maurice had to write the sad news to her, and her passionate outpouring of grief and regret added fresh pangs to his own sorrow. He could better bear it for himself than for her.

His life seemed utterly empty and desolate at this time. He had loved his father with a very tender and deep affection, and had been comforted in many hours of dejection by the consciousness of his silent sympathy. Now that even this was withdrawn, we need not wonder at the despondency which manly fortitude and Christian principle alike failed immediately to dispel. Ayre Hall—his own now, by his father's will—was a haunted place to him, full of

insupportable memories; yet he had not the energy to seek relief and change. Washington and Ellen—anxious for his health, which was failing visibly—urged him to accept the repeated invitations and entreaties from Richard Thornton and Milly to go to them for a while. Milly wrote again and again, begging him to come, "she so longed to see him," she said; and there was no lack of earnestness in Mr. Thornton's invitations. But their home was the last place in the world that Maurice would have gone to; and finally, to escape the importunities which were so hard to resist (for no one could understand his refusal to do what seemed so natural a thing), he announced a sudden determination to go abroad. Washington approved it, glad of any thing which would rouse him from his morbid melancholy; and Milly, though a little hurt that he would not come to see her before he left, was still delighted at the thought of his going to Europe, traveling over the foreign lands, and witnessing with his own eyes the wonderful things of which they had read and dreamed together years ago. It was not such an everyday occurrence in those days as it is now, and Maurice's heart had once beat high with anticipated delight at the prospect of making the journey at some future day. Now he went, without a single thrill of interest; with no desire for the land to which he was journeying, and scarcely a regret for the one left behind, as listless, hopeless, and dreary, he watched its shores fading away from his sight.

It is not my purpose to follow him in his wanderings, or to trace the processes by which his soul found strength and courage, and once more nerved itself to energy and action. He was not the man to sit down in idle despair, even to brood over a life's disappointment; and although to his tenacious nature time could bring no forgetfulness, and change no new passion to take the place of the old, still he knew—and lived up to the knowledge—that life held duty for him, if not love, and that content, at least, if not gladness, could be found in its faithful performance.

He staid abroad a long time, Year after year went by; and health of body and mind came back to him, yet still he lingered. The longing for home at last grew stronger than the dread of home memories and associations, and he determined to return. It was late in an October afternoon when he arrived at Ayre Hall. Washington and Ellen were on the piazza waiting to welcome him (for he had written to announce his coming), and a group of little children clustered shyly together as he came up the steps. There were five of them, and one girl, taller than the rest, had a look in her sunny blue eyes that brought a thrill to Maurice's heart. He had not seen that likeness in eight long years, but he knew in one glance that it was Milly's child. Before he had time to comprehend his own emotions, Milly herself sprang out from her hiding-place behind the door, and in another moment

her arms were around his neck, her cheek against his, just as if there had never been change or separation between them. How he bore it I can hardly tell: the very suddenness of the shock was a help to him, and by some marvelous self-control he was enabled to retain his composure, and appear as glad to see her as he was expected to be. She had no suspicion of the possibility of any other feeling. In spite of all these years of absence and change, Cousin Maurice was the same to her that he had always been, and she had planned this surprise visit to welcome his return, never doubting that he would enjoy it as heartily as she did.

And, indeed, after the first secret struggle was past, Maurice did enjoy Milly's presence far more than he could have imagined possible. She was so little changed, so young and fresh and sunny still, in spite of the matronly soberness which her three children entitled her to; so loving and confiding with him, so unconscious of any avoidance on his part, that he was compelled to yield himself up to the enchantment she flung around him. He could not resist her innocent spells. The children, too, were a wonder and a pleasure. He had never cared much about children before, but Milly's were like herself, and fascinated him without effort. The oldest one especially, little Mabel, was very like her mother every way, inheriting her joyous, versatile temperament as well as her grace and prettiness. She was really an exquisite child, charming and delighting the whole household, but particularly "Cousin Maurice," whom from the first she had, with a child's capricious liking, distinguished with her special favor. His quiet, undemonstrative manner attracted her; because he never teased for kisses, or snatched them boisterously as "Cousin Washington" did, she felt inclined to give them to him without the asking; and often when he sat apart, looking on at the household romps and frolics which Washington, who had turned into a most indulgent father of a family, was much given to, but which Maurice, from a constitutional incapacity to play with children, never joined—she would break away from the merry group, climb, unsolicited, upon his knee, and nestling in his arms, stay there contentedly in spite of all appeals from the opposite quarter.

Of course this childish devotion was very sweet to Maurice—all the more as it reminded him so vividly of the old days when her mother had clung to him with the same caressing fondness, and won him by the same irresistible spell. The bitter thought *would* come up sometimes, when the child's kisses fell soft and pure as dew upon his brown cheek, that she might have been his own—*his own!* and a dearer name than the "Cousin Maurice," which she called so musically, might have been upon her lips. But when he turned to Milly, and read the unconsciousness, the perfect peace and happiness written on her unshadowed face, he could but put all envious and bitter thoughts far from him, and thank God that her life had been made so bright.



even although he was not suffered to be its sunshine.

The four weeks to which her visit was limited went by far too rapidly. Maurice would fain have persuaded her to stay longer; but she declared that "poor Dick had been forsaken too long already"—a fact which his letters, indeed, continually asserted. So he had to "let her go" once more, but not until she had "blessed him" with a blessing of which she indeed was unconscious, but whose influence pervaded all his nature. It was just what he needed to complete his mental cure—this reunion, with its unrestrained, familiar intercourse, its reviving of the tenderest and happiest affections of his life, its awakening of those social sympathies which keep a man's heart from running dry.

From henceforth he lived neither a solitary nor a joyless life. He did not marry, nor think of marriage; but he went freely among all classes of society, and studied men at least as much as he studied books. His new researches opened up new fields of labor for brain and heart and hand: and in giving himself to the faithful accomplishment of the various good works that he found to do, a great peace and contentment blessed his life. Year after year went by serenely with him, his calm seldom disturbed by any bitter memories or envious repinings. Washington's children multiplied around him, growing up to look upon him as a secondary father; and the real father and mother depended upon him so much for counsel and aid in their education, that he could never realize his own separation from such ties. There was no Mabel in the group, however; for except the two-year-old baby, in whose chubby face there was no likeness to Mabel's spirituelle loveliness, the children were all boys. Fine-looking, frank, manly boys they were, and Maurice was fond and proud of them; but none of them ever reached the place in his heart which little Mabel Thornton had stolen into so many years ago. Fresh as ever was the little image shrined there, and just as vivid the sweet picture of her fairy face, although ten summer suns had risen and set since his eyes rested on her. Often and often he had yearned for a sight of the child—for the tiny clasp of her little warm hand—the sweet rain of her innocent kisses; oftener still he had hungered and thirsted for the mother's presence, and longed to feel its sunny warmth and brightness once more. Yet he had never had the courage to go and seek her in her husband's house, notwithstanding the often-urged invitation; and the cares of Milly's increasing household prevented her from taking the long journey again. Every year Maurice resolved to be no longer ruled by the foolish sensitiveness which made him shrink from visiting Richard Thornton's home, but every year waned and found the resolution unproved. And Mabel meanwhile grew up from the child of his remembrance into a sweet, blithe maiden—strangely resembling, in look and voice and temper, the merry Milly Dennis, so well remembered still at Ayre Hall.

Maurice came home one day cold and weary, after a long ride: it was at dusk, and the windows glowed with a cheerful welcome; but, for once, he did not appreciate it. An unwonted depression weighed upon him, and he had seldom felt more drearily his own isolated condition. "It is my own fireside," he thought, bitterly; "but it is my brother's wife who sits beside it, and the glow and warmth and welcome are for him, not me. Who watches for me? The windows would shine all the same if I were in my grave!"

He went in gloomily, with slow, reluctant steps, for in his present mood he was unwilling to look upon a cheerfulness which he could not share. The parlor door stood open, and the light shone upon the polished floor of the hall. Across the brightness lay a shadow that was not familiar—the bent head and drooping curls of a young girl reading in the firelight. Maurice's heart thrilled with an old memory. Years and years ago Milly Dennis used to sit in the same way, in the same place. Who could this be that brought back the long-forgotten picture so vividly? Hastily he went in, and as hastily, at his appearance, the shadow was broken on the floor. The young girl rose to her feet, and half-shyly, half-mirthfully, advanced to meet him; but Maurice stood like one in a dream, and could neither speak nor move. Surely it was Milly herself standing before him—Milly, as she had been in her first bloom and freshness—Milly, the playmate, the companion, the beloved of his youth! No picture could have reproduced her so perfectly. The same fresh, delicately-colored face—the same slight, pliant figure—the same laughing eyes—even the arch smile curving those red lips was the very same that used to dance over Milly's features, leaving such a brightness behind it in her girlish days!

For a moment he could not have told whether he was dreaming or not, such a host of mingled associations rushed through his mind; but a little peal of merry laughter ringing out from two voices, and the sudden appearance of another figure—stouter, more matronly, but still cast in the same mould—beside the first, recalled his consciousness and quickened his faculties to a perception of the truth.

"You are Milly!" he exclaimed, eagerly, as he grasped her outstretched hands; "but who is this? What is it? I ought to say; for it is the very similitude of your old self—the wraith of Milly Dennis!"

"With a difference, Cousin Maurice!" the "wraith" rejoined, laughingly. "You never saw her in a gown of this fashion, I know. Have you quite forgotten little Mabel? I should have known *you*, I do believe!" And the little white hand stole into his, and the smiling mouth was uplifted for a kiss, as frankly and childishly as if she were still seven years old. It brought back the child vividly to Maurice's memory, and he clasped her in his arms as freely and tenderly as if she were but the little creature he had carried there so many times. For that one moment

she was nothing more, and he did not foresee how soon she would become something most different to him—how soon, instead of petting and playing with her as a child, he would love her, as a woman, with passion and longing.

For—shall I be credited when I ascribe such weakness to a man I have called strong, such fickleness to one of whose constancy I have said so much?—it is verily true that before the first evening was past those sweet girlish tones had begun to thrill strange chords in Maurice's heart, and stir into new life a pulse of passion which he had thought silenced forever; that before a week was spent he loved her with intense and absorbing desire, albeit she was as unconscious of the fire she had kindled as the child of seven years herself could have been; and, alas for Maurice! as incapable of any corresponding emotion.

It was chiefly on account of Mabel's health that this visit had been projected. A slight, but somewhat obstinate cough, accompanied with a languor unnatural to her buoyant temperament, had alarmed her father, who made an idol of her; and when the physician suggested a temporary change to a milder climate, he at once insisted upon Milly's taking her to spend a winter at Ayre Hall. The younger children were left in charge of a faithful nurse, and Mr. Thornton, for the sake of seeing his darling in full bloom once more, cheerfully resigned himself to a three-months' bachelorhood. At Ayre Hall they were all glad enough of any occasion which brought them such welcome visitors, and Mabel's cough so soon vanished in the pure, mild air of the country, that there was not the slightest drawback to the general enjoyment. Her little show of invalidism, however, was a gain to Maurice, for it gave him excuse to appoint himself her physician extraordinary, and make such prescriptions as were at least as applicable to his own disorder as to hers. For her health's sake she must take long rides, in which he must of course accompany her; drives, ditto; and walks likewise. It was good exercise for her lungs to read aloud to him, and as his study was the only quiet place in the house, that was the scene of their readings. Sometimes Milly would join them, or one of Washington's boys, all of whom, from tall Jack down to little Peyton, were shyly in love with their pretty cousin; but oftener they were alone, as Maurice best liked to be with her, and be sure the books to which her musical voice gave language were no dry, didactic works, but filled with a lore as dangerous as it was sweet, at least to the listener.

That all this was folly and infatuation would have been evident to any man in his sober senses—a paradoxical assertion, by-the-way, for no man in love ever has possession of his sober senses. Certainly Maurice Ayre had not; for closing his eyes to all that he had suffered, and learned, and overcome in the past, he the man of middle age, of gray hairs, and grave speech, dared to love this young, thoughtless girl, whose father he might have been, and to hope for a

happy consummation to his passion! Because Mabel was fond of him; because she enjoyed the rides and walks and readings; because she delighted in privileges that she saw no one else (unless her mother) possessed, and being sure of her favoritism, had no hesitation in asserting its claims; he hoped and believed every thing he wished, and did not, or would not see that her affection was just as unconscious, and just as incapable of any deeper meaning as ever her mother's had been.

He took but one warning from that experience—namely, that delays are dangerous; and acting upon it he confounded and frightened the child one day with a sudden revelation of the passion he had been cherishing for her. Her utter astonishment and incredulity at first; then her distress and pain, and her beseeching entreaty that he would recall what he had said, forget such a wild, strange fancy, only consider how young she was, how unfit to be his wife—all this should have convinced him surely that there was no possible hope for him. But, in strange contradiction to his manly and independent nature, he refused to be convinced. Tenaciously he clung to every straw of encouragement; and when argument and entreaty alike had failed to do more than frighten and grieve Mabel, and finally drive her away from him in passionate tears, he did what no man who courts a woman's favor should ever do—what only Maurice's ignorance, as well as his sore disappointment and yearning desire could excuse him for doing—sought the interference and intercession of another.

That other was Mabel's mother; and I am aware now that this is a fact which will hardly be believed. I shall not try to account for the impulse which led him to her—to justify the disclosure which he made after so many years of silence. It is simply true that he went to her and told her the whole story of his early love, disappointment, and despair; of his struggles and final self-conquest; at last, of the new passion which had sprung up from the ashes of the old; and besought her, for the sake of all that they had been to each other always, of all that he had once hoped but failed to be to her, to give him counsel—if possible, aid and encouragement—in his new hopes and desires.

It would be hard to picture Milly's astonishment at these revelations, or to tell whether the old love or the new most pained and surprised her. It was a bitter knowledge to her that her cousin's youth had been wasted, his manhood saddened, his whole life in a certain sense blighted, for her sake. She had loved him so dearly always, she had been so unconscious that she had ever caused him an hour's suffering! And now again through her—for Mabel was her child, and she had placed her in his path—he was destined to receive another disappointment still more cruel and hard to be endured. She knew too well how vain and hopeless his love for her daughter must be, and in truth she could not wish it otherwise. Can we blame her if her

heart rebelled at the picture of Mabel's sweet spring-time wedded to Maurice's autumn-days?

She could but answer him according to her own conviction, that there was no possible hope for him; yet although he felt *her* disapproval and discouragement more keenly even than Mabel's rejection, he still would not desist from his suit until she had at least spoken to her daughter and tried what her influence might effect in his cause. Milly yielded to his wish, for his distress was such that she had no heart to refuse him any thing, and went to look for Mabel; but the result of the interview only verified her anticipations. Mabel was indignant and scornful: "Have I no mind of my own?" she asked, proudly. "Does he suppose that if *his* entreaties can not make me love him, another person's can? Tell him I am no puppet to be pulled by a string—even in my mother's hands—and nothing in the world could make me marry him now."

Which was the answer Milly had to carry back to him, and much as it was softened in the medium of her tender sympathy and compassion, its scorn stung him to the quick. Doing him good service thus, however, for it enabled his manhood to reassert its proper dignity. He went out from Milly's presence a rejected suitor, indeed, but no longer a suppliant, importunate and eager, for a young girl's favor. His eyes were opened at last to his own infatuation, and it was with more shame and self-disgust than disappointed love that he reviewed the progress and culmination of his unfortunate passion.

He ordered his horse in the first heat of his mortification and wounded pride, and throwing himself upon it, galloped off with a fiery haste most unlike his usual style of riding. Mabel from her window watched him as he rode away, and, her short-lived indignation already giving place to womanly sorrow and pity, began to repent of her scornful message, and to recall the many instances of his kindness and tenderness to her. "He has done so much to make me happy," she thought, remorsefully; "how could I get so angry with him? and yet, how could he be so foolish? Poor Cousin Maurice! if I only knew any way to comfort him! if I had only never come to Ayre Hall!" But it was too late to wish that now, or to mend the matter in any way, and there was no relief for Mabel's distress except in a flood of girlish tears—the usual outlet for all girlish troubles.

Maurice rode on meanwhile, unconscious of what was passing in her mind, and, in fact, indifferent to it; for in the bitterness of his own self-upbraiding it was matter of small moment whether she pitied or despised him. Either case was sufficiently galling to a proud man. His horse had taken of his own will—for Maurice gave him little guiding—the road to the village where the letters of the family were directed, and knowing his master's habit, stopped without bidding at the post-office door. Being there, though without any volition of his own, Maurice called for the mail, and the little shoemaker,

whose shanty was dignified with the title of post-office, began to rummage among a small heap of letters tumbled indiscriminately into one box, for those belonging to "the Squire." He came out presently with a bundle of newspapers and two square, business-like letters, saying, as he handed them over, "not much of a mail for *you*, Squire, two letters ain't. And one o' them's for the New York lady. Both 'pear to come from New York, though, an' both got black seals on. Hope it's no bad news for you, Squire."

But for this Maurice would have put the papers into his pocket without looking at them, but the man's words startled him, and he hastily examined the two documents with their ominous black seals. They were directed in the same handwriting, one to Mrs. Thornton, and the other to himself; it was a strange hand, too, and an indefinable apprehension thrilled through him as he tore open the envelope which bore his name. Brief enough the contents were, and easily read, but they brought a pallor to his cheek and a deathlike faintness over his whole frame that made him reel in his saddle as if he would have fallen. The little shoemaker sprang to his side, crying, eagerly,

"What's happened, Squire? 'Tain't bad news, sure enough, is it?" But Maurice never heeded him. He neither heard nor saw any thing but the horror that he held in his hand—the fearful letter whose fearful tidings rang in his ears and danced before his eyes—the terrible words, "*Richard Thornton is dead: his wife is a widow!*"

With the letter clenched in his hand—his brain in a whirl with the sudden shock—he struck spur to his horse and galloped away, leaving the postmaster to wonder in vain. There was a momentary relief to the stifling sensation that made him gasp for breath, in this swift motion with the cold wind in his face, but the sickening dread and oppression came back as he neared his own gates, knowing that he must enter them only to bring woe and despair upon those for whom he would have laid down his life, if in so doing he could have brought a blessing instead. How should he ever tell them—Milly, the proud, loving wife; Mabel, the idolized daughter—that they should never see his smile, hear his voice, be gladdened with his love again—that the desire of their eyes was taken from them at a stroke! His own disappointment and mortification were forgotten, his own grief put out of mind as though it had never been, in his intense and absorbing pity for them. He forgot that Richard Thornton had ever been his rival, that through him all his life had been made lonely—forgot the madness of his passion for Mabel, and the weakness of his confession to Milly—forgot all the bitterness and pride and dreary despair that had filled his breast but an hour ago—and thinking only of the dead man as husband and father to the two women that he loved so tenderly, mourned for him as sincerely as though he had been his own brother.



Lights were twinkling in the windows when he reached the Hall, and the parted curtains of Mabel's window revealed her figure as she stood there watching for his return. She had longed to see him come back—full of sorrow and penitence, and dreading she knew not what wild things—yet little dreaming, poor child, how much she had to dread! Now when she heard the welcome sound of his horse's feet, she left the window hastily, and ran down stairs to meet him, like the child that she was, never thinking what interpretation might be put upon her conduct, or what encouragement any man might take from it—only anxious to speak to him and win forgiveness for the angry words she had spoken. Maurice took no advantage of her inexperience, however; I believe he did not even remember at that moment that any trouble had come between them, for it was with a father's gravity and tenderness that he greeted her, and bade her go bring her mother—he wanted to speak to her, he said.

"I am here, Maurice, what is it?" Milly answered for herself, appearing quickly; for she too had been watching anxiously for his return.

"I have something to tell you, Milly; come into the parlor," he replied, making an effort to control his voice into quietness.

She followed him, trembling a little with some vague apprehension, for his voice had a strange, unwonted tone. Mabel came too, with the sort of look on her face that a chidden child might wear, and the two waited with suppressed excitement for his words. Milly was the first to notice how pale he was, the first to fear that what he had to say concerned not himself or his own feelings, but something of more vital moment to her.

She laid her hand upon his arm and looked into his eyes: "Maurice, why don't you speak to me? What have you got to tell?" and her own cheek grew pale as she questioned him.

"I have had a letter from New York," he began; and then stopped abruptly, he could not go on.

"From my husband?" she asked, eagerly. "Has any harm happened to him—to the children? Maurice, for pity's sake, tell me at once. Do not torture me."

"There was no letter from Richard, Milly—"

"But one about him! *what* about him?" she interrupted, vehemently. "Give me the letter, if you will not tell me."

"And there never will be another," he continued, slowly, finishing the sentence as if she had not spoken.

She did not start or shriek as the hopeless words fell upon her heart, but her face went white with a piteous anguish, and she grasped Maurice's arm with an imploring cry—"Tell me he is not dead, Maurice—he is not *dead*!" Then voice and strength failed together—her hands loosened their clasp, and he caught her in his arms as she sank fainting at his feet.

Before the dawning of another day Maurice

was on his way to New York, and Mabel and her mother were with him. Small consolation it was to be allowed to look once more upon the sharp, stiffened features that could be lighted up with no smile of greeting even for the dearest and best beloved. Yet it was all that could be given now, and Maurice, by his promptness and energy, obtained so much for the bereaved wife and daughter. Just in time were they for a sight of the marble face, lying in its still, awful beauty—for wild tears and embraces—for a last, long, clinging kiss—before the coffin-lid and the grave-sod shut out all forever.

There was much to be done to settle and arrange justly the worldly affairs so suddenly brought to a stand-still; but Maurice gave himself to the work with a patient diligence, and when it was finally accomplished, and there was nothing to detain him longer in New York, he unfolded to Milly his plan for her future, which was, that she and her children should return with him to Ayre Hall, and make it their home forever. He did not tell her that some such arrangement was almost a necessity, with the small provision that had been left for the family, but urged it simply as a great honor and pleasure to be conferred upon him.

"Do not fear," he said, "that I shall annoy or distress you again with any demonstration of my own feelings. My only aim will be to insure your comfort and happiness by every means in my power—and it will be happiness enough for me to know that I have succeeded."

To Mabel he said:

"Forget, if you can, dear child, that I ever said a word to you which you were unwilling to hear. Let me be your cousin and friend as I was before, and believe me I will never try or wish to be any thing more." And the kiss, pressed gravely and tenderly upon her young brow as a seal and token of his promise, assured his own heart as well as hers that the fever of passion was indeed past, and from henceforth there was nothing to endanger their mutual peace.

So it was all settled according to his wish, and in a few days the new household was established under the ample roof of the old Hall. It was a welcome shelter to them all; and Milly, as she knelt down at night in her own room—the very chamber which had been hers in her sunny girlhood—gave thanks through all her tears for the love that had spared her still the dear old home and the tried friends of her youth, to comfort her in her time of trouble and anguish.

It would exhaust the reader's forbearance, already wearied it may be, if I were to prolong this veritable history with a record of the uneventful years following these changes. I shall claim his patience, therefore, for but one more scene.

It is three years since Richard Thornton's death, and in the same room where Milly first heard the terrible tidings from Maurice's lips the two sat together one winter evening. It

was the family sitting-room; but as yet there was no family gathering about the cheerful fire-side whose warm glow crimsoned the walls, and shone with uncertain, flickering light against the window where they sat. Washington had not yet returned from his long ride to court, Ellen was busy with household cares, "the boys" were out of doors still, and the children at play in the school-room. Up stairs, Mabel and her sister Marian sat in a pretty chamber, whose white beds were strewn with fair and dainty garments; flowing white robes, cloud-like laces, shining ribbons, and clusters of snowy lilies and orange-blossoms—all lying together in graceful disorder, while the two girls hovered over the fire, glancing backward now and then at the delicate bridal array, and talking in half-whispers of the morrow so near at hand when Mabel was to appear in all their glory.

Maurice and Milly had the parlor all to themselves—with its dancing shadows, its cheery hearth, its soft, crimson twilight, contrasting with the pallid gray of the winter evening without; and its old memories, which thronged so thickly for both of them. They had been sitting in silence a little while: Mabel's wedding was the last theme upon which they had touched, and now came a pause in which without words both hearts spoke to each other. Maurice spoke outwardly after a while.

"Three years ago," he said, musingly, "I could not have thought of Mabel's marriage so calmly, or imagined myself being reconciled to her love for another man. Now I look back and wonder at the infatuation which possessed me."

"I told you," Milly answered, with a slightly tremulous voice, "that you did not understand your own feeling—that your passion for Mabel was a mere fancy which had no real root of love, and would be short-lived as it was sudden. I was not surprised—although I was glad—when I saw how soon my words were verified. Mabel was too young ever to have been for you the companion, friend, and help-meet that a true wife should be; and you were too old, Maurice, to have comprehended or sympathized with her girlish impulses. There could have been no true union between you."

"You are right," was the reply. "Say further, that but one woman exists in all the world with whom and myself there *could* be true union—and you will complete the truth. Milly!"—and here his forced calmness broke forth into passionate earnestness—"I have kept silence all this time; I have said not a word to make you remember the long years that I loved you in secret; I have respected your widowhood and Richard's memory to the last requirement of honor or delicacy. Now I can refrain no longer from pleading my own cause. I love you, Milly, as I have loved you from my earliest memory—long before Richard Thornton knew of your existence. Is it now too much to hope that this love may be accepted and rewarded at last? Is it too much to ask that the evening

of the life whose morning he enjoyed may be given to me? I claimed it all once; I fondly believed that I had but to speak to have my claims acknowledged; and you can never know the bitterness of soul with which I saw another bear off in triumph the treasure I had looked upon as my own. Now it is once more within my reach, and if I may but stretch out my hands and possess it at last, I shall count all the past as a light probation. Milly, speak to me, and tell me that it is mine."

But Milly could not speak: tears came before words, and emotions too deep and tender for any other utterance crowded in her heart. Mingled memories of the past; her first love, and happy married life; the wild grief and desolation of her widowhood; her cousin's noble, unselfish devotion, in his guardianship of her and her children; his patient, faithful love; his delicate consideration, his watchful tenderness, rushed together in her mind, causing a tumult of conflicting impulses. It was no unexpected thing this revelation of Maurice's hopes and wishes; she had felt that it must come, and her own heart testified no unwillingness to receive it; and yet at the last moment a vision of her husband uprose, as if to reproach her for unfaithfulness in dreaming of happiness in any other love than his.

Perhaps Maurice divined the struggle: he stooped toward her, and drew her into his arms; with one hand he removed the clasped fingers through which tears were dropping, with the other he pointed upward to the gray evening sky, saying calmly, and with authority,

"I claim you for my wife, Milly; and if it is given to the spirits above to know what is done upon earth, I call upon Richard Thornton to give his sanction and blessing to our union. Never fear that it would be withheld, if he could appear to us at this moment, or hesitate for his sake, to do what your heart prompts for mine."

And Milly hesitated no longer: frankly and trustfully she yielded herself to the manly arms that circled her with such tender protection, resting in fullness of content upon the true heart that had so long waited for this hour.

Here let us leave them, for love's communion is sacred, and irreverent eyes may not gaze thereupon. Enough for us to know that Maurice has reached at last the golden apple of his longing, and there is no fear now that it will turn to ashes on his palate.

## A MOST FORTUNATE MAN.

OH that I were Jenkins! Jenkins the ubiquitous and all-accomplished! Jenkins of the graphic pen!

Then might I fitly describe that wedding and the bride.

It should, I think, be done somewhat in this style:

She was a superb creature! Eyes brilliant as her diamonds; hair of the soft rich hue of her paternal brown-stone mansion (Number—Fifth

Avenue); brow fair as the marble that, in various expensive forms, adorns the interior of said mansion; cheeks reflecting the crimson of the damask hangings; teeth pearly and regular as the keys of her grand Erard; figure—well, at the lowest estimate, \$500,000.

I do not attempt her dress, for I remember that I am not Jenkins; besides, it was four years ago, and the records of even last year's fashions are rather funereal reading.

I was present (having obtained credit for a new suit expressly for the occasion) as an early friend of Cox, the bridegroom, who was, by universal acclaim, a most fortunate man.

Here observe a distinction. Those called "most fortunate" by the indiscriminating public are, for the most part, erroneously so styled. The prize is (in one case out of a hundred) the reward of merit, or (in the other ninety-nine) the fruit of clever management or "judicious advertising." Yet we exceptionally see one who seems to command good fortune by the sheer force of a mysterious constitutional magnetism.

If such an one enter the profession of divinity, for instance, though his soporific sermons are not phonographed as newspaper attractions, nor his fame heralded by the polemical clarion, yet we presently find him quietly installed in a well-salaried pastorate, and intrenched for life in the affections of an opulent flock. Or, if he embrace medicine, fashionable confidence and diseases develop spontaneously about him. And so on, through the professional catalogue.

He takes to the best society as naturally as a choice fish to a select aquarium, and his ticket in the matrimonial lottery is sure to draw a diamond of the first water in a heavy gold setting.

Such an one, in brief, was Cox. A young gentleman of refined tastes, tender sensibilities, and unimpeachable exterior—though most fortunate yet possessing no fortune; an inditer of deliciously mystical poems, full of breathings after the Impossible, that appeared in the most fashionable literary organs, and painter of pictures which, though they possessed no striking merit, yet somehow always got hung in good lights at the Academy and commanded early purchasers.

Cox's most remarkable social quality was a certain masterly reserve that hinted of unrevealed depths of thought or emotion within him; which seemed to say whenever he spoke, "There is infinitely more behind that I might add if I chose;" and which investing him with the charm of mystery, used, more than any thing that he actually said or did, to elicit from his lady acquaintances the remark, "What a dear incomprehensible man," or "What a genius, Cox is!"

It is but justice to Cox to mention that he fully compensated for this general reserve by an irrepressible tendency to gushing confidences in the ear of one or two intimate friends—of whom I was one.

It happened that one of the above-mentioned paintings was purchased by Aristarchus Hobbes, Esq., of Number — Fifth Avenue, retired leath-

er-dealer and half-millionaire. It naturally enough followed that Cox was invited to represent the world of Art at the table of that gentleman on the occasion of sundry dinner-parties. Thus he made the acquaintance of Victoria, sole child and heir of his patron, and belle of the season. It was but a necessary incident to his inevitable good fortune that that regal young person, whose (hitherto) adamant heart had repelled several scores of eligible suitors whom her golden and other charms had attracted, should conceive a tender and demonstrative admiration of him. Taking this tide in his affairs at its flood, like the fortunate man that he was, he reciprocated the sentiment, and at the most opportune moment, and in tasteful and poetic terms—all of which he confided to me at the time—declared it; whereupon the lovely Half-Million (figuratively, at least) threw herself in his arms.

He then proceeded to solicit the paternal sanction, which was essential to the consummation of so important a transaction. Mr. Hobbes, with business-like explicitness, declined his proposal, and ceremoniously bowed him to the door. Mr. H. then entered the presence of his daughter, and, forgetting his usual submissive and reverential demeanor therein, demanded to know how she had dared think of bestowing herself, upon whom he had lavished a ten-thousand dollar education, and the half-million which had cost him and his father lives of toil, upon a Nobody—"yes, Victoria," he added, with an emphatic stamp of his foot into the velvety depths of the carpet, "upon a being who lacks the first credential of manhood—a bank account—and who, besides that, is a painter and a poet!"

Victoria, thereupon, with concentrated majesty, replied that, however many opprobrious epithets it might please her papa to bestow upon Mr. Cox, she should certainly never marry any other.

Papa, whose blood was up, declared, with another emphatic stamp, that Cox should never again enter his house.

"Then I shall starve myself!" she exclaimed, with hysterical determination.

She carried that fearful threat into execution, tasting nothing, excepting a little confectionery, for two days, and reducing her weight thereby from 155 pounds, avoirdupois, to 154½.

At the expiration of that period Mr. Hobbes desisted from his unwonted rebellion against filial authority, the main condition of his capitulation being an apologetic and retractatory note from himself to Cox.

Which train of circumstances led to the wedding aforesaid.

It will be seen that every body was right, for once, in pronouncing Cox a most fortunate man.

The "event" was the ruling topic of conversation at my club on the evening succeeding; of which conversation let one specimen suffice:

"Lucky dog is Cox!" remarked young Mr. A, a diminutive gentleman, with a very large eye-glass, to young Mr. B, ditto, with ditto.

"Reg'lah thirteen-shot, 'pon my word," re-



sponded B, reflectively. "That's the troo way to make your fawchune—marry it. Best return for smallest investment."

"No chance just now," sighed A, referring to his memorandum book. "Doosed dull season! Last hundred-thousand just engaged. Some small lots of real estate left, but badly encumbered. Then there's a few Wall Street brokers' and other fancies, but too risky for me. Come over to Phelan's."

[A made his fortune the following season, as his father and two elder brothers had done before him, by marrying a house, a carriage, and several tenement-buildings. I regret to state, however, that B has hitherto met with nothing but signal failure in his attempts at a similar acquisition.]

It is a melancholy fact that bachelor-friendships are as effectually knelled at a wedding as at a funeral. The silver thread of intimacy that had connected our two third-floor back rooms in Clinton Place lost its continuity when Cox was led in golden bonds of wedlock up Fifth Avenue. I did, indeed, receive invitations to dine with him, but engagements prevented, and Cox was never at home when I called. So for several months I did not see him.

I heard of him, however, as moving with *éclat*, in a distinguished circle, surrounded by every agreeable circumstance that a beautiful, accomplished, and devoted Half-Million could command; as, in short, emphatically and notoriously a most fortunate man.

What was my surprise, then, one tempestuous evening, when, seated by my grate over a book, I had absently responded to a tap at my chamber-door, a figure entered which I should at once have recognized as Cox's ghost, had I encountered it in the Astor library! Instead, however, of drumming on my table, smashing my furniture, vanishing tantalizingly, or indulging in any of the other pleasant eccentricities by which modern ghosts are wont to manifest their presence and posthumous ideas of good-breeding, the figure convulsively seized my hand in one which, if not flesh-and-blood, was at least material skin-and-bone. I was reassured.

"Podhammer," he said, when I had returned his greeting and thrust him into my easy-chair, "I have come to you for sympathy."

"Sympathy for a most fortunate man!" I muttered, in natural astonishment.

"There it is again!" he screamed, springing to his feet. "You, too—every body, every where I go—the people in my dreams—eternally dinning it in my ears! If I could escape to Japan, the natives would throng around me, calling me 'most fortunate man' in good English. It's unendurable!"

"Pardon my violence," he said, after a pause, resuming his seat and natural good manners. "I know you meant nothing bad. You—happy fellow—have never been fortunate. You, doubtless, don't know that 'most fortunate man' is a synonym for miserable wretch."

I replied that that was not its usual acceptance.

"I admit it," he said. "The mass of mankind have no Sensibilities. A man without Sensibilities may, perhaps, be most fortunate, and yet not miserable. I have Sensibilities, and I can not."

I requested him to explain.

"Can a man with Sensibilities be happy at becoming a Nobody?"

I replied that I thought it at least doubtful.

"Can he enjoy life without friends?"

I admitted that, as a general rule, he could not.

"Can he be otherwise than wretched without love?"

I thought of Arabella, and said, decidedly, "No."

"Then," he said, "I will relate to you something of my experience:

"My first consciousness on becoming most fortunate was that I had somehow lost my identity; and I have never got any other in its stead. If there is any man living who can dispute my claim to the championship of feather-weight in the social scale, I should like to see him. I have no mission. My muse has deserted me. No longer inspired by poverty and board-bills, I can not paint. I would gladly assist in managing my wife's affairs—business affairs, I mean; but I am no business-man, and she is. She has even made large sums by speculating in stocks. Of what use can I be then? I am an appendage! a household ornament! a pet! A man without Sensibilities might be happy in that capacity; I can not.

"Driven to desperation by these reflections one day, I thought I would qualify myself to be useful by keeping my wife's accounts. I got possession of her books in her absence. It happened that the first page I opened to was headed, 'Household expenses for October.' I read, 'Taxes' so much, 'Servants' so much, 'Horses' so much; and so on, through a long list, until near the bottom I came to '*Husband* \$200.' I dashed down the book and rushed out to purchase arsenic, but was deterred from doing so by reading in imagination the item, 'Burial of Husband' so much.

"As a matter of course, in losing my identity I lost all my old friends. Part cut me at once; others, more malicious, by perpetually reminding me of my changed condition, compelled me to cut them. A man without Sensibilities might easily have supplied their place with plenty of new ones. But could I contract friendships with people before whom I was obliged to play my rôle of a most fortunate man? Never!

"I might cheerfully have endured any imaginable ills, had I been solaced by love—that mysterious and blissful sympathy which may make a heaven even at the most ostentatious hearth-stone. But what has a matrimonially most fortunate man to do with love? I love Victoria, it is true. But somehow her half-million constitutes an impassable barrier between her

heart and mine. A man without Sensibilities might, perhaps, have surmounted it; I could not. She loves me. She manifests her love by giving me the kindest treatment. Only conceive: One morning soon after our marriage, I was seated by her in her boudoir. She was regally beautiful in her simple morning dress. I looked into her brilliant eyes, and experienced an irrepressible gush of tenderness. 'My dearest,' I said, drawing her close to my side, 'oh that every non-conductor were removed from between our hearts, that they might ever beat in blissful rapport—yours imparting to mine every sacred and refining feminine influence, and mine returning, at each throb, a counter-current of manly strength, support, and devotion!'

"She seemed touched by this spontaneous expression of affection. She gave me a heavenly smile and kiss—and presented me five hundred dollars! [Here Cox groaned.]

"Since that I have been haunted. I have in dreams at night seen Victoria before me, beautiful, queenly, adorable, and when I have hastened to meet her, and extended my arms to embrace her, I have found in my grasp only a bundle of bank-bills! Then a throng of people, comprising all I have ever known or seen, have surrounded me, and with derisive laughter have exclaimed in chorus, 'Most fortunate man!'

"By day I have been the victim of a strange optical illusion. Instead of my wife, I have seen a double image—the one my true Victoria, a lovely and noble nature, though perchance a little imperious; the other, a curious fantastic figure, with real diamonds instead of eyes, golden thread for hair, pearls for teeth, and an ample dress of the latest mode composed entirely of crisp bank-bills, and displaying a well-filled purse in her hand. It is the figure of the Half-Million—my wife's evil destiny and mine. Whenever I would approach her, the figure would thrust herself between us with a mocking laugh, jingling the purse in my ear and calling me, in a metallic voice, 'Most fortunate man!'

"The illusion has pursued me into society. At dinner I have heard the jingle of the purse mingling with the rattling of the dishes, and have seen the figure seated opposite me, smiling upon me, and murmuring, as each new course was brought in, 'Most fortunate man!'

"At parties I have observed that the figure received the homage and compliments of the throng, and that my wife's self was almost unnoticed. I have on these occasions been treated with marked consideration, but I have heard them whisper as they approached me, 'Husband of the Half-Million—most fortunate man!'

"In my dreams all last night the purse was chiming in my ear, until my brain reverberated in agony to its music. At length I awoke from a horrible nightmare, fancying that the figure, having assumed the form and weight of an immense bag of bullion, had seated herself on my breast, and was crushing out my life.

"This is my last appeal for human sympathy, Podhammer. A man without Sensibilities might

thrive under such experiences; I can not long survive them. It shall be my last request that my resting-place be marked by a plain slab, bearing the device of a bag of bullion crushing a quivering heart, and underneath it the epitaph, 'A MOST FORTUNATE MAN!'

Here ended Cox's recital. I began to administer to him some useful considerations as to the superfluity of Sensibilities, when he suddenly recollected an engagement and abruptly took his leave.

Though his experiences were evidently but the morbid fancies of a man who should have been enjoying the advantages of a lunatic asylum, yet they affected me curiously. Arabella, for whom I had a tenderness, wore some real diamonds and would inherit a couple of thousand dollars. I had intended at the next opportunity to propose for Arabella, the diamonds and dollars of course included. Now, however, after tossing sleeplessly all night, I decided not to do it.

I did not again meet Cox. It was the season of the great panic. One day I saw a red flag waving over his door. I soon after learned that he ("Poor fellow!" every body called him now) and his wife had left town, and gone nobody knew whither.

A few months since I received a letter from him bearing a California post-mark. Indeed, it was coming upon that letter to-day, as I was looking over the year's correspondence, that moved me to write this little narrative. I take the liberty of concluding by subjoining an extract therefrom:

"Oh, my dear P., that was a happy day when the crash came! You remember I mentioned her speculations in stocks. Well, stocks fell and fell, until at length they brought down with them her half-million. It was a strange, wild exultation I felt when the news was brought us, and Victoria, in an agony of tears and despair, would have sunk to the floor had I not caught her in my arms—the first support I ever gave her. Fearing to shock her by my selfish joy, I laid her tenderly on a sofa, and rushed out to indulge it by myself. I hastened to Wall Street, and jostled my way among the frantic thousands who blocked the street and struggled at the bank entrances. I laughed aloud (I assure you I could not help it), waved my hat and hurraed. My acquaintances looked at me and said, 'Poor fellow! his loss has made him mad.' And I hurraed again, because they no longer called me 'most fortunate man.'

"From that day I was happy. The figure forever disappeared. My sleep was tranquil. The acquaintances who had thronged our parties and my dreams suddenly became few and distant. My wife became evermore her adorable self.

"Collecting the little that remained to us, we decided to emigrate to California and begin life anew. I purchased a small and sterile farm. Here we had for a time to struggle hard with

poverty. But by Victoria's miraculous housewifery, and by my hard labor in the culture of strawberries and poultry, our little estate at length became profitable. One day as I was digging a ditch in a barren gully I had the luck to unearth a monster nugget. Further examination has proved me the proprietor of a valuable placer and prospectively rich.

"Have you seen my lately published book of poems entitled 'Golden Lays?' In spite of most unjust and inappreciative criticism, it has reached its fourth edition.

"But all the gold in the world would be valueless to me in comparison with the wealth I possess in Victoria. She now rejoices with me in the loss of the half-million. All the fame that I even yet sometimes fondly dream of, would be a dull sound to my ear compared with the prattle of my two little cherubs. My homely home is a paradise. May I not hope some day to welcome you to it?

"I now subscribe myself with exultation,  
"A MOST FORTUNATE MAN."

On finishing this letter I decided to propose to Arabella.

## THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

A FRIEND of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest—"Fancy! since we last met, I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London."

"Really haunted?—and by what?—ghosts?"

"Well, I can't answer these questions; all I know is this—six weeks ago I and my wife were in search of a furnished apartment. Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, 'Apartments Furnished.' The situation suited us: we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer; and I don't wonder at it."

"What did you see?"

"Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer—nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to accept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your own senses. Let me only say this, it was not so much what we saw or heard (in which you might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others) that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard any thing. And the strangest marvel of all was, that for once in my life I agreed with my wife, silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house."

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Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the woman who kept the house and attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay out our week. She said, dryly, 'I know why; you have staid longer than any other lodger. Few ever staid a second night; none before you a third. But I take it they have been very kind to you.'

"'They—who?' I asked, affecting a smile.

"'Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don't mind them; I remember them many years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don't care—I'm old, and must die soon any how; and then I shall be with them, and in this house still.' The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness, that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her further. I paid for my week, and too happy were I and my wife to get off so cheaply."

"You excite my curiosity," said I; "nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously."

My friend gave me the address; and when we parted I walked straight toward the house thus indicated.

It is situated on the north side of Oxford Street, in a dull but respectable thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer-boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighboring areas, said to me, "Do you want any one at that house, Sir?"

"Yes, I heard it was to be let."

"Let!—why, the woman who kept it is dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr. J—offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chaps for him, £1 a week just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"Would not!—and why?"

"The house is haunted; and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh!—you speak of Mr. J—. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In G— Street, No. —."

"What is he?—in any business?"

"No, Sir—nothing particular; a single gentleman."

I gave the pot-boy the gratuity earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr. J—, in G— Street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to find Mr. J— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted—that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal a reputa-



tion—that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, though only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might be inclined to ask. “Sir,” said Mr. J——, with great courtesy, “the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena which at present deprive it of all value. I can not let it, for I can not even get a servant to keep it in order or answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more unpleasant and sometimes of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a work-house, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once been in such good circumstances that she had rented that house of my uncle. She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner’s inquest, which gave it a notoriety in the neighborhood, I have so despaired of finding any person to take charge of it, much more a tenant, that I would willingly let it rent-free for a year to any one who would pay its fates and taxes.”

“How long is it since the house acquired this sinister character?”

“That I can scarcely tell you, but very many years since. The old woman I spoke of said it was haunted when she rented it between thirty and forty years ago. The fact is, that my life has been spent in the East Indies, and in the civil service of the Company. I returned to England last year on inheriting the fortune of an uncle, among whose possessions was the house in question. I found it shut up and uninhabited. I was told that it was haunted, that no one would inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some money in repainting and roofing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel retired on half pay. He came in with his family, a son and a daughter, and four or five servants: they all left the house the next day; and although they deposed that they had all seen something different, that something was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, or even blame, the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empowered to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who staid more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have there been exactly the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and to hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please.”

“Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?”

“Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to renew the experiment. You can not complain, you see, Sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager and your nerves unusually strong. I honestly add that I advise you *not* to pass a night in that house.”

“My interest *is* exceedingly keen,” said I, “and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamiliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house.”

Mr. J—— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me—and, thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon as I reached home, I summoned my confidential servant—a young man of gay spirits, fearless temper, and as free from superstitious prejudice as any one I could think of.

“F——,” said I, “you remember in Germany how disappointed we were at not finding a ghost in that old castle, which was said to be haunted by a headless apparition? Well, I have heard of a house in London which, I have reason to hope, is decidedly haunted. I mean to sleep there to-night. From what I hear, there is no doubt that something will allow itself to be seen or to be heard—something, perhaps, excessively horrible. Do you think, if I take you with me, I may rely on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?”

“Oh, Sir! pray trust me,” answered F——, grinning with delight.

“Very well; then here are the keys of the house—this is the address. Go now—select for me any bedroom you please; and since the house has not been inhabited for weeks, make up a good fire—air the bed well—see, of course, that there are candles as well as fuel. Take with you my revolver and my dagger—so much for my weapons—arm yourself equally well; and if we are not a match for a dozen ghosts, we shall be but a sorry couple of Englishmen.”

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had not leisure to think much on the nocturnal adventure to which I had plighted my honor. I dined alone, and very late, and while dining, read, as is my habit. The volume I selected was one of Macaulay’s Essays. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subjects, that it would serve as an antidote against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly, about half past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely toward the haunted house. I took with me a favorite dog—an exceedingly sharp, bold, and

vigilant bull-terrier,—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

"All right, Sir, and very comfortable."

"Oh!" said I, rather disappointed; "have you not seen nor heard any thing remarkable?"

"Well, Sir, I must own I have heard something queer."

"What?—what?"

"The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more."

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it, Sir;" and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—viz., that, happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street-door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first run in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation, and followed me and F— through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean apartments, the kitchen and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not wine-bibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little back-yard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp; and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke-grime on the pavement, our feet left a slight impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange phenomenon witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child: the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground-floor, a dining parlor, a small back-parlor, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—all still as death.

We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an arm-chair. F— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair, immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half laugh; and as I laughed my dog put back his head and howled.

F—, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale-blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet. "Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F—; "put it back to the wall."

F— obeyed. "Was that you, Sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I!—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch *them* before they frighten *us*."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire up stairs. We locked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burned clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fire-place was a cupboard, without locks, flushed with the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F—, went forth to complete my reconnoitre. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant, in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it can not have got locked from the inside, for it is a—"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both

—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in the corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fire-place—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened: we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, Sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I open the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little back-yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing but sheer descent. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F—, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me, and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gayety amidst circumstances so extraordinary, compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting, he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attics. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globe, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we

perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in a rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping-room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers: there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics (in all four), the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand: just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bedchamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage, indicated the writer to have been a seafarer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate us if all was known!" Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's), "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as—"

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvelous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering—and



opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the door between the two rooms. Thus alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearth-rug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other: I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out, "Is that you, Sir?"

"No; be on your guard!"

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backward and forward. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if ever I saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the street, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling to him to stop; but, without heeding me, he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street-door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I re-entered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the THING, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber?

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood

on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognize me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the Marvelous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible;" but rather, "So, then, the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—i. e., not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of Spirit Manifestation in America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernible hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the MEDIUM or living being, with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs. In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves, by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced.

It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism, or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerized patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmerizer a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it Electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles, that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself; and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature, might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented, to my senses, must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare, though perhaps perilous, chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself out of the air in very undefined outline. I can not say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than any thing else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touching the ceiling. While I gazed a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze I thought—but this I can not say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I seemed to distinguish them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half believed, half doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself, "Is this fear? it is *not* fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed,

my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition—that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond men's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of men.

And now, as this impression grew on me, now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said, "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear, I can not be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand toward the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn: it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—"I do not fear, my soul does not fear;" and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table: hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end

there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny will-o'-the-wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly, as forth from the chair, there grew a Shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned toward me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the back-ground grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress; for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantasms; and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the fitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the Shadow that towered between them; and there was a blood-stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet-door to the right of the fire-place now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of a woman, aged. In her hand she held letters—the very letters over which I had seen the Hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—sea-weed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable, squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the Shadow darted forth, and dark-

ened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the Shadow—malignant, serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like naught ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold, soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentrated all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the shadow—above all, from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in naught else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark Shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. The whole room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement; I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favorite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually



broken—actually twisted out of the vertebræ! Had this been done in the dark?—must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room? Good cause to suspect it. I can not tell. I can not do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange, erratic way for a few hours, and then come to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Not till it was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street-door I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:

“HONORED SIR,—I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which Heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honored Sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother’s, at Walworth—John knows her address.”

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory details as to effects that had been under the writer’s charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed

up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the things I had left there, with my poor dog’s body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J——’s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

I determined at least to tell him of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were any thing in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicions to which the letters gave rise. Mr. J—— seemed startled, and, after musing a few moments, answered, “I am but little acquainted with the woman’s earlier history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice. I will make inquiries, and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scene in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died—you smile—what would you say?”

“I would say this, that I am convinced, if we could get to the bottom of these mysteries, we should find a living human agency.”

“What! you believe it is all an imposture? for what object?”

“Not an imposture in the ordinary sense of the word. If suddenly I were to sink into a deep sleep, from which you could not awake me, but in that sleep could answer questions with an accuracy which I could not pretend to when awake—tell you what money you had in your pocket—nay, describe your very thoughts—it is not necessarily an imposture, any more than it is necessarily supernatural. I should be, unconsciously to myself, under a mesmeric influence, conveyed to me from a distance by a human being who had acquired power over me by previous *rapport*.”

“Granting mesmerism, so far carried, to be a fact, you are right. And you might infer from this that a mesmerizer might produce the extraordinary effects you and others have witnessed over inanimate objects—fill the air with sights and sounds?”

"Or impress our senses with the belief in them—we never having been *en rapport* with the person acting on us? No. What is commonly called mesmerism could not do this; but there may be a power akin to mesmerism, and superior to it—the power that in the old days was called Magic. That such a power may extend to all inanimate objects of matter I do not say; but if so, it would not be against nature, only a rare power in nature which might be given to constitutions with certain peculiarities, and cultivated by practice to an extraordinary degree. That such a power might extend over the dead—that is, over certain thoughts and memories that the dead may still retain—and compel, not that which ought properly to be called the SOUL, and which is far beyond human reach, but rather a phantom of what has been most earth-stained on earth, to make itself apparent to our senses—is a very ancient though obsolete theory, upon which I will hazard no opinion. But I do not conceive the power would be supernatural. Let me illustrate what I mean from an experiment which Paracelsus describes as not difficult, and which the author of the "Curiosities of Literature" cites as credible:—A flower perishes; you burn it. Whatever were the elements of that flower while it lived are gone, dispersed, you know not whither; you can never discover nor re-collect them. But you can, by chemistry, out of the burned dust of that flower, raise a spectrum of the flower, just as it seemed in life. It may be the same with the human being. The soul has as much escaped you as the essence or elements of the flower. Still you may make a spectrum of it. And this phantom, though in the popular superstition it is held to be the soul of the departed, must not be confounded with the true soul; it is but the eidolon of the dead form. Hence, like the best-attested stories of ghosts or spirits, the thing that most strikes us is the absence of what we hold to be soul; that is, of superior emancipated intelligence. They come for little or no object—they seldom speak, if they do come; they utter no ideas above that of an ordinary person on earth. American spirit-seers have published volumes of communications in prose and verse, which they assert to be given in the names of the most illustrious dead—Shakespeare, Bacon—Heaven knows whom. Those communications, taking the best, are certainly not a whit of higher order than would be communications from living persons of fair talent and education; they are wondrously inferior to what Bacon, Shakespeare, and Plato said and wrote when on earth. Nor, what is more notable, do they ever contain an idea that was not on the earth before. Wonderful, therefore, as such phenomena may be (granting them to be truthful), I see much that philosophy may question, nothing that it is incumbent on philosophy to deny—viz., nothing supernatural. They are but ideas conveyed somehow or other (we have not yet discovered the means) from one mortal brain to another. Whether, in so doing, tables

walk of their own accord, or fiend-like shapes appear in a magic circle, or bodiless hands rise and remove material objects, or a Thing of Darkness, such as presented itself to me, freeze our blood—still am I persuaded that these are but agencies conveyed, as by electric wires, to my own brain from the brain of another. In some constitutions there is a natural chemistry, and those may produce chemic wonders—in others, a natural fluid, call it electricity, and these produce electric wonders. But they differ in this from Normal Science—they are alike objectless, purposeless, puerile, frivolous. They lead on to no grand results; and therefore the world does not heed, and true sages have not cultivated them. But sure I am, that of all I saw or heard, a man, human as myself, was the remote originator; and I believe unconsciously to himself as to the exact effects produced, for this reason: no two persons, you say, have ever told you that they experienced exactly the same thing. Well, observe, no two persons ever experience exactly the same dream. If this were an ordinary imposture, the machinery would be arranged for results that would but little vary; if it were a supernatural agency permitted by the Almighty, it would surely be for some definite end. These phenomena belong to neither class; my persuasion is, that they originate in some brain now far distant; that that brain had no distinct volition in any thing that occurred; that what does occur reflects but its devious, motley, ever-shifting, half-formed thoughts; in short, that it has been but the dreams of such a brain put into action and invested with a semi-substance. That this brain is of immense power, that it can set matter into movement, that it is malignant and destructive, I believe: some material force must have killed my dog; it might, for aught I know, have sufficed to kill myself, had I been as subjugated by terror as the dog—had my intellect or my spirit given me no countervailing resistance in my will."

"It killed your dog! that is fearful! indeed it is strange that no animal can be induced to stay in that house; not even a cat. Rats and mice are never found in it."

"The instincts of the brute creation detect influences deadly to their existence. Man's reason has a sense less subtle, because it has a resisting power more supreme. But enough; do you comprehend my theory?"

"Yes, though imperfectly—and I accept any crotchet (pardon the word), however odd, rather than embrace at once the notion of ghosts and hobgoblins we imbibed in our nurseries. Still, to my unfortunate house the evil is the same. What on earth can I do with the house?"

"I will tell you what I would do. I am convinced from my own internal feelings that the small unfurnished room at right angles to the door of the bedroom which I occupied, forms a starting-point or receptacle for the influences which haunt the house; and I strongly advise you to have the walls opened, the floor removed

—nay, the whole room pulled down. I observe that it is detached from the body of the house, built over the small back-yard, and could be removed without injury to the rest of the building."

"And you think, if I did that—"

"You would cut off the telegraph wires. Try it. I am so persuaded that I am right, that I will pay half the expense if you will allow me to direct the operations."

"Nay, I am well able to afford the cost; for the rest, allow me to write to you."

About ten days afterward I received a letter from Mr. J——, telling me that he had visited the house since I had seen him; that he had found the two letters I had described, replaced in the drawer from which I had taken them; that he had read them with misgivings like my own; that he had instituted a cautious inquiry about the woman to whom I rightly conjectured they had been written. It seemed that thirty-six years ago (a year before the date of the letters) she had married, against the wish of her relatives, an American of very suspicious character; in fact, he was generally believed to have been a pirate. She herself was the daughter of very respectable tradespeople, and had served in the capacity of a nursery governess before her marriage. She had a brother, a widower, who was considered wealthy, and who had one child of about six years old. A month after the marriage the body of this brother was found in the Thames, near London Bridge; there seemed some marks of violence about his throat, but they were not deemed sufficient to warrant the inquest in any other verdict than that of "Found drowned."

The American and his wife took charge of the little boy, the deceased brother having by his will left his sister the guardian of his only child—and in event of the child's death, the sister inherited. The child died about six months afterward—it was supposed to have been neglected and ill-treated. The neighbors deposed to have heard it shriek at night. The surgeon who had examined it after death, said that it was emaciated as if from want of nourishment, and the body was covered with livid bruises. It seemed that one winter night the child had sought to escape—crept out into the back-yard—tried to scale the wall—fallen back exhausted, and been found at morning on the stones in a dying state. But though there was some evidence of cruelty, there was none of murder; and the aunt and her husband had sought to palliate cruelty by alleging the exceeding stubbornness and perversity of the child, who was declared to be half-witted. Be that as it may, at the orphan's death the aunt inherited her brother's fortune. Before the first wedded year was out the American quitted England abruptly, and never returned to it. He obtained a cruising vessel, which was lost in the Atlantic two years afterward. The widow was left in affluence; but reverses of various kinds had befallen her: a bank broke—an investment failed—she went into a small business and be-

came insolvent—then she entered into service, sinking lower and lower, from housekeeper down to maid-of-all-work—never long retaining a place, though nothing peculiar against her character was ever alleged. She was considered sober, honest, and peculiarly quiet in her ways; still nothing prospered with her. And so she had dropped into the work-house, from which Mr. J—— had taken her, to be placed in charge of the very house which she had rented as mistress in the first year of her wedded life.

Mr. J—— added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen any thing, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work, and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house—we went into the blind dreary room, took up the skirting, and then the floors. Under the rafters, covered with rubbish, was found a trap-door, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place; it still retained some mouldering furniture—three chairs, an oak settle, a table—all of the fashion of about eighty years ago. There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found, half-rotted away, old-fashioned articles of a man's dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some rank—costly steel buckles and buttons, like those yet worn in court-dresses—a handsome court sword—in a waistcoat which had once been rich with gold-lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp, we found five guineas, a few silver coins, and an ivory ticket, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal, hermetically stopped. They contained colorless volatile essences, of what nature I shall say no more than that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock-crystal, and another of amber—also a loadstone of great power.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its colors most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be some-



what advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty-eight.

It was a most peculiar face—a most impressive face. If you could fancy some mighty serpent transformed into man, preserving in the human lineaments the old serpent type, you would have a better idea of that countenance than long descriptions can convey: the width and flatness of frontal—the tapering elegance of contour disguising the strength of the deadly jaw—the long, large, terrible eye, glittering and green as the emerald—and withal a certain ruthless calm, as if from the consciousness of an immense power. The strange thing was this—the instant I saw the miniature I recognized a startling likeness to one of the rarest portraits in the world—the portrait of a man of a rank only below that of royalty, who in his own day had made a considerable noise. History says little or nothing of him; but search the correspondence of his contemporaries, and you find reference to his wild daring, his bold profligacy, his restless spirit, his taste for the occult sciences. While still in the meridian of life he died and was buried, so say the chronicles, in a foreign land. He died in time to escape the grasp of the law, for he was accused of crimes which would have given him to the headsman. After his death, the portraits of him, which had been numerous, for he had been a munificent encourager of art, were bought up and destroyed—it was supposed by his heirs, who might have been glad could they have razed his very name from their splendid line. He had enjoyed a vast wealth; a large portion of this was believed to have been embezzled by a favorite astrologer or soothsayer—at all events, it had unaccountably vanished at the time of his death. One portrait alone of him was supposed to have escaped the general destruction; I had seen it in the house of a collector some months before. It had made on me a wonderful impression, as it does on all who behold it—a face never to be forgotten; and there was that face in the miniature that lay within my hand. True, that in the miniature the man was a few years older than in the portrait I had seen, or than the original was even at the time of his death. But a few years!—why, between the date in which flourished that direful noble and the date in which the miniature was evidently painted, there was an interval of more than two centuries. While I was thus gazing, silent and wondering, Mr. J—— said,

“But is it possible? I have known this man.”

“How—where?” cried I.

“In India. He was high in the confidence of the Rajah of —, and well-nigh drew him into a revolt which would have lost the Rajah his dominions. The man was a Frenchman—his name De V——, clever, bold, lawless. We insisted on his dismissal and banishment: it must be the same man—no two faces like his—yet this miniature seems nearly a hundred years old.”

Mechanically I turned round the miniature

to examine the back of it, and on the back was engraved a pentacle; in the middle of the pentacle a ladder, and the third step of the ladder was formed by the date 1765. Examining still more minutely, I detected a spring; this, on being pressed, opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Withinside the lid were engraved, “Mariana to thee—Be faithful in life and in death to —.” Here follows a name that I will not mention, but it was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his mistress and his rival. I said nothing of this to Mr. J——, to whom reluctantly I resigned the miniature.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron safe; we found great difficulty in opening the second: it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When we had thus drawn it forth we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal; this saucer was filled with a clear liquid—on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round; but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not very unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets. A very peculiar, but not strong nor displeasing odor came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterward discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of this odor it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room—a creeping tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilled—the saucer was broken—the compass rolled to the end of the room—and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap-door, but seeing that nothing more happened they were easily induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet: it was bound in plain red leather with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus: “On all that it can reach within these walls—sentient or inanimate, living or dead—as moves the needle, so work my will! Accursed be the house, and restless be the dwellers therein.”

We found no more. Mr. J—— burned the tablet and its anathema. He razed to the foun-

dations the part of the building containing the secret-room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better-conditioned house could not be found in all London. Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

But my story is not yet done. A few days after Mr. J—— had removed into the house I paid him a visit. We were standing by the open window and conversing. A van containing some articles of furniture which he was moving from his former house was at the door. I had just urged on him my theory that all those phenomena regarded as supermundane had emanated from a human brain; adducing the charm or rather curse we had found and destroyed in support of my philosophy. Mr. J—— was observing in reply, "That even if mesmerism, or whatever analogous power it might be called, could really thus work in the absence of the operator, and produce effects so extraordinary, still could those effects continue when the operator himself was dead? and if the spell had been wrought, and, indeed, the room walled up, more than seventy years ago, the probability was, that the operator had long since departed this life;" Mr. J——, I say, was thus answering, when I caught hold of his arm and pointed to the street below.

A well-dressed man had crossed from the opposite side, and was accosting the carrier in charge of the van. His face, as he stood, was exactly fronting our window. It was the face of the miniature we had discovered; it was the face of the portrait of the noble three centuries ago.

"Good Heavens!" cried Mr. J——, "that is the face of De V——, and scarcely a day older than when I saw it in the Rajah's court in my youth!"

Seized by the same thought, we both hastened down stairs. I was first in the street; but the man had already gone. I caught sight of him, however, not many yards in advance, and in another moment I was by his side.

I had resolved to speak to him, but when I looked into his face, I felt as if it were impossible to do so. That eye—the eye of the serpent—fixed and held me spell-bound. And withal, about the man's whole person there was a dignity, an air of pride and station and superiority, that would have made any one, habituated to the usages of the world, hesitate long before venturing upon a liberty or impertinence. And what could I say? what was it I would ask? Thus ashamed of my first impulse, I fell a few paces back, still, however, following the stranger, undecided what else to do. Meanwhile he turned the corner of the street; a plain carriage was in waiting, with a servant out of livery dressed like a *valet-de-place* at the carriage-door. In another moment he had stepped into the carriage, and it drove off. I returned to the house. Mr. J—— was still at the street-door. He had asked the carrier what the stranger had said to him.

"Merely asked whom that house now belonged to."

The same evening I happened to go with a friend to a place in town called the Cosmopolitan Club, a place open to men of all countries, all opinions, all degrees. One orders one's coffee, smokes one's cigar. One is always sure to meet agreeable, sometimes remarkable persons.

I had not been two minutes in the room before I beheld at a table, conversing with an acquaintance of mine, whom I will designate by the initial G——, the man—the Original of the Miniature. He was now without his hat, and the likeness was yet more startling, only I observed that while he was conversing there was less severity in the countenance; there was even a smile, though a very quiet and very cold one. The dignity of mien I had acknowledged in the street was also more striking; a dignity akin to that which invests some prince of the East—conveying the idea of supreme indifference, and habitual, indisputable, indolent, but resistless power.

G—— soon after left the stranger, who then took up a scientific journal, which seemed to absorb his attention.

I drew G—— aside—"Who and what is that gentleman?"

"That? Oh, a very remarkable man indeed. I met him last year amidst the caves of Petra—the scriptural Edom. He is the best Oriental scholar I know. We joined company, had an adventure with robbers, in which he showed a coolness that saved our lives; afterward he invited me to spend a day with him in a house he had bought at Damascus—a house buried among almond-blossoms and roses—the most beautiful thing! He had lived there for some years, quite as an Oriental, in grand style. I half suspect he is a renegade, immensely rich, very odd; by-the-by, a great mesmerizer. I have seen him with my own eyes produce an effect on inanimate things. If you take a letter from your pocket and throw it to the other end of the room, he will order it to come to his feet, and you will see the letter wriggle itself along the floor till it has obeyed his command. 'Pon my honor 'tis true: I have seen him affect even the weather, disperse or collect clouds, by means of a glass tube or wand. But he does not like talking of these matters to strangers. He has only just arrived in England; says he has not been here for a great many years; let me introduce him to you."

"Certainly! He is English then? What is his name?"

"Oh!—a very homely one—Richards."

"And what is his birth—his family?"

"How do I know? What does it signify?—no doubt some parvenu, but rich—so infernally rich!"

G—— drew me up to the stranger, and the introduction was effected. The manners of Mr. Richards were not those of an adventurous trav-

eler. Travelers are in general constitutionally gifted with high animal spirits; they are talkative, eager, imperious. Mr. Richards was calm and subdued in tone, with manners which were made distant by the loftiness of punctilious courtesy—the manners of a former age. I observed that the English he spoke was not exactly of our day. I should even have said that the accent was slightly foreign. But then Mr. Richards remarked that he had been little in the habit for many years of speaking in his native tongue. The conversation fell upon the changes in the aspect of London since he had last visited our metropolis. G—— then glanced off to the moral changes—literary, social, political—the great men who were removed from the stage within the last twenty years—the new great men who were coming on. In all this Mr. Richards evinced no interest. He had evidently read none of our living authors, and seemed scarcely acquainted by name with our younger statesmen. Once and only once he laughed; it was when G—— asked him whether he had any thoughts of getting into Parliament. And the laugh was inward—sarcastic—sinister—a sneer raised into a laugh. After a few minutes G—— left us to talk to some other acquaintances who had just lounged into the room, and I then said, quietly—

“I have seen a miniature of you, Mr. Richards, in the house you once inhabited, and perhaps built, if not wholly, at least in part, in — Street. You passed by that house this morning.”

Not till I had finished did I raise my eyes to his, and then his fixed my gaze so steadfastly that I could not withdraw it—those fascinating serpent eyes. But involuntarily, and as if the words that translated my thought were dragged from me, I added, in a low whisper, “I have been a student in the mysteries of life and nature; of those mysteries I have known the occult professors. I have the right to speak to you thus.” And I uttered a certain pass-word.

“Well,” said he, dryly, “I concede the right—what would you ask?”

“To what extent human will in certain temperaments can extend?”

“To what extent can thought extend? Think, and before you draw breath you are in China!”

“True. But my thought has no power in China.”

“Give it expression, and it may have: you may write down a thought, which, sooner or later, may alter the whole condition of China. What is a law but a thought? Therefore thought is infinite—therefore thought has power; not in proportion to its value—a bad thought may make a bad law as potent as a good thought can make a good one.”

“Yes; what you say confirms my own theory. Through invisible currents one human brain may transmit its ideas to other human brains with the same rapidity as a thought promulgated by visible means. And as thought is imperishable—as it leaves its stamp behind it in the natural world even when the thinker has passed out of

this world—so the thought of the living may have power to rouse up and revive the thoughts of the dead—such as those thoughts *were in life*—though the thought of the living can not reach the thoughts which the dead *now* may entertain. Is it not so?”

“I decline to answer, if, in my judgment, thought has the limit you would fix to it; but proceed. You have a special question you wish to put.”

“Intense malignity in an intense will, engendered in a peculiar temperament, and aided by natural means within the reach of science, may produce effects like those ascribed of old to evil magic. It might thus haunt the walls of a human habitation with spectral revivals of all guilty thoughts and guilty deeds once conceived and done within those walls; all, in short, with which the evil will claims *rapproch* and affinity—imperfect, incoherent, fragmentary snatches at the old dramas acted therein years ago. Thoughts thus crossing each other hap-hazard, as in the nightmare of a vision, growing up into phantom sights and sounds, and all serving to create horror, not because those sights and sounds are really visitations from a world without, but that they are ghastly monstrous renewals of what have been in this world itself, set into malignant play by a malignant mortal. And it is through the material agency of that human brain that these things would acquire even a human power—would strike as with the shock of electricity, and might kill, if the thought of the person assailed did not rise superior to the dignity of the original assailer—might kill the most powerful animal if unnerved by fear, but not injure the feeblest man, if, while his flesh crept, his mind stood out fearless. Thus, when in old stories we read of a magician rent to pieces by the fiends he had evoked—or still more, in Eastern legends, that one magician succeeds by his arts in destroying another—there may be so far truth, that a material being has clothed, from its own evil propensities, certain elements and fluids, usually quiescent or harmless, with awful shape and terrific force; just as the lightning that had lain hidden and innocent in the cloud becomes by natural law suddenly visible; takes a distinct shape to the eye, and can strike destruction on the object to which it is attracted.”

“You are not without glimpses of a very mighty secret,” said Mr. Richards, composedly. “According to your view, could a mortal obtain the power you speak of, he would necessarily be a malignant and evil being.”

“If the power were exercised as I have said, most malignant and most evil—though I believe in the ancient traditions that he could not injure the good. His will could only injure those with whom it has established an affinity, or over whom it forces unresisted sway. I will now imagine an example that may be within the laws of nature, yet seem wild as the fables of a bewildered monk.

“You will remember that Albertus Magnus,



after describing minutely the process by which spirits may be invoked and commanded, adds emphatically, that the process will instruct and avail only to the few—that a *man must be born a magician*!—that is, born with a peculiar physical temperament, as a man is born a poet. Rarely are men in whose constitution lurks this occult power of the highest order of intellect; usually in the intellect there is some twist, perversity, or disease. But, on the other hand, they must possess, to an astonishing degree, the faculty to concentrate thought on a single object—the energetic faculty that we call *WILL*. Therefore, though their intellect be not sound, it is exceedingly forcible for the attainment of what it desires. I will imagine such a person, pre-eminently gifted with this constitution and its concomitant forces. I will place him in the loftier grades of society. I will suppose his desires emphatically those of the sensualist—he has, therefore, a strong love of life. He is an absolute egotist—his will is concentrated in himself—he has fierce passions—he knows no enduring, no holy affections, but he can covet eagerly what for the moment he desires—he can hate implacably what opposes itself to his objects—he can commit fearful crimes, yet feel small remorse—he resorts rather to curses upon others than to penitence for his misdeeds. Circumstances, to which his constitution guides him, lead him to a rare knowledge of the natural secrets which may serve his egotism. He is a close observer where his passions encourage observation—he is a minute calculator, not from love of truth, but where love of self sharpens his faculties—therefore he can be a man of science. I suppose such a being, having by experience learned the power of his arts over others, trying what may be the power of will over his own frame, and studying all that in natural philosophy may increase that power. He loves life, he dreads death; *he wills to live on*. He can not restore himself to youth, he can not entirely stay the progress of death, he can not make himself immortal in the flesh and blood; but he may arrest, for a time so prolonged as to appear incredible if I said it, that hardening of the parts which constitutes old age. A year may age him no more than an hour ages another. His intense will, scientifically trained into system, operates, in short, over the wear and tear of his own frame. He lives on. That he may not seem a portent and a miracle, he *dies* from time to time, seemingly, to certain persons. Having schemed the transfer of a wealth that suffices to his wants, he disappears from one corner of the world, and contrives that his obsequies shall be celebrated. He reappears at another corner of the world, where he resides undetected, and does not revisit the scenes of his former career till all who could remember his features are no more. He would be profoundly miserable if he had affections—he has none but for himself. No good man would accept his longevity, and to no man, good or bad, would he or could he communicate its true secret. Such a man might exist; such

a man as I have described I see now before me! —Duke of —, in the court of —, dividing time between lust and brawl, alchemists and wizards; again, in the last century, charlatan and criminal, with name less noble, domiciled in the house at which you gazed to-day, and flying from the law you had outraged, none knew whither; traveler once more revisiting London, with the same earthly passions which filled your heart when races now no more walked through yonder streets; outlaw from the school of all the nobler and diviner mystics; execrable Image of Life in Death and Death in Life, I warn you back from the cities and homes of healthful men; back to the ruins of departed empires; back to the deserts of nature unredemmed!”

There answered me a whisper so musical, so potently musical, that it seemed to enter into my whole being, and subdued me despite myself. Thus it said—

“I have sought one like you for the last hundred years. Now I have found you, we part not till I know what I desire. The vision that sees through the Past, and cleaves through the veil of the Future, is in you at this hour; never before, never to come again; the vision of no puling fantastic girl, of no sick-bed somnambule, but of a strong man, with a vigorous brain. Soar and look forth!”

As he spoke I felt as if I rose out of myself upon eagle wings. All the weight seemed gone from air, roofless the room, roofless the dome of space. I was not in the body—where I knew not—but aloft over time, over earth.

Again I heard the melodious whisper, “You say right. I have mastered great secrets by the power of Will; true, by Will and by Science I can retard the process of years: but death comes not by age alone. Can I frustrate the accidents which bring death upon the young?”

“No; every accident is a providence. Before a providence snaps every human will.”

“Shall I die at last, ages and ages hence, by the slow, though inevitable growth of time, or by the cause that I call accident?”

“By a cause you call accident.”

“Is not the end still remote?” asked the whisper, with a slight tremor.

“Regarded as my life regards time, it is still remote.”

“And shall I, before then, mix with the world of men as I did ere I learned these secrets, resume eager interest in their strife and their trouble—battle with ambition, and use the power of the sage to win the power that belongs to kings?”

“You will yet play a part on the earth that will fill earth with commotion and amaze. For wondrous designs have you, a wonder yourself, been permitted to live on through the centuries. All the secrets you have stored will then have their uses—all that now makes you a stranger amidst the generations will contribute then to make you their lord. As the trees and the straws are drawn into a whirlpool—as they spin round, are sucked to the deep, and again tossed

aloft by the eddies, so shall races and thrones be plucked into the charm of your vortex. Awful Destroyer—but in destroying, made, against your own will, a Constructor!”

“And that date, too, is far off?”

“Far off; when it comes, think your end in this world is at hand!”

“How and what is the end? Look east, west, south, and north.”

“In the north, where you never yet trod—toward the point whence your instincts have warned you, there a spectre will seize you. ‘Tis Death! I see a ship—it is haunted—’tis chased—it sails on. Baffled navies sail after that ship. It enters the region of ice. It passes a sky red with meteors. Two moons stand on high, over ice-reefs. I see the ship locked between white defiles—they are ice-rocks. I see the dead strew the decks—stark and livid, green mould on their limbs. All are dead but one man—it is you! But years, though so slowly they come, have then scathed you. There is the coming of age on your brow, and the will is relaxed in the cells of the brain. Still that will, though enfeebled, exceeds all that man knew before you: through the will you live on, gnawed with famine. And nature no longer obeys you in that death-spreading region; the sky is a sky of iron, and the air has iron clamps, and the ice-rocks wedge in the ship. Hark how it cracks and groans! Ice will imbed it as amber imbeds a straw. And a man has gone forth, living yet, from the ship and its dead; and he has clambered up the spikes of an iceberg, and the two moons gaze down on his form. That man is yourself; and terror is on you—terror; and terror has swallowed your will. And I see swarming up the steep ice-rock gray grizzly things. The bears of the north have scented their quarry—they come near you and nearer, shambling and rolling their bulk. And in that day every moment shall seem to you longer than the centuries through which you have passed. And heed this—after life, moments continued make the bliss or the hell of eternity.”

“Hush,” said the whisper; “but the day, you assure me, is far off—very far! I go back to the almond and rose of Damascus!—sleep!”

The room swam before my eyes. I became insensible. When I recovered, I found G— holding my hand and smiling. He said, “You who have always declared yourself proof against mesmerism have succumbed at last to my friend Richards.”

“Where is Mr. Richards?”

“Gone, when you passed into a trance—saying quietly to me, ‘Your friend will not wake for an hour.’”

I asked, as collectedly as I could, where Mr. Richards lodged.

“At the Trafalgar Hotel.”

“Give me your arm,” said I to G—: “let us call on him; I have something to say.”

When we arrived at the hotel, we were told that Mr. Richards had returned twenty minutes before, paid his bill, left directions with his servant (a Greek) to pack his effects, and proceed to Malta by the steamer that should leave Southampton the next day. Mr. Richards had merely said of his own movements, that he had visits to pay in the neighborhood of London, and it was uncertain whether he should be able to reach Southampton in time for that steamer; if not, he should follow in the next one.

The waiter asked me my name. On my informing him, he gave me a note that Mr. Richards had left for me, in case I called.

The note was as follows: “I wished you to utter what was in your mind. You obeyed. I have therefore established power over you. For three months from this day you can communicate to no living man what has passed between us—you can not even show this note to the friend by your side. During three months, silence complete as to me and mine. Do you doubt my power to lay on you this command?—try to disobey me. At the end of the third month the spell is raised. For the rest I spare you. I shall visit your grave a year and a day after it has received you.”

So ends this strange story, which I ask no one to believe. I write it down exactly three months after I received the above note. I could not write it before, nor could I show to G—, in spite of his urgent request, the note which I read under the gas-lamp by his side.

## INTROSPECTION.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

L

**H**AVE you sent her all her letters? have you given her back her ring? Have you tried to forget the haunting songs that you loved to hear her sing? Have you cursed the day you met her first? thanked God that you were free, And said in your inmost heart, as you thought, “She never was dear to me?” You have cast her off; your pride is touched; you fancy that all is done; That for you the world is bright again, and bravely shines the sun: You have washed your hands of passion; you have whistled her down the wind— Oh, Tom, old friend, this goes before, the sharpest comes behind! Yes; the sharpest is yet to come, for Love is a plant that never dies; Its roots are deep as the earth itself, its branches wide as the skies; And wherever once it has taken hold, it flourishes evermore, Blossoming still, and bearing its beautiful fruit with the bitter core.

## II.

You will learn this, Tom, hereafter, when anger has cooled, and you  
 Have time for introspection; you will find my words are true;  
 You will sit and gaze in your fire alone, and fancy that you can see  
 Her face with its classic oval, her ringlets fluttering free,  
 Her soft blue eyes, wide opened, her sweet red lips apart,  
 As she used to look in the golden days when you dreamed she had a heart:  
 Whatever you do, wherever you turn, you will see that glorious face  
 Coming with shadowy beauty, to haunt all time and space:  
 Those songs you wrote for her singing will sing themselves into your brain  
 Till your life seems set to their rhythm, and your thoughts to their refrain—  
 Their old, old burden of love and grief—the passion you have foresworn—  
 I tell you, Tom, it is not thrown off so well as you think, this morn!

## III.

But the worst, perhaps the worst of all, will be when the day has flown,  
 When darkness favors reflection, and your comrades leave you alone:  
 You will try to sleep, but the memories of unforgotten years  
 Will come with a storm of wild regret—mayhap with a storm of tears—  
 Each look, each word, each playful tone, each timid little caress,  
 The golden gleam of her ringlets, the rustling of her dress,  
 The delicate touch of her ungloved hand, that woke such an exquisite thrill,  
 The flowers she gave you, the night of the ball—I think you treasure them still—  
 All these will come, till you slumber, worn out by sheer despair,  
 And then you will hear vague echoes of song on the darkened air—  
 Vague echoes, rising and falling, of the voice you know so well,  
 Like the songs that were sung by the Lurlei-maids, sweet with a deadly spell!

## IV.

In dreams, her heart will ever again be yours, and you will see  
 Fair glimpses of what might have been—what now can never be;  
 And as she comes to meet you, with a sudden wild unrest  
 You stretch your arms forth lovingly, to fold her to your breast:  
 But the Lurlei-song will faint and die, and with its fading tone  
 You wake to find you clasp the thin and empty air alone,  
 While the fire-bell's clanging dissonance, on the gusty night-wind borne  
 Will seem an iron-tongued demon's voice, laughing your grief to scorn.  
 Oh, Tom, you say it is over—you talk of letters, and rings—  
 Do you think that Love's mighty spirit, then, is held by such trifling things?  
 No; if you once have truly loved, you will still love on, I know,  
 Till the church-yard myrtles blossom above, and you lie mute below!

## V.

How is it, I wonder, hereafter? Faith teaches us little, here,  
 Of the ones we have loved and lost on earth—do you think they will still be dear?  
 Shall we live the lives we might have led?—shall those who are severed now  
 Remember the pledge of a lower sphere, and renew the broken vow?  
 It almost drives me wild when I think of the gifts we throw away  
 Unthinking whether or no we lose Life's honey and wine for aye!  
 But then, again, 'tis a mighty joy—greater than I can tell—  
 To trust that the parted may sometime meet—that all may again be well:  
 However it be, I hold that all the evil we know on earth  
 Finds in this violence done to Love its true and legitimate birth,  
 And the agonies we suffer, when the heart is left alone,  
 For every sin of Humanity should fully and well atone!

## VI.

I see that you marvel greatly, Tom, to hear such words from me,  
 But if you knew my innermost heart, 'twould be no mystery;  
 Experience is bitter, but its teachings we retain,  
 It has taught me this, Who once has loved, loves never on earth again!  
 And I, too, have my closet, with a ghastly form inside—  
 The skeleton of a perished love, killed by a cruel pride:  
 I sit by the fire at evening, as you will sometime sit,  
 And watch, in the roseate half-light, the ghosts of happiness flit:  
 I, too, awaken at midnight, and stretch my arms to enfold  
 A vague and shadowy image, with tresses of brown and gold:  
 Experience is bitter indeed—I have learned at a heavy cost  
 The secret of Love's persistency—I, too, have loved and lost!



# THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP



ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD;  
Showing who Robbed him, who Helped him, and who Passed him by.  
By W. M. THACKERAY.

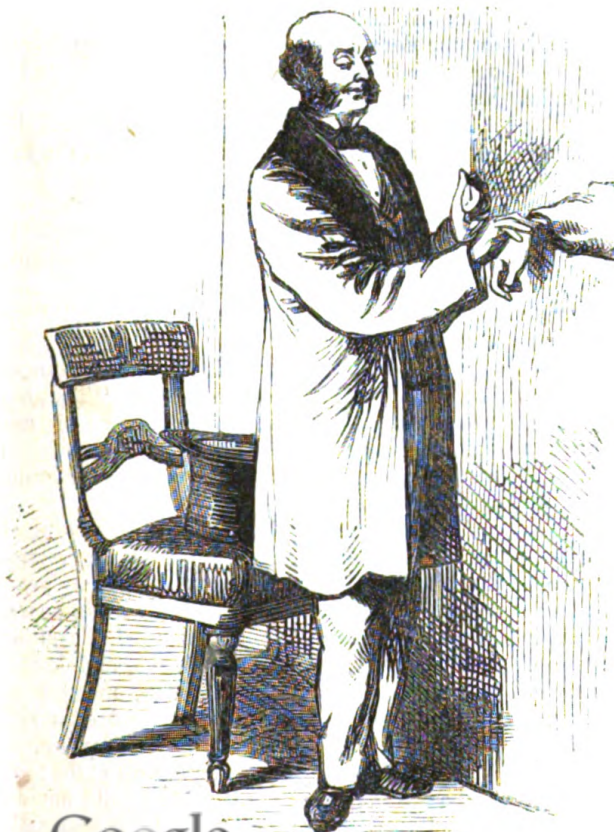
## CHAPTER I.

### DOCTOR FELL.

"NOT attend her own son when he is ill!" said my mother. "She does not deserve to have a son!" And Mrs. Pendennis looked toward her own only darling while uttering this indignant exclamation. As she looked I know what passed through her mind. She nursed me, she dressed me in little caps and long-clothes, she attired me in my first jacket and trowsers. She watched at my bedside through my infantile and juvenile ailments. She tended me through all my life, she held me to her heart with infinite prayers and blessings. She is no longer with us to bless and pray; but from heaven, where she is, I know her love pursues me; and often and often I think she is here, only invisible.

"Mrs. Firmin would be of no good," growled Dr. Goodenough. "She would have hysterics, and the nurse would have two patients to look after."

"Don't tell *me*," cries my mother, with a flush on her cheeks. "Do you suppose if that child" (meaning, of course, her paragon) "were ill, I would not go to him?"



"My dear, if that child were hungry, you would chop off your head to make him broth," says the doctor, sipping his tea.

"*Potage à la bonne femme*," says Mr. Pendennis. "Mother, we have it at the club. You would be done with milk, eggs, and a quantity of vegetables. You would be put to simmer for many hours in an earthen pan, and—"

"Don't be horrible, Arthur!" cries a young lady, who was my mother's companion of those happy days.

"And people, when they knew you, would like you very much."

My uncle looked as if he did not understand the allegory.

"What is this you are talking about? *potage à la*—what d'ye call 'em?" says he. "I thought we were speaking of Mrs. Firmin, of Old Parr Street. Mrs. Firmin is a doosid delicate woman," interposed the major. "All the females of that family are. Her mother died early. Her sister, Mrs. Twysden, is very delicate. She would be of no more use in a sick room than a—than a bull in a china-shop, begad! and she might catch the fever, too."

"And so might you, major!" cries the doctor. "Aren't you talking to me, who have just come from the boy? Keep your distance, or I shall bite you."

The old gentleman gave a little backward movement with his chair.

"Gad, it's no joking matter," says he; "I've known fellows catch fevers at—at ever so much past my age. At any rate, the boy is no boy of mine, begad! I dine at Firmin's house, who has married into a good family, though he is only a doctor, and—"

"And pray what was my husband?" cried Mrs. Pendennis.

"Only a doctor, indeed!" calls out Goodenough. "My dear creature, I have a great mind to give him the scarlet fever this minute!"

"My father was a surgeon and apothecary, I have heard," says the widow's son.

"And what then? And I should like to know if a man of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom—in the empire, begad!—hasn't a right to pursoo a learned, a useful, an honorable profession. My brother John was—"

"A medical practitioner!" I say, with a sigh.

And my uncle arranges his hair, puts his handkerchief to his teeth, and says—

"Stuff! nonsense—no patience with these personalities, begad! Firmin is a doctor, certainly—so are you—so are others. But Firmin is a university man, and a gentleman. Firmin has traveled. Firmin is intimate with some of the best people in England, and has married into one of the first families. Gad, Sir, do you suppose that a woman bred up in the lap of luxury—in the very lap, Sir—at Ringwood and Whipham, and at Ringwood House in Walpole Street, where she was absolute mistress, begad!

—do you suppose such a woman is fit to be nurse-tender in a sick room? She never *was* fit for that, or for any thing except—" (here the major saw smiles on the countenances of some of his audience) "except, I say, to preside at Ringwood House and—and adorn society, and that sort of thing. And if such a woman chooses to run away with her uncle's doctor, and marry below her rank—why, I don't think it's a laughing matter, hang me if I do."

"And so she stops at the Isle of Wight, while the poor boy remains at the school," sighs my mother.

"Firmin can't come away. He is in attendance on the Grand Dook. The prince is never easy without Firmin. He has given him his Order of the Swan. They are moving heaven and earth in high quarters; and I bet you even, Goodenough, that that boy whom you have been attending will be a baronet—if you don't kill him off with your confounded potions and pills, begad!"

Dr. Goodenough only gave a humph and contracted his great eyebrows.

My uncle continued—

"I know what you mean. Firmin is a gentlemanly man—a handsome man. I remember his father, Brand Firmin, at Valenciennes with the Dook of York—one of the handsomest men in Europe. Firebrand Firmin, they used to call him—a red-headed fellow—a tremendous duelist: shot an Irishman—became serious in after-life, and that sort of thing—quarreled with his son, who was doosid wild in early days. Gentlemanly man, certainly, Firmin. Black hair: his father had red. So much the better for the doctor; but—but—we understand each other, I think, Goodenough? and you and I have seen some queer fishes in our time."

And the old gentleman winked and took his snuff graciously, and, as it were, puffed the Firmin subject away.

"Was it to show me a queer fish that you took me to Dr. Firmin's house in Parr Street?" asked Mr. Pendennis of his uncle. "The house was not very gay, nor the mistress very wise, but they were all as kind as might be; and I am very fond of the boy."

"So did Lord Ringwood, his mother's uncle, like him," cried Major Pendennis. "That boy brought about a reconciliation between his mother and her uncle, after her runaway match. I suppose you know she ran away with Firmin, my dear?"

My mother said "she had heard something of the story." And the major once more asserted that Dr. Firmin was a wild fellow twenty years ago. At the time of which I am writing he was Physician to the Plethoric Hospital, Physician to the Grand Duke of Groningen, and knight of his order of the Black Swan, member of many learned societies, the husband of a rich wife, and a person of no small consideration.

As for his son, whose name figures at the head of these pages, you may suppose he did not die of the illness about which we had just been talk-

ing. A good nurse waited on him, though his mamma was in the country. Though his papa was absent, a very competent physician was found to take charge of the young patient, and preserve his life for the benefit of his family, and the purposes of this history.

We pursued our talk about Philip Firmin and his father, and his grand-uncle the earl, whom Major Pendennis knew intimately well, until Dr. Goodenough's carriage was announced, and our kind physician took leave of us, and drove back to London. Some who spoke on that summer evening are no longer here to speak or listen. Some who were young then have topped the hill and are descending toward the valley of the shadows. "Ah," says old Major Pendennis, shaking his brown curls, as the doctor went away; "did you see, my good soul, when I spoke about his *confrère*, how glum Goodenough looked? They don't love each other, my dear. Two of a trade don't agree, and besides I have no doubt the other doctor-fellows are jealous of Firmin, because he lives in the best society. A man of good family, my dear. There has already been a great *rapprochement*; and if Lord Ringwood is quite reconciled to him, there's no knowing what luck that boy of Firmin's may come to."

Although Dr. Goodenough might think but lightly of his *confrère*, a great portion of the public held him in much higher estimation; and especially in the little community of Grey Friars, of which the kind reader has heard in previous works of the present biographer, Dr. Brand Firmin was a very great favorite, and received with much respect and honor. Whenever the boys at that school were afflicted with the common ailments of youth, Mr. Sprat, the school apothecary, provided for them; and by the simple, though disgusting remedies which were in use in those times, generally succeeded in restoring his young patients to health. But if young Lord Egham (the Marquis of Ascot's son, as my respected reader very likely knows) happened to be unwell, as was frequently the case, from his lordship's great command of pocket-money and imprudent fondness for the contents of the pastrycook's shop; or if any very grave case of illness occurred in the school, then, quick, the famous Dr. Firmin, of Old Parr Street, Burlington Gardens, was sent for; and an illness must have been very severe if he could not cure it. Dr. Firmin had been a school-fellow, and remained a special friend, of the head-master. When young Lord Egham, before mentioned (he was our only lord, and therefore we were a little proud and careful of our darling youth), got the erysipelas, which swelled his head to the size of a pumpkin, the doctor triumphantly carried him through his illness, and was complimented by the head-boy in his Latin oration on the annual speech-day for his superhuman skill and godlike delight *salutem hominibus dando*. The head-master turned toward Dr. Firmin, and bowed: the governors and bigwigs buzzed to one

another, and looked at him: the boys looked at him: the physician held his handsome head down toward his shirt-frill. His modest eyes would not look up from the spotless lining of the broad-brimmed hat on his knees. A murmur of applause hummed through the ancient hall, a scuffling of young feet, a rustling of new cassocks among the masters, and a refreshing blowing of noses ensued, as the orator polished off his period, and then passed to some other theme.

Amidst the general enthusiasm, there was one member of the auditory scornful and dissentient. This gentleman whispered to his comrade at the commencement of the phrase concerning the doctor the—I believe of Eastern derivation—monosyllable "Bosh!" and he added, sadly, looking toward the object of all this praise, "He can't construe the Latin—though it is all a parcel of humbug."

"Hush, Phil!" said his friend; and Phil's face flushed red as Dr. Firmin, lifting up his eyes, looked at him for one moment; for the recipient of all this laudation was no other than Phil's father.

The illness of which we spoke had long since passed away. Philip was a school-boy no longer, but in his second year at the university, and one of half-a-dozen young men, ex-pupils of the school, who had come up for the annual dinner. The honors of this year's dinner were for Dr. Firmin, even more than for Lord Ascot in his star and ribbon, who walked with his arm in the doctor's into chapel. His lordship faltered when, in his after-dinner speech, he alluded to the inestimable services and skill of his tried old friend, whom he had known as a fellow-pupil in those walls—(loud cheers)—whose friendship had been the delight of his life—a friendship which he prayed might be the inheritance of their children. (Immense applause; after which Dr. Firmin spoke.)

The doctor's speech was perhaps a little commonplace; the Latin quotations which he used were not exactly novel; but Phil need not have been so angry or ill-behaved. He went on sipping sherry, glaring at his father, and muttering observations that were any thing but complimentary to his parent. "Now, look," says he, "he is going to be overcome by his feelings. He will put his handkerchief up to his mouth, and show his diamond-ring. I told you so! It's too much. I can't swallow this . . . this sherry. I say, you fellows, let us come out of this, and have a smoke somewhere." And Phil rose up and quitted the dining-room, just as his father was declaring what a joy, and a pride, and a delight it was to him to think that the friendship with which his noble friend honored him was likely to be transmitted to their children, and that when he had passed away from this earthly scene (cries of "No, no!" "May you live a thousand years!") it would be his joy to think that his son would always find a friend and protector in the noble, the princely house of Ascot.

We found the carriages waiting outside Grey



Friars' Gate, and Philip Firmin, pushing me into his father's, told the footman to drive home, and that the doctor would return in Lord Ascot's carriage. Home then to Old Parr Street we went, where many a time as a boy I had been welcome. And we retired to Phil's private den in the back-buildings of the great house: and over our cigars we talked of the Founder's-day Feast, and the speeches delivered; and of the old Cistercians of our time, and how Thompson was married, and Johnson was in the army, and Jackson (not red-haired Jackson, pig-eyed Jackson) was first in his year, and so forth; and in this twaddle were most happily engaged when Phil's father flung open the tall door of the study.

"Here's the governor!" growled Phil; and, in an under-tone, "what does *he* want?"

"The governor," as I looked up, was not a pleasant object to behold. Dr. Firmin had very white false teeth, which perhaps were a little too large for his mouth, and these grinned in the gas-light very fiercely. On his cheeks were black whiskers, and over his glaring eyes fierce black eyebrows, and his bald head glittered like a billiard-ball. You would hardly have known that he was the original of that melancholy philosophic portrait which all the patients admired in the doctor's waiting-room.

"I find, Philip, that you took my carriage," said the father; "and Lord Ascot and I had to walk ever so far for a cab!"

"Hadn't he got his own carriage? I thought, of course, he would have his carriage on a State-day, and that you would come home with the lord," said Philip.

"I had promised to bring *him* home, Sir!" said the father.

"Well, Sir, I'm very sorry," continued the son, curtly.

"Sorry!" screams the other.

"I can't say any more, Sir, and I *am* very sorry," answers Phil; and he knocked the ash of his cigar into the stove.

The stranger within the house hardly knew how to look on its master or his son. There was evidently some dire quarrel between them. The old man glared at the young one, who calmly looked his father in the face. Wicked rage and hate seemed to flash from the doctor's eyes, and anon came a look of wild pitiful supplication toward the guest, which was most painful to bear. In the midst of what dark family mystery was I? What meant this cruel spectacle of the father's terrified anger and the son's scorn?

"I—I appeal to you, Pendennis," says the doctor, with a choking utterance and a ghastly face.

"Shall we begin *ab ovo*, Sir?" says Phil. Again the ghastly look of terror comes over the father's face.

"I—I promise to bring one of the first noblemen in England," gasps the doctor, "from a public dinner, in my carriage; and my son takes it, and leaves me and Lord Ascot to walk!—Is it fair, Pendennis? Is it the conduct of a gentleman to a gentleman; of a son to a father?"

"No, Sir," I said, gravely, "nothing can excuse it." Indeed I was shocked at the young man's obduracy and undutifulness.

"I told you it was a mistake!" cries Phil, reddening. "I heard Lord Ascot order his own carriage; I made no doubt he would bring my father home. To ride in a chariot with a footman behind me is no pleasure to me, and I would far rather have a Hansom and a cigar. It was a blunder, and I am sorry for it—there! And if I live to a hundred I can't say more."

"If you are sorry, Philip," groans the father, "it is enough. You remember, Pendennis, when—when my son and I were not on this—on this footing," and he looked up for a moment at a picture which was hanging over Phil's head—a portrait of Phil's mother; the lady of whom my own mother spoke, on that evening when we had talked of the boy's illness. Both the ladies had passed from the world now, and their images were but painted shadows on the wall.

The father had accepted an apology, though the son had made none. I looked at the elder Firmin's face, and the character written on it. I remembered such particulars of his early history as had been told to me; and I perfectly recalled that feeling of doubt and misliking which came over my mind when I first saw the doctor's handsome face some few years previously, when my uncle first took me to the doctor's in Old Parr Street; little Phil being then a flaxen-headed, pretty child, who had just assumed his first trowsers, and I a fifth-form boy at school.

My father and Dr. Firmin were members of the medical profession. They had been bred up as boys at the same school, whither families used to send their sons from generation to generation, and long before people had ever learned that the place was unwholesome. Grey Friars was smoky, certainly; I think in the time of the Plague great numbers of people were buried there. But had the school been situated in the most picturesque swamp in England, the general health of the boys could not have been better. We boys used to hear of epidemics occurring in other schools, and were almost sorry that they did not come to ours, so that we might shut up, and get longer vacations. Even that illness which subsequently befell Phil Firmin himself attacked no one else—the boys all luckily going home for the holidays on the very day of poor Phil's seizure; but of this illness more anon. When it was determined that little Phil Firmin was to go to Grey Friars, Phil's father bethought him that Major Pendennis, whom he met in the world and society, had a nephew at the place, who might protect the little fellow, and the major took his nephew to see Dr. and Mrs. Firmin one Sunday after church, and we had lunch at Old Parr Street, and there little Phil was presented to me, whom I promised to take under my protection. He was a simple little man; an artless child, who had not the least idea of the dignity of a fifth-form boy. He was quite unabashed in talking to me and other persons, and has remained so ever since. He asked my

uncle how he came to have such odd hair. He partook freely of the delicacies on the table. I remember he hit me with his little fist once or twice, which liberty at first struck me with a panic of astonishment, and then with a sense of the ridiculous so exquisitely keen, that I burst out into a fit of laughter. It was, you see, as if a stranger were to hit the Pope in the ribs, and call him "Old boy;" as if Jack were to tweak one of the giants by the nose; or Ensign Jones to ask the Duke of Wellington to take wine. I had a strong sense of humor, even in those early days, and enjoyed this joke accordingly.

"Philip!" cries mamma, "you will hurt Mr. Pendennis."

"I will knock him down!" shouts Phil. Fancy knocking *me* down—*me*, a fifth-form boy!

"The child is a perfect Hercules," remarks the mother.

"He strangled two snakes in his cradle," says the doctor, looking at me. (It was then, as I remember, I felt *Dr. Fell* toward him.)

"La, Dr. Firmin!" cries mamma, "I can't bear snakes. I remember there was one at Rome, when we were walking one day; a great, large snake, and I hated it, and I cried out, and I nearly fainted; and my uncle Ringwood said I ought to like snakes, for one might be an agreeable rattle; and I have read of them being charming in India, and I dare say you have, Mr. Pendennis, for I am told you are very clever; and I am not in the least; I wish I were; but my husband is, very—and so Phil will be. Will you be a very clever boy, dear? He was named after my dear papa, who was killed at Busaco when I was quite, quite a little thing, and we wore mourning, and we went to live with my uncle Ringwood afterward; but Maria and I had both our own fortunes; and I am sure I little thought I should marry a physician—la, one of uncle Ringwood's grooms, I should as soon have thought of marrying him!—but, you know, my husband is one of the cleverest men in the world. Don't tell me—you are, dearest, and you know it; and when a man is clever I don't value his rank in life; no, not if he was that fender; and I always said to uncle Ringwood, 'Talent I will marry, for talent I adore;' and I *did* marry you, Dr. Firmin, you know I did, and this child is your image. And you will be kind to him at school," says the poor lady, turning to me, her eyes filling with tears, "for talent is always kind, except uncle Ringwood, and he was very—"

"A little more wine, Mr. Pendennis?" said the doctor—*Doctor Fell* still, though he was most kind to me. "I shall put my little man under your care, and I know you will keep him from harm. I hope you will do us the favor to come to Parr Street whenever you are free. In my father's time we used to come home of a Saturday from school, and enjoyed going to the play." And the doctor shook me cordially by the hand, and, I must say, continued his kind-

ness to me as long as ever I knew him. When we went away, my uncle Pendennis told me many stories about the great earl and family of Ringwood, and how Dr. Firmin had made a match—a match of the affections—with this lady, daughter of Philip Ringwood, who was killed at Busaco; and how she had been a great beauty, and was a perfect *grande dame* always; and, if not the cleverest, certainly one of the kindest and most amiable women in the world.

In those days I was accustomed to receive the opinions of my informant with such respect that I at once accepted this statement as authentic. Mrs. Firmin's portrait, indeed, was beautiful: it was painted by young Mr. Harlowe, that year he was at Rome, and when in eighteen days he completed a copy of the Transfiguration, to the admiration of all the Academy; but I, for my part, only remember a lady weak, and thin, and faded, who never came out of her dressing-room until a late hour in the afternoon, and whose superannuated smiles and grimaces used to provoke my juvenile sense of humor. She used to kiss Phil's brow; and, as she held the boy's hand in one of her lean ones, would say, "Who would suppose such a great boy as that could be my son?" "Be kind to him when I am gone," she sighed to me, one Sunday evening, when I was taking leave of her, as her eyes filled with tears, and she placed the thin hand in mine for the last time. The doctor, reading by the fire, turned round and scowled at her from under his tall shining forehead. "You are nervous, Louisa, and had better go to your room; I told you you had," he said, abruptly. "Young gentlemen, it is time for you to be off to Grey Friars. Is the cab at the door, Brice?" And he took out his watch—his great shining watch, by which he had felt the pulses of so many famous personages, whom his prodigious skill had rescued from disease. And at parting Phil flung his arms round his poor mother, and kissed her under the glossy curls—the borrowed curls—and he looked his father resolutely in the face (whose own glance used to fall before that of the boy), and bade him a gruff good-night, ere we set forth for Grey Friars.

## CHAPTER II.

### AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

I DINED yesterday with three gentlemen, whose time of life may be guessed by their conversation, a great part of which consisted of Eton reminiscences and lively imitations of Dr. Keate. Each one, as he described how he had been flogged, mimicked to the best of his power the manner and the mode of operating of the famous doctor. His little parenthetical remarks during the ceremony were recalled with great facetiousness: the very *huchish* of the rods was parodied with thrilling fidelity; and after a good hour's conversation, the subject was brought to a climax by a description of that awful night



when the doctor called up squad after squad of boys from their beds in their respective boarding-houses, whipped through the whole night, and castigated I don't know how many hundred rebels. All these mature men laughed, prattled, rejoiced, and became young again, as they recounted their stories; and each of them heartily and eagerly bade the stranger to understand how Keate was a thorough gentleman. Having talked about their floggings, I say, for an hour at least, they apologized to me for dwelling upon a subject which after all was strictly local: but, indeed, their talk greatly amused and diverted me, and I hope, and am quite ready, to hear all their jolly stories over again.

Be not angry, patient reader of former volumes by the author of the present history, if I am garrulous about Grey Friars, and go back to that ancient place of education to find the heroes of our tale. We are but young once. When we remember that time of youth, we are still young. He over whose head eight or nine lustres have passed, if he wishes to write of boys, must recall the time when he himself was a boy. Their habits change; their waists are longer or shorter; their shirt-collars stick up more or less; but the boy is the boy in King George's time as in that of his royal niece—once our maiden queen, now the anxious mother of many boys. And young fellows are honest, and merry, and idle, and mischievous, and timid, and brave, and studious, and selfish, and generous, and mean, and false, and truth-telling, and affectionate, and good, and bad, now as in former days. He with whom we have mainly to do is a gentleman of mature age, now walking the street with boys of his own. He is not going to perish in the last chapter of these memoirs—to die of consumption, with his love weeping by his bedside, or to blow his brains

out in despair, because she has been married to his rival, or killed out of a gig, or otherwise done for, in the last chapter but one. No, no; we will have no dismal endings. Philip Firmin is well and hearty at this minute, owes no man a shilling, and can enjoy his glass of port in perfect comfort. So, my dear miss, if you want a pulmonary romance, the present won't suit you. So, young gentleman, if you are for melancholy, despair, and sardonic satire, please to call at some other shop. That Philip shall have his trials is a matter of course—may they be interesting, though they do not end dismally! That he shall fall and trip in his course sometimes is pretty certain. Ah, who does not upon this life-journey of ours? Is not our want the occasion of our brother's charity, and thus does not good come out of that evil? When the traveler (of whom the Master spoke) fell among the thieves, his mishap was contrived to try many a heart beside his own—the Knave's

who robbed him, the Levite's and Priest's who passed him by as he lay bleeding, the humble Samaritan's whose hand poured oil into his wound, and held out its pittance to relieve him.

So little Philip Firmin was brought to school by his mamma in her carriage, who entreated the housekeeper to have a special charge of that angelic child; and as soon as the poor lady's back was turned, Mrs. Bunce emptied the contents of the little boy's trunk into one of sixty or seventy little cupboards, wherein reposed other boys' clothes and haberdashery: and then Mrs. Firmin requested to see the Rev. Mr. X., in whose house Philip was to board, and besought him, and explained many things to him, such as the exceeding delicacy of the child's constitution, etc., etc.; and Mr. X., who was very good-natured, patted the boy kindly on the head, and sent for the other Philip, Philip Ringwood, Phil's cousin, who had arrived at Grey Friars an hour or two before; and Mr. X. told Ringwood to take care of the little fellow; and Mrs. Firmin, choking behind her pocket-handkerchief, gurgled out a blessing on the grinning youth, and at one time had an idea of giving Master Ringwood a sovereign, but paused, thinking he was too big a boy, and that she might not take such a liberty, and presently she was gone; and little Phil Firmin was introduced to the long-room and his school-fellows of Mr. X.'s house; and having plenty of money, and naturally finding his way to the pastry-cook's, the next day after school, he was met by his cousin Ringwood, and robbed of half the tarts which he had purchased. A fortnight afterward the hospitable doctor and his wife asked their young kinsman to Old Parr Street, Burlington Gardens, and the two boys went; but Phil never mentioned any thing to his parents regarding



the robbery of tarts, being deterred, perhaps, from speaking by awful threats of punishment which his cousin promised to administer when they got back to school, in case of the little boy's confession. Subsequently Master Ringwood was asked once in every term to Old Parr Street; but neither Mrs. Firmin, nor the doctor, nor Master Firmin, liked the baronet's son, and Mrs. Firmin pronounced him a violent, rude boy.

I, for my part, left school suddenly and early, and my little *protégé* behind me. His poor mother, who had promised herself to come for him every Saturday, did not keep her promise. Smithfield is a long way from Piccadilly; and an angry cow once scratched the panels of her carriage, causing her footman to spring from his board into a pig-pen, and herself to feel such a shock that no wonder she was afraid of visiting the City afterward. The circumstances of this accident she often narrated to us. Her anecdotes were not numerous, but she told them repeatedly. In imagination, sometimes, I can hear her ceaseless, simple cackle; see her faint eyes, as she prattles on unconsciously, and watch the dark looks of her handsome, silent husband, scowling from under his eyebrows and smiling behind his teeth. I dare say he ground those teeth with suppressed rage sometimes. I dare say to bear with her endless volubility must have tasked his endurance. He may have treated her ill, but she tried him. She, on her part, may have been a not very wise woman, but she was kind to me. Did not her housekeeper make me the best of tarts, and keep goodies from the company-dinners for the young gentlemen when they came home? Did not her husband give me of his fees? I promise you, after I had seen Dr. Fell a few times, that first displeasing impression produced by his darkling countenance and sinister good looks wore away. He was a gentleman. He had lived in the great world, of which he told anecdotes delightful to boys to hear; and he passed the bottle to me as if I was a man.

I hope and think I remembered the injunction of poor Mrs. Firmin to be kind to her boy. As long as we staid together at Grey Friars I was Phil's champion, whenever he needed my protection, though of course I could not always be present to guard the little scape-grace from all the blows which were aimed at his young face by pugilists of his own size. There were seven or eight years' difference between us (he says ten, which is absurd, and which I deny); but I was always remarkable for my affability, and, in spite of our disparity of age, would often graciously accept the general invitation I had from his father for any Saturday and Sunday when I would like to accompany Philip home.

Such an invitation is welcome to any school-boy. To get away from Smithfield, and show our best clothes in Bond Street, was always a privilege. To strut in the Park on Sunday, and nod to the other fellows who were strutting there too, was better than remaining at school, "do-

ing Diatessaron," as the phrase used to be, having that endless roast beef for dinner, and hearing two sermons in chapel. There may have been more lively streets in London than Old Parr Street; but it was pleasanter to be there than to look at Goswell Street over Grey Friars' wall; and so the present biographer and reader's very humble servant found Dr. Firmin's house an agreeable resort. Mamma was often ailing, or, if well, went out into the world with her husband; in either case, we boys had a good dinner provided for us, with the special dishes which Phil loved; and after dinner we adjourned to the play, not being by any means too proud to sit in the pit with Mr. Brice, the doctor's confidential man. On Sunday we went to church at Lady Whittlesea's, and back to school in the evening; when the doctor almost always *gave us a fee*. If he did not dine at home (and I own his absence did not much damp our pleasure), Brice would lay a small inclosure on the young gentlemen's coats which we transferred to our pockets. I believe school-boys disdain fees in the present disinterested times.

Every thing in Dr. Firmin's house was as handsome as might be, and yet somehow the place was not cheerful. One's steps fell noiselessly on the faded Turkey carpet; the room was large, and all save the dining-table in a dingy twilight. The picture of Mrs. Firmin looked at us from the wall, and followed us about with wild violet eyes. Philip Firmin had the same violet odd bright eyes, and the same colored hair of an auburn tinge; in the picture it fell in long wild masses over the lady's back as she leaned with bare arms on a harp. Over the side-board was the doctor, in a black velvet coat and a fur collar, his hand on a skull, like Hamlet. Skulls of oxen, horned, with wreaths, formed the cheerful ornaments of the cornice. On the side-table glittered a pair of cups, given by grateful patients, looking like receptacles rather for funereal ashes than for festive flowers or wine. Brice, the butler, wore the gravity and costume of an undertaker. The footman stealthily moved hither and thither, bearing the dinner to us; we always spoke under our breath while we were eating it. "The room don't look more cheerful of a morning when the patients are sitting here, I can tell you," Phil would say; indeed, we could well fancy that it was dismal. The drawing-room had a rhubarb-colored flock paper (on account of the governor's attachment to the shop, Master Phil said), a great piano, a harp smothered in a leather bag in the corner, which the languid owner now never touched; and every body's face seemed scared and pale in the great looking-glasses, which reflected you over and over again into the distance, so that you seemed to twinkle off right through the Albany into Piccadilly.

Old Parr Street has been a habitation for generations of surgeons and physicians. I suppose the noblemen for whose use the street was intended in the time of the early Georges fled, finding the neighborhood too dismal, and the

gentlemen in black coats came and took possession of the gilded, gloomy chambers which the sacred *mode* vacated. These mutations of fashion have always been matters of profound speculation to me. Why shall not one moralize over London as over Rome, or Baalbec, or Troy town? I like to walk among the Hebrews of Wardour Street, and fancy the place, as it once was, crowded with chairs and gilt chariots, and torches flashing in the hands of the running footmen. I have a grim pleasure in thinking that Golding Square was once the resort of the aristocracy, and Monmouth Street the delight of the genteel world. What shall prevent us Londoners from musing over the decline and fall of city sovereignties, and drawing our cockney morals? As the late Mr. Gibbon meditated his history leaning against a column in the Capitol, why should not I muse over mine, reclining under an arcade of the Pantheon? Not the Pantheon at Rome, in the Cabbage Market by the Piazza Navona, where the immortal gods were worshiped—the immortal gods who are now dead; but the Pantheon in Oxford Street, ladies, where you purchase feeble pomatums, music, glassware, and baby-linen; and which has its history too. Have not Selwyn, and Walpole, and March, and Carlisle figured there? Has not Prince Florizel flounced through the hall in his rustling domino, and danced there in powdered splendor? and when the ushers refused admission to lovely Sophy Baddeley, did not the young men, her adorers, draw their rapiers and vow to slay the door-keepers; and, crossing the glittering blades over the enchantress's head, make a warlike triumphal arch for her to pass under, all flushed, and smiling, and perfumed, and painted? The lives of streets are as the lives of men, and shall not the street-preacher, if so minded, take for the text of his sermon the stones in the gutter? That you were once the resort of the fashion, O Monmouth Street! by the invocation of blessed St. Giles shall I not improve that sweet thought into a godly discourse, and make the ruin edifying? O *mes frères*! There were splendid thoroughfares, dazzling company, bright illuminations, in our streets when our hearts were young: we entertained in them a noble youthful company of chivalrous hopes and lofty ambitions; of blushing thoughts in snowy robes spotless and virginal. See, in the embrasure of the window, where you sate looking to the stars and nestling by the soft side of your first-love, hang Mr. Moses's bargains of turned old clothes, very cheap; of worn old boots, bedraggled in how much and how many people's mud; a great bargain. See! along the street, strewn with flowers once mayhap—a fight of beggars for the refuse of an apple-stall, or a tipsy basket-woman, reeling shrieking to the station. O me! O my beloved congregation, I have preached this stale sermon to you for ever so many years! O my jolly companions, I have drunk many a bout with you, and always found *vanitas vanitatum* written on the bottom of the pot!

I choose to moralize now when I pass the place. The garden has run to seed, the walks are mildewed, the statues have broken noses, the gravel is dank with green moss, the roses are withered, and the nightingales have ceased to make love. It is a funereal street, Old Parr Street, certainly; the carriages which drive there ought to have feathers on the roof, and the butlers who open the doors should wear weepers—so the scene strikes you now as you pass along the spacious empty pavement. You are bilious, my good man. Go and pay a guinea to one of the doctors in those houses; there are still doctors there. He will prescribe taraxacum for you, or pil: hydrarg: Bless you! in my time, to us gentlemen of the fifth form, the place was bearable. The yellow fogs didn't damp our spirits—and we never thought them too thick to keep us away from the play: from the chivalrous Charles Kemble, I tell you, my Mirabel, my Mercutio, my princely Falconbridge: from his adorable daughter (O my distracted heart!): from the classic Young: from the glorious Long Tom Coffin: from the unearthly Vanderdecken—"Return, O my love, and we'll never, never part" (where art thou, sweet singer of that most thrilling ditty of my youth?): from the sweet, sweet *Victorine* and the *Bottle Imp*. Oh, to see that *Bottle Imp* again, and hear that song about the "Pilgrim of Love!" Once, but—hush!—this is a secret—we had private boxes, the doctor's grand friends often sending him these; and finding the opera rather slow, we went to a concert in M-d-n Lane, near Covent Garden, and heard the most celestial glees, over a supper of fizzing sausages and mashed potatoes, such as the world has never seen since. We did no harm; but I dare say it was very wrong. Brice, the butler, ought not to have taken us. We bullied him, and made him take us where we liked. We had rum-shrub in the housekeeper's room, where we used to be diverted by the society of other butlers of the neighboring nobility and gentry, who would step in. Perhaps it was wrong to leave us so to the company of servants. Dr. Firmin used to go to his grand parties, Mrs. Firmin to bed. "Did we enjoy the performance last night?" our host would ask at breakfast. "Oh, yes, we enjoyed the performance!" But my poor Mrs. Firmin fancied that we enjoyed *Scmiramide* or the *Donna del Lago*; whereas we had been to the pit at the Adelphi (out of our own money), and seen that jolly John Reeve, and laughed—laughed till we were fit to drop—and staid till the curtain was down. And then we would come home, and, as aforesaid, pass a delightful hour over supper, and hear the anecdotes of Mr. Brice's friends, the other butlers. Ah, that was a time indeed! There never was any liquor so good as rum-shrub, never; and the sausages had a flavor of Elysium. How hushed we were when Dr. Firmin, coming home from his parties, let himself in at the street-door! Shoeless, we crept up to our bedrooms. And we came down to breakfast with innocent young faces—and let Mrs. Firmin, at lunch, prattle

about the opera; and there stood Brice and the footman behind us, looking quite grave, the abominable hypocrites!

Then, Sir, there was a certain way, out of the study window, or through the kitchen, and over the leads, to a building, gloomy indeed, but where I own to have spent delightful hours of the most flagitious and criminal enjoyment of some delicious little Havanas, ten to the shilling. In that building there were stables once, doubtless occupied by great Flemish horses and rumbling gold coaches of Walpole's time; but a celebrated surgeon, when he took possession of the house, made a lecture-room of the premises—"And this door," says Phil, pointing to one leading into the mews, "was very convenient for having the *bodies* in and out"—a cheerful reminiscence. Of this kind of furniture there was now very little in the apartment, except a dilapidated skeleton in a corner, a few dusty casts of heads, and bottles of preparations on the top of an old bureau, and some mildewed harness hanging on the walls. This apartment became Mr. Phil's smoking-room when, as he grew taller, he felt himself too dignified to sit in the kitchen regions; the honest butler and house-keeper themselves pointing out to their young master that his place was elsewhere than among the servants. So there, privately and with great delectation, we smoked many an abominable cigar in this dreary back-room, the gaunt walls and twilight ceilings of which were by no means melancholy to us, who found forbidden pleasures the sweetest, after the absurd fashion of boys. Dr. Firmin was an enemy to smoking, and ever accustomed to speak of the practice with eloquent indignation. "It was a low practice—the habit of cabmen, pot-house frequenters, and Irish apple-women," the doctor would say, as Phil and his friend looked at each other with a stealthy joy. Phil's father was ever scented and neat, the pattern of handsome propriety. Perhaps he had a clearer perception regarding manners than respecting morals; perhaps his conversation was full of platitudes, his talk (concerning people of fashion chiefly) mean and uninteresting, his behavior to young Lord Egham rather fulsome and lacking in dignity. Perhaps, I say, the idea may have entered into young Mr. Pendennis's mind that his hospitable entertainer and friend, Dr. Firmin, of Old Parr Street, was what at the present day might be denominated an old humbug; but modest young men do not come quickly to such unpleasant conclusions regarding their seniors. Dr. Firmin's manners were so good, his forehead was so high, his frill so fresh, his hands so white and slim, that for some considerable time we ingenuously admired him; and it was not without a pang that we came to view him as he actually was—no, not as he actually was—no man whose early nurture was kindly can judge quite impartially the man who has been kind to him in boyhood.

I quitted school suddenly, leaving my little Phil behind me, a brave little handsome boy,

endearing himself to old and young by his good looks, his gayety, his courage, and his gentlemanly bearing. Once in a way a letter would come from him, full of that artless affection and tenderness which fills boys' hearts, and is so touching in their letters. It was answered with proper dignity and condescension on the senior boy's part. Our modest little country home kept up a friendly intercourse with Dr. Firmin's grand London mansion, of which, in his visits to us, my uncle, Major Pendennis, did not fail to bring news. A correspondence took place between the ladies of each house. We supplied Mrs. Firmin with little country presents, tokens of my mother's good-will and gratitude toward the friends who had been kind to her son. I went my way to the university, having occasional glimpses of Phil at school. I took chambers in the Temple, which he found great delight in visiting; and he liked our homely dinner from Dick's, and a bed on the sofa, better than the splendid entertainments in Old Parr Street and his great gloomy chamber there. He had grown by this time to be ever so much taller than his senior, though he always persists in looking up to me unto the present day.

A very few weeks after my poor mother passed that judgment on Mrs. Firmin she saw reason to regret and revoke it. Phil's mother, who was afraid, or perhaps was forbidden, to attend her son in his illness at school, was taken ill herself.

Phil returned to Grey Friars in a deep suit of black; the servants on the carriage wore black too; and a certain tyrant of the place, beginning to laugh and jeer because Firmin's eyes filled with tears at some ribald remark, was gruffly rebuked by Sampson major, the cock of the whole school; and with the question, "Don't you see the poor beggar's in mourning, you great brute?" was kicked about his business.

When Philip Firmin and I met again there was crape on both our hats. I don't think either could see the other's face very well. I went to see him in Parr Street, in the vacant, melancholy house, where the poor mother's picture was yet hanging in her empty drawing-room.

"She was always fond of you, Pendennis," said Phil. "God bless you for being so good to her! You know what it is to lose—to lose what loves you best in the world. I didn't know how—how I loved her till I had lost her." And many a sob broke his words as he spoke.

Her picture was removed from the drawing-room presently into Phil's own little study—the room in which he sate and defied his father. What had passed between them? The young man was very much changed. The frank looks of old days were gone, and Phil's face was haggard and bold. The doctor would not let me have a word more with his son after he had found us together, but, with dubious appealing looks, followed me to the door, and shut it upon me. I felt that it closed upon two unhappy men.





## CHAPTER III.

## A CONSULTATION.

SHOULD I peer into Firmin's privacy, and find the key to that secret? What skeleton was there in the closet? In the last *Cornhill Magazine* you may remember there were some verses about a portion of a skeleton. Did you remark how the poet and present proprietor of the human skull at once settled the sex of it, and determined off-hand that it must have belonged to a woman? Such skulls are locked up in many gentlemen's hearts and memories. Bluebeard, you know, had a whole museum of them—as that imprudent little last wife of his found out to her cost. And, on the other hand, a lady, we suppose, would select hers of the sort which had carried beards when in the flesh. Given a neat locked skeleton cupboard, belonging to a man of a certain age, to ascertain the sex of the original owner of the bones, you have not much need of a picklock or a blacksmith. There is no use in forcing the hinge or scratching the pretty panel. We know what is inside—we arch rogues and men of the world. Murders, I suppose, are not many—enemies and victims of our hate and anger, destroyed and trampled out of life by us, and locked out of sight; but corpses of our dead loves, my dear Sir—my dear madam—have we not got them stowed away in cupboard after cupboard, in bottle after bottle? Oh, fie! And young people! What doctrine is this to preach to *them*, who spell your book by papa's and mamma's knee? Yes, and how wrong it is to let them go to church, and see and hear papa and mamma publicly, on their knees, calling out, and confessing to the whole congregation, that they are sinners! So, though

I had not the key, I could see through the panel and the glimmering of the skeleton inside.

Although the elder Firmin followed me to the door, and his eyes only left me as I turned the corner of the street, I felt sure that Phil ere long would open his mind to me, or give me some clew to that mystery. I should hear from him why his bright cheeks had become hollow, why his fresh voice, which I remember so honest and cheerful, was now harsh and sarcastic, with tones that often grated on the hearer, and laughter that gave pain. It was about Philip himself that my anxieties were. The young fellow had inherited from his poor mother a considerable fortune—some eight or nine hundred a year, we always understood. He was living in a costly, not to say extravagant manner. I thought Mr. Philip's juvenile remorse were locked up in the skeleton closet, and was grieved to think he had fallen in mischief's way. Hence, no doubt, might arise the anger between him and his father. The boy was extravagant and headstrong; and the parent remonstrant and irritated.

I met my old friend Dr. Goodenough at the club one evening; and as we dined together I discoursed with him about his former patient, and recalled to him that day, years back, when the boy was ill at school, and when my poor mother and Phil's own were yet alive.

Goodenough looked very grave.

"Yes," he said, "the boy was very ill; he was nearly gone at that time—at that time—when his mother was in the Isle of Wight, and his father dangling after a prince. We thought one day it was all over with him; but—"

"But a good doctor interposed between him and *pallida mors*."

"A good doctor? a good nurse! The boy was delirious, and had a fancy to walk out of window, and would have done so, but for one of my nurses. You know her."

"What! the Little Sister?"

"Yes, the Little Sister."

"And it was she who nursed Phil through his fever, and saved his life? I drink her health. She is a good little soul."

"Good!" said the doctor, with his gruffest voice and frown.—(He was always most fierce when he was most tender-hearted.) "Good, indeed! Will you have some more of this duck?—Do. You have had enough already, and it's very unwholesome. Good, Sir? But for women, fire and brimstone ought to come down and consume this world. Your dear mother was one of the good ones. I was attending you when you were ill, at those horrible chambers you had in the Temple, at the same time when young Firmin was ill at Grey Friars. And I suppose I must be answerable for keeping two scape-graces in the world."

"Why didn't Dr. Firmin come to see him?"

"Hm! his nerves were too delicate. Besides, he *did* come. Talk of the \* \* \*

The personage designated by asterisks was Phil's father, who was also a member of our club, and who entered the dining-room, tall,

stately, and pale, with his stereotyped smile, and wave of his pretty hand. By-the-way, that smile of Firmin's was a very queer contortion of the handsome features. As you came up to him he would draw his lips over his teeth, causing his jaws to wrinkle (or dimple if you will) on either side. Meanwhile his eyes looked out from his face, quite melancholy and independent of the little transaction in which the mouth was engaged. Lips said, "I am a gentleman of fine manners and fascinating address, and I am supposed to be happy to see you. How do you do?" Dreary, sad, as into a great blank desert, looked the dark eyes. I *do* know one or two, but only one or two faces of men, when oppressed with care, which can yet smile *all over*.

Goodenough nods grimly to the smile of the other doctor, who blandly looks at our table, holding his chin in one of his pretty hands.

"How do?" growls Goodenough. "Young hopeful well?"

"Young hopeful sits smoking cigars till morning with some friends of his," says Firmin, with the sad smile directed toward me this time. "Boys will be boys." And he pensively walks away from us with a friendly nod toward me; examines the dinner-card in an attitude of melancholy grace; points with the jeweled hand to the dishes which he will have served, and is off, and simpering to another acquaintance at a distant table.

"I thought he would take that table," says Firmin's cynical *confrère*.

"In the draught of the door? Don't you see how the candle flickers? It is the worst place in the room!"

"Yes; but don't you see who is sitting at the next table?"

Now at the next table was a n-blem-n of vast wealth, who was growling at the quality of the mutton cutlets, and the half-pint of sherry which he had ordered for his dinner. But as his lordship has nothing to do with the ensuing history, of course we shall not violate confidence by mentioning his name. We could see Firmin smiling on his neighbor with his blandest melancholy, and the waiters presently bearing up the dishes which the doctor had ordered for his own refec-tion. *He* was no lover of mutton-chops and coarse sherry, as I knew, who had partaken of many a feast at his board. I could see the diamond twinkle on his pretty hand, as it daintily poured out creaming wine from the ice-pail by his side—the liberal hand that had given me many a sovereign when I was a boy.

"I can't help liking him," I said to my companion, whose scornful eyes were now and again directed toward his colleague.

"This port is very sweet. Almost all port is sweet now," remarks the doctor.

"He was very kind to me in my school-days; and Philip was a fine little fellow."

"Handsome a boy as ever I saw. Does he keep his beauty? Father was a handsome man—very. Quite a lady-killer—I mean out of his

practice!" adds the grim doctor. "What is the boy doing?"

"He is at the university. He has his mother's fortune. He is wild and unsettled, and I fear he is going to the bad a little."

"Is he? Shouldn't wonder!" grumbles Goodenough.

We had talked very frankly and pleasantly until the appearance of the other doctor, but with Firmin's arrival Goodenough seemed to button up his conversation. He quickly stumped away from the dining-room to the drawing-room, and sate over a novel there until time came when he was to retire to his patients or his home.

That there was no liking between the doctors, that there was a difference between Philip and his father, was clear enough to me: but the causes of these differences I had yet to learn. The story came to me piecemeal; from confessions here, admissions there, deductions of my own. I could not, of course, be present at many of the scenes which I shall have to relate as though I had witnessed them; and the posture, language, and inward thoughts of Philip and his friends, as here related, no doubt are fancies of the narrator in many cases; but the story is as authentic as many histories, and the reader need only give such an amount of credence to it as he may judge that its verisimilitude warrants.

Well, then, we must not only revert to that illness which befell when Philip Firmin was a boy at Grey Friars, but go back yet farther in time to a period which I can not precisely ascertain.

The pupils of old Gandish's painting academy may remember a ridiculous little man, with a great deal of wild talent, about the ultimate success of which his friends were divided. Whether Andrew was a genius, or whether he was a zany, was always a moot question among the frequenters of the Greek Street billiard-rooms, and the noble disciples of the Academy and St. Martin's Lane. He may have been crazy and absurd; he may have had talent, too: such characters are not unknown in art or in literature. He broke the Queen's English; he was ignorant to a wonder; he dressed his little person in the most fantastic raiment and queerest cheap finery; he wore a beard, bless my soul! twenty years before beards were known to wag in Britain. He was the most affected little creature, and, if you looked at him, would *pose* in attitudes of such ludicrous dirty dignity, that if you had had a dun waiting for money in the hall of your lodging-house, or your picture refused at the Academy—if you were suffering under ever so much calamity—you could not help laughing. He was the butt of all his acquaintances, the laughing-stock of high and low, and he had as loving, gentle, faithful, honorable a heart as ever beat in a little bosom. He is gone to his rest now; his pallet and easel are waste timber; his genius, which made some little flicker of brightness, never shone much, and is extinct. In an old album, that dates back for more than a score

of years, I sometimes look at poor Andrew's strange wild sketches. He might have done something had he continued to remain poor; but a rich widow, whom he met at Rome, fell in love with the strange errant painter, pursued him to England, and married him in spite of himself. His genius drooped under the servitude: he lived but a few short years, and died of a consumption, of which the good Goodenough's skill could not cure him.

One day, as he was driving with his wife in her splendid barouche through the Haymarket, he suddenly bade the coachman stop, sprang over the side of the carriage before the steps could be let fall, and his astonished wife saw him shaking the hands of a shabbily-dressed little woman who was passing—shaking both her hands, and weeping, and gesticulating, and twisting his beard and mustache, as his wont was when agitated. Mrs. Montfitchet (the wealthy Mrs. Carrickfergus she had been, before she married the painter), the owner of a young husband, who had sprung from her side, and out of her carriage, in order to caress a young woman passing in the street, might well be disturbed by this demonstration; but she was a kind-hearted woman, and when Montfitchet, on reascending into the family coach, told his wife the history of the person of whom he had just taken leave, she cried plentifully too. She bade the coachman drive straightway to her own house: she rushed up to her own apartments, whence she emerged, bearing an immense bag full of wearing apparel, and followed by a panting butler, carrying a bottle-basket and a pie: and she drove off, with her pleased Andrew by her side, to a court in Saint Martin's Lane, where dwelt the poor woman with whom he had just been conversing.

It had pleased Heaven, in the midst of dreadful calamity, to send her friends and succor. She was suffering under misfortune, poverty, and cowardly desertion. A man, who had called himself Brandon when he took lodgings in her father's house, had married her, brought her to London, tired of her, and left her. She had reason to think he had given a false name when he lodged with her father: he fled, after a few months, and his real name she never knew. When he deserted her she went back to her father, a weak man, married to a domineering woman, who pretended to disbelieve the story of her marriage, and drove her from the door. Desperate, and almost mad, she came back to London, where she still had some little relics of property that her fugitive husband left behind him. He promised, when he left her, to remit her money; but he sent none, or she refused it—or, in her wildness and despair, lost the dreadful paper which announced his desertion, and that he was married before, and that to pursue him would ruin him, and he knew she never would do *that*—no, however much he might have wronged her.

She was penniless then—deserted by all—having made away with the last trinket of her brief days of love, having sold the last little rem-

nant of her poor little stock of clothing—alone, in the great wilderness of London, when it pleased God to send her succor in the person of an old friend who had known her, and even loved her, in happier days. When the Samaritans came to this poor child, they found her sick and shuddering with fever. They brought their doctor to her, who is never so eager as when he runs up a poor man's stair. And as he watched by the bed where her kind friends came to help her, he heard her sad little story of trust and desertion.

Her father was a humble person, who had seen better days; and poor little Mrs. Brandon had a sweetness and simplicity of manner which exceedingly touched the good doctor. She had little education, except that which silence, long-suffering, seclusion, will sometimes give. When cured of her illness there was the great and constant evil of poverty to meet and overcome. How was she to live? He got to be as fond of her as of a child of his own. She was tidy, thrifty, gay at times, with a little simple cheerfulness. The little flowers began to bloom as the sunshine touched them. Her whole life hitherto had been cowering under neglect, and tyranny, and gloom.

Mr. Montfitchet was for coming so often to look after the little outcast whom he had succored that I am bound to say Mrs. M. became hysterically jealous, and waited for him on the stairs as he came down swathed in his Spanish cloak, pounced on him, and called him a monster. Goodenough was also, I fancy, suspicious of Montfitchet, and Montfitchet of Goodenough. Howbeit, the doctor vowed that he never had other than the feeling of a father toward his poor little *protégée*, nor could any father be more tender. He did not try to take her out of her station in life. He found, or she found for herself, a work which she could do. "Papa used to say no one ever nursed him so nice as I did," she said. "I think I could do that better than any thing, except my needle, but I like to be useful to poor sick people best. I don't think about myself then, Sir." And for this business good Mr. Goodenough had her educated and employed.

The widow died in course of time whom Mrs. Brandon's father had married, and her daughters refused to keep him, speaking very disrespectfully of this old Mr. Gann, who was, indeed, a weak old man. And now Caroline came to the rescue of her old father. She was a shrewd little Caroline. She had saved a little money. Goodenough gave up a country-house, which he did not care to use, and lent Mrs. Brandon the furniture. She thought she could keep a lodging-house and find lodgers. Montfitchet had painted her. There was a sort of beauty about her which the artists admired. When Ridley the Academician had the small-pox, she attended him and caught the malady. She did not mind; not she. "It won't spoil my beauty," she said. Nor did it. The disease dealt very kindly with her little modest face. I don't know who gave her the nickname, but she had a good roomy house in Thornhaugh Street, an artist on the first and second floor; and there never was a



word of scandal against the Little Sister, for was not her father in permanence sipping gin-and-water in the ground-floor parlor? As we called her "the Little Sister," her father was called "the Captain"—a bragging, lazy, good-natured old man—not a reputable captain—and very cheerful, though the conduct of his children, he said, had repeatedly broken his heart.

I don't know how many years the Little Sister had been on duty when Philip Firmin had his scarlet fever. It befell him at the end of the term, just when all the boys were going home. His tutor and his tutor's wife wanted their holidays, and sent their own children out of the way. As Phil's father was absent, Dr. Goodenough came, and sent his nurse in. The case grew worse; so bad that Dr. Firmin was summoned from the Isle of Wight, and arrived one evening at Grey Friars—Grey Friars so silent now, so noisy at other times with the shouts and crowds of the playground.

Dr. Goodenough's carriage was at the door when Dr. Firmin's carriage drove up.

"How was the boy?"

"He had been very bad. He had been wrong in the head all day, talking and laughing quite wild-like," the servant said.

The father ran up the stairs.

Phil was in a great room, in which were several empty beds of boys gone home for the holidays. The windows were opened into Grey Friars' Square. Goodenough heard his colleague's carriage drive up, and rightly divined that Phil's father had arrived. He came out and met Firmin in the ante-room.

"Head has wandered a little. Better now, and quiet;" and the one doctor murmured to the other the treatment which he had pursued.

Firmin stepped in gently toward the patient, near whose side the Little Sister was standing.

"Who is it?" asked Phil.

"It is I, dear. Your father," said Dr. Firmin, with real tenderness in his voice.

The Little Sister turned round once, and fell down like a stone by the bedside.

"You infernal villain!" said Goodenough, with an oath and a step forward. "You are the man!"

"Hush! The patient, if you please, Dr. Goodenough," said the other physician.

## THE DUELISTS.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

WHILE Lower Saxony was oppressed and exhausted by the Austrian and Bavarian troops in the Thirty Years' War, the circle of Upper Saxony had been preserved for a considerable period from military outrage by the cautious or timid policy of the Elector, John George. At length the advance of the savage Tilly into his states, in consequence of his refusal to recede from the treaty of Leipzig; and the successive captures of Merseburg, Naumburg, and other places of strength, compelled the Saxon prince to relinquish his temporizing policy, and to em-

brace the proffered alliance and protection of Gustavus Adolphus. This unexpected accession of strength determined the Swedish monarch to abandon the defensive system he had for some time pursued, and to advance immediately upon Leipzig, which had also opened its gates to the Catholic general. At this dreadful crisis, when intelligence of the rapid advance of Tilly had spread consternation throughout the Electorate, and the dread of Austrian barbarity overbalanced the hope of deliverance by the Swedes, I had been officiating several months as curate in the populous village of B—, in Upper Saxony. The atrocious cruelty of Tilly at Magdeburg was still fresh in our recollection, and the consternation of the villagers impelled them to seek relief from incessant and devout attendance at church. The bells were tolled hourly, and fervent prayers for divine assistance were succeeded by the sublime hymns of Luther, while around the portrait of the immortal Reformer large tapers were constantly burning, as before the altar of a saint.

One day, while the congregation was singing with fervent devotion the fine hymn beginning "The Lord is a tower of strength," the church door was abruptly thrown open, and a dusty courier, in the Electoral uniform, rushed into the middle aisle. Immediately the organ ceased—the singers were mute, and every head was turned in anxious anticipation of some momentous intelligence. The stranger advanced rapidly to the altar, ascended the steps, waved his hat thrice above his head, and exclaimed, in tones of loud and thrilling energy: "Rejoice, my dear fellow-Christians, rejoice! The brave Lutherans have conquered—the battle of Leipzig is fought and won—7000 Imperialists lie dead on the field—Tilly has fled—and the great Gustavus Adolphus and his army have returned thanks to God Almighty on their knees."

At this joyful and unexpected intelligence every knee was bent, and every lip moved in thanksgiving; the pealing organ put forth all its volume, and the assembled villagers concluded the hymn with streaming eyes and grateful hearts.

About three weeks after this happy day I was sitting alone in my humble apartment, and contemplating with a grateful heart the improved condition and prospects of the great Protestant cause, when a stranger entered the room unannounced, and seated himself opposite to me in silence. His tall person was enveloped in a military cloak, his countenance was bronzed with exposure to sun and storm, and his eyes and forehead were overshadowed by a dragoon-helmet. I gazed for some time upon this mysterious intruder; but my earnest perusal of his features, although it roused some remote reminiscences, led to no satisfactory conclusion, until an arch smile, which curved his well-formed lips, revealed my old friend and fellow-student, Seifert. Joyous exclamations of "Dear Charles!" and "Dear Albert!" were followed by a cordial embrace, and many eager inquiries concerning our respective pilgrimages since our separation a few years before at the University of L—. My

surprise at this unexpected meeting was no little increased when my friend threw aside his cloak. At the university he was distinguished by the classic elegance of his tall and slender person, by fastidious refinement of mind and manners, by his temperance, diffidence, and taciturnity in mixed society, and by his unceasing devotion to study. I now gazed upon a robust and military figure, whose light yellow jacket and polished steel cuirass announced the Swedish officer of dragoons. His former diffidence of tone and manner had vanished forever, and was replaced by a loud voice, an air of military frankness, and an imposing self-possession, which, however, became him well, and developed advantageously his powerful and well-cultivated understanding. I congratulated him upon his improved appearance, and upon the rank he had attained in the service of the noble Gustavus.

"I need not explain to you," he replied, with the air of a man who is not ignorant of his own merits, "by what process I have become a captain of dragoons. When the great drama of European politics grows serious, and the thrones of princes totter beneath them, the sons of nobles and the minions of kings and ministers yield to the force of events and give place to men of talent and energy. At the present time there are few field-officers in active service throughout Germany who have not carried muskets in early life. This rule holds good even in the Imperial and other Catholic states, which are pre-eminently aristocratic. Tilly and Wallenstein, although of noble birth, are sprung from indigence; as are also Bucquoy and Dampier. Johann von Wert was a peasant; General Beck, a shepherd; Stahlhantsch, a footman; and Field-Marshal Aldringer, a valet-de-chambre."

He now arose, threw open the window, and whistled. This signal was soon explained by the entrance of a tall, blue-eyed, and fair-haired Swede, who covered my deal table with a napkin of white damask, placed upon it a bottle of wine with two green glasses, and disappeared. Seifert filled two bumpers of costly Hochheimer, and exclaimed, with glowing enthusiasm: "Long live Gustavus Adolphus!"

"Since I have known this great and admirable man, Albert," he continued, "I have ceased to indulge my fancy by building models of superhuman excellence. My day-dreams are dissolved, and my understanding and affections are occupied by a splendid reality. What has not the heroic Gustavus conceived and accomplished! A better man, in every sense of the word, walks not the earth; nor has any soldier, of ancient or modern times, made so many discoveries and improvements in military science. The Swedish regiments formerly comprised 3000 men, and were helpless and unwieldy as elephants. By reducing their numbers to 1200, he has enabled them to perform the most complex manoeuvres with facility, and to move with the bounding energy of Arabian coursers. Four surgeons of approved skill are attached to each regiment. Before the introduction of this humane and pol-

itic improvement the wounded were left groaning on the field of battle, a prey to the vulture and the wolf. In the Austrian army there is no provision of this nature; and Tilly himself, when marked with a Protestant sabre, was obliged to send to Halle for a surgeon. The brigading of troops—the firing *en pelotons*—the dragoon service—the short cannon, which carries farther than a long one—a new pike—and the cartridge-box, are but a portion of the inventions which we owe to Gustavus Adolphus. Every field-officer in the Swedish service is a worthy pupil of our heroic master, who fights alike in summer and in winter, and who has proved himself the best engineer of his time by his skill in the conduct of sieges, batteries, and intrenchments. When he drew his sword in the Protestant cause, and advanced like a hurricane into Germany, the military fops of Vienna called him the Snow-King, and predicted that he and his troops would melt in the summer heats. They little knew the formidable enemy they had to encounter. But the more sagacious Tilly shook his head when he heard this favorite jest of the Vienna circles, and was heard to say that the snow-ball would probably roll up into an avalanche. He had sufficient knowledge of human nature to foresee a possibility that the fresh and ardent religious zeal of the Swedish and German Protestants would eventually triumph over the worn-out fanaticism of the Catholic soldiery. To return to Gustavus, I could utter volumes in praise of his eloquence, and of the talent displayed in his letters, treaties, and manifestoes. His character, in short, exhibits a splendid combination of intrepidity and self-possession; of temperance and industry; of affability, clemency, and candor. To crown all, he is a good husband and father, a sound and fervent Christian; and may I fall into the talons of old Tilly, or of the devil, who is the best of the two, if I would not shed my blood for him as cheerfully as I now pour out a bumper of old Rhine-wine to his health."

I listened with growing amazement to my enthusiastic friend, whose language and deportment had experienced a change as striking as the alteration in his person. I could not discern in the martial figure before me a vestige of the modest, taciturn, and temperate youth I had formerly known. The fire of his eyes, and the stern compression of his lips, indicated a resolute and decided character; his language flowed like a torrent; and he had so entirely subdued his dislike to the bottle, that, in the ardor of his eulogium, he swallowed successive bumpers, without observing that I had limited myself to a single glass.

After he had entered into some farther details of his military career he rose to depart, and thus addressed me: "My object in calling upon you, Albert, was not merely to embrace an old friend, but to make his fortune. You are irrecoverably spoiled for a soldier; but a king who pillows his head upon the works of the immortal Grotius can appreciate learning as well as valor. He loves the book of Grotius on War and Peace as

much as Alexander the Great prized the Iliad of Homer; and has often declared that he would make this highly-gifted man his prime minister, if he would accept the appointment. He has also a fine taste, or, I should rather say, an impassioned feeling for poetry. After the surrender of Elbing, but before the definitive treaty was signed, the king walked into the town unobserved, and purchased the Latin poems of Buchanan. You, Albert, are a scholar and a poet, but, more than all, you are descended from the family of Luther. I have often bantered you for attaching importance to this accident of birth, but I now foresee that it will greatly promote your advancement in life. Gustavus is a zealous Lutheran. He venerates the great Reformer as a second saviour; and he will certainly bestow upon you an honorable appointment when he learns that, in addition to more solid merits, you are a scion, although but collaterally, of the stock of Luther. And now, my Albert, *vale, et me ama!* The moon will be down in an hour, and I must to quarters. We are encamped three leagues from hence, near the small town of R—. The king and his staff occupy the adjacent castle. Visit me the day after to-morrow, and I will introduce you to his majesty."

With these words he embraced me, and summoned his dragoon. Two noble chargers were brought to my cottage door, and the active riders, vaulting into the saddles, bounded rapidly across the church-yard path into the high road. The night was still and beautiful; the moonbeams shone brightly upon their nodding plumes and steel cuirasses; and as I gazed upon their retreating figures, and listened to the loud ring of their sabres and accoutrements, I fancied them two knights of the olden time, sallying forth in quest of nocturnal adventure.

On the morning of the day appointed for my introduction to royalty, I felt a natural impulse to adorn the outward man, and surveyed, with some trepidation, the contents of my scanty wardrobe. Alas! the best coat in my possession displayed a surface more brown than black; and, while endeavoring to improve it with a brush, I discovered more nebulous spots and milky ways than ever met the gaze of astronomer through his telescope. At the risk of giving dire offense to the royal nostrils, I obliterated many of these celestial systems with turpentine, converted an old hat into a new one by the aid of warm beer, took my walking-stick and bundle, and commenced my journey to the Swedish camp.

About a quarter of a league from the town I encountered groups of soldiers, seated at the entrances of tents and cottages. They were men of comely aspect, well clothed, and of peaceable deportment. To an officer of some rank, who inquired my object in approaching the camp, I mentioned the invitation of Seifert. He treated me with the respect due to my sacred office, and in terms of courtesy and kindness told me that my friend was quartered near the castle gate. Anticipating a kind and hospitable reception from Seifert, I was no little surprised by his al-

tered look and manner. He was sitting with folded arms and clouded aspect; and did not immediately reply to my cordial address, nor even acknowledge my presence by look or gesture. At length he coldly replied,

"Good-morning, Albert! Excuse my reception of you; but I thought our appointment had been for to-morrow."

Suddenly the stern expression of his features relaxed into kindness and cordiality; he started from his seat, seized my hand affectionately, and exclaimed, with visible emotion,

"It is well, however, that you have arrived to-day, for possibly you had not found me in existence to-morrow."

"Good God!" I ejaculated, "what calamity has befallen you, Seifert? Have you by any fault or misfortune lost the royal favor?"

"On the contrary," he replied, with a smile of singular meaning, "the king has just granted me a signal and unprecedented favor."

He then closed the door of his apartment, and continued in a lower tone: "Every human being, Albert, has his weak side, and even a great king is but a man. The failing of our heroic Gustavus is that of inordinate devotion. He is the high-priest as well as the general of his army, and no superannuated devotee can surpass him in praying, weeping, and psalm-singing. I give him full credit for zeal and sincerity, for it is impossible that Gustavus Adolphus can stoop to hypocrisy; but among various unmilitary regulations which have sprung from this religious enthusiasm, he has forbidden duels under penalty of death."

Here I would have interrupted him.

"Excuse me, Albert," he continued, "I know all you would say on the subject; I know that, as a clergyman, you must vindicate this absurdity of Gustavus; but kings and curates are privileged men. The latter are not very tenacious of the *point d'honneur*; and when a king is insulted he wages combat on a large scale, and arrays nation against nation to avenge his private quarrels. For instance, what was the battle of Leipzig but a duel between Gustavus Adolphus and Ferdinand III., or rather Maximilian of Bavaria? I must, however, do him the justice to acknowledge that he has at length relaxed the severity of this regulation, and has permitted me to measure swords with Captain Barstrom; but on condition that the duel shall take place in the baronial hall of the castle, and in presence of the king and his staff-officers. The gallery will be open to the public, and I will procure you a good seat and an intelligent companion, that you may have the pleasure of seeing me avail myself of his majesty's gracious permission to humble the pride and insolence of my opponent. You are a classical man, Albert, and may readily suppose that you are beholding a mortal combat of gladiators, for the encounter will only terminate with the death of one or both. In return for this gratification," he added, with a careless smile, "you must pledge yourself to read the service of the dead over my remains, should



I fall, and to compose for me a Latin epitaph in flowing hexameters. And now, my beloved Albert, farewell. I must go and apparel, for it would be a breach of etiquette to perform tragedy before spectators of such exalted rank in any but full dress."

"Strange being!" I here impatiently exclaimed, "you speak of a deadly combat as you would of a pageant! Cease this unhallowed levity, and tell me in plain language what is the nature of the insult which can only be atoned for by the sacrifice of human life?"

"Last night at supper," he replied, "Barstrom called me a German coxcomb, and I returned the compliment by calling him a Swedish bear. A defiance to mortal combat immediately ensued; the king's consent was obtained, and this day will prove whether the bear shall give the coxcomb a mortal squeeze, or be compelled to dance to the coxcomb's fiddle."

With these words he left the apartment, and shortly returned with a Saxon subaltern of mature age and intelligent physiognomy. He told him to accompany me to the gallery of the castle hall, and to procure for me a commodious seat. Thunder-struck at this intelligence, I left the Seifert's quarters, and approached the castle gate in silent consternation. My companion gave me a look full of humorous meaning, and remarked, while he offered me a pinch of snuff,

"All this is, doubtless, above your comprehension, reverend Sir! It is almost above mine, although I have lived above half a century, and have made some use of my opportunities. Perhaps, however, you, who have studied at the university, can explain to me why no man likes to be called by his proper name. I have known Captain Seifert for a twelvemonth—I have seen him in battle—and, God knows! he wields his sabre as well as he does his tongue, which is no small praise, because he surpasses most men in wit and knowledge; but I maintain, nevertheless, that he is somewhat of a coxcomb. Captain Barstrom is also a man of distinguished bravery, and he had once the good fortune to save the king's life, but in manner he is a wild beast; and why he should take offense at the very characteristic appellation of a 'Swedish bear' puzzles me exceedingly."

I followed my conductor into the gallery, which was crowded with citizens, who readily, however, made way for me and my escort, and we gained a position commanding a good view of the arena below. The royal guards, a fine body of men, in light blue coats and steel cuirasses, lined both sides of the spacious hall, and their polished battle-axes flashed brightly from the tops of their long black lances.

"I suppose," said I to my companion, "that these fine body-guards are the king's favorite regiment?"

"Gustavus is a father to all his soldiers," answered the subaltern; "and, incredible as it may appear to you, he knows personally almost every Swede in his army, has conversed with most of them, and addressed them even by

name. The entire Swedish force is as well equipped as the men before you. On this point the munificent Gustavus differs widely from Corporal Skeleton, as he always calls Tilly. The old Bavarian maintains that a polished musket and a ragged soldier set off each other. The Swedish monarch studies the health and comfort of his soldiers collectively, and indulges no preference for the guards. Indeed, he has been often heard to say that he trusted not in body-guards, but in the providence of God."

During this discussion the castle hall had become gradually crowded with officers in Swedish and Saxon uniforms. Suddenly the loud clash of spurs and voices ceased, and was succeeded by a deep and respectful silence. The lofty folding-doors were thrown open, and with a beating heart and aching eye-balls I awaited a first view of the mighty Gustavus. A tall man entered the hall, spare in body, but stout and muscular in limb. His forehead was lofty and commanding, his eyebrows were prominent and bushy, and his nose had the curve of a hawk's. Good feeling and intelligence were finely blended in his physiognomy; but the powerful glance of his deep-set eyes was softened and shaded by an expression of settled melancholy. He saluted right and left with much urbanity, proceeded to the upper end of the hall, and stood with folded arms and abstracted gaze, evidently unconscious of the passing scene.

"That is a personage of high rank," I observed; "but it can not be the king. I have understood that Gustavus is robust in person, and has a full and jovial countenance."

"That field-officer," replied the subaltern, "is the king's right arm, the admirable Gustavus Horn, whose division was immediately opposed to Tilly in the battle of Leipzig. He is at once a terrible warrior and a noble-minded man. I could relate many instances of his humanity and forbearance."

"But why," said I, "that expression of sadness in his countenance?"

"He has recently lost an excellent wife and two lovely children," answered my companion, "by a contagious malady. He clasped their dead bodies in a long embrace, and sent them in a silver coffin to Sweden for interment.—But you must not overlook the Chancellor Oxenstiern, the tall and majestic figure approaching General Horn. Observe his fine open countenance, exactly what the Italians call a *viso sciolto*. He is no Cardinal Richelieu—no Machiavel; and yet as cunning as the devil. He is of a mild and tranquil temperament, and affords a noble proof that an honest man may be a clever fellow. Observe how cordially he presses the hand of his son-in-law, and endeavors to console him. The wife of Gustavus Horn was his favorite daughter, but his grief for her loss is not outwardly visible. The king, who is a man of quick feelings, could not refrain from remarking this singular composure on so trying an occasion, and called him a cold-blooded animal. But what think you was the chancellor's reply? 'If my

cold blood did not occasionally damp your majesty's fire, the conflagration would become extinguishable.' Gustavus did not hesitate a moment to acknowledge the justice of the remark, nor does any man in Sweden better understand the value of Oxenstiern's cool judgment and comprehensive understanding. Had the chancellor's feelings been more acute and obvious, his mind would have been proportionably deficient in that consummate power and self-balance which have enabled him to accomplish so much for his king and country.—Look at that impetuous young soldier who is striding rapidly up the hall—I mean the one whose locks are combed half over his forehead, after the newest mode, instead of being brushed upward in the lion-fashion, like the hair of Gustavus and the chancellor."

"Hah!" I exclaimed, "that is my own illustrious sovereign, Prince Bernard of Weimar. I have often met him, when we were children, on the stairs of Luther's town near Eisenach, and he always honored me with a friendly greeting. He has shot up into manly strength and beauty; and, if I read correctly his impatient gesture and flashing eye, he is a man of daring and impetuous character."

"Right!" answered the subaltern. "He is young and inexperienced; but there are within him all the elements of another Gustavus. Observe how eagerly he approaches General Horn, and how cordially he embraces him. The general has many claims upon the esteem of this headlong youth, who has sometimes in the field dared to dispute the judgment and the orders of the veteran commander; but at length saw his errors, and redeemed them nobly, by proving himself soldier enough to submit to his superior in rank, and man enough to acknowledge in public his own rashness and inexperience."

"Who is that grave-looking field-officer," I inquired, "who has just entered, and is so cordially saluted by every one?"

"Ah, my good and reverend Sir!" exclaimed the old man, "you see there a striking proof of the great advantages of war over peace, and especially in the Swedish service. In peaceable times the signal merits of that man would not have raised him from obscurity. He is Colonel Stahlhantsch, a Finlander. In his youth he was a footman, and now he is the equal in military rank and the personal friend of Duke Bernard. But he is a highly-gifted man, and, among other accomplishments, is well acquainted with the English language. He gained this knowledge when in the service of Sir Patrick Ruthven, and it has enabled him to render some valuable aid to the king, who speaks German, French, Italian, and Latin as fluently as his native tongue, but is ignorant of English."

My companion was here interrupted by the loud cheers of a numerous assemblage in the castle-yard. The window being immediately behind us, we had only to reverse our position to obtain a good view of the spacious inclosure, crowded with a dense mass of human beings.

The pressure was terrific, and yet no soldiers were employed to clear the way for the approaching monarch and his retinue. The assembled people showed their sense of this forbearance by uncovering their heads, and giving way respectfully as he advanced. I now beheld a large man on horseback, plainly attired in a suit of gray cloth. He had a green feather in his hat, and was mounted on a large spotted white horse, of singular beauty and magnificent action. I required no prompting to tell me that this was the Great Gustavus.

"Behold," exclaimed my cicerone, "how slowly he rides across the castle-yard! He is afraid that his mettlesome courser may injure the thoughtless children perpetually crossing his path; and, being near-sighted, he shades his eyes with his hand."

"The king is very plainly attired," I remarked; "but a man so distinguished by nature needs not the aid of dress. His features are finely moulded and full of dominion; but his person, although majestic and imposing, is somewhat too corpulent."

"Not an ounce too much of him," replied, somewhat abruptly, the subaltern. "He is not a heavier man than the heroic Charlemagne, or Rolf the Galloper, who founded the powerful state of Normandy; and in activity of body and mind he is at least their equal."

Unwilling to irritate this partisan of Gustavus by pursuing the subject, I remarked the uncommon beauty of the king's horse.

"A fine horse," he replied, "is the hobby of Gustavus, and by the indulgence of this foible he has too often exposed to imminent peril a life on which hinges the fate of Protestant Europe. On all occasions, and even in important engagements, he persists in riding horses easily distinguishable from all others. A few days before the battle of Leipzig, a horse-dealer brought into the camp a noble charger, very peculiarly marked and colored. This fellow was a spy employed by the base and cowardly Austrians, who calculated that Gustavus would ride this fine animal in the approaching engagement, and become an easy mark for their bullets."

"And who," I inquired, "is that broad-shouldered hero, with a clear, dark complexion, accompanied by a fine youth in the garb of a student?"

"That man of bone and muscle," he replied, "is the brave and chivalrous Banner, a name admirably characteristic of the man. He is truly a living standard, and in the wildest tumult of the battle stands firm as a castle-tower, rallies around him the bewildered soldiers, and leads them on again to combat and to victory. His noble daring can not, however, be unknown to you. How much I regret that I can not also show you those valiant soldiers, Collenburg and Teufel. Alas! they fell on the field of Leipzig. That fine-looking youth," he continued, in a whisper, "is a natural son of the king, born, however, before his marriage. Such an accident may happen to the best of men in the days

of youthful riot; and to kings, who are greatly tempted, we should be greatly tolerant. When Gustavus married, he undertook, in good faith, to become the husband of one woman, and he has ever been a model of conjugal tenderness and fidelity."

During these details the king had entered the hall and taken a chair upon a raised platform at the upper end, his chancellor and staff-officers standing on each side of him. Suddenly the lively and beautiful march which had greeted the entrance of Gustavus ceased; the king nodded to the band, and the wind instruments began to play the solemn dead-march, usually performed when a condemned officer is going to execution. The large folding-doors again opened and two black coffins were brought in by soldiers moving in slow time to the saddening music, and followed by a tall and harsh-looking man with uncovered head and vulgar features. He wore a red cloak, which but partially concealed a glittering blade of unusual breadth, and resembling rather a surgical instrument than a weapon. "What does all this portend?" I eagerly inquired from my old companion, who had hitherto answered all my queries with singular intelligence, and in language far above his apparent condition. Without, however, removing his eager gaze from this singular spectacle below, he briefly answered, "Those are two coffins, and that man with the red cloak and sword is the provost-marshal." The coffins were placed in two corners of the hall, the headsman retreated behind the body-guards, the music ceased, and Gustavus spoke to the following effect, with an impressive dignity of look, voice, and language which no time will erase from my recollection:

"My beloved soldiers and friends!—It is well known to you, that, after mature deliberation with my faithful counselors and field-officers, I have forbidden duels in my army, under pain of death to the offending parties. My brave generals expressed their entire approval of this regulation, and recorded their unanimous opinion, that there is no essential connection between dueling and the true honor of a soldier, and that a conscientious avoidance of single combat is perfectly consistent with heroic courage and an elevated sense of honor.

"The soldier must be animated by a just cause, or his courage is worthless as the embroidery of his uniform—an ornament, but not a virtue. During the Middle Ages the practice of dueling was perhaps expedient to counterbalance the enormous evils which grew out of a lawless state of society; and it must be allowed that the rude and chivalrous habits of that savage period were redeemed by no small portion of honorable and devotional feeling. Let us then prefer the substance to the shadow, and model our conduct by the better qualities of our ancestors, instead of copying their romantic exaggerations and absurdities. The lawless days of chivalry are gone by. They have been succeeded throughout Christian Europe by settled

governments and institutions, which, however imperfect, afford comparative security to person and property. Why, then, will civilized men cling to the savage customs of a savage period? And why are we Protestants? Why are we in arms against Catholics? Is it not solely because they forbid us to keep pace with an improved state of knowledge, civil and religious? Some of you will perhaps contend, that an occasional duel is favorable to discipline and good manners; but are you prepared to prove that the Catholic officers, who fight duels with impunity, bear any comparison with mine in urbanity and discipline? And do you attach any value to that base and cowardly complaisance which springs from the fear of death? Believe me, gentlemen, in a well-disciplined army there will always be an immense majority of brave men, whose courtesy is prompted by good feeling and common sense; and where the great majority is civilized, rudeness becomes the exception to the rule, and meets with merited contempt and avoidance. Why, then, will even men of tried courage apply a remedy so strong as mortal combat to an evil so trivial!"

Here Gustavus paused, and fixed his eagle-eyes upon the duellists, who stood with folded arms and sullen mien, in the centre of the hall. Their very souls seemed to quail under his searching glance; their eyes fell, and the dark red hue of conscious guilt suffused their cheeks and foreheads. The royal orator resumed:

"And yet we this day behold two officers of acknowledged bravery who have yielded to this insane impulse, and who perhaps flatter themselves that their readiness to stake life will excite admiration and astonishment. I had given them credit for better heads and better hearts, and I lament exceedingly their infatuation. There are some individuals, whose gloomy and ferocious temperament betrays their natural affinity to the tiger and the hyena; whose pride is not ennobled by a spark of honorable feeling; whose courage is devoid of generosity; who have no sympathies in common with their fellow-men; and who find a horrible gratification in hazarding their lives to accomplish the destruction of any one whose enjoyment of life, health, and reason is greater than their own. I thank the Almighty that this demoniacal spirit prevails not in my army; and should it unfortunately animate any of my soldiers, they have my free permission to join the gipsy-camps of Tilly and Wallenstein."

The Swedish generals here exchanged looks and nods of proud gratification, and Prince Bernhard of Weimar, whose fine eyes flashed with ungovernable delight, advanced a step toward the royal orator, as if he would have expressed his approbation by a cordial embrace. Controlling, however, with visible effort, this sudden impulse, he resumed his place. Meanwhile, the king exchanged a glance of friendly intelligence with his chancellor, and continued in a tone of diminished severity:

"You will probably, gentlemen, charge me



with inconsistency in thus sanctioning a public duel, after my promulgation of a general order against the practice of dueling. There are, however, peculiar circumstances connected with this duel to explain which, and to vindicate myself, I have requested your presence on this occasion. The gentlemen before you, Captains Barstrom and Seifert, are well known as officers of high and deserved reputation. Barstrom has evinced heroic courage on many occasions, and he saved my life in the Polish war, when I was bareheaded and surrounded, Sirot having struck off my iron cap, which heretic head-gear the Austrians sent as a trophy to Loretto. I knighted Barstrom on the field of battle: and, relying upon his good sense and moderation, I promised to grant him a free boon. He never availed himself of this pledge until yesterday, when he solicited my permission to meet Captain Seifert in single combat.

"Seifert has studied chivalry at German universities, and to good purpose, if we may judge from the brilliant valor which made him a captain on the field of Leipzig. He has endeavored to prove to me, by numerous Greek and Latin scraps, that I ought to sanction this duel; but it would not be difficult to bring forward old Homer himself in evidence that the Greeks were not very fastidious in points of etiquette. For instance, Achilles called Agamemnon 'a drunkard, with the look of a dog and the valor of a deer.' Seifert, however, is not a man to be influenced by either classical or Christian authorities; his reason lies in prostrate adoration before the shrine of false honor, that Moloch of the dark ages, around which the chivalry of that period danced, until their giddy brains lost the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong.

"Thus solemnly pledged to two irreconcilable obligations, how can I extricate myself from a predicament so embarrassing? I have exhausted my powers of reasoning and persuasion in vain endeavors to accomplish a reconciliation. My promise of a free boon to Barstrom I can not honorably retract; nor can I, for his sake, infringe upon the salutary law so long established. Happily one alternative remains. These misguided men are determined to fight, and, if possible, to destroy each other. Be it so! Their savage propensities shall be gratified, and I will witness their chivalrous courage and heroic contempt of life.—Now, gentlemen! draw, and do your worst! Fight until the death of one shall prove the other the better swordsman; but, mark well the consequence! Soon as one of you is slain my executioner shall strike off the head of the other. Thus my pledge to Barstrom will be redeemed, and the law against dueling will remain inviolate."

Here Gustavus ceased to speak; the solemn dead-march was repeated by the band, the coffins were brought nearer to the duelists, and the grim-visaged executioner again came into view with his horrible weapon. At this awful moment I beheld Seifert and Barstrom suddenly

rush forward, throw themselves at the feet of Gustavus and supplicate for mercy.

"Mercy depends not upon me, but upon yourselves," mildly replied the king soon as the band had ceased. "If you do not fight, the executioner will find no occupation here." These words were accompanied by a glance at the headsman, who immediately quitted the hall by a side door. "But, if you are sincerely desirous," continued Gustavus, "to regain the good opinion of the brave men and good Christians here assembled, you will at once relinquish every hostile feeling, and embrace each other as friends."

The duelists instantly flew into each other's arms. Gustavus raised his folded hands and kingly features in devotional feeling toward heaven, and the chancellor gave a signal to the band, which played a fine hymn on reconciliation and brotherly love. I now heard, with inexpressible delight, the King, Oxenstiern, Horn, Banner, Stahlhantsch, and Prince Bernard, with the assembled officers and guards, singing the impressive verses of Luther, with beautiful accuracy of time and tone. The magnificent bass of Gustavus Adolphus was easily distinguishable by its organ-like fullness and grandeur; it resembled the deep low breathing of a silver trumpet; and although forty years have rolled over my head since I heard it, the rich and solemn tones of the royal singer still vibrate upon my memory.

The hallowed feeling spread through hall and gallery, and every one who could sing joined with fervor in the sacred song. Even my old subaltern, whose voice was painfully harsh and unmusical, drew from his pocket a hymn-book and a pair of copper spectacles; his tones were tremulous and discordant, but, in my estimation, his musical deficiencies were amply redeemed by the tears which rolled abundantly down his hollow and time-worn cheeks.

Thus was this terrible camp-scene converted, as if by miracle or magic, into a solemn, and, surely, an acceptable service of the Almighty.

## PORTRAIT OF A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

ANTON ANTONOVITCH was a good and pious Russian, who held sin, soap, and razors in almost equal detestation, despised cold water as a destructive luxury, and, so far from holding that cleanliness is next to godliness, looked upon that supposed virtue as the origin if not of all, at least of a great many evils. A man with white hands, delicately-pared nails, a clean face, well-brushed hair, and neatly-arranged mustaches, was apt, he thought, to be proud of his personal appearance; whereas unwashed, unkempt, and unshorn, he would, in all probability, be full of humility and self-contempt. There were other reasons why Anton Antonovitch retained his beard. In the first place, his ancestors had always worn theirs (Anton Antonovitch had ancestors), and it did not become the present generation to assume to be

wiser than their forefathers. Moreover, man had been made in the image of the Deity, and it was irreverential to interfere in any way with the likeness. In addition to this, no good, but only ingenious and deceptive forms of evil, had ever come out of the west, and shaving was an occidental custom introduced by the great barber-Emperor Peter I.

We have said that Anton Antonovitch had ancestors, out of respect to whom we suppress his family name. One of them has a historical place among the most celebrated of the old Russian poets, and had held a high position at the court of Catherine. The brother of Anton Antonovitch was a general of division, and he had himself been an officer of artillery—the most distinguished arm of the Russian military service. No amount, then, of *a priori* reasoning could have led to the conclusion that Anton Antonovitch would be uncleanly in his person; and when he was in the army his colonel was naturally astonished, amazed, and indignant at the discreditable appearance he presented on parade. By the regulations of the service he was, of course, unable to wear his beard, but he frequently omitted to shave, and carried out his system of facial and manual uncleanness with the most scrupulous exactness. The colonel remonstrated in vain; Anton Antonovitch would not wash. There was no precedent for dismissing an officer from the service for such an offense, and it was impossible to address a report to the Emperor on the subject. At last the commanding officer bethought himself of an expedient. He could not order the offending—we had nearly said offensive—lieutenant into arrest every time he appeared in an unbecoming condition by the side of his battery, or he would have passed the whole of his time in prison; still more impossible was it to administer corporal punishment to an officer and a nobleman. But Anton Antonovitch had a servant, a gunner in his company, whose duty it was to attend to his master's wardrobe. The colonel added to these functions the superintendence of his toilet, and promised the man a dozen lashes if he ever allowed the lieutenant to make his appearance unshaved, unwashed, or with a button of his uniform out of place. On two or three occasions when, in spite of his most earnest endeavors, he had found it impossible to get his master up to the requisite point of neatness, the servant was flogged. At last Anton Antonovitch could stand it no longer. He was a kind-hearted man, and rather than expose the unfortunate gunner to fresh thrashings, and having an aversion, founded on principle, to soap and water, he quitted the service.

On his own estate Anton Antonovitch could appear as he thought fit, so he allowed his beard to grow, and replaced his uniform, not by the black coat of ordinary civilized life, but by the national caftan now worn only by peasants and the lower class of merchants, but formerly by every one in Russia, from the serf to the Czar. The retired officer at the same time became a great Biblical student; or rather, he continued

his theological studies, for he had always been religiously inclined. At last he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to idleness and pilgrimages. He sold his five hundred serfs, with the ground to which they were attached, his house, his furniture, and all his wearing apparel, with the exception of a caftan, a couple of shirts, and a pair of trowsers; he gave all to the poor; and, with a long stick and a dirty face, started on a journey of devotion to the Greek monastery on Mount Athos.

We have mentioned two things which will, in particular, appear strange to the reader: first, that the pious Anton Antonovitch sold his serfs; secondly, that, in a commercial country like Russia, he was able to undertake a long journey without having a single copeck in his pocket. He believed, however, that to have liberated his slaves would have been to send them to utter perdition. He had faith in the old patriarchal serf-holding system, which provides the peasant with a house, a patch of ground, a horse, a cow, and the necessary implements of husbandry; insures him against the chances of famine, and guarantees to him in his old age a comfortable asylum and abundant means of subsistence in the midst of his own family. "A proprietor might ill-treat his serfs," we have heard Anton Antonovitch say, "as he might injure the cattle on his estate; but, in either case, he would be looked upon as a madman; for he can not injure his serf without injuring himself, and he would be despised as much as a person who would beat his own children, or his wife."\*

Thus Anton Antonovitch, penniless and in the meanest attire, contrived to reach Mount Athos, in Asia Minor, where the faithful make their devotions to our miraculous Lady of Iberia. Hence he retraced his steps through the Crimea to the ancient city of Kieff, with its monasteries, and its caves full of the bones of the martyrs murdered for their faith by the infidel Tartars. From Kieff he returned to Moscow, "The Mother," "The Holy," "The White-Walled," whence he lost no time in making a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the Laura of the Holy Trinity, about forty miles distant; and having prostrated himself before the uncorrupted body of St. Sergius, and kissed the relics, he proceeded to the monastery of the New Jerusalem, to implore a blessing on a fresh journey he already contemplated to the Laura of St. Alexander of the Neva, near St. Petersburg. The monastery of the New Jerusalem, which, like that of the Holy Trinity, is near Moscow, had a wonderful interest for Anton Antonovitch, as it must indeed have for every one. It is built on the model of the Holy City, the principal churches and chapels of which have been reproduced with wonderful exactness. However, our pilgrim returned to Moscow, and, regardless of the excellent railway which connects the two capitals, started on foot for St. Petersburg, where, in due

\* It is needless to observe that Anton Antonovitch saw only the bright side of the serf question.

time, he paid his respects to the "uncorrupted body" of St. Alexander "Nevsky." St. Alexander "Nevsky," like Anton Antonovitch himself, was a military saint, and owes his canonization to the victory gained by him over the Swedes and the Teutonic Knights on the ice of the Neva—the first encounter, by-the-way, that ever took place between Russia and the West of Europe.

Returning once more to Moscow, Anton Antonovitch found ample scope for the exercise of his devotional energy in visiting the dozens of monasteries and the hundreds of churches which the city and its environs contain. He also walked from time to time to the Laura of the Holy Trinity and the New Jerusalem, and once his religious enthusiasm carried him as far as Kieff, already well known to him. In fact, he occupied the whole of his time in pilgrimages to the Russian Holy Places, devoting the necessary intervals between his journeys to the study of sacred literature, contemplation, and smoking. For Anton Antonovitch was a great smoker; not on the road, when he was proceeding to some monastery, but only when he was at Moscow, living with his friends. Perhaps it would be wrong to smoke on a pilgrimage; but however that may be, there was at least one very sufficient reason why Anton Antonovitch never did so—he had no money wherewith to buy tobacco. If money was offered to him, he would not refuse it, but he gave it away again without delay to the poor; and though at the house of a friend he would smoke like a Turk, his principles only allowed him to satisfy his present necessities: if a pound of tobacco had been presented to him, he would at once have sold it, and bestowed the money in charity. But it was only at Moscow, and at some of the monasteries, that Anton Antonovitch had friends. On the road he stopped, when he was hungry or fatigued, at the first peasant's hut he came to, always sure of a hospitable welcome. This hospitality will be awarded to any traveler; and on roads where there are no inns, travelers of all kinds are sometimes only too glad to accept of it. In most cases, the owner of the hut will refuse the money that is offered him in acknowledgment of a night's lodging and such simple refreshment as he may be able to provide; but when the guest is a poor pilgrim, it is a sacred duty to entertain him, and the peasant performs "the rites of hospitality" in the ancient and religious meaning of the phrase.

We have said that Anton Antonovitch was not particular about his costume: to put it more correctly, he was only more particular that it should be of the worst possible description; he never wore boots even in winter, nor a fur coat, nor indeed any overcoat, however cold the weather might be. We have seen him on a January morning, when the thermometer marked 16° (Réaumur) below freezing-point, wearing an ordinary caftan and shoes without galothes: he had not even gloves; though we can not say that his hands were uncovered, for they were

covered with dirt. His clothing was so old that it might have been one of the last purchases he made before turning mendicant. His shoes, however, must have been renewed from time to time, for shoe-leather *will* wear out.

When the war against the Western Powers leagued with the infidel Turks broke out, Anton Antonovitch, as became a constant devotee at the shrines of those warrior-saints St. Sergius and St. Alexander Nevsky, went, burning with military and religious ardor, and splashed all over with mud, to offer his services to the Government. He could not re-enter the regular army, which was fully officered, but he was very desirous of obtaining employment in the militia of his province; and as a member of one of the principal territorial families of the district, and a retired officer, he imagined he would have no difficulty in getting appointed to a commission. Will it be believed, although the — Militia was under orders for the seat of war, and officers of experience were much wanted in the regiment, the services of Anton Antonovitch were positively declined? He was so evidently unfitted for duties requiring order and precision, that, even if he had not in his carelessness stumbled into an enormous puddle immediately before entering the office of the staff, the general would have been quite justified in not accepting his patriotic offer. In some State record or other the fact of Anton Antonovitch having volunteered to serve in the Crimea must have been chronicled (in Russia every thing is chronicled that is connected with the doings of the Government), together with the general's reason for rejecting his proffered sword. The entry of the military superintendent must have been very nearly as follows: "September, 1854—Anton Antonovitch volunteered. Refused. Too dirty to serve."

Anton Antonovitch, independently of his general wish to serve his country, had doubtless special reasons for desiring to take part in the war of 1854. In all probability he had visions of a triumphal entry into Constantinople, a "holy place" to which he had long wished to make a pilgrimage. To Anton Antonovitch, Constantinople was not merely the key to universal empire, it was the ancient residence of the chief patriarchs of the Greek Church; it was the city which had sent forth the missionary who converted Russia; it was the capital of the great Christian Empire, from which, after the fall of the last Palæologus, Russia received the two-headed eagle, to be carried back sooner or later to Byzantium.

When we were first introduced to Anton Antonovitch we had already been warned that we should be surprised at his appearance. He was staying at Moscow with the friends already mentioned, whose house he made his head-quarters during the intervals of his pilgrimages. On his coming to live with them they had ventured to hope that he would adopt the costume, and as much as possible the habits, of civilized life; but they had reckoned without their guest, who



was prepared for no such change. As he was simply in want of every thing, his friends had to go to the tailor's to buy him a coat, to the hatter's to buy him a hat, etc., like Mother Hubbard with her dog. Anton Antonovitch let them pursue their mad course. Wash he would not; to shave he was ashamed; but he accepted the garments, and the very next day started on a pilgrimage to the Laura of the Holy Trinity.

When he returned he was in rags. He had given away his shirts, his boots, his coat—in short, the whole of his decent apparel—to the poor, and came back to his hospitable entertainers in a miserable caftan and a pair of slippers. What could be done? This man was the declared enemy of superfluity, and his friends had furnished him with a number of shirts, to say nothing of cloth coats, and other abominations of the West; such, for instance, as waistcoats. It was evident that Anton Antonovitch was irreclaimable. To remonstrate with him would have been absurd. After he had given away an estate with five hundred peasants, what importance could he attach to some linen and a couple of suits of clothes? It was necessary, then, to accept him as he was. Like the Cossacks of whom Haxthausen says, "Sint ut sunt aut non sunt," one mode of life was alone possible to Anton Antonovitch. He could only exist as a sort of dignified mendicant. We say *dignified*, because if he received, it must be remembered that he never had any occasion to ask, and in the midst of his vagabondage he had not lost an atom of his self-respect. On the contrary, he must have been proud of his poverty, though we will do him the justice to say that he never attempted to *afficher* it; nor did he in his conversation or manner in any way affect that humility of which his raggedness and his dirt might have been regarded as the badges. He certainly maintained that it was not good for man to be clean; but with his general untidiness, sheer laziness must have had at least as much to do as principle. What rendered Anton Antonovitch tolerable, and even interesting, was the fact that he had literally sold all he had and given it to the poor. Here was a real sacrifice to conviction; but coupled with it there must have been some predisposition to untidiness, a strong natural dislike to the towel, a dread of soap, a contempt for the nail-brush, and a mortal antipathy to cold water. It is said of the founder of the Russian navy, that though he succeeded through his indomitable will in at last becoming a good sailor, he had constitutionally a horror of water. This happens to be untrue of Peter the Great, but it was certainly the case with Anton Antonovitch.

But we were speaking of our introduction to this extraordinary man. We had been told that he was a strange-looking person, and he indeed *did* look odd. He was upward of six feet high, with broad shoulders, a big head, long black uncombed hair, bushy eyebrows, and a thick grizzly beard. More than this we could not distinguish, for he was enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-

smoke. With his long chibouk in one hand, and in the other a volume of the Psalms, of which he occasionally recited a verse in a loud, sonorous voice, he stood erect, with his back against the wall, as motionless as an image. When we were presented to him he bowed with solemn dignity, but did not say a word; and as we understood that he spoke no language but Russian, and did not wish to expose our ignorance by attempting to address him in that tongue, no conversation took place between us. But when we had heard the particulars of his life from his friends (to whom, and not to Anton Antonovitch, we were making our visit) we felt anxious to know something more of him, and endeavored, through the medium of our host, to enter into conversation with him. But he was not friendly; or, to be nearer the truth, he was slightly bearish.

One day, however, he heard us say that we intended to visit the Laura of the Holy Trinity, which, both as a fortress and as a monastery, is full of historical interest. Then the features of Anton Antonovitch relaxed; he smiled, his eyes brightened, and he said, "*Vous allez, donc, à la Troitsa, Monsieur? Vous en serez bien content.*" We were not a little astonished, and all the Russians present were amazed; for none of them had ever heard Anton Antonovitch speak French before, and we had often talked together in that language about our devotee's past life, his wandering habits, his uncleanness, etc.: on these occasions not a muscle in his countenance moved; and it was impossible, judging from his appearance, to imagine that he had the slightest suspicion of what was being said. Doubtless he had learned French as a child, and at the military school, but every one supposed that he had forgotten it. He, in fact, wished to do so, as Stendhal boasted that he had forgotten German, "*par mépris.*" However, the name of the Troitsa (Trinity) had roused him, and he was determined not to let a foreigner visit that monastery without enlightening him on the subject of its religious and military history. From the Troitsa he passed to the Kremlin; and finding that we could listen with interest to his remarks about the Russian churches and Church, he at last asked us, with some anxiety, if we knew what had become of Palmer? We replied, that Palmer, having been convicted of poisoning his brother, had been hanged by the neck until he was dead. Anton Antonovitch looked incredulous and somewhat annoyed; his friends could scarcely restrain their laughter on hearing of the melancholy fate which had befallen the only acquaintance he seemed to have possessed in England.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Anton Antonovitch; "he was the friend of M. Mouravieff. M. Mouravieff mentions him in his travels."

We replied that Palmer had once been a not disreputable, though a sporting character, and that M. Mouravieff, who is the historian of the Russian Church, might possibly have met him; but that for all that he had been hanged. At

last we found it was not against Anton Antonovitch the laugh should have been raised; he was speaking of Palmer, the author of "Dissertations on the Russian Church," who is, in fact, mentioned by M. Mouravieff in one of his interesting works.

Having now admitted his knowledge of French, Anton Antonovitch could not avoid joining in the general conversation. He came away from his place against the wall, leaving a black mark where he had been in the habit of resting his head, sat down at the table, abandoned his long pipe, and even consented to accept a "papiros," or cigarette, which he nevertheless looked upon as a sign of the decadence.

"The old Russians smoked pipes," he said: "not merely the peasantry and the merchants, but the most distinguished nobles. The present race," he added, "are ashamed of their ancestors; they are becoming children of the West in every thing."

He then asked whether I imagined any one of the present day could wield the massive clubs, the maces, and the battle-axes, which are exhibited in the Treasury of the Kremlin, and which belonged to the ancient Czars and their officers? Had I seen the brancard in which Charles XII. was carried at the battle of Pul-tawa, and the iron-pointed stick which Ivan the Terrible (or Redoubtable, as Anton Antonovitch preferred to call him) was wont to place on the foot of any one he happened to be conversing with, occasionally piercing his interlocutor's boot, and, if he ostensibly winced, transfixing his instep? Did we mean to visit Kieff, only a few hundred miles to the south, and possessing a magnificent Laura? At all events we were going to the Troitsa: we must not abandon that intention; and if we desired it, he would write us an account of the monastery, and a brief history of St. Sergius, its founder. On our thanking him for his kind offer, he expressed his willingness to supply us also with descriptions of the other holy places (with all of which, as with their history, he was thoroughly familiar). He said he would begin at once, only he had no paper. There were plenty of pens in the house, he told us, and note-paper in abundance; but he liked to write on large sheets, and would be obliged to us if we would send him some.

The next morning we sent Anton Antonovitch our compliments and a quire of letter-paper. In the evening he called to tell us that our paper (the ordinary Bath Post), "*ne valait rien*;" it was too thin. He must have it exceedingly fine, and exceedingly thick. He had never been accustomed to write on paper of any other kind.

What most astonished us in this visit was, that Anton Antonovitch should have called on us at all, for it was a practice he had long given up. Perhaps he was pleased to find a foreigner whom he could interest in the affairs of the Russian Church. Perhaps, after the manner of his countrymen, and in spite of his natural prejudices, he was anxious to show all the at-

tention in his power to a visitor from abroad; and in order to do this, it was necessary first of all that he should have "*du beau papier blanc*." He was, at first, somewhat disconcerted at not finding the usual holy picture, or *eikon*, in the eastern corner of the room; but, having made the sign of the cross, he sat down and took some tea: of which, like a great many other Russians, he would drink any quantity at any time of the day.

Before Anton Antonovitch went away we had some conversation with him on political and literary subjects. He was more than a conservative—he was a retrogressionist. All the progress, according to him, which had taken place in Russia since Peter the Great's time, was progress in a false direction. "We have foreign wines, foreign silks, foreign ornaments," he said, "and we dress like foreigners" (not Anton Antonovitch, however), "so much so that the peasants look upon us as a different race; there has been a fall in our moral tone: we have more luxuries than formerly, but a man's word is less trustworthy, and our merchants have become cheats." He was not at all sanguine as to the success of Alexander the Second's reforms, and he looked upon Nicolas as the true father of his country; justifying the Crimean war as having been undertaken in defense of the Christians of Turkey against their Mohammedan oppressors. Of modern Russian literature he had no opinion. Poushkin had purified the language—that was his great merit; but as a poet he was not to be compared to Lomonossoff, the father of Russian literature, and the felicitous versifier of the Psalms.

The next morning we sent Anton Antonovitch some paper of creamy white, and as thick as parchment. It appeared that to write on the very best paper was his only luxury. Some men in their poverty will contrive, even if their coat be in tatters, to wear fine linen; others, unable to endure the smell of a tallow-candle, to whatever straits they may be reduced, will read by the light of a wax taper; others again, if they go without their dinner, will always stir their tea with a silver spoon. Thus Anton Antonovitch, with all his raggedness and dirt, was unable to forsake an early acquired habit of scribbling "*sur du beau papier blanc*." Yet he had never any money; and the paper he so particularly affected does not cost less, in Russia, than four or five shillings a quire.

The reader would not take so much interest as we ourselves did in Anton Antonovitch's literary productions; suffice it to say, that in due time we received long, and, to us, interesting, accounts of all the holy places in Russia, and especially of the "Laura of the Troitsa."

Of the miraculous birth of St. Sergius and his three præ-natal cries, symbolic of the "Troitsa," or Holy Trinity; of his divine tuition; of his interview with a bear, who, though starving, respected the holy man, and consented to share his humble meal in a spirit of fairness; of the monastery the saint founded; of his mysterious, inconceivable death; of his uncorrupted body; of his

reappearance to the metropolitan Plato in 1812, when Napoleon, terrified by a vision of an incalculable army of black soldiers (*i. e.* monks) on the road to Troitsa, abstained from attacking that great depository of ecclesiastical wealth; and finally, of the miracles performed at his shrine; we possess particulars written on several "*cahiers de beau papier blanc*," adorned with a portrait of St. Sergius in his fighting costume, and a representation in stone, which was found in the Aural mountains, and which is, indeed, one of the greatest curiosities the treasury of the monastery can show.

Toward the end of the year, when every one was giving and going to parties, Anton Antonovitch started suddenly on a pilgrimage. On the evening of the thirty-first of December, just before his departure, he sent us a letter wishing us, according to the Russian expression, "with the new year, new happiness." His letter began thus: "According to the ancient Russian custom, no presents from me (*point de cadeau de ma part*):" but even if he had not sold his estate, he would not, on principle, have departed from the usage of his ancestors, who, however generous on other festivals, confined themselves on New-Year's Day to the interchange of good wishes.

We saw Anton Antonovitch once again, as

he was returning from his pilgrimage. It was about nine in the morning, and he had just walked into Moscow from the country. It was miserably cold, and, what was worse, windy; for we are inclined to think that in Russia the wintry wind is really as unkind "as man's ingratitude"—or his ingratitude must be cutting indeed. Yet Anton Antonovitch wore nothing but his old blue caftan, a pair of trousers which might once have been white, and a pair of shoes which apparently had never been blacked. He had left a pair of galoches in the corridor, without which he would have lost his feet before he had walked a mile; but he had nothing to protect his ears or throat. Then we remembered that in the life of St. Sergius the following line occurred, "He never wore a pelisse, nor any kind of fur in winter."

During Anton Antonovitch's absence from Moscow we had visited the Troitsa monastery, and had even remained there three days. He was glad to hear this; but seemed especially delighted when we told him that we had ascended to the top of the highest tower in the Laura; this he was pleased to regard as a feat of piety. He said he hoped to see us again, as we hoped to see him, wished us good-by, made the sign of the cross, and went.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes with the last day of 1860.

We have given in its pages, from month to month, a brief but comprehensive summary of the leading events of political and historical interest which have occurred during the year. Of domestic affairs we have recorded the important acts of Congress; abstracts of public documents; the platforms of the parties; the last scenes of the Harper's Ferry raid; the steady increase of the Republican party at the North, culminating in the Presidential election; the equally steady advance of hostile feeling in the South, taking at length the form of avowed opposition to the Union, and resulting already in the formal secession of the State of South Carolina. We have noted the alternate successes and reverses of the contending parties in Mexico, and glanced at the chief revolutionary attempts in the States of Central and Southern America. The record of European affairs is in effect a history of the administration of the French Emperor. It embraces the final ratification of the treaty which closed the great Italian war; the acquisition of Savoy by France; the wonderful career of Garibaldi; and the establishment of the kingdom of united Italy. Of Eastern affairs we mention especially the massacres in Syria, and the triumphal march of the French and English upon the capital of China. In our Monthly Record we have merely chronicled facts; while in our Foreign Bureau we have endeavored to reproduce the sentiments and feelings with which these facts are regarded abroad. Taken together, we believe that these two departments of the Magazine embody a faithful history of the past year.

The State Convention of South Carolina met at Columbia on the 17th of December. General D. F.

Jamison was elected Chairman. The small-pox prevailing at the capital, it was resolved that the Convention should adjourn to meet at Charleston on the following day. In the evening the Convention was addressed by Messrs. Elmore and Hooker, who had been appointed as Commissioners by the Governors of Alabama and Mississippi. Both Commissioners urged the propriety of immediate secession, and declared that they were sustained by the Governors and a majority of the people of their respective States. On the 18th the Convention proceeded to Charleston, where the members were welcomed by a salute of fifteen guns—one for each slaveholding State—and other public demonstrations. This and the following day were spent in appointing Committees to consider the various resolutions to be brought before the Convention. A communication from a large number of the members of the Georgia Legislature, dissuading the Convention from hasty action, and recommending co-operation with other States, was laid on the table, on the ground that the Convention should take notice only of official communications.—On the 20th Mr. Inglis, Chairman of the Committee appointed "to draft an ordinance proper to be adopted by the Convention, in order to accomplish the purpose of secession," reported the following:

"An Ordinance to Dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her, under the compact entitled the Constitution of the United States of America.

"We, the people of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by us in Convention on the 23d day of May, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying amendments



of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved."

This ordinance was unanimously adopted, and having been engrossed on parchment, was publicly signed by all the members of the Convention—169 in number. On the 21st a Committee reported the following oath of office, which was unanimously adopted:

"All persons who shall be elected or appointed to any office of profit or trust, before entering into the execution thereof, shall take, besides special oaths not repugnant to the Constitution prescribed by the General Assembly, the following oath: I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will bear faithful and true allegiance to South Carolina, so long as I may continue a citizen thereof, and that I am duly qualified, according to the Constitution of this State, to exercise the office to which I have been appointed, and will, to the best of my ability, discharge the duty of the office, and preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of this State, so help me God."

Messrs. Adams, Orr, and Barnwell were elected Commissioners to proceed to Washington to negotiate with the Federal Government as to the relations between South Carolina and the United States.—The Convention has put forth an Address to the People of the Slaveholding States and a Declaration of Independence.

The Address says that "the Government of the United States is no longer the Government of a confederated republic, but of a consolidated democracy; no longer a free government, but a despotism." The Southern States stand in the same position toward the Northern as our ancestors did toward Great Britain. The Northern States, having the majority in Congress, claim the same power of omnipotence in legislation as did the British Parliament at the Revolution. The Southern States are taxed without adequate representation; and for the last forty years the taxes laid by Congress have been laid for the benefit of the North; not merely for the purposes of revenue, but to promote Northern manufactures. Three-fourths of the taxes raised at the South are spent at the North. This has paralyzed Southern cities, making them mere suburbs of those at the North. The basis of the foreign commerce of the United States is the agricultural products of the South; yet this commerce is not carried on at the South, whose foreign trade is almost annihilated. The agitations on the subject of slavery are, continues the Address, the natural results of the consolidation of the Government. Responsibility follows power, and if the people of the North have the power by Congress, "to promote the general welfare of the United States," by any means which they deem expedient, why should they not assail slavery in the South? Slavery being the only sectional interest, if this could be made the criterion of parties, the North could carry out its measures of aggrandizement and encroachment. The Constitution was an experiment for "uniting under one government different peoples, living in different climates, having different pursuits of industry and institutions.... The experiment has failed.... It is now too late to reform or restore the Government of the United States. All confidence in the North is lost in the South." The Address proceeds to discuss the general aspects of the slavery question; affirms that if the Northern States believe it to be an evil, their theory of government compels them to abolish it if they have the power; affirms that the recent Presidential election evinces what are the views of the North on this subject; and says that, as the North

will soon have the Supreme Court in its power, there will remain no Constitutional barrier in the way of carrying out its designs. South Carolina, in seceding from the Union, violates no obligations to the other States. "As separate independent States in Convention, we made the Constitution of the United States with them; and as separate independent States, each State acting for itself, we adopted it. South Carolina, acting in her sovereign capacity, now thinks proper to secede from the Union. She did not part with her sovereignty in adopting the Constitution." The Address closes by urging upon the other slaveholding States to unite their destiny with South Carolina, and thus to form "a great slaveholding Confederacy, stretching its arms over a territory larger than any power in Europe possesses; with a population four times greater than that of the whole United States when they achieved their independence of the British empire; with productions which make its existence more important to the world than that of any other people inhabiting it; with common institutions to defend, and common dangers to encounter."

The Declaration of Independence recites the main points settled by the War of the Revolution and the establishment of the Constitution: The right of a State to govern itself; the right of a people to govern itself; and the fact that each former colony became a free, sovereign, and independent State. If any of the States had refused to adopt the Constitution, they would have remained independent; and, in fact, two of them did exercise the functions of independent nations long after the Constitution had gone into operation in the others. The Declaration further asserts that the Government of the United States is also subject to the law of compact, "That the failure of one of the contracting parties to perform a material part of the agreement entirely releases the obligations of the other; and where no arbiter is provided, each party is remitted to his own judgment to determine the fact of failure, with all its consequences."—The Declaration asserts that fifteen of the States have for years deliberately refused to fulfill their Constitutional obligations by failing to carry into effect, and by hindering by direct legislation, the execution of the provision of the Constitution for the surrender of fugitive slaves. And by denouncing the institution of slavery, by permitting the organization of anti-slavery societies, by assisting slaves to escape, and exciting those who remain to insurrection, they have defeated the ends for which the Confederation was framed "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, protect the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." And even while observing the forms of the Constitution, they have found means of subverting it, by forming a sectional party, electing to the Presidency a man whose opinions and purposes are hostile to slavery, and in some States elevating to citizenship persons who by the supreme law of the land are incapable of becoming citizens. In view of these things, and of the measures which this sectional party will adopt, the Declaration closes by announcing that:

"We, therefore, the people of South Carolina, by our delegates in convention assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, have solemnly declared that the union heretofore existing between this State and the other States of North America is dissolved, and that the State of South Carolina has resumed her position among the nations of the world as a free, sovereign, and independent State, with full power to

levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

This declaration was adopted on the 24th; and on the same day the newly-elected Governor, Mr. Pickens, issued a proclamation embodying this closing paragraph of the Declaration.—The principal ordinances already passed by the Convention are to the following effect: All citizens of the State who held offices in the Customs at time of the secession are continued in office; the revenue and navigation laws of the United States to be continued as far as practicable; but no duties to be collected upon imports from the United States; all moneys collected by these officers, after deducting salaries and expenses, to be paid into the treasury of the State; the property of the United States in the hands of these officers to be retained by them, subject to the disposal of the State, who will account for the same upon a final settlement with the United States. The above provisions are merely provisional. The Governor of the State is empowered, by ordinance, to receive foreign ambassadors, conduct negotiations with foreign powers, and, by the advice and consent of the Senate, make treaties, appoint ministers, consuls, and public officers. The judicial powers delegated to the United States are declared to have reverted to South Carolina, and are to be exercised by such courts as the General Assembly shall direct. The powers lately vested in Congress are transferred to the General Assembly, except during the existence of the Convention. Treason against the State—which, in addition to the cases already provided for by the General Assembly, shall consist only in levying war against the State, adhering to its enemies, and giving them aid and comfort—is punished by death, without benefit of clergy. The right of citizenship is conferred, upon taking the oath of abjuration and allegiance, upon all citizens of the United States who within a year from the passage of the ordinance of secession shall take up their permanent residence in the State; upon all free whites who engage in the naval or military service of the State; and upon all free whites who within a year take up permanent residence in the State.—Commissioners have been appointed to the other slaveholding States; and a resolution passed recommending the formation of a Southern Confederacy, adopting the Constitution of the United States, with certain modifications and limitations, as a general basis, at least for temporary purposes.

Conventions for considering the question of secession are to assemble in Florida, January 8; in Alabama and Mississippi, January 7; in Louisiana, January 23; in Texas, January 28; in Arkansas, in February. Special sessions of the Legislature are called in Virginia, and Tennessee, and North Carolina, January 7; in Kentucky, January 17; and in Texas, January 21.

The fortifications at Charleston consist of forts Moultrie and Sumter and Castle Pinckney. The first is a large work requiring some 700 men to garrison it fully. It is designed mainly to cover the entrance to the harbor, and is exposed to attack on the land side. Fort Sumter is a strong fort, situated on an island in the harbor, and if adequately manned assailable only by a fleet; it was, however, without any regular garrison, being occupied only by workmen who were mounting the guns. Fort Moultrie had a garrison of about 60 men, under the command

of Major Anderson. Threats had been uttered and demonstrations made which rendered it probable that these forts would be attacked by the South Carolinians. Major Anderson urged the President to send reinforcements. This request was refused; and as the danger of an attack upon Fort Moultrie became more imminent, the commander, on the night of the 26th of December, withdrew the garrison to Fort Sumter, spiking the cannon and destroying their carriages at Fort Moultrie. This movement caused great excitement in Charleston, and possession was at once taken, in the name of South Carolina, of Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney. The Palmetto flag was also raised over the Custom-house, Post-office, and United States Arsenal at Charleston.

The interest of the proceedings in Congress has been mainly centred upon the action of the House Committee of 33, and a similar Senate Committee of 13, appointed to consider the perilous state of the Union. A variety of propositions have been submitted in both Committees, but none of them have received a majority vote. The most important is that proposed by Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, practically re-establishing the Missouri Compromise, declaring that Congress shall not interfere with slavery where it exists, and providing for the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. A majority of the Republicans are willing to recommend an amendment to the Constitution, declaring that the Federal Government shall have no power to interfere with slavery in the States; but the Southern members demand that the right of slaveholders to hold their slaves in all the Territories shall be recognized. —A bill for the construction of a railroad to the Pacific passed the House by a vote of 95 to 74.—A bill authorizing a loan of \$5,000,000 passed both Houses; the loan was, after some delay, taken at about 12 per cent. interest. At the same time New York State and City 6 per cent. stock was sold at a premium of from 1 to 3 per cent.

Mr. Cobb, the Secretary of the Treasury, resigned on the 10th December. He says in his letter of resignation that while he differed from some of the theoretical doctrines of the President's Message, as well as from the hope expressed in it that the Union could yet be preserved, he concurred in the policy and measures of the Administration. That the Union is not to be preserved is no fault of the President; and if, as he believes, the Administration of Mr. Buchanan is to be the last of our present Union, it will still take its place in history by the side of the ablest and the wisest of those which have preceded it. Mr. Thomas, of Maryland, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury.—Mr. Cass, Secretary of State, resigned on the 14th, on account of the refusal of the President to strengthen the garrison of Fort Moultrie. He was succeeded by the Attorney-General, Mr. Black. Mr. Stanton, of Washington, was appointed Attorney-General.—Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, stated that, with the assent of the President, he had assured the authorities of South Carolina that while matters were undecided, no change should be made in the disposition of the United States forces at Charleston; this pledge having been violated by the removal from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, Mr. Floyd declared that the only means of preventing bloodshed was to withdraw the troops from the harbor of Charleston. The President refused to authorize this to be done, and Mr. Floyd resigned on the 29th. Mr. Holt, the Postmaster-General, was appointed Secretary of War, *ad inter-*

*im.*—The 4th of January was appointed by the President to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer.

A large embezzlement of the public funds has taken place. A sum of more than \$3,000,000 has long been funded, the interest of which is appropriated to the payment of annuities to various Indian tribes. This was invested in State stocks, the certificates of which were put in the charge of Godard Bailey, a clerk in the Department of the Interior, said to be a connection of Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War. Russell, Majors, and Co. held large contracts with the Government for conveying supplies across the plains to Utah. In order to raise money to carry out these contracts they had been accustomed to give drafts upon the Government, payable in three or four months, the sum to be charged to the amounts due upon their contract at the time of payment. These drafts were officially accepted by Mr. Floyd. It at length became impossible to raise money upon these drafts. Bailey, apparently without the knowledge of the Secretaries either of War or of the Interior, abstracted a large amount of the stock certificates in his charge, and placed them in the hands of the contractors, receiving a similar amount in the accepted drafts upon the Secretary of War. The stocks thus purloined were sold in the market. The total amount thus purloined is stated at \$870,000.

A famine of unprecedented severity prevails in Kansas. The crops having been almost entirely cut off, more than 20,000 people in the Territory are said to be entirely dependent for food upon charity from abroad. Large benefactions in money, provisions, and clothing have been forwarded from other portions of the West, and from the East. Disturbances have been renewed in the Territory. A Captain Montgomery, who bore a prominent part in the former troubles, has gathered a band, and is reported to have committed many outrages. United States troops, under General Harney, have been sent to the Territory. No fighting seems to have taken place; and the various reports of the objects and operations of the band are contradictory.—The gold sent from California during the year shows a diminution of nearly six and a half millions from the export of last year, and of more than eight millions from that of 1855. The amount exported in the last six years is as follows: 1855, \$41,682,524; 1856, \$40,319,929; 1857, \$34,222,904; 1858, \$36,179,344; 1859, \$39,975,750; 1860, \$38,499,409. The export from Australia gives a nearly corresponding result; showing that in both countries the surface diggings are nearly exhausted, and that in both countries other occupations are more profitable than gold-mining, except when prosecuted by the aid of expensive machinery.—The emigrants arriving at the port of New York during 1860 numbered 103,621. Of these, 46,659 were from Ireland; 37,636 from Germany; 11,112 from England; 1506 from Scotland; 1470 from France; 1866 from Switzerland; 531 from Italy; and 521 from the West Indies. The emigrants from no other country numbered 500. Of these emigrants, about 44,000 purpose to settle in New York; 14,000 in New Jersey and Pennsylvania; 12,000 in the Eastern, 30,000 in the Western, and 4000 in the Southern States. It is estimated that these emigrants bring with them about \$75 each; nearly \$7,750,000 in all. Emigration reached its height in 1854, when 319,223 landed at this port. Since that time the arrivals have been: 1855, 136,263; 1856, 142,342; 1857, 183,773; 1858, 78,589; 1859,

79,322; 1860, 103,621.—Ralph Farnham, supposed to be the last survivor of the battle of Bunker's Hill, died at Acton, New Hampshire, on the 27th of December, at the age of 104½ years. He visited Boston a few weeks since, and was received with distinguished honor. On this occasion an interview took place between him and the Prince of Wales.—From the Northern Pacific coast we have intelligence of further Indian outrages. The most notable case is that of a party of forty-four emigrants from Wisconsin, who were attacked near Fort Boice, Washington Territory, by 200 Snake Indians. They fought for two days, the emigrants losing twenty-nine, when they fled. The survivors endured great distress, being forced to devour the dead bodies of their companions. They were relieved by a detachment of troops from Fort Wallawalla.

#### SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From Mexico we learn that Miramon, who had been thought to be shut up in the capital, with every prospect of being soon compelled to yield, made a sudden dash upon the enemy at Tortuca, defeated them, capturing 12 cannon, and carrying off 1200 prisoners, among whom were General Degollado and other prominent Liberal officers.

#### EUROPE.

The past month shows little definite change in the state of affairs in Europe.—The siege of Gaeta is continued. Notwithstanding some discontent in Naples, King Victor Emanuel is consolidating his new kingdom of Italy. Every thing indicates that the spring will witness a decisive contest between Austria and Italy for the possession of Venetia. Garibaldi has issued a proclamation saying that "Victor Emanuel alone is indispensable to Italy. All men of the peninsula must rally around him. Whether his minister's name be Cavour or Cattaneo matters little, though the second is better than the first. What is important, and what all Italians must insist on is, that on the 5th of March, 1861, Victor Emanuel should be at the head of 500,000 soldiers."—Austria has made enormous preparation for the war; yet there are well-grounded reasons for apprehending another rising in Hungary, where great discontent prevails, notwithstanding some important concessions made by the Emperor.—The Emperor Napoleon has made important ameliorations in the severity of the laws relating to the press. The "warnings" addressed to newspapers have been revoked, and they are now at liberty to discuss the acts of the Government, but not to assail the present dynasty.—An Imperial decree accords to the Legislative Bodies increased power in the government. The Chambers are permitted freely to discuss the foreign and domestic policy of the Emperor, respecting which they are to receive all necessary explanations, and they are to be published in full in the official newspapers.

#### CHINA.

The war in China has resulted in the capture of Peking. We give a brief resume of its leading incidents. The British and French forces sailed from their respective rendezvous on the 26th of July. The fleet numbered nearly 300 vessels, including transports, conveying about 30,000 troops of all arms, provided with artillery of the most improved description. On the 1st of August they landed, without opposition, at Peh-tang, near the mouth of the Pei-ho. Slight skirmishes took place during the succeeding days between the Europeans and the Tartar cavalry. On the 12th the Allies advanced toward the Taku Forts, the scene of their repulse the previous year.



The next day some fighting occurred in front of an intrenchment which commanded the way. The Tartar cavalry showed great bravery, but could not hold their ground against the European artillery. The intrenchment was carried on the 14th. A week was spent in preparation for the attack upon the forts, the Chinese in the mean while making fruitless attempts at negotiation. On the 21st the forts were assaulted. The batteries were silenced and the magazines blown up by the fire of the Armstrong guns, from a distance beyond the range of the Chinese artillery. The forts were then carried by storm, the Chinese fighting with a bravery which they have never before manifested in their contests with Europeans. The French and English lost in killed and wounded 450 men; of the Tartars, 1000 dead were found. On the 25th the Allies took possession of the important city of Tien-tsin, where the treaty of 1858 was signed, the infraction of which led to the present war. Here they were met by Chinese Commissioners, who attempted to gain time by negotiation. But when the French and English demanded an indemnity of 14,000,000 taels (about \$22,000,000), the Commissioners said that this article must be referred directly to the Emperor. Lord Elgin, the British Plenipotentiary, regarded this as a breach of faith, accused the Commissioners of representing themselves, without authority, as Plenipotentiaries with full power, and broke off the negotiations. The Allies resumed their advance September 7. The towns on the route were generally deserted, and had to be taken by force. Ho-si-wu, a considerable town, was looted, that is, plundered; and Tung-chow was spared the same fate only upon supplies being furnished by the Chinese. Proposals for negotiation were renewed, and it was agreed that they should be held at Tung-chow. The Allies were meanwhile to suspend their advance, and the Chinese forces were to fall back, so as to avoid a collision. Mr. Parkes, accompanied by several persons, proceeded to the town to make arrangements for the reception of Lord Elgin. A spot for the British camp was agreed upon; but when Mr. Parkes, on his return,

reached the place, he found it occupied by Chinese forces, contrary to agreement. Returning to Tung-chow to ascertain the reason of this, he and his companions were detained as prisoners. The English forces, on approaching the designated place, found themselves, on the 18th, in an ambuscade, being nearly surrounded by the Chinese. Some fighting took place, and the Chinese were driven back. The English, now joined by the French, advanced toward Peking, and on the 21st another encounter occurred; this, as usual, was decided by the European artillery. The Chinese lost in these two actions more than 1000 killed, while the English had only five or six killed, and twenty or thirty wounded.—On the 4th of October the Allies were within a mile of Peking. On the 6th some desultory fighting took place, and the Summer Palace of the Emperor, situated outside of the city walls, was taken and given up to plunder. It was a magnificent structure, filled with objects of immense value. The French, being the first on the ground, secured the most valuable part of the spoils, and wantonly destroyed the articles which could not be moved. A demand was made for the release of Mr. Parkes and his fellow-prisoners. He and one other were given up. All of them had been treated with the utmost cruelty; two had died in consequence, and the fate of the others was not known. On the 12th, preparations for the attack upon Peking were complete, and notice was given that if the city was not surrendered by noon of the next day the bombardment would commence. A quarter of an hour before the expiration of this time a high official made his appearance in camp, announcing that all of the demands of the Allies were acceded to, and that the city would be surrendered without resistance. Possession was at once taken of the outer and inner gates, and a portion of the allied troops was quartered in the city. The Emperor had fled—it was reported to Tartary. Thus, in just two months from the day of the first direct advance, the Allies marched from the coast and seized the capital, with a loss of men, killed and missing, probably not exceeding three hundred.

## Literary Notices.

*The Life and Times of Philip Schuyler*, by BENSON J. LOSSING. (Published by Mason Brothers.) In this interesting monograph the indefatigable author has made a valuable accession to his researches concerning the Revolutionary history of the United States. The career of General Schuyler has been less prominently brought before the public than that of most of the statesmen and soldiers with whom he was associated, and the ample details now furnished by Mr. Lossing render the volume a singularly instructive and entertaining piece of biography. Of the early life of General Schuyler we have but scanty knowledge—a few memorials only having been preserved in family traditions and passages in the public records. The materials for his subsequent career are more abundant, and are here wrought up by the skillful hand of the writer into a spirited narrative.

Philip Schuyler, who was descended from a family of the ancient Dutch settlers at Albany, was born November 22, 1733, at a time when that celebrated city retained many of the quaint and peculiar characteristics of the primitive age. During his

early years the society of Albany was almost rustic in its simplicity, and may be regarded as having been eminently favorable to the cultivation of the purest and noblest qualities. It then contained about three hundred and fifty houses, built chiefly of stone or brick, covered with white pine shingles or tiles from Holland, and exhibiting that neatness and order, both within and without, which have since become proverbial. The broad streets were lined with shade-trees, and not many of them were paved. The town occupied a large space of ground, compared with its population; every house had its garden and pleasant grass-plot in the rear, and a tree was planted before every door. Some of these had reached a great size, and formed an agreeable shade for the porches or "stoops," which were elevated a little above the street, and furnished with spacious seats. The family here assembled in summer evenings to enjoy the balmy twilight and the cool, fresh air after the heat of the day. Every household had a cow, which fed in a common pasture at the end of the town, and returned in the evening to the wonted sheltering trees, and was

milked at her master's door. The people were scattered about in the porches, grouped according to similarity of years and inclinations. At one door were young matrons; at another, the elders of the family; at a third, the youths and maidens, gayly chatting or singing together; while the children played round the trees, and waited by the cows for the chief materials of their frugal supper, which they generally ate sitting on the steps in the open air. At certain times Albany exhibited the gayety of a colonial court—that is, during the visits of the Governor and his suite, who ascended the Hudson to hold conferences with the chiefs and sachems of the Six Nations.

On such occasions the leading old Dutch families kept open house, and offered the most prodigal hospitality. A singular custom prevailed until about the commencement of the Revolution, which exerted a marked influence on the tone of society. The young people were arranged in companies consisting of an equal number of both sexes, into which the children were admitted from five to eight years of age. Each company was under the leadership of a boy and girl who possessed some natural pre-eminence in size or ability. They met frequently together, enjoyed the amusements belonging to their age, and grew up to maturity in the most familiar acquaintance with each other. In the season of early flowers they all went out to gather the blossoms of the May apple, and in the month of August assembled in the forests on the neighboring hills to gather whortleberries, and later still, to pluck the rich clusters of the wild grape. Each member of a company was expected to entertain all the rest on the recurrence of the birthday, on which occasion the "old folks" were bound to be absent, leaving only a faithful servant to prepare the entertainment, and to have a general supervision of affairs. This gave the young people entire freedom, which they enjoyed to the fullest extent. They met at four o'clock in the afternoon, and after a generous repast of tea, chocolate, fresh and preserved fruits, cakes, cider, and syllabub, the party broke up about ten o'clock in the evening. Those intimacies thus formed naturally ripened into youthful friendships; love was not long in making its appearance, and the way was paved to happy marriages.

The summer amusements of the young were of the simplest character. They had a great love of picnics, which they attended either on the beautiful islands in the river near Albany, or in the surrounding forests. Each maiden would take her work-basket with her, and a supply of tea, sugar, coffee, and other articles for a frugal breakfast, while the young men carried some rum and dried fruit to make a light cool punch for a mid-day beverage. Nothing was carried for dinner but bread and cold pastry, as the young men were sure to bring in a plentiful supply of fish and game from the woods and waters, which the neat-handed Phillises of that day knew how to cook in perfection. In winter the frozen surface of the Hudson was alive with skaters of both sexes, who made the air ring with their joyous shouts and merry songs. A mild form of African slavery existed in Albany at that time, "presenting," says Mr. Lossing, "a beautiful example of the relations of master and servant as they should be, each interested in the comfort and welfare of the other." The cardinal domestic virtues of industry and frugality characterized the whole community. The women were devoted to household duties, and spent much time in the open air,

both in town and country. Every family had a garden, and after it was dug or plowed in the spring, was tended exclusively by females. It was no uncommon thing, on a warm spring morning, to see the mistress of a family, in a dress appropriate to the occasion, carrying in one hand a little Indian basket with seeds, and in the other a rake or hoe, to perform her work in the garden. In their houses the women were paragons of neatness. The floors were frequently scoured several times in the week. Tea had been recently introduced among them, and was extensively used; coffee not so often. They never put sugar and milk in their tea, but took a small piece of the former in their mouths while sipping the beverage. They usually dined at twelve or one, and most of them used milk or buttermilk at every meal. Grated cheese was always on the table at breakfast and dinner, which was generally moistened with small beer and cold water. The wealthier families used an abundance of fish, flesh, and fowl, preserves and pastry, fruits and nuts, and a variety of wines, especially when entertaining guests. Their hospitality was free and generous, unshackled by the rules of etiquette; but they never allowed their visitors to interfere with the necessary duties of the household, the counting-room, or the farm.

Such was the character of the unsophisticated community in which Philip Schuyler was born and nurtured for the active duties of life. He lost his father when only eight years of age, and, according to the laws of English primogeniture, inherited the whole of his extensive real estate. His mother, who was left in charge of five young children, of whom Philip was the eldest, was eminently qualified for the task, and devoted herself to their training with a wise assiduity that was rewarded by signal success. When about fifteen years old, young Schuyler was placed in a Huguenot school at New Rochelle, where he entered upon his studies with a great deal of zeal. He had a natural aptitude for mathematics and the exact sciences, which he ardently pursued, and at the same time acquired a knowledge of the French language, which was then rarely studied, except by the sons of merchants engaged in trade with the West Indies. In the summer of 1751, when he was in his eighteenth year, he made a trading and hunting excursion in the wilderness on the borders of the Upper Mohawk, and soon became a great favorite with the natives, who were never weary of honoring him with marks of distinction. Four years after he was married to Catharine Van Rensselaer, a young lady of admirable character and rare personal attractions, with whom he lived in the state of wedlock for nearly fifty years. He had already entered upon an active military career in the expedition against Crown Point under William Johnson, and within a week after his marriage he returned to the camp at Lake George, remaining there until the dismissal of the New England troops a few weeks after, when he was employed in the preparation of Fort Edward as a *dépôt* of military stores. He was subsequently taken prisoner in the attack on Fort Oswego by Montcalm, August 14, 1756, and was released on parole. Leaving the service at the close of the campaign, he remained in private life until the spring of 1758, when he joined the Provincial army, and was again actively engaged until the close of the campaign.

Early in 1761 Mr. Schuyler visited England, as an agent of Colonel Bradstreet, for the purpose of settling his accounts as Quarter-master-General with the home Government. During the voyage he

made himself familiar with the management of the vessel, and devoted himself diligently to the study of the principles of navigation. This was a fortunate circumstance, for the captain soon died, and by the unanimous consent of the passengers and crew Mr. Schuyler was chosen commander. The voyage was full of exciting incidents. At one time they met a dismantled slaver, which had been driven about on the ocean for several days in a severe storm. Her water and provisions were exhausted, and she was in great distress. Schuyler transferred the crew to his own vessel, and ordered the hatches of the slaver to be opened, to give the two hundred negroes a chance for their lives. A few days afterward he met a vessel laden with horses, bound for the West Indies, and he requested the captain to seek the slaver and feed the starving negroes on horse-flesh. Soon after his own vessel was captured by a French privateer, and an officer placed on board the prize, who demanded of Schuyler fifty pounds sterling as his share of the ransom-money. The vessel, however, was again taken by a British frigate, and the captors and the captives conveyed to London. Mr. Schuyler laid the accounts with which he had been intrusted before the committee of Parliament, and was highly complimented for their neatness and accuracy. Having completed his business, visited some of the principal places in England, and made the acquaintance of several leading men, he returned home about the close of summer, finding the public mind rapidly advancing to the convictions which at length produced an open rupture between the colonies and the parent country.

After the peace of 1763, Mr. Schuyler was called into the service of the colony in various civil employments. At the same time his own private affairs, which were growing more and more extensive and important, received a large share of his attention. He made valuable purchases of the Indians and others of lands in the Hudson and Mohawk valleys, and possessed extensive tracts in other localities. He had several vessels in trade on the Hudson, and was active in his efforts to promote emigration from Europe to the wild lands of the West. In 1764 he was appointed by the General Assembly of New York one of the commissioners for settling the partition line between that colony and Massachusetts Bay, and he took an active part in that discussion with associates and opponents of the first rank and character. He was also engaged in the excited controversy between New York and the New Hampshire grants (afterward Vermont), which continued until the commencement of the revolutionary war. This caused him to incur the resentment of the New England people, who regarded New York as guilty of an oppressive course; and subsequently embarrassed his relations with the New England officers and troops when he was commander-in-chief of the Northern department of the Continental army.

During the period of intense excitement which preceded the Declaration of Independence Mr. Schuyler was an active but conservative politician. He espoused the cause of his countrymen from the first, but was averse to rash and premature measures, pursuing a conciliatory course until the time had arrived for decisive action. He was frequently called by business to the city of New York, where he mingled freely with men of every description. His genial social qualities, his strict integrity, and his enlightened and liberal views made him a welcome guest in every family. He was intimate with Sir Henry Moore, the governor, and his friendship was

courted by the various politicians without regard to differences of opinion.

In 1767 he became connected with the commissary department, and during the same year, pursuant to the directions of the governor, he formed a militia regiment, of which he was to be the commander. From that time until the revolution he was known as Colonel Schuyler, and held the office to which he was appointed by Sir Henry Moore. At the close of 1767 he accepted a nomination to represent his native county and city in the colonial assembly, and was elected March 3, 1768. The assembly convened in the city of New York, October 27; and although Colonel Schuyler was among the youngest members of that body, and entirely without experience in legislation, he at once took a conspicuous and honorable position, particularly as a member of special committees. Prompt in action, assiduous in labor, decided in his opinions, and frank and courteous in the expression of them, he won the confidence of the House and the approval of his constituents.

Upon the commencement of hostilities in the revolutionary struggle, two days before the battle of Bunker Hill, he received the commission of Major-General, in the Continental army, and was soon after placed at the head of the Northern department, comprising the whole province of New York. He immediately entered upon the duties of his command, and before the close of the month of June began to make preparations for the invasion of Canada. His connection with that enterprise is fully related by the biographer, and with the completion of the campaign the present volume is brought to a termination. In addition to the details belonging exclusively to the career of General Schuyler, Mr. Lossing has presented a succinct narrative of the general course of events in New England and New York, during the period of which the volume treats, forming a valuable commentary on that portion of the great revolutionary movement.

*China and Japan: being a Narrative of the Cruise of the United States Steam-frigate Powhatan, in the years 1857, '58, '59, and '60, by Lieutenant JAMES D. JOHNSTON, U.S.N.* (Published by Charles Desilver.) In this unpretending story of the cruise of the *Powhatan*, by the senior lieutenant, or executive officer of the ship, we find a readable, and often lively account of a series of important diplomatic and national occurrences, together with a rich fund of information on the geography, social condition, and domestic habits of the peculiar region, which never fails to awaken an eager curiosity. Lieutenant Johnston is evidently a keen and sagacious observer; his powers of description are of no ordinary character; and he has made an excellent use of the opportunities which he enjoyed for the acquisition of materials for a volume of rare and piquant interest. His narrative abounds with incidents of startling novelty, which certainly lose nothing of their effect under his graphic pen. Among the scenes, which he sets forth in lively colors, not the least interesting is the reception of the Japanese embassy on board the *Powhatan* previous to their departure for the United States. By the end of January, 1860, every thing was in readiness for the accommodation of the diplomatic guests. All the apartments intended for the exclusive use of the embassy were nicely painted, and furnished with every convenience. The decks were covered with the soft matting of the country, one of which was also placed in each berth. Early in the afternoon of January 6



several large native boats approached the ship, bearing a number of iron-bound boxes, fitted with handles for the convenience of transportation, and their general appearance indicating their contents to be of extraordinary value and consequence. It was at once surmised on board that they were the presents from the Emperor to the President of the United States, and they were of course handled gingerly while stowing away for the voyage. Accompanying these were numerous small packages securely bound with ropes of straw, which proved to contain Mexican dollars, to the amount of nearly one hundred thousand, belonging to the members of the embassy. Three days afterward a neat and compact cooking-range made its appearance on deck, of sufficient capacity to boil the food of at least two hundred persons, and affording a remarkable specimen of the ingenious workmanship of the native mechanics. As the Japanese neither roast nor bake any article of their diet, no arrangement was made for that style of cooking. Punctual to the hour appointed for the embarkation, the ambassadors, with their numerous retinue, came alongside of the ship, with a fleet of thirty boats, on the afternoon of the 9th, and arrangements were at once made for their reception with all the naval etiquette due to their rank and office. The Japanese flag was run up at the fore, the men called to their stations for a salute, the officers paraded on the starboard side of the quarter-deck in uniform, the marine guard on the opposite side, and the boatswain with his pipe and six side-boys to pipe them over the side, while the band prepared to strike up the American national air in honor of the occasion. The ambassadors were received at the gangway by the flag-officer, and escorted to the poop-deck, when the salute of seventeen guns from the heavy battery was thundered forth, to their intense surprise and satisfaction. As soon as the ceremonies of the reception were concluded, the routine of the vessel went on in the usual quiet manner. Quarters were assigned to the passengers according to their relative rank; the interpreters were instructed concerning the designation of the various apartments appropriated to the embassy; and in the course of an hour these seventy-one strangers, but few of whom had ever before been on the deck of any vessel larger than one of their native junks, were as comfortably quartered as if they had spent their lives in a man-of-war. The arrangements which they had made for the stowage of the numerous articles required for their daily and hourly use were singularly ingenious. The space between the beams overhead in each room was covered with small strips of wood, or with a net-work of twine, forming a snug receptacle for their comical hats, oiled-paper rain-clothes, swords, and other light articles. Beneath the berths were trunks and boxes of clothing. Their bedding consisted of two cotton comforts about as thick as an ordinary mattress, beneath which they enveloped themselves in a thickly wadded gown of the same material. As to their place of sleeping, they were entirely indifferent, using either the berth allotted to them or the deck of the ship, as it might happen. On the floor, in the centre of their rooms, stood a box containing a live coal surrounded by ashes; and the servants were always clattering along the deck in their wooden clogs or straw sandals, bringing fresh supplies of tea, which they seemed to be drinking at all hours of the day. The interest of the volume, however, is by no means limited to the details of the Japanese Embassy, but the animated descrip-

tions of life on shipboard, and the account of curious experiences in various foreign lands, render it one of the most entertaining books of the season.

*History of Latin Christianity*, by HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) One of the most important modern contributions to ecclesiastical history is here reproduced in a form which, for elegance and correctness, compares favorably with the original London edition. As a historian, Dean Milman is remarkable for the breadth and symmetry of his learning, his freedom from sectarian partialities, his comprehensive fairness of mind, the beauty and felicity of his illustrations, and his graceful and flowing diction. In his hands the annals of the Church lose, in a great measure, their proverbial dryness; the course of theological controversy is portrayed without asperity; the subject is handled with the liberality of a secular writer rather than in the spirit of professional technicality and narrowness; the development of religion is viewed in its connection with legislation and politics; and with the fascinations of style that are characteristic of the author, the narrative is, in all respects, suited to enchain and gratify the attention of the reader. The present edition is issued as a serial, and affords a tempting opportunity both to the clergyman and general scholar to gain possession of a singularly valuable historical work.

*Poems*, by ROSE TERRY. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) As the author of various delightful contributions to American periodical literature, both in prose and verse, Miss Terry has rapidly won a brilliant reputation, which will not be dimmed by the publication of this dainty volume. Her poems are distinguished by the ease and versatility of their rhythm, their exquisite delicacy of conception, and their pure and healthful tone of sentiment. They often exhibit an unusually deep vein of thought, which, with their earnest and tender feeling, indicates their origin in sincere inner experience, rather than in any external necessity of composition. An occasional piece, suggested by the bitter topics of the day, betrays the spirit of Judith rather than of Sappho, and forms a harsh discord with the prevailing melodies of the volume.

*Martin's Natural History*, translated from the German by SARAH A. MYERS. (Published by Phinney, Blakeman, and Mason.) A popular survey of the three kingdoms of nature, translated by an American lady from an eminent German authority, and enriched with original notes relating to the animals, plants, and minerals of this country. It presents a luminous view of the principal facts in the sciences to which it is devoted, but evidently aims at attractive elucidation rather than scientific precision, and in many respects falls below the standard of modern discovery.

*Areytos; or, Songs and Ballads of the South*, by W. GILMORE SIMMS. (Published by Russell and Jones.) Although the eminent position of Mr. Simms in American literature depends on his merits as a novelist rather than on his poetical productions, the latter, which are here collected in a volume, evince the genuine feeling of the poet, and powers both of imagination and expression of no common order. Many of the poems in this volume were composed in the author's early years; but they all exhibit a unity of sentiment and purpose which identify them as the offspring of his inmost mind. His versification, though unequal, is vigorous and spirited, and his fancies are usually inspired by a glow of ardent sentiment.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

**E**VEN an Easy Chair is rocked by the commotion of the times, and yet it looks comfortably around upon a most peaceful, prosperous, and happy city and State—a city which likes to call itself metropolitan, and a State which feels itself to be imperial. And certainly it is imperial, with its long, lithe arm, the Erie Canal, drawing to itself the opulence of the Western fields, and with its other the strong, sinewy Hudson, passing the treasures along to foreign lands and to the rest of the country.

The Hudson River itself, of which Mr. Lossing is writing the pictorial history (and every history of the Hudson should be pictorial), is of an endless interest. Is it not the most interesting, both poetically and historically, of all our regions? Its legends are more familiar than any other, and its history is more exciting. The Revolutionary war was almost a struggle for the possession of the Hudson River. Could that have been secured, the English army would have divided and conquered. The defeat of the brilliant Burgoyne at Saratoga was the first demolishing blow the enemy received.

Then Irving has thrown the tender spell of his genius over the scenery of parts of the river. What a power that is! How Burns and Walter Scott, for instance, have made Scotland the land of romance! There was plenty of legend and tradition before, of course, but they have fixed it fast in popular form and the popular heart. I remember that the Burns Festival, two years ago, found the Easy Chair at Troy. The friends and lovers and countrymen of the poet—but all lovers of poetry are his countrymen—had a supper, at which there was the utmost hilarity.

But the pensive character of all those feasts was their secret charm; and when "the land of Burns" was toasted a Scotch clergyman, long settled in Albany and Troy, rose to reply. His memory kindled as he talked. The land of his fathers, of his pride, of his birth, arose in his imagination, flushed with sweet, ideal hues. The wild old traditions associated with the stern landscape swept through his mind as the winds wail and storm through the mountains of his country, and his speech culminated at last in a burst of eloquence, in which the music of his voice, of the old Scottish names, of the songs and the stories to which they belonged, all had part, and all expressed themselves in the pathetic earnestness with which the speaker pronounced the words, *Lang syne! lang syne!* We can not do it. No American or Englishman can bring them out with that yearning, inner music in which they fell from the Scottish lips. *Lang syne! lang syne!* Burns's best melody was in them. The legends of Douglass and the border—of the Covenanters and the Highlands—of the rivers and the lakes—the whole romance of a nation, were compressed in the sound of those words, *Lang syne! lang syne!*

Irving has done for the Hudson, in a degree, what the great Scotchmen have done for Scotland; and if we except Hawthorne's investiture of Puritan New England with the similar charm of genius, no other region of the country has been so touched with romance as our great river. Yes, what a power it is! You may have seen Washington Irving in his later days. It is hard even now to think of the dear, genial gentleman as gone—to know that when some June morning leads you again down the leafy, lovely lane to his house you shall pass the rural gate, look out upon the peaceful river, turn to the

quaint old Dutch cottage, but see the sweet, welcoming smile, the kindly eye, the cheerful, charming gentleman, no more forever.

In him, too, how the river has gained and lost a charm! He belonged to it. While he lived his conscious presence was felt; now that he is gone his own personal memory is added to the traditions which he loved to give it.

But you may have seen him briskly walking up Broadway, some sunny morning, his head a little and quaintly on one side, the Talma cloak hanging from his shoulders, the dark trowsers, the black hat, the brown wig, and that wondrous, luminous humor beaming in his face—did you think that this was the man who had linked his name with the Catskill Mountains? As you pass them in the swift cars or the loitering steamer, and look up at their misty mass looming along the western sky, what is their most human charm? With what are they forever associated? For what do you listen as you glide by, and what, becalmed upon a summer sloop, are you sure you hear, but the far-reverberating echo of Rip Van Winkle's game?

How dead and dumb the landscape is until genius touches it with human interest! You may look at any great Jersey meadow, green and flowery and prairie-like; you will enjoy it if you like a wide horizon and the spectacle of clouds. But if, as you looked, some one whispered, "The plain of Marathon!" not only do you see the old, immortal fight, but you hear the later music:

"The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea."

The Jersey meadow supplies the grass and the flowers and the horizon, and the romance too, if the army marched across it in other days. But the romance of association is limited every where in our landscape.

Thus, a short time ago the Easy Chair was at Niagara. It is our grand affair. We all go, and travelers from other countries all go to see it. It is, by its very character, the fit theme of legendary lore. Yet, as three of us loitered about the cataract all day long, first upon Goat Island, and then, crossing, upon the Canada shore, wondering and gazing, it was impossible not to talk, and the talk was from a Scotchman, who constantly observed points that remotely suggested parts of river scenery in his native land, around which clustered endless legends and rhymes; and so, all day long, our talk was of the Scotch landscape and lore. We Americans, indeed, came to the rescue with the battle of Chippewa and Miss Martha Rugg; but even they did not seem to hold up our end of the conversation. The Scotchman's mind and imagination were in full play, and the tales he told seemed to have a curious interest as he recalled them in a foreign land.

—Yes, the Easy Chair looks round upon a great, imperial, happy State—a community of three millions of intelligent, prosperous people, who so clearly comprehend the principles which have made them so, and who so plainly see the value of those principles, that they could hardly believe any sane person would question them.

By-the-by, in Mr. Lossing's "Life of General Schuyler," recently published, there is a great deal of interesting information in regard to the early history of the State. In preparing his "Pictorial History of the Revolution," Mr. Lossing was so faithful a pilgrim to every part of the country that he is

probably more familiar than any other man among us with the landscape details of the whole Revolution. That knowledge of course gives a peculiar charm to his pen whenever it touches a Revolutionary topic.

THE Easy Chair is often asked what was Roger Williams's famous letter upon toleration, which the Rhode Islanders so fondly quote, with a half-implication that Roger Williams was really wiser than any of the famous old Pilgrims in Massachusetts Bay.

Well, so he certainly seems to the Easy Chair. There is so much Rhode Island timber about him that he can not help thinking so. Roger Williams left England because he felt his liberty of conscience constrained there; and he was sharp enough to discover, upon landing in Massachusetts Bay, that he had not left it behind. St. Antony recognized the same old devil, whether it came to him as a dragon snorting fire or a smiling young woman wooing him with blandishments. Roger Williams, in his life, confronted moral despotism in three forms, and he found it equally ugly, whether under the triple crown of the Pope, the mitre of the bishop, the peaked hat of the Puritan, or the broad-brim of the Quaker. To him who believed that the battle of the Spirit should be fought with the weapons of the Spirit, the gloomy Philip Second fighting for his opinions with fire and sword was no uglier a figure than John Calvin fighting for his with the same arms.

Of all the great moral heroes of history, Roger Williams is the only one who saw clearly, and incorporated in a social system, the principle that absolute honesty of thought should be preserved by protecting the thinker and speaker from all suspicion even of coercion on account of his opinions. The letter about which the Easy Chair is asked is still the clearest and concisest statement of the true doctrine of the relation of honest thought and honest action. It was written in the year 1655, to the town of Providence, in which some people had declared that the literal Christian rule of returning good for evil required that offenders against the state, as well as against individuals, should not be punished, but forgiven. Roger Williams wrote:

"There goes many a ship to sea, with many hundred souls in one ship, whose weal and woe is common, and is a true picture of a commonwealth, or a human combination or society. It hath fallen out sometimes that both Papists and Protestants, Jews and Turks may be embarked in one ship: upon which supposal I affirm, that all the liberty of conscience that ever I pleaded for turns upon these two hinges, that none of the Papists, Protestants, Jews, or Turks be forced to come to the ship's prayers or worship, nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practice any. I further add, that I never denied that, notwithstanding this liberty, the commander of this ship ought to command the ship's course, yea, and also command that justice, peace, and sobriety be kept and practiced, both among the seamen and all the passengers. If any of the seamen refuse to perform their service, or passengers to pay their freight—if any refuse to obey the common laws and orders of the ship concerning their common peace or preservation—if any shall mutiny and rise up against their commanders and officers—if any should preach or write that there ought to be no commanders or officers, because all are equal in Christ, therefore no masters nor officers,

no laws nor orders, no corrections nor punishments—I say I never denied but in such cases, whatever is pretended, the commander or commanders may judge, resist, compel, and punish such transgressors, according to their deserts and merits."

Of course Roger Williams is not to be understood in this letter as denying the right of revolution. He is merely considering the necessary conditions of an organized state or nation. The only quarrel that can be fairly made is with the last paragraph, in which he says that preaching and writing may be dealt with. Yet even this he qualifies by saying, "according to their deserts and merits." Our fathers who made our government were so much wiser than Roger Williams as this, that they made no preaching or writing whatsoever penal, except in cases of injurious slander.

However, such a quarrel as this with old Roger Williams would be merely verbal and explanatory. The last paragraph must be interpreted by the whole tone of the letter, and that proclaims the most boundless liberty of thought and speech. When the liberty of action is concerned, there arises an entirely new question. What is called license of thought and speech must be risked, because the danger of that license can never be so great as the danger of allowing any body to determine what shall and what shall not be said. It is nobody's business, in a certain sense, what you think or say; it is only what you *do*, that is their affair. If they think that your wrong speaking, as they consider it, may lead to wrong doing, let them resist your wrong speaking by right speaking, and your wrong doing by right doing. But if they may gag you to-day, you may gag them to-morrow; and you have pure anarchy instead of civil society.

Grand old Roger Williams—he knew it well. He is, perhaps, the greatest man among all the historical founders of states. Don't grudge the people of little Rhode Island—little in surface but large in heart—that they cherish with unfailing enthusiasm the memory of their first great man. They will point proudly to other sons, whose names the country writes with veneration in its history; but they will challenge any land to show a more truly illustrious man than the one Massachusetts Bay exiled for that same "preaching and writing." Rhode Island has raised no statue because there is no authentic likeness of the man. But it will erect a monument (Oh, tardy *will*!) as it has already written his life.

Grand old Roger Williams, who, when he was past seventy, rowed thirty miles in an open boat down Narragansett Bay to dispute with George Fox and the Quakers; but as Arnold, in his "History of Rhode Island," justly says: "he would have laid down his life rather than have a hair of their heads injured on account of their doctrinal views."

THE poor Opera has certainly a most wretched existence in the handsome Academy of Music. With plenty of good singers in the country all the time, there is seldom or never a really good opera. The managers and singers, or somebodies unknown, are incessantly quarreling. Operas are finely put upon the stage. The public does not care for fine scenery without the music it likes, and lo! the disappointed and disgusted manager closes the doors, and says, "If you won't pay to see that, it isn't I who'll flash my thumbs to please you."

It is not very easy to determine where the fault lies. And yet there can be no doubt that if a mod-



erate company, satisfied with moderate payment and moderate houses, would sing favorite operas three times a week, from November to May, they would do well. That implies, of course, that they have no extravagant rents to pay, and that the house shall not be filled by non-paying stockholders. It is always poor policy, and our Academy proves it, to grant the right of free entrance to the subscribers to the erection of such a place of public amusement, because it confuses their motives in subscribing. If a man invests his money in a railroad stock, he does not expect to pass over the road free. If he invest in a woolen factory, he does not understand that he is to have his clothes for nothing. And in like manner, if he invest in a building for musical purposes, why should he expect to have his music gratis? If he invests, as a way of paying for his enjoyment, nobody can quarrel. He does not expect any dividend or return. He looks to be out of pocket. But if he subscribes, as an investment, as he would in any other company, then he ought to expect that his dividends will much more than cover the expense of his own occasional visit to the Opera.

As it is managed at present, it is a kind of eating your cake and having it. The rent may be lowered in consideration of the free admissions, but evidently the plan works ill.

There are other reasons, and chief among them is the enormous payment of good singers. It is out of all proportion with other expenses, and until the rule is changed, we shall have no permanent Opera. For the cardinal truth, apparently forgotten by all our managers, is that the Opera in Europe is, strictly speaking, a government luxury, and is so paid for by the government. In England, where it relies upon the subscription even of the nobility, it almost, without exception, ruins the managers themselves. In this country the reliance, of course, must always be upon the people. But we have no people accustomed to be rich, and who, therefore, spend money lavishly: of course there are fools among us; but I speak of the rule. Every cent creaks as it comes out of an American pocket. Not that we are mean, for the reverse is true. We are the most generous people in the world, considered as individuals. But then we have made our own money, and therefore know and feel the value of it. On the other hand, we are more ashamed of poverty than foreigners. I knew a Marquis, in Florence, who used to lie in bed while his shirt was washed. He found it inconvenient to be poor, but it did not unman him, nor make him ashamed or unhappy. A Yankee would submit to the inconvenience much more easily, perhaps, than the Italian, but his pride would suffer more.

From this feeling comes our wish to have the worth of our money. And it is, and will long be, very hard for the American to pay the price which the claims of the primo tenore and the prima donna demand.

But there is one comfort about it, and that is, that there will apparently never be any want of gentlemen who wish to be ruined by investing their capital in theatrical and operatic speculations. The laws of disorder seem to supply this class of persons quite as copiously as other classes are produced; and so we may confidently rely upon having endless chances of going to the Opera and hearing the famous singers, although Mr. Ullman and Mr. Maretzek and Mr. Strakosch disappear from the scene.

One tells over sadly the list of managers in New York. They have a kindly remembrance in the

popular heart, mingled with pity. They worked so hard and so heartily, and with such utterly disheartening results. The work was so disproportioned to the enjoyment, too. For the confectioner does not enjoy candy. The poor manager could not feel as a spectator—no, not when Power was funniest, or the “divine Fanny” leaped highest. Let us wonder calmly who is to be the next operatic Curtius to leap into the depthless gulf of popular indifference.

THACKERAY begins a new story. In this number of the *Magazine* he reveals the beginnings of the adventures of Philip. As the gentleman next door said in the Foreign Bureau last month, the Easy Chair hopes there is no treason in wishing that it may be superior to “Lovel the Widower.” To be sure the Easy Chair found more to like in that book than most of his friends did. The truth is, that it is very exigent to require people to be doing their best all the time. It is a great deal if a man is pretty good. Mr. Thackeray will find that the incessant monthly drain upon his pen for the *Magazine*, and the inevitable editorial care and responsibility, will make him much cleverer or duller. It is a good thing for a literary man to be always regularly at work. If he wait for the inspiration, it is very doubtful whether the inspiration will come just at the proper time. A young man who thought that ministers should preach only what the spirit prompted them at the time, as the Quakers do, asked an old clergyman how it was that he could engage to preach upon a particular day every week when he could not be sure that he would have anything to say. “My dear young friend,” he replied, “I have been sometimes afraid of that myself; and so to be sure that I shall have something to say, I just write something down during the week. The consequence is that, although I have preached every Sunday for thirty years, I have never been without something to say.”

It would be very invidious to inquire whether his congregation agreed with him that he had “something” to say; but it is certainly very clear that the old gentleman took the best method to make sure of it.

It is the same with periodical writers. It by no means necessarily dwarfs a man's mind to write regularly if he do not foolishly injure his health. Dr. Johnson was probably no worse writer because he was a professional *litterateur*. Dickens's “Pickwick” is no less excellent because it was a piece of job work. A man's genius is a great sea. If his works are only the overflow at high tide, there will still be the recurring tides, although in the mean while he may bale out with the ordinary tubs and dippers of ordinary men. Genius is after all, too, a quality rather than quantity of supply.

This is especially true of Thackeray. His works have so peculiar a homogeneity that he introduces very often the same characters, and claims an old acquaintance. Then his humor is so trenchant always; his style is so simple and nervous and idiomatically English; it has such a manly pathos, and is so transparently honest, that no reader who likes to hold the hand of his author, and look into his eyes as he reads, but must enjoy every thing that comes from this great master.

And let the Easy Chair repeat here what it has said several times, perhaps out of season, that the true policy is to begin the story with the first number, and read it regularly every month. In this

way you establish not only the pleasantest relations with the author himself, but with all who are reading the tale. How charming that was in the time of the "Newcomes," to speculate about Ethel and Clive—to wonder whether the poetic justice of the novel would have its way, or the stern probabilities of life be justified! You remember how it turned. The author was fairly compelled to make his story end as the public wanted it to end. The lovers must be married at last, although after a long and dreary separation. Poor little, innocent, happy-go-lucky Rosey had to be sacrificed, and Ethel had to get out of her scrape with the Marquis of Farintosh in the best way she could.

Well, the curtain is now about to draw again, and we are to meet old friends and to make new ones. What a power and privilege a great and favorite novelist has! The world hears the preparatory ahem of his voice in the announcement, and leans back to listen, sure of its delight. Forty years ago, people were excited when they heard of a new novel by Scott, for they knew how greatly they were to be entertained. Is it less so now when Dickens begins his "Great Expectations" or Thackeray his "Philip," showing who robbed him, who helped him, who passed him by? Already we are all friends of Pip and the moon-faced blacksmith; and before spring has opened the violets we shall be friends of Philip, and more than ever friends of Philip's father.

THE reproduction of great monumental works in literature is an occasion of profound congratulation. When Plato is translated by Cousin or Taylor, or by any competent hand, and introduced to those who can never know him in his own language, a signal service is done to the world. When Shakespeare is edited with reverential care, as White has edited him, and the works are published in suitable form not only all lovers of literature, but all who wish well to men, and believe that nothing so much helps men as a great man, are grateful and rejoiced.

In like manner the superb edition of the "Works of Francis Bacon," edited by James Spedding (the J. S. of one of Tennyson's poems), assisted by two other scholars, is one of the pleasantest and most profitable events of the time. The publication is simultaneous in London and in this country, Brown and Taggard being the American publishers. It is, typographically, one of the handsomest and most satisfactory books ever issued. If Bacon could have foreseen that he was one day to be printed in a foreign country with the solid elegance and thoughtful taste of this edition, he would have discovered that there was a pleasure for him superior to any he had ever known. Because, simultaneously with this sumptuous, yet most convenient, publication comes also the long-deferred rescue of his name from the cloud of three centuries, and henceforth the fame of the philosopher will be as fair as the Spedding edition of his wisdom.

At least, if not yet made sure, this is what is promised, and what Sala's new *Temple Bar* magazine says is done. The more enthusiastic Baconians have always recoiled from the jingling slander of Pope and repudiated it:

"The brightest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

One of the enthusiasts writes recently to the *Easy Chair*: "Francis will be vindicated soon. Hepworth Dixon's articles in the *Athenæum* (have you seen them?) are the first *boost*, and I have no doubt Spedding in the forthcoming *Life* will finish. Strange

that Bacon should have been condemned before the evidence was examined! Men's judgments are Jedburgh."

Emerson in his new book, "The Conduct of Life," repeats the old, familiar estimate of Bacon, alluding to his life-long hypocrisy. But Hepworth Dixon's work will soon be in the hands of the world; the *Life* by James Spedding will follow, and they may do for Bacon more than Carlyle did for Cromwell: because Cromwell was always really honored in the public heart, as Bacon is, doubtless, really despised. Fools have taken comfort because Bacon was a time-server. Parasites are complacent because Bacon was a hypocrite.

The long reputation of Bacon shows this at least, that the correspondence of intellectual and moral greatness is by no means an instinct. Every body has said, "What a pity that so great a man was so base!" But who has said, "It is impossible that so great a man was so base?" Goethe suffers from the same reputation as Bacon; in the same way, that is to say, but not to the same extent. He is thought to have loved courts as Bacon did; to have been obsequious and servile as Bacon has been represented. The story goes that Beethoven and Goethe were once walking together and met the Grand Duke (those German Dukes are grand upon the smallest possible capital of grandeur). The courtly Goethe immediately stopped, and, removing his hat, stood with bent head while the Duke passed by; but Beethoven, jamming his hat upon his head, marched sullenly on, scowling like a thunder-cloud. Perhaps Beethoven could not easily brook the sight of a man like Goethe paying such voluntary homage to a ducal star and small rank. How the wise Goethe might have answered him, and told him that it was the angust presence of authority and law, dearer to him in every department of life and thought than any thing else, which he honored in the absurd little man in uniform and with a star upon his coat!

This edition of Bacon will thus mark a historical epoch in literature; for the rescue of Bacon's personal fame can hardly be considered less. To re-establish the character of the man would be scarcely less than to destroy Shakespeare by proving that Bacon wrote, or caused to be written, or directly inspired, all the plays, as Miss Delia Bacon fondly hoped to prove, and hoped not without some sympathy and some proselytes.

This edition of Bacon's works, although in every way satisfactory, is by no means extravagant in price. Every scholar, every reading man, every man who, with little leisure to read, yet wishes to have the best books as he has the best pictures he can find and reasonably buy, will not fail to secure the possession of this edition, of which a volume comes monthly. If we could have all the great English classics published in this style, the importation of the English editions of these classics would be at an end.

A DOZEN or fifteen years ago there were remarkable portraits exhibited at the Academy, and catalogued "by William Page." They were striking and interesting, but curious and perplexing works. They allowed no one to pass them without remark: but the public wondered, and the painters doubted, and the portraits remained inscrutable.

They were experiments, people said. This painter is sorely smitten with the disease in art which is kindred to that in alchemy of the secret of the phi-

losopher's stone—the search for Titian's color. He sees that nobody gets color into pictures now, as Nature gets color into all she touches and moulds—that nobody does as some of the old painters did—and why shouldn't it be done?

So he experimented, the people said. "A man of talent," remarked young Everybody, a promising painter, "but always experimenting." "Yes, yes—when will he have done with his experiments?" said the connoisseurs, at the opening supper of the Academy. *Eheu! Posthume, Posthume!* there used to be suppers then! The last I remember was in the rooms opposite Bond Street. It was a Saturday night; and oh! how festive it was! Great men and little speeches. Every body pleased, happy, chirruping, except the dabsters whose great works were hung along under the ceiling: high art, indeed, but too high for the Giorgiones and Raphaels, who were too high themselves by midnight. Yes, yes; it was worth while to be invited to a Private View then. It meant something. Private View, quotha? Yes, truly: of oysters scalloped, stewed, fried; of salads; of boned turkeys; of beef *à-la-mode*; of jellies; of creams; of cakes; of coffee, and—and—Ah me! hail and farewell, private-view-night of the Academy!

We were saying that the connoisseurs and amateurs and "patrons of art"—(pshaw! the man who buys the superb new edition of Bacon is a "patron of literature," probably)—used to ask, loftily, "When will he have done with experimenting?" Done with experimenting! What do you think Francis Bacon would have said to that? What would William Shakespeare? What would Tiziano Vecellio, known in history as Titian, a painter in Venice? They would have said to the good connoisseurs, as they placidly consumed the oysters—(not, let us hope, *similia similibus*, for that would have been an unmannerly thing to say)—"Why, gentlemen, how did Columbus get to that America of yours, which produces such uncommonly superior bivalves, except by experimenting? How did any body ever get any where, except by experimenting? Encaustic, distemper, oil—how did we make these steps? What is art, mechanically speaking, but experimenting? What is the effort of every painter in every new picture but to paint a better one than the last, and how does he do it but by experimenting?"

Yes, and one fancies he hears the experimenter taking up the thread of talk. "Perhaps, gentlemen, you are content with what art has done in this country? Amen! I am not. Perhaps you think that no more is possible than what you behold, over your boned turkey, upon these walls? I think well of what is here. I criticise no man's work. I honor the good effort; and I will make mine, and mine shall be an experiment to prove if pictures can not be as great now as they used to be, and to determine whether the old Venetians of the sixteenth century are necessarily superior as painters to the Yankees of the nineteenth. That is what I am going to try to do. And that is precisely what I am experimenting upon in that portrait which you call black and dingy, and brick-dusty, and all the rest of your clever criticisms. If you will spare time from that pickled oyster to tell me how art is ever to advance without experimenting, I will thank you humbly, and endeavor to deserve your commendation."

So the painter might have spoken. So the worthy connoisseurs—where are they now? night-birds of the *Planco Consule* times, when there were opening-nights and academic oysters (there are no aca-

demie oysters now: none: a great many N.A.s, but N.A.ry A. O.)—so the worthy connoisseurs might have listened, astonished.

They continued to look, and wonder, and ask each other why a man of unquestioned talent should go on experimenting all the time, instead of painting pictures. But he did. He disappeared. The Academy exhibitions were relieved of his "experiments"—and the painter lived with Titian in Venice. Occasionally he has sent portraits home; and last year came the "Venus."

"Horrible! An unmitigated Venus! The goddess of Love and Beauty! Immoral! yes, that's the word—immoral. Parents and Guardians will please to take notice, that the most — and the most utter —, and an undeniable — are all to be found in this picture," was the outburst of the papers, especially those which are edited by anchorites and vestal virgins. Yet the picture was simply the most exquisite piece of coloring yet achieved by an American. The experimenting had got so far.

Since then the painter has returned. In his studio you may see portraits that Titian would not unwillingly have owned for his work; and in the old Dusseldorf Gallery you may have seen the large picture of Aaron and Hur holding up the arms of Moses, while the battle rages in the plain below. If you looked long at it, and then glanced around at the other pictures in the room, did you not feel, somehow, that they were tried, as if by Nature, and found wanting? Were they not colorless, cold, flat, and superficial? And why were they so? Certainly from the life and depth and warmth and luminousness of Page's picture.

It is not a perfect picture. Oh no! There are plenty of things which could be pointed out, as fast as the tongue can wag, and which would seem faults to as many people. But what you feel in the work is what you feel in every true work of human genius, and that is *power*—mastery, that is to say, of the medium by which the thought is to be expressed.

When you look at a picture you may consider either its subject, its sentiment, its composition, its drawing, its color, its tone, or the *ensemble*—the whole of it together. Few painters any where have all the great qualities combined; and the great schools are divided into two, the Venetian and the Roman—the school of color and that of drawing: Titian and Raphael. Of the modern schools, the French belongs to the Venetian or color style, the Pre-Raphaelite to the Roman or drawing, and the German to the same.

Page is a Venetian. One can fancy that he would suppose he might improve Raphael in some points, but Titian never. And, dear and excellent boned-turkey connoisseurs, to what do you think the young man's experimenting has brought him? Is it to any thing very bad? Has he many superiors among his fellow-painters at home? Are there many living painters known to you in foreign travel who have a color so deep, so rich, so luminous, so tender, so transparent, so poetic as his?

Ah, yes! there are many things not mentioned at the present speaking. There are many charges to be entered upon the other side of the ledger. These that we have been talking about are entries upon the credit side of the account. And it is so much easier to post that page of the book! Suppose we join hands in these early days of the New Year, and vow that we will do that mainly in all



our private and public criticisms throughout the year! Why not? We are hardly yet beyond the anniversary season of Peace on earth, Good-will to men.

### Our Foreign Bureau.

THE year 1861 promises war. Whatever may become of the American difficulties, which are just now taking serious rank among the forebodings of the time, there can be no manner of doubt that there will be bloody doings to record, before a twelve-month shall have passed, on this side of the Atlantic. And when we say "this side of the Atlantic," our ken reaches from farther Asia to the capes of Brittany.

It may well be that the China war is over: it has not been long; it has not had many horrors thus far. The stories we have read of the approaches to the river forts, and of the landings in the mud, and of the placement of the guns, and of the charges along the causeways, sound very much like the reports of sham battles which they make near to the camp of Aldershot, or of Chalons; and yet the whole story differed from the story of the fearful defeat of the year before only in the fact, that whereas the assailants were then weak and worsted, now they were strong and gained the victory. The forts were the same, the rivers were the same, the mud was the same; yet what a sorry relation we had of maimed soldiers, of shattered and grounded vessels, of landing parties wallowing in the marshes, of ill-digested plans of crinations, and finally the ignoble return of a score or more of poor maimed ones, who hid their griefs in the hospital, or haply in graves!

And now, through the same mud, the same rivers, under the same sky and same hostile guns, with the same cause animating, there comes a story of flowery progress: the forts yield before the new batteries are fairly opened; the march is through gardens where crystal waters flow and birds sing in company. There is a show of treachery indeed; barbarian instinct is strong and active; two poor fellows die from cruel treatment; two others, over-adventurous, are yet unheard of: but, *per contra*, the great capital of the Oriental world is taken. Western banners fly from the tower which used to be pictured in the story-books as one of the Seven Wonders of the World—the great tower of Pekin.

It makes such a difference, if one be strong or weak. Twenty ships and an army give this glowing color to the Chinese story: yet four ships and a few hundred men were bedraggled in the mud, pounded with foulest weapons, and slunk away inglorious. Success carries such a fine aroma with it!

Does any body suppose there was not as much daring, and heroism, and Christian determination in the campaign that ended so ingloriously? Does any body suppose that if they had been strong enough they would have failed? And yet the man who fired his ten or twenty rounds from the mud-banks, with six gun-shot wounds sapping his strength, and is only borne away to suffer through a long sea-voyage, and die in Chelsea Hospital, is not known; whereas your fiery dragoon, whose horse has been bolstered ashore, and who gallops daringly on, and is at the gates of Pekin when the Union Jack flies over the tower, is a hero. It is, after all, only the old difference between being and seeming to be. The most gallant fight may not win a victory; and success, after all, only crowns

those who seem to be heroes. When we cheer the conquerors of Pekin, then, as all the world is disposed to do, let us think of the brave fellows who perished in the mud-flats, and who did not conquer only because they were not strong enough to conquer.

POSSIBLY all that Eastern fighting is over now; but as we slip westward over the Tartar wastes we find causes of war in Syria. That trouble is not ended. It never will be ended until the Moslem have utterly fallen. The French are in occupation still. The Turkish generalissimo, who has undertaken to punish the assassins, has even now kindled a great blaze of enmity, and has promise from Constantinople that he will be treated like a dog for his punishment of the faithful. More and more is it apparent that the sympathies of his army are with the Druses, and not with the Maronites; and more and more the French army is assuming an attitude of antagonism to the Turkish forces. The French have rifled guns, and they like their quarters.

It has been rumored that the French ambassador at Constantinople, M. Lavalette, has asked for an extension of the period of French occupation of Syria; but the rumor is denied in Paris by a semi-official journal. However this may be, it is certain that the old Turkish party, by which we mean that party which is most jealous of Western influence and of Western civilization, has latterly assumed a very bold tone. It abjures any longer subservience to the opinions of the West. It assumes, and rightly enough, that the secret of the national importance and power of Turkey lies in its geographical position; and if that position assures importance and power, why not also independence? If the European states are mutually interested in securing to the Sultan the possession of the Dardanelles, why shall not the Father of the Faithful use a tenure thus made firm for the benefit of his loving subjects? Why humor the dogs of Christians if no Christian potentate will be permitted to avenge the wrongs which the Ottoman may execute in way of discipline?

It is only a little while ago that the Russian functionary Prince Gortchakov denounced diplomatically the injuries which the Christian subjects of the Porte were suffering in Bosnia, Bulgaria, and the Herzegovina, and demanded a full inquiry regarding them from the Christian States of Europe. What happens upon this? Why, the Grand Vizier, Mehmed-Kipriali-Pacha, undertakes a tour in those provinces in view of forestalling all inquiry; and from the time of his entry a pleasant little procession of manacled Christians attend his progress. He relieves his *ennui* by witnessing the execution of sundry Christians who have been held in duress; but not one good Mussulman suffers. Only at Bitoli, a city in his march, he took occasion to urge upon his good subjects the advantage of kind treatment of their fellow-citizens who professed faith in Christ; "For," said he, "these Christians are the garden from which we gather the fruit: if we despoil the garden, there will be no more fruit to gather."

The Christians of European Turkey are not quiet under all this; nor are the Druses quiet in Asia. 1861 may be too early a date for the full development of the next great Oriental question: but it only bides; it must come, and blood with it.

AND not Bosnia only, but the whole Danube Valley is astir. Austria, so far as its imperial rule

reaches, is losing ground day by day. Nothing can be more certain than this fact. Indeed, in view of the indifference with which Hungary has received the *quasi* conciliatory measures which Austria proclaimed in October last, the Imperial Government has ventured to hint the purpose of handing over its Hungarian rights to Russia. Nothing but this sacrifice would bring Russia again to its aid. But just now the Hungarians are wearing a freedom of speech and action which will poorly fit them for the quiet acceptance of any despotism whatever. The failing court of Austria, meantime, is beset with a throng of difficulties. In the first place, not a small party is urgent for the resignation of the Emperor, and his *remplacement* by the Archduke Maximilian; still another is urging, against hope, the peaceable cession of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. The Tyrol is clamorous for rights which have been overlooked. Trieste even has its leanings toward the new Italian Kingdom; and all the while the most progressive and cumulative thought of the Peninsula is for the enfranchisement of the Venetian territory. By early April, at the latest, three hundred thousand soldiers, bearing arms, will ask the rendition of Verona, and Mantua, and Peschiera.

The poor, proud young Emperor, meantime, vainly suing for helpful alliance with Alexander, too haughty to ask aid of Prussia, too impoverished to increase his own means of defense, and too late to conciliate Venetia, must rest his political fortunes upon the cast of the sword.

Already people talk of Austria as of a Power gone by.

ITALY, too, is not altogether herself—not yet integral and sound. We do not refer so much to Gaeta, which the rifled cannon will finish soon; but in Naples and its neighborhood there is already rebellion. Besotted ignorance can not suddenly take upon itself the dignity of self-government. Priestcraft is still very strong; and all European priestcraft allies itself instinctively with all Bourbons. At Basso, Borgo, and Porta Capuana a reaction has broken out, which has assumed such proportions as to extend to Acerra, the first station on the way to Caserta. Every tricolored flag that could be found was torn in pieces, and white Bourbon flags were hung out amidst the united cries—and that such cries could be united will furnish a tolerable measure of the popular ignorance—of “Long live Francis the Second and Garibaldi!” The police and the Sardinian troops hastened to the scene of the demonstration, fired on the people there assembled, and arrested about 300 persons, including a number of women, who had been the first to raise the cry of “Long live Francis the Second!” The priests, as usual, are at the bottom of all the mischief. One priest was seen every where fomenting discontent, telling the people to keep up their spirits, because they would soon have every thing they desired on the return of the Bourbons—“When our beloved King Francis the Second shall get his own again you will have as much bread as you can eat—keep all your sacks ready to put the loaves into them.” These words produced the due impression on the ignorant people.

People are arriving at the conclusion that the political difficulties with which Garibaldi had to contend were not so exclusively the creation of his own obstinacy, or even of Mazzinian fanaticism, as it was endeavored to represent them. What I believe really was the wish of the most intelligent politicians here was something to the following effect: That Garibaldi

should have been named Lieutenant-General of the Two Sicilies; that with him there should have been associated a good working Ministry; and that thus, with the immense moral influence of the chief, and the practical talents of the various heads of departments, the business of this country might have been carried on. What, on the contrary, has happened? The shock given to the influence of the national party by the circumstances accompanying Garibaldi's departure, and the ill-will that has arisen between the Sardinians and Garibaldians, have encouraged the reactionary intriguers to redouble their efforts, and have greatly paralyzed the authority of the Sardinian Government.

The Neapolitans have not yet begun to adapt themselves to the new state of affairs, nor are they disposed to wait with patience until the new administration, under the guidance of Farini, shall have adopted the fitting measures called for by the necessities of the country. You hear nothing but criticism and carping from morning to night. Why? Just because popular curiosity has not been gratified by the appearance of any decrees, it matters little whether good or bad, on the reorganization of the country. King Victor Emanuel is reproached with not being sufficiently condescending and affable to the people, on the sole ground that he does not seem inclined to make a constant show of himself. So much had been said respecting his popularity that the Neapolitans feel disappointed because he does not turn that popularity to more account. They are more taken with appearances than with realities, and when nothing is done to gratify even their love of appearances, they immediately begin croaking and grumbling, and sigh for the imaginary fleshpots of their late Bourbon master.

But if a forecast of the designs of the Sardinian authorities, as regards government, has not yet reached Naples, it has reached Paris. It is complex, but it is eminently liberal. It proposes centralization in all that regards the military and fiscal service: it leaves the communes or townships with the largest authority for regulating their own affairs under the direction of a syndic; while the cities have power to name their own gonfalonier: it proposes a division of the country into provinces, each having its prefect with his council; and a larger division into provinces or regions (as Sicily, and Emilia, and Calabria), with each their Governor, named by the central and royal authorities. We have yet to learn how these propositions may be received; or if the turbulent Neapolitans will subside from their stormy uproar without continuance of military rule.

In evidence of the liberality of the Government, we may mention the fact that an eminent Protestant teacher, of rare talent and attainment, has been named for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Bologna. We allude to the well-known Bonaventura Mazzarella.

Of men eager to demolish the old faith Italy has more than her due share; but of earnest workmen in building up a fabric to substitute for the one they overthrow she can boast but few. Of these Mazzarella is unquestionably the leader. His history is soon told. He was a judge in a provincial town in the Neapolitan States, and in 1848 was compelled to fly on account of his liberal tendencies. Tried by default, sentence of death was pronounced upon him. He first sought refuge in Corfu, where he gained a precarious living by teaching the classics and mathematics, and two or three years later found his way to Turin. Imbittered by poverty and disappoint-

ment, and, like most of his countrymen of any intellect, an avowed free-thinker, he hated all professions or forms of religion. Passing one day, in 1852, near the newly-opened Valdese, or Italian Protestant Church, in that capital, he entered it with the view of detecting the preacher's weak points, and exposing them in an essay against the doctrines of Christianity upon which he was engaged. Again and again he returned, attracted in spite of himself. During this mental struggle he was attacked with brain fever, and on his recovery sought out the pastor whose sermons had so impressed him. A few months later saw him at Genoa, that pastor's zealous friend and coadjutor—instructing the catechumens, visiting the sick, and attracting hundreds by his wonderful eloquence in the pulpit, which, though a layman, he was permitted to ascend. He had nothing to live upon but his scanty earnings as a clerk in some small concern; but his Sundays, his evenings, and his nights were given to the work to which he had set his hand with a zeal, a self-denial, a perseverance beyond all praise, as they are beyond all description. In 1854, when the cholera ravaged Genoa, he was, in the words of one of those to whom he ministered, "like a guardian angel" in the miserable dwellings of the sick and dying, alternately praying with them, or rubbing their cramp-stricken limbs, and supporting them in his arms in their last agonies. Often did he take off his coat and lay it over some poor sufferer, or strip himself of his shirt to provide him a change of linen. By such means as these did Bonaventura Mazzarella gain such ascendancy over the converts in Genoa that, when through a succession of misunderstandings never to be enough deplored, he ceased his connection with the Valdese church, his meetings for prayer and the exposition of the Scriptures were far more frequented than the services in the church where he had formerly so successfully labored. The tenets of the sect he has established in Piedmont, and widely extended last spring by his presence in Tuscany, have more affinity to those of the Plymouth Brethren than any other body of English dissenters. Count Guicciardini is well known as the founder of the movement in Florence, and the secession of Mazzarella from the Valdese church was a great triumph to the party who reject all ecclesiastical ordinances and discipline as savoring too strongly of Rome. The perfect emancipation from clerical rule is of course fascinating to men who have long worn its heavy chains; and hence, when they think about it at all, which is not often, generally speaking, the Italians declare for a religion which has no priests. But it never will obtain among the masses. Meantime, let us wish Mazzarella well at Bologna.

APROPOS of Protestantism, it may be worth while to call your readers' attention to a new book from an old friend of the American public (Miss Bremer), who has latterly voyaged through Europe in search of some sound religious dogma, by which to tie her faith, and sublimate the last years of her life in works of Christian charity.

She is mystical and sentimental, and as earnest as sentiment will permit. But she does not rise any where in her tour, not even among the heights of the Alps, or in the hearing of the best preachers of Geneva, to the blaze of her simple eloquence of old time. She seems soured, uncertain, halting; the exuberance of early faith and enthusiasm dead. We follow her with interest, remembering the pleasant tales she has told, the happy hours she has beguiled; but she

does not beguile us now. In Italy, of course she must see the Pope; she, who sought the basis of a serene and changeless faith, must talk with the spiritual father of half of Christendom. She details the interview at length. The Pope comes well out of it. The speech he makes to her at parting is better than the best of his bulls. Here it is:

"I will tell you something. Pray! pray for light from the Lord, for grace to acknowledge the truth; because this is the only means of attaining to it. Controversy will do no good. In controversy is pride and self-love. People in controversy make a parade of their knowledge, of their acuteness, and, after all, every one continues to hold his own views. Prayer alone gives light and strength for the acquirement of truth and of grace. Pray every day; every night before you go to rest; and I hope that grace and light may be given to you. For God wishes that we should humble ourselves, and He gives his grace to the humble. And now, God bless and keep you, for time and eternity!" This pure priestly and fatherly admonition was so beautifully and fervently expressed that it went to my heart—and humbly and with my heart I pressed the hand paternally extended toward me. That it was the hand of the Pope did not embarrass me in the slightest degree; for he was to me really at this moment the representative of the Teacher who in life and doctrine preached humility, not before men but before God, and taught mankind to pray to Him. The Pope's words were entirely true and evangelical. I thanked him from my entire heart, and departed more satisfied with him than myself. I had stood before him in my Protestant pride; he had listened with patience, replied with kindness, and finally exhorted me, not with Papal arrogance, but as a true Gospel teacher. I parted from him with more humility of spirit than I had come."

WE began far eastward to count the bodings of war; we have strayed in Italy and stopped there. Yet who reckons the chances of European war without reckoning France? It is hard to say what are her present relations to Naples (as represented at Gaeta), and Sardinia, and Austria. If she flings the full weight of her authority in favor of a liberated Venice, there can be little doubt that Victor Emanuel will have a new visit to make in the spring. But a liberated Venice may involve a liberated Dalmatia, and Styria, and Hungary; and will Napoleon venture to reach his Eastern army overland? It would be a grand march for a liberating monarch through Bosnia and Transylvania, if he had no fear of meeting an army of Muscovites on the shores of the Euxine. There are those who believe that Napoleon will take the chance. It is a notable fact that Daniel Manin, before his death, expressed his hope in him: and Kossuth does the same. A despot who works brave and generous deeds may be forgiven very much of his despotism.

But at present all attention is drawn away from French relations with Italy and the East by the new aspect given to the administration at home. At length there is to be a free talking legislative assembly and (if we may believe the late declarations of Persigny) a free talking press.

In view of which, two questions arise: Will the ministers of Napoleon be equal to the public enforcement of his administrative plans; and will the plans bear the passionate attacks of the liberal orators of France? French legislators will talk if their tongues be untied—there need be no appre-



hension on this score; but there will be needed somewhat more than a De Morny to enforce the views of his Majesty with such subtle logic and rare rhetoric as may command the plaudits of the legislative crowd.

The Emperor has opened a new field for arabition: we hope the success of it may beguile him into a yet wider show of largess.

WE do not know if readers upon your side of the water have watched with any interest the present violent onslaught in both England and France upon the use of tobacco. Sir Benjamin Brodie (of London) has declared strongly against its use; and at a recent meeting at Edinburgh of the British Anti-Tobacco Society, Professor Miller, moving the first resolution, as follows: "That as the constituent principles which tobacco contains are highly poisonous, the practices of smoking and snuffing tend in a variety of ways to injure the physical and mental constitution"—continued, "No man who was a hard smoker had a steady hand. But not only had it a debilitating and paralyzing effect; but he could tell of patients who were completely paralyzed in their limbs by inveterate smoking. He might tell of a patient of his who brought on an attack of paralysis by smoking; who was cured, indeed, by simple means enough, accompanied with the complete discontinuance of the practice; but who afterward took to it again, and got a new attack of paralysis; and who could now play with himself, as it were, because when he wanted a day's paralysis or an approach to it, he had nothing to do but to indulge more or less freely with the weed. Only the other day, the French—among whom the practice was carried even to a greater extent than with us—made an estimate of its effects in their schools, and academies, and colleges. They took the young men attending these institutions, classified them into those who smoked habitually and those who did not, and estimated their physical and intellectual standing, perhaps their moral standing, too, but he could not say. The result was, that they found that those who did not smoke were the stronger lads and better scholars, were altogether more reputable people, and more useful members of society than those who habitually used the drug. What was the consequence? Louis Napoleon—one of the good things which he had done—instantly issued an edict that no smoking should be permitted in any school, college, or academy. In one day he put out about 30,000 pipes in Paris alone. Let our young smokers put that in their pipe and smoke it." The resolution was agreed to.

Is it possible to entertain the idea that Louis Napoleon has increased the tax on tobacco, latterly, very largely, in the hope of discouraging its use, and so contributing to the weal of the nation? If so, it would illustrate one of the beautiful uses of despotic privilege.

AND while scented with tobacco let us have this mention of cotton. There is an African Aid Society in England, of the Borriboola-gah stamp; and latterly they have addressed a letter to Badahung, King of Dahomey, who is very active in supplying slaves for the *Bonitas* and *Wanderers*. We quote the letter, or at least a large portion of it, selecting certain parts which show a very pretty mingling of the moral and mundane appeal—the pious and the pennywise view:

"Majesty Badahung—The great English nation

is very sad. It does not like your ways. They are not good. They are very bad. You might be a great king; but what you do will not make you a great king. You do very much harm for a very little money. To be a great king you should do much good, and make it give you a great deal of money. You make war that you may take slaves and sell them. And a great many of your own people are killed. This is very bad. We are told you sold ten thousand last year; and what did you get? Fifty thousand dollars. How many bad things have been thus done for so little money! You are the king of a great many people. You may make much money, and your people too. Do not take them to war, where a great many die. But say to them, 'Get cotton, bring me cotton.' Say to them, 'We are brave—they all know it—they are all afraid of us—we have made great war—we have taken a great many slaves. Now we will get rich—we must make dollars—for that we must grow cotton: if we do not, Abbeakuta will have a great many more dollars than we can get—they grow cotton there and get dollars for it. It is not hard to grow cotton—it is easy to get—you can make it grow every where. One hundred and fifty thousand of you call me your king. I am your king. I must have one dollar's worth of cotton every year from every one of my people. My chiefs, you will look to it; the chief who has one thousand people will make them bring to Whydah one thousand dollars' worth of cotton. All the rest you grow you can bring and sell for yourselves. And so you may all get rich—you may all get many dollars.' Do you not know what the traders buy slaves of you for? To grow cotton and sugar. You can grow it much better than in those countries where they take the slaves to. It is much better in Dahomey land. We will buy all the cotton of you at Whydah. You shall not be cheated. It is not a wise king to have many of his people killed every year when they would make so much money for him. And only wise kings are great kings. If you were a wise king you would say, 'All this part of the coast is mine—not one more slave shall be sold here. I will not sell those I have got. I will send to where I took them from, and will say, "I have got so many of your people; they are my slaves; but I will send them back to you, if you will send me 100 pounds of clean cotton for every one; then they shall go back to their wives and husbands, to their mothers and fathers. I and my people are brave; you know we do not fear; but we will not make war now; we want to get rich, so we will grow cotton for the great English people." For every hundred pounds of good clean cotton we will give you, at Whydah, \$8. In this way you will be a great king. You will be more rich than any other king in Africa. You would get now near \$200,000 a year; we would show you how this may soon be \$400,000; and in a short time \$1,000,000 a year. All your people will be rich—you will be a very rich and a very great people, and all around they will say, 'There is no king so wise as Badahung!'"

Such disinterested appeal of European philanthropists must be specially interesting in your time of Secession. It shows us what pretty virtues are lurking even in the closets of the speculators, which need only an airing to become philanthropic schemes for struggling and toiling Italy; counting what hopes dawn upon the view of those nations that cluster along the Danube, how can we give up our pen, or quench thought, as we ponder the sad tidings that come to us from America?

Looking across sea, one loses the bonds of party, one forgets the bitterness of this or that issue, one remembers only that the Federal Union is the great type of Liberty and Law working together. There may be an ulcer here or an ulcer there, but, after all, we look upon it—that Federal Union—as the Eidolon of Hope and of Progress.

Shall it be broken?

### Editor's Drawer.

**A**MIDST the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of States, the Drawer preserves its unflinching humor, and greets its friends with a smile. Its contributions come from the most "disturbed districts" as well as the quieter settlements, showing that all the people are not frightened out of their wits, but will enjoy a good thing, come what may. The great question of the day is the source of not a little of the pleasantry that comes to the Drawer. A friend in Alabama writes:

"A noted editor of one of our political sheets was traveling lately up in Bibb. Stopping at a branch where some old women were washing, one of them asked him about the conduct of the disunionists in South Alabama. He told her that John Morgan, George Gayle, and Bill Yancey were trying their best to break up the Confederacy. 'Well!' said the old lady, 'you tell 'em to come up here, and the old women of Bibb will take their battling-sticks and whip out forty thousand no-horned steers such as they are!'"

An old friend was appointed judge in one of the wards of the city of Lexington at the recent August election in Kentucky. Among the incidents of the day, he tells of a raw Paddy who came up to the polls and handed in a straight Democratic ticket. An act of the late Legislature made it the duty of the judge to ask each voter whether or not he was in favor of an increase of the school-tax a certain per cent. When the vote had been cried the question was put: "Are you for or against the school-tax?" "The gentleman from Cork" was evidently bothered. Rallying from his momentary perplexity he naively inquired, "An' faith, measther judge, is he a Dimmycrat?"

"I TAKE the liberty of sending you," says a California correspondent, "a very lucid explanation of the term 'popular sovereignty,' made by a rural politician in this vicinity recently. As the term is a subject of much discussion in political circles, a precise definition may be of advantage.

"**RURAL POLITICIAN.** 'Popular soventerenty is this way: Now if popular soventerenty is law, why then 'tis law. That is, if the Territory decides it is law, why then 'tis law. But if the people of the Territory ain't satisfied with that decision, why then they repeal it to the Ginerall Court of the United States; and if that Court decides that popular soventerenty is law, why then 'tis law. But if the people of the United States ain't satisfied with that decision, then they must repeal it to Congress; and if Congress decides that popular soventerenty is law, why then it must be law!'"

"This definition, I hope, will be satisfactory to all parties East."

A PROMINENT politician of the State of Missouri was speaking in the city of St. Louis during the late

canvass. Among his hearers was an eminent banker of that city, who, though opposed to the political principles of the speaker, appeared to take a great interest in every thing that was said by him, and insisted on remaining and hearing it all, notwithstanding the requests of his friends, who wished him to leave, as every body had voted the whole harangue a very flowery and finely-put "bore." But the old gentleman still staid and listened. At last one of his friends, just before going and leaving him, ventured to ask why he took so much interest in the speech, when every one else had voted it as being very stupid.

"Curiosity," replied the old gentleman; "I consider it the most singular thing in the world: here has this man been speaking for two hours and a half without the least *physical or mental exertion!*"

"In the fall of 1857, while we in Minnesota were canvassing this county (Rice) for our first State election, prior to our admission into the Union, a Republican candidate met his opponent in one of the backwoods precincts to discuss the *issues*. The Republican spoke first. The Democrat followed, and at the close suggested his willingness to be questioned. The Republican arose, and asked him and the crowd if he and they were not all anxious for admittance into the Union? The response was, of course, in the affirmative. 'Then,' he continued, 'why do you attempt to defeat that object by the election of a *Democratic* Legislature and State officers? Our admission under Democratic rule would be contrary to the Constitution of the United States, and I can point it out to you.' The Democratic candidate fumed and raved, and said that he had a copy of the Constitution, and had read it all through, and no such provision was there. Whereupon the Republican produced a copy of the Constitution, and pointed to the clause in the provisions for admitting new States, which read: 'The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a *REPUBLICAN* form of Government.' Democracy looked and looked. There was no answer to this plain provision. Finally, with a despairing look and tone, he turned to an elbow friend, exclaiming,

"By George, Sam! it *does* read so!"

"He did not recover sufficiently for his friends to explain to him that it 'didn't mean that,' till after the meeting had dissolved and the victor retired."

FROM Cape Cod we rarely hear; but a friend who was there last summer writes:

"A boy on Cape Cod had done something which his mother thought deserved punishment. She furnished herself with a stick, and went in pursuit of the offender. The boy, seeing his mother coming, and knowing what he had to expect, took to his heels, his mother in full chase. The boy was as thin as a rat, and might be said to be running, in seaman's language, under bare poles, right before the wind; while his mother was Dutch built, broad sterned, and under a cloud of canvas, and accordingly was overhauling the chase very fast, when a young friend of the boy stood looking on, and seeing how the chase was likely to terminate, called out to his young friend, in true nautical style, 'Try her on a wind, Bill—try her on a wind!' which good advice struck the boy at once, when he luffed up sharp, and the old woman went dead to leeward like a log!"

BREAKFASTING at an up-town hotel some time since (shortly after the Opera *Sicilian Vespers* was

first played here), a gentleman (who, from being a few years ago a counter-jumper in a retail dry-goods shop in Boston, has got to be worth half a million, and who owns two stockholders' seats in the Academy of Music, at which he and his wife, who is another of the same sort, are regular attendants, but whose progress in literature has not kept pace with the dollars) came into the breakfast-room, and taking a seat next to the writer, began talking about the Opera. After some *very pertinent* remarks, he went on to say that one had to hear an Opera several times before one could properly appreciate it; and, in fact, said he, there are but three Operas that are really worth hearing, and those are the *Trivietta*, the *Triviterri*, and the *Sillian Vesters*.

THE big story to come is as old as the hills; but we will let our correspondent in with it. Don't send us any *old 'uns*.

"Our friend Tom never stretches—oh no! His last is an account of his visit to a neighboring farm. 'Jones,' says he, 'has got the richest farm in the country. I went over last summer with two friends, and he took us on a four-acre lot he had just prepared for planting. We all went to the very centre of the lot, and Jones there made a single hill and showed us a cucumber-seed. "Now, boys," says he, "when I put this seed in the ground you must run for the fence, and get out of the lot as fast as you can." No sooner had Jones dropped the seed than he and the others started off as if a big bull-dog was after them. I was so astonished at the stampede that I forgot the warning until I saw the vine pushing up from the ground and making toward me. I then ran as if for dear life; but before I got to the fence the vine caught me, and commenced winding around me like the coils of a snake. I was terribly alarmed; but thought of my jack-knife in my pocket, with which I could cut myself loose; but, to my horror, I couldn't get my hand in—for there was a big cucumber, and a growing like blazes!"

OLD "Dexter," in Delaware County, New York, kept a country tavern. He never would confess to being "out" of any brand of liquor, though the fact was that he never had any thing to drink but raw whisky, which he bought at a neighboring grocery every morning, and brought home in a Shaker pail.

One day a stranger called for a bottle of small beer. The old man said he had got it, and forthwith commenced a search under and behind his bar. After waiting patiently for some minutes, his customer expressed a doubt as to whether the house afforded the article in question. "Yes," said the landlord, "I have got small beer—always have it; but to-day it is so mighty small that I can't find it."

The customer then inquired for a mild cigar. This rather stumped the old man, for he never kept any thing in that line but "short sixes" and the old-fashioned "long nines." Handing out a box of each, he said, "I don't exactly know what you mean by mild cigars; but here is some about half a mild long and some more about a mild and a half—you can take your choice."

A SHORT time since there was a certain tutor at Yale, who, being rather unpopular with some of the students, was very much annoyed by some graceless sophs, who persisted in breaking out his windows every night with pieces of hard coal which lay about the yard. On being asked why he remained where he was subjected to such indignities, he replied that

he was induced to remain by a salary of \$600 per annum and coal thrown in.

FROM Cincinnati we have the following, which may serve as a type of character:

"Every body about here knows that Jake Myers is a good fellow and considerable of a wag. He and thirty-five other German cabinet-makers put their funds together and formed themselves into an association known as the Cabinet-Makers' Union. Jake was made agent of the concern, and, by his good management and the hard work of the others, they have prospered, and now do a heavy business, and ship a large amount of their wares to the South. About a year ago one of their customers living in Kentucky, and in debt to the concern about \$1500, showed signs of weakness, and they thought it necessary for Jake to go and look after their interests. He found the man had just sold out, and he had to take a house and lot instead of the money. Jake is a staunch friend of the South, and the balance of the concern are Abolitionists, and had bored Jake a great deal about his notions on the slavery question; so Jake found he had a chance of getting even or a little ahead of his partners. On his return he told them he had to take two negroes (a boy and girl), or get nothing; but knowing his thirty-five partners to be strong Abolitionists, he thought they might wish to set the darkeys free, and he had declined taking the money he had been offered for them until after he had a consultation with his partners. They all bit; and, after some deliberation, concluded to sell the negroes, as it would be too great a loss (\$42 each) for them to stand. They directed Jake to sell them as soon as possible, for fear they might run away. A few days after they found out that Jake had sold them instead of the niggers, and thereon they all adjourned over to the nearest grocery, and had a good time of it the balance of the day; declaring, by the strength of the lager, that they all knew that Jake was only joking."

FLORIDA does not often appear in the Drawer, but comes greeting with a story from the courts:

"Some time since, in the Circuit Court for Orange County, I defended a case of assault and battery, committed by an enraged 'Benedict' upon a gay 'Lothario,' for accosting his wife in an insulting manner upon the public highway.

"The 'assault and battery,' *alias* a dreadful beating, was duly proven. We, for the defense, admitted the fact; but exercised our powers of oratory 'considerably, if not more,' in *justification*, by way of 'mitigation of damages' before the jury. Old Captain J——n, a celebrated Indian fighter in the Florida wars, whose name figures extensively in the records of the War Department at Washington, and also of the courts and newspapers of this section, was chosen foreman of our carefully-selected jury. Our energetic appeals to the married men of our jury were not without effect, and, perceiving this, the defense urged the jury to fix the fine (as fine they must, by the law) at the minimum of *one cent*, as a rebuke to impudent Lotharios in general, and this one in particular. This suggestion, however, did not suit; and, to our surprise, all of the jury were in favor of a verdict of '*not guilty*,' and first and foremost for this verdict was the foreman, our friend Captain J——n. When finally made to understand our position, and that we plead 'guilty' to the charge, all acceded to our proposition but Captain J——n.



"No," said he, "I sha'n't go for fining him only *one cent*; for if we are *obliged* to fine him any how, it *must* be *five dollars*: that is the regular price for walloping a rascal in these parts; that's what I always had to pay; and a man who can't afford to pay *five dollars* for giving a fellow such a thrashing as that, ain't got no business walloping any body!"

"This settled the question, and our client was duly and satisfactorily fined *five dollars*."

A VIRGINIA contributor writes: "It is customary on board our national vessels to 'splice the main-brace'—or, in other words, issue an extra 'tot' of grog to the men, on such days as Christmas, 22d of February, 4th of July, and other festive occasions; but this very important duty was in danger of being forgotten on board the *Preble* on the last 22d, until the officers seated on the half-deck were reminded of it, in a gentle hint from old Campbell, the captain of the after-guard, who came toddling aft, and remarked, in a voice just loud enough for them to hear, that 'it was a dry birthday for poor old George Washington!' He got his 'tot.'"

#### THE MAN IN THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

"YES," said the man in the rocking-chair, "when talk turns on large noses, I have nothing to say."



"I was just thinking," returned Pugnatus, "that *your face* would never be left to lie out doors o' nights for want of a handle to fetch it in with."

"But *yours*? my poor little Pug!" quoth the man in the rocking-chair, with an unmalicious smile of sympathizing pity—"Yours?"

Involuntarily we all looked up, and instituted immediate mental comparisons between the most striking and peculiar facial

projections of the twain; as may you, most fair or gallant reader! for here—with I present you a true and faithful likeness of our friend Pugnatus. I pass indulgently over the explosive result of our spontaneous *oporem mentis*. Comparisons, if they are odious, are not always avoidable; and no one short of whimsical good mother Nature, who, in one way or another, kindly makes up to her children for the burden of natal defects which she bids them shoulder through life, can be held accountable for the burst of merriment and button-holes that followed our glances.

"*Mine*? my nose?" cried Pugnatus, when the cackination had measurably subsided; "*my nose indeed*! Ah! cast no looks of pity upon me! I scornfully reject them all! Why, man, I would have you know that, for all the practical purposes of life, *my nose* is as good, efficient, ay, as every way serviceable as the very largest nose of the biggest gentleman living! Yes, Sir; and for smelling out—"



"I—now—I'm sorry to interrupt you just here," interposed the man in the rocking-chair, "but really I do beg leave to inquire how many noses said 'biggest gentleman living' is supposed to have?"

Pugnatus did not deign to notice the laugh with which this question was greeted, but wisely keeping his temper, replied, "As to your sorrow, Sir, I consider it a fable, but I can give you accurate information concerning 'said' gentleman's nose, or noses; as you, of all men in the world, can not be supposed to know any thing of it, or them!" Here Pugnatus was evidently waxing sarcastic. "'Said' gentleman's nose, then, was, numerically speaking, a unit; but with reference to quantity, it was—or rather, should have been, a dozen."

"Come, come, friends, you are growing personal in your remarks!" cried Gubernator, looking out from above the bows of his spectacles over the top of his newspaper, toward the nasal opponents. "Drop the noses—drop the noses, by all means! There is too much inequality between you, on the point in question, for you two to be fair and equally matched combatants."

"Oh, never you fear that I shall come out beaten," spoke up Pugnatus, smartly; "why, look you here, Sir Aquila! I've seen men with big noses—yes, Sir, with prodigious big noses—that couldn't smell an atom. Now, Sir, what mortal good could such a nose as *that* do a body? A nose that couldn't smell a hyacinth, nor a rose, nor a barrel of sweet cider, nor a beef-steak cooking! Whew! If I'd such a nose as *that* I'd down on my knees and beg for pity! Why, Sir, if I'm in the loftiest loft in the house I can scent any sort of goodies that are being gotten up in the kitchen. But to have a nose that couldn't smell an earthly scent, why I wouldn't give such a nose any toleration! No! I wouldn't carry such a nose about with me. I'd cut it off!"

"Nonsense! no, you wouldn't do such a foolish thing. You'd nurse, and cherish, and protect your poor nose all the more tenderly for its very failings. You'd be constantly careful and jealous lest people should discover the miserable defection of your pet."

"Let me interpose," spoke Gubernator, laying down his paper. "Who among you—I'm speaking now to the company in general—who among you is good at telling stories? *true* stories, mind you; relations of things that you *know* to have happened?"

"The Gubernator," replied the man in the rocking-chair. "I can testify to the abundance of such ability in our honest Governor."

"While I can affirm conscientiously that the man in the rocking-chair possesses even a much greater abundance of such ability," returned Gubernator; "and, assuming my prerogative of control, I call upon that gentleman for a story."

"I will strive to be obedient," meekly answered that worthy. "Shall the subject be noses?"

"No, I exclude them altogether," said Gubernator, firmly.

"Then I will tell you a story about faces, and—that no offense be given—my face:

"There was once, when I was what is termed a *young man*—that is, an unmarried man—an extensive clam-bake at old Warwick, to which I carried, in Squire Todd's not over-nice and not-exactly-new carriage, the gay, sprightly, chatty Miss Charity Chase. The day was fine, the occasion momentous, and the company immense. Never did old Warwick Beach witness, before nor since, such a vast assemblage of carriages and people. When the festivities of the day were past, and people began to leave, it

was really a sight to see the astonishingly-long procession, as it wound slowly along the level road over Warwick plains. Our carriage was near the centre of the train, and as far ahead as we could see extended the jovial retinue. Anxious, like Lot's wife, to see what marvels were behind me, I stretched my head and neck out as far as possible to look back, when suddenly Miss Charity punched me in the ribs, saying, 'Take your head in, quick! They'll think we've set up a butcher's shop here, and got a calf's head stuck out for a sign!'

"Speaking of Warwick," the man in the rocking-chair went on to say, "carries me back to my quiet native valley; to the tales, incidents, and personages of long ago. How many quaint scenes and characters come crowding up to shadow themselves in memory's faithful mirror! There was uncle Solomon Wise, the kindest-hearted, the most simple, the most honest man in the world—I must tell you some stories of him."

"Do so," said the Gubernator, and so said the rest of the company—some in words, some in looks of eager anticipation. When the man in the rocking-chair, as now, fell into a talking mood, it was both easy and natural for him to speak, and others to listen.

"Uncle Solomon," he said, "had a queer notion that it wasn't his duty to vote; that politics were all a sham; that the leading political parties of the day were rotten to the core; and that, like all the other works of the devil, it was his solemn duty to have no fellowship with them. As a consequence, approaching political crises brought to Uncle Solomon no excitement, and election days never found him at the polls. But one day, when a tough political struggle was near at hand, a good Whig brother—capable of showing that black is white, chalk is cheese, etc.—so dealt with Uncle Solomon as to open his eyes to a sight of his solemn obligation as an accountable, responsible citizen of this great republic; making him see that not only was it his duty, as a faithful protector of the nation's welfare, to vote, and vote on the side of holiness, truth, and righteousness (the Whig side, of course), but that he had been lamentably delinquent and most sadly mistaken in all his past life with regard to such matters. Uncle Solomon gave his promise (as good as a recorded oath) to vote, and vote right, at the coming election. Town-meeting day came. Uncle Solomon 'harnessed up,' drove six miles to the polls, where the first one he met was the good brother, who accommodated him with a ticket of the right sort. Uncle S. deposited it in his hat; looked about a spell; and then, not being particularly fond of large gatherings, got into his wagon and went home! Soon after he met his Whig friend, who accosted him with, 'Well, well, Uncle Solomon, so you didn't vote, after all the promises you made me. I thought you were a man of your word.'

"'Why, yes, I did vote,' replied Uncle Solomon, with some show of indignation that his word should be for a moment doubted.

"'But they told me you didn't. I lost sight of you soon after you came to town-meeting, and the next I heard of you you had gone off home without depositing your vote.'

"'I say I *did* vote,' stoutly persisted Uncle Solomon; 'and if you don't believe it, I'll prove it to you' (taking off his hat, and producing the ticket). 'There!—now do you believe it? I told you I'd vote, and I did vote, for there's the ticket in my hat now!'

BRIDGET, just arrived from sweet Erin, and snug-

ly ensconced with a genteel family as maid-of-all-work, sat down to her first meal. Having diminished the substantial, she came to apple-pie. It was something entirely new to her. She viewed it from all quarters, and examined it very minutely. She then removed the upper crust, and commenced eating the apple, carefully scraping it from the under crust. Her mistress observed her, and said,

"Bridget, why do you eat the pie in that manner?"

A little startled, Bridget looked up, and exclaimed, "Does ye think I'd be aiting the boxing?"

Yes, this is very clever; a sorry joke to play on a minister, but very clever:

"Old Parson Blim, noted for his pious simplicity, managed to live in a parish in New Hampshire on a salary, payable in produce, that would barely keep body and soul together. He had a nag that was as ill fed as its owner, on which he was accustomed to ride over his extended parish. Stopping at Deacon Wilson's one day, he alighted, and carelessly throwing the reins over a tie-post, through the top of which there was a hole, he called in on his Deacon. The nag, in rubbing against the post, slipped the bridle off its head, and commenced to quietly feed on the wayside. A son of the Deacon drew the bridle through the post-hole *above* the bridle-rein, and then, catching the nag, led her up, and put on the bridle all correct, and took position behind the wall, where he could see and hear, and waited for the parson, who was not long in appearing, and who immediately commenced the hopeless task of '*unloosing the beast*.' After a vain attempt, he was heard to say, *solus*:

"'We read of the camel going through the eye of a needle, and believe it, for 'tis in the Bible; but how upon earth my old mare ever got through that post-hole is more than I can understand. She's gone and done it, but *how* beats all nature. It must be a miracle!'"

THIS is a capital and characteristic story, which comes to the Drawer from Atalanta, Georgia:

"On one of our Georgia railroads there is a conductor named Snell, a very clever, sociable, gentlemanly man, a great favorite with the company he is connected with and the traveling public in general—fond of a joke, quick at repartee, and *faithful in the discharge of his duties*. During the past year, as his train, well filled with passengers, was crossing a bridge over a wide stream, some seven or eight feet deep, the bridge broke down, precipitating the two passenger-cars into the stream. As the passengers emerged from the wreck they were borne away by the force of the current. Our friend Snell had succeeded in catching hold of some bushes that grew on the bank of the stream, to which he held for dear life. A passenger less fortunate came rushing by. Snell extended one hand, saying,

"'Your ticket, Sir; give me your ticket!'

"You may imagine the effect of such a dry joke in the midst of the water."

In one of the northern towns of New York resides an old Dutchman by the name of S—, whose son was not making the wisest disposition of the property which he had received from the old man. At least so thought the anxious parent. How to put a stop to Bill's extravagance was the question. After every thing else had failed, he resolved upon a desperate measure. Application was made to the prop-

er authorities, and a court was appointed to decide upon the question of Bill's sanity. After the organization of the court the old man was the first witness called to the stand. The following were the questions of the counsel, with the answers of the anxious parent:

COUNSEL. "How long, Mr. S—, since you first thought your son was becoming insane?"

MR. S—. "A little over a year."

COUNSEL. "Please state to the jury what it was that first awakened your suspicion."

MR. S—. "*He jined the meetin'!*"

COUNSEL. "Well, Mr. S—, what else did you see in his conduct that led you to doubt his sanity?"

MR. S—. "He GAVE THE MINISTER A LOAD OF HAY!"

It is needless to say that, nothing else of importance appearing against Bill, he was allowed to retain the management of his own affairs.

"Not very long ago, two gentlemen from our town," writes a rural reader, "paid a visit of pleasure and business to New York city. Not particularly well acquainted with localities, they were upon one afternoon absent on an exploring expedition, and suddenly and unexpectedly 'fetched up' opposite your magnificent publishing house and printing establishment in Franklin Square. Having of course a knowledge, acquired by reading, of your extensive buildings and grounds, when the large gilt letters which indicate to the rural visitor the name and nature of the firm and business struck the eye of one of the friends, he incontinently cried out, 'Hold on, Joe! I want to take a look at the Harpers!' Joe dropped his head, and stood for several minutes in musing mood, intently listening, during which time his friend was surveying the building and its surroundings. Presently Joe said,

"Well, come along; you won't hear any more music if you stand here all day!"

"Music? What music?" said his friend, eying Joe curiously.

"Why, 'the harpers' playing," replied Joe, very innocently.

"The strain on Andy's vest buttons was intense for some minutes; and it has never been settled to this day whether the music was in Joe's head, or whether he really expected to hear 'the harpers' playing."

A MALICIOUS piece appeared lately in one of our German papers which, we think, is worth being put into English text:

"One of the small States of Germany having, on account of the unsettled appearance of the European horizon, determined to put its army upon a war footing, resolved, as a means toward that end, to purchase the most improved weapons of war, and accordingly procured an Armstrong gun upon trial. Having got the gun, a great difficulty arose—they had no place to put up the target. Their own space of territory was not large enough; and as none of the neighboring States were willing to allow it to be put up in theirs, the trial had to be foregone."

In this city reside Mr. Brown, who keeps rather an extensive grocery, and Mr. Green, a President of one of our banks. Mr. Green dealt occasionally with Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown is a man who has paid more attention to business and making money than to book knowledge. Mr. Green is an inquiring man, and seeks knowledge in every thing, and

sometimes under difficulties. A few years ago, in the winter season, when eggs were scarce, an article was introduced by some enterprising Yankee, under the name of Egg Powders, was sold by the principal grocers, and appeared to answer the purpose very well. Mr. Green dropped in one day to Mr. Brown, and thus:

"Mr. Brown, have you got any of those Egg Powders?"

"Yes, Mr. Green; we have."

"Let me have a dozen of them."

The powders were laid upon the counter.

"Mr. Brown, do you know what these powders are made of?"

"Well, no, Mr. Green, I can't say I do; but I suppose they must be made out of the same kind of stuff the hens eat!"

Mr. Green paid for his powders and left, not much satisfied with the explanation.

THE correspondence below is genuine, and the original of the last letter is now in the possession of our correspondent. The writer has since achieved the honorable position of mayor of the city from which he wrote. The three dollars spoken of as inclosed were "Wild-cat:"

"Erie, Pa., Dec. 18, 1857."

"Mr. S. H. Johnson."

"DEAR SIR,—In looking over my books I find a small account against you. You owe me eight dollars and fifty cents, which please send me in money immediately by return mail. It is now more as a year since you owed it. If you don't send it, I compel to send the account with interest to a Proper Officer for collection. I will spare no times on it either. I have wrote to you onst but you never did answered Yours Respectively

"JACOB TOMES"

REPLY.

"LYONS, January 23, 1858."

"To Jacob Tomes, Esq."

"MY DEAR JACOB,—Your esteemed favor of the 18th ult. is received. So long a time had elapsed since I last heard from you I feared you had forgotten me, but this epistle assures me that I am still held in affectionate remembrance. You say that 'in looking over your books you find a small account against me;' and, when I read that, I thought what a smile of satisfaction illumined your countenance on making this discovery, and what a consolation it must have been to you to know that, among the many delinquents whose names adorn the pages of your ledger, this one, at least, was sure to pay—was 'good.' I am further told, 'I have wrote to you onst but you never did answered.' I plead guilty to the charge, and confess, with sorrow and remorse, my great dereliction in neglecting to answer so interesting a letter; and promise, for the future, to give that faithful attention to your communications which their importance demands. You say I owe you eight dollars and a half (\$8 50). I suppose I do, and it affords me—as, I doubt not, it does you—the greatest satisfaction to know that I am abundantly able to owe it; in fact, I might owe you thrice as much without detriment to either of us. But, not satisfied with assuring me of this indebtedness, you coolly request me to send you the amount in money. Preposterous! Jacob—absolutely preposterous!! Why, if three constables, with search-warrants in hand, were to make microscopic observations all over this town, they couldn't find that amount of money in a fortnight: and then, too, the uncertainty attending the mails is an insurmountable barrier to that method of remittance.

"You say a year has elapsed since I contracted this debt. I generally buy on a year's time, with six months' privilege, should times prove hard; and in consideration of the fact that the bill preceding this one was paid so promptly, and 'times' are unusually hard, you ought to let this run another year. If you will grant me such extension I will secure your claim by mortgage on valuable



real estate, provided you will pay the expenses of recording (\$3 75), and drawing instrument (\$5), which is the usual expense of such proceeding in Iowa. Another passage in your letter demands serious attention—viz., 'If you don't sent it I am compelt to send the agcount with interest to a Broper Officer for collection. I will spare no times on it either.' Now that's rash, Jacob! Are you so lost to all the finer feelings that actuate the human heart as to wish to annihilate a man who has been a good customer for years, but who, in consequence of the disorders existing in the world financial, is now unable to pay?—to plunge him, I say, together with his numerous wife and family, into the abyss of poverty and despair?—and all for the small consideration of eight dollars and fifty cents. 'Forbid it Heaven!' But if you are determined to commit a 'deed so foul,' all I can say is, 'Go in, Jacobus!' And that as little difficulty as possible may be occasioned you, I will give you the names of the 'Broper Officers.' W. B. Lamont and C. D. Scott are Justices of the Peace, and inclosed you will find the cards of some of our lawyers, which, as you will 'spare no times,' I have selected with particular reference to *speed*—being notoriously *fast* in making collections and *speedily disbursing* them. After selecting one of their number, it will be necessary for you to send him ten dollars as a retainer, attorneys in this country invariably requiring fees in advance. It would be well enough to send him two or three dollars more to cover contingent expenses, as the Exemption Law of this State protects me in every thing I have, and it will possibly be required to pay expenses of suit.

"Should a favorable opportunity offer to go into business in the spring, I will try and compromise with you, and think it more than probable I can pay fifty cents on the dollar. This will depend, of course, on what action you take in the mean time. Should you commence suit I might get *riled*, and not pay 'nary red.'

"I hope you will write again *speedily*, and in your next please inform me of the price of good white beans in your market. Yours truly, S. H. JOHNSON.

"P.S.—Excuse brevity.

"P.P.S.—After unmitigated efforts I have *borryd* three dollars, which I inclose you, and which please acknowledge. S. H. J.

"\$3 inclosed."

THE following incident in Western practice, illustrative of the looseness with which affidavits are frequently taken, is sent to the Drawer:

"A livery-stable keeper was requested to call at the office of an attorney who was transacting some business for a friend of his.

"'Here,' says the lawyer, 'sign this affidavit.'

"Livery-stable keeper signs it.

"'Take off your hat,' says a notary standing by.

"The livery man obeys.

"'Hold up your hand.' Up go *both* hands to the highest point.

"'You swear,' etc., 'that the contents of this affidavit, by you subscribed, are true.'

"'Yes!—what is it?'"

ONE of our readers in El Paseo, Mexico, writes to the Drawer:

"Some five or six years ago, while traveling the overland route to California, our company stopped at Fort Davis a few days to recruit our animals. While there we witnessed a military manœuvre not laid down in the books nor surpassed by the Chicago Zouaves in originality. I will relate the circumstance, though a thing like that (as G. P. R. James used to say) must be seen to be appreciated.

"The soldiers of the post were drawn up on the parade-ground to be put through their accustomed drill. This duty devolved upon an Irish sergeant, who was, no doubt, a very clever fellow, but unfortunately was cursed with a very imperfect memory. Indeed, such was the extent of this infirmity that

he could not be named on the same day with such fellows as Leibnitz and Magliabechi. However, the drill commenced, and things progressed admirably for a time, when all at once the sergeant came to a dead halt. He flourished his sword and coughed slightly, scratched his head and looked confused; it was no go: the necessary but reluctant words made a stop on the tip of his tongue, and there they resolutely stuck. He had reached that part of the exercise where the words 'deploy column' occur, which means a spreading of troops to form a more extended line. Things were fast growing desperate, when the valiant and excited son of Mars gave vent to his pent-up agony by shouting, '*Scatter, boys, scatter! ye's know what I mean!*' And taking him at his word, 'scatter' they did, amidst the irrepressible laughter of the officers and spectators standing by. The indisputable purity of the Emerald's brogue added not a little to the comicality of the affair."

BROOKS is an office-boy, and is quite a character. He is about sixteen years old, and five feet ten inches in height, and proportionably narrow. A more brief and very graphic description of his physical build is expressed by him when speaking of himself. He says, "Very little Brooks—principally legs."

Brooks needed a renewal of that useful article of raiment known to him as "trowsis," wherewith to protect the before-mentioned legs from the inclemency of the weather and the vulgar gaze.

Brooks applied to a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, who published to the world the fact that he manufactured raiment of every description. By "particular request" the tailor measured Brooks for the required article of clothing, insuring, at the same time, a "dead fit." Our friend of the shears, being of an inquiring turn of mind—though we suspicion some irony in his remarks—thought to question his customer, as he inquired, addressing Brooks, "Does my fine shentleman vish any pody to his pantaloons?"

Brooks answered, "Of course I want a body to them. Who ever heard of breeches without a body?"

"Vel, den," said the Jew, "if such ish the case, den you musht tie dem round your neck; for, help me Moses, I never saw such long legs before!"

A WESTERN brother writes to the Drawer of his experience in a religious meeting:

"In one of our settlements lived John Rogers, and a very clever man he was; his chief and only fault seemed to be in occasionally taking a little too much bad whisky. He generally attended the religious meetings at the school-house, and one day he took his seat near the door. The brethren, one after another, told their experiences and made their confessions. One Tom Brown told his experience (he was well known in the community as a cold-hearted, close-fisted, selfish man, who compelled his family to live principally on hog-meat and corn-dodgers, hardly ever treating them to the taste of wheat bread, though abundantly able). He went on to confess his sins and shortcomings to his brethren and sisters, and asked their prayers that he might be enabled to live better than he had been living. He said 'he knew that he had lived in a very poor way,' and, in short, 'he had not lived as well as he ought to live.' This last sentence caught the ear of Rogers, who sat listening in a half dreamy state, and, forgetting the time and place, he exclaimed, 'Then why in the world don't you buy a barrel of flour and live better?' and immediately darted out

of the door. The congregation was thunder-struck, and so was Tom Brown; but the effect was good, for Brown ever after lived better."

A PHILADELPHIA friend, writing to the Drawer, says: A druggist in our goodly city, amused at the style of orders which were sometimes presented at his counter for medicine, made a collection of curious specimens; and while looking over them one day, it occurred to me that some of your many readers might enjoy them as much as all who have seen them here have done; and so, by his permission, I send you a few of them, though my inability to give the chi-rography will somewhat lessen the effect.

6 cents word spice Ruback (rhubarb).

6 cents word crima datoer (cream of tartar).

Gum Rabick (gum arabic).

6 cents of exolases (oxalic acid).

Clanilde (chloride) Lime to take the bad smcell out of the scler.

I—A—did potass (iodid of potassium).

A fips worth of Blood Rought (root).

Abekack (Ipecacuanha).

3 Sinc A (Seneca) Snake root.

3 Pruvian borks (Peruvian bark).

3 black Licrice (licorice).

3 cts Mur.

3 cts Charcole.

3 cts Ores root.

A box of Brandeth's pills or some kind that is good for clensing the stumech.

Wone ounce of the Surrrip of Epecacuanna.

Bosom com pey (balsam of copaiva).

A Botel of Bruster's Coler (cholera) mixer.

Gum De Achum (gum gualacum).

2 ownces of gumarrerbeck and 2 ownces of Kiann Pepper & one quart of alcobaw I want the Pulverised gumarrerbec give him a slip of paper with figers of how much it caust. please put the costoc (caustic) in a quill whith one Eight of a inch out.

3 Cents worth of peneroll the Earh.

The following epitaph was sent to an enterprising firm of marble dealers in Illinois, from a distant town, and was duly engraved; and the stone now marks the last resting-place of the "early lost:"

D—J—H—, son of — and —, died March 31st, 1859, aged one year, six months, and ten days.

"My days on earth, indeed, were few,  
But earth is full of woe;  
And had I staid with Pa and you,  
I must have found it so."

"THE 'diffident Indiana correspondent' is rapidly growing bolder under the encouragement of the Drawer, and begs leave to offer the following trifles. The first, no doubt, will be familiar to many of your Kentucky readers, and may serve to call to mind an eccentric but kind-hearted old friend who now rests in the grave:

"During the summer of 1832 the little city of Maysville was dreadfully scourged by the cholera. The place was almost deserted; scarcely one-fourth of the inhabitants remained two weeks after the disease made its appearance; but among those who did stay was Dr. Richard D—, generally known as Dick D—, the title being considered rather too dignified for the person who had a right, by diploma, to claim it. Now Dick prided himself upon always being ready with his jest, no matter how grave the occasion might be; and even during the prevalence of that terrible epidemic he could not suffer his wit to remain idle.

"One day a steamboat landed at the wharf, and a solitary passenger was seen slowly wending his

way up the landing, carpet-bag in hand. Dick saw him too, and dashing into the nearest carpenter's shop, seized a two-foot rule and started to meet the stranger.

"'I beg your pardon, Sir,' he said as he came near the unfortunate man, 'but I must request you to stand still while I take your measure.'

"'My measure!' said the poor fellow, looking first at Dick and then at the rule in his hand; 'what do you mean?'

"'Our City Council,' replied Dick, 'has appointed me to measure all strangers who visit our town at this time, so that I may have coffins ready for them as soon as possible (all the ready-made ones have been used up); for not a single stranger who has arrived here during the last ten days has lived more than two or three hours, and as we bury them as soon as the pulse ceases to beat, we are obliged to prepare in time.'

"The man gave him one more look, and, without saying a word, started up the bank of the river, and the last seen of him he was waving his handkerchief, and calling to the captain of the boat he had just left to stop and take him aboard.

"THERE is a convent of the Sisters of Providence within a few miles of my residence, and, as I have a daughter there at school, I frequently visit it. On one occasion I took my little son, some four years old, with me. He seemed very much interested in all he saw; but, contrary to his usual custom, he said very little. I at last asked him how he liked the appearance of the sisters and the house. His answer was, 'I like it all very well, mamma; but I have not seen any men since we came here. Where do they keep their husbands?'

"SOME months since you published an anecdote in the Drawer in relation to the passage of Scripture describing our Saviour's ride into Jerusalem on 'an ass's colt.' I suppose the true version of that story to be this: At a Bible-class meeting held in Northern Vermont this same passage of Scripture was the subject under consideration, and the question was asked by our worthy pastor,

"'For what purpose did the people throw branches of palm-trees in the way?'

"It was a poser for our uneducated minds; but one of our old deacons, more learned in theology than the rest, ventured on an answer.

"'I suppose,' said he, 'it was to skear the colt!'

ANOTHER friend has charge of a class of boys in a Sunday-school, whom he was preparing to instruct in the Acts of the Apostles. For the sake of reference and suggestion he had taken "Barnes's Notes on the Acts" with him to the school. One of the boys picked it up from the seat, and carefully examining the title, laid it down again. After the class had read the first chapter—a verse by turns—he put the usual leading question: "Boys, can any of you tell me who wrote the Acts of the Apostles?" The little fellow who had posted himself as above stated, spoke out at once: "Yes, Sir; Mr. Barnes did."

A WELCOME contributor in Baltimore writes:

"Any old member of the legal profession here will remember the Hon. Mr. M—, and recall, with his great legal knowledge and ability, his fondness for an occasional glass of what Mr. Swiveller denominated the 'rosy.' It was his practice, when detained in the Criminal Court (of which he was

Prosecuting Attorney), to keep in his desk a bottle—a short black bottle—only used for the holding of old Bourbon.

"During his career as State officer a murder was committed in the city, by a German, upon an old man. He was detected, imprisoned, and brought to trial. After the evidence was all in, a day was appointed for the delivery of speeches of the lawyers on both sides; and upon the arrival of the day the court-room was crowded—outside the bar by a large audience, and inside by a great many members of the cloth—all impatient to hear Mr. M— speak. In arranging his speech he had determined to exhibit to the jury the weapon (a short, thick club) with which the deed had been committed; and in order to have it ready, had placed it in his desk, alongside of his bottle of 'bitters.' He rose; and, in a summing-up of the evidence, excelled himself in the linking together of the chain of circumstances going to support the theory of the prosecution, and in the close logical argument for which he was so celebrated. Drawing toward that part of the speech at which the club episode was to be introduced, he described, in his terse way, the surroundings of the scene where the atrocious act took place, and, turning to the jury, said, 'These, gentlemen of the jury, were the circumstances under which the prisoner at the bar committed this awful deed, and this' (here he reached into his desk for the club, which he had placed in readiness) 'the weapon used in its commission' (holding up to the astonished gaze of the assembled multitude the *bottle, duly labeled*)! The jury immediately exploded in the box, and the court-room resounded with the roars of the audience. The lawyer subsided with the murderous weapon in his red right hand."

THIS is a perfect copy of a notice taken down from a store-door in Maryland, and sent to the Drawer:  
1850 NOTIESTE

A Houses and lote for rente or Saile kan b Baughtn or Rnted loe lfe Enney on wishes to Rente or Buy kall and see me

August 5

THE following specimen of swearing actually occurred in a Sandwich Island Police-court:

"The Road Supervisor had employed a genuine Dutchman, by the name of Kaiser, to oversee the work on the road. One of the men under him refused to work properly, and was brought up before the Police Justice for the offense; when, to the astonishment of all, but more especially of Kaiser, he plead not guilty, and affirmed that he had worked hard and faithfully from morning till night. Kaiser being sworn as a witness, gave the following energetic testimony:

"'Dat feller dere,' pointing to the defendant, 'come this morning, but he don't work one tam stroke, and what he says is a tam good-for-nothing lie, and I swears to it!'

"While the Court, Sheriff, and all present were convulsed with laughter, Kaiser indignantly took his hat and left, remarking that he had done his duty, and couldn't see what all hands were laughing at."

SCENE at an eating station on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad:

An Eastern gentleman, not accustomed to the "roughing it," as it is usually termed out West, sits down to dinner, and was very particular in having

plates changed for dessert. Not having them returned, he helped himself to a plate near by, and repeatedly asked the landlady for knife and fork. To her inquiry what he would have for dinner, he replied that he had eaten, but wanted a knife and fork. To his utter astonishment, and the company present, she cried out, in a voice not unlike that of a miniature steam-engine:

"Wa'al, neow, stranger! you aire the fust man I ever did seed who aite his dinner without nary nife or fork! Whar was you brot up, say?"

"I HAVE just returned from Court, where the case *Berry vs. White* was on trial. A small, sturdy young Irishman, with a quiet and decorous manner, never a smile on his face, a red shirt on his back, and just enough brogue in his voice to give a fruity bouquet to his speech, is called to the stand and sworn.

"Q. 'Did you haul some ship-knees for Mr. Berry, in the winter of '58, from Jones's Bridge?'

"A. 'I did, Sir.'

"Q. 'Well, go on and relate the whole transaction.'

"A. 'Indeed, Sir, that's about all I know about it; for I was drunk through the whole campaign.'

"Q. 'Who hired you?'

"A. 'Mr. Oakes.'

"Q. 'Didn't you tell Mr. White this morning that Mr. Morrison hired you?'

"A. 'Yes; but I am on oath now, and I wasn't then.'

"Q. 'Do you mean to say you told Mr. White a deliberate falsehood?'

"A. (*promptly*). 'Yes, Sir.'

"Q. 'Go on, then, and tell all that occurred between you and Oakes, and what you did.'

"A. 'I met Oakes, and he asked me would I haul some knees. I told him I would. So I takes my horses, and drives up to Brown's, and gets a jug of gin, and that's the last I recollect.'

"Q. 'Will you say you had no conversation with Morrison?'

"A. 'Not any, Sir.'

"Q. 'None at all?'

"A. (*after reflection*). 'I believe, Sir, I did.'

"Q. (*sternly, and preparing pen and paper*). 'Now, Sir, repeat every word of that conversation.'

"A. (*cautiously, and scratching his head*). 'I was driving along, and I seen Morrison at a distance, and I hollered to him, and says I, "Morrison, come here and get some rum!" That's all.'

"JUDGE (*with indignation*). 'Leave the stand, young man.'

"WITNESS (*respectfully*). 'Thank you, Sir.'

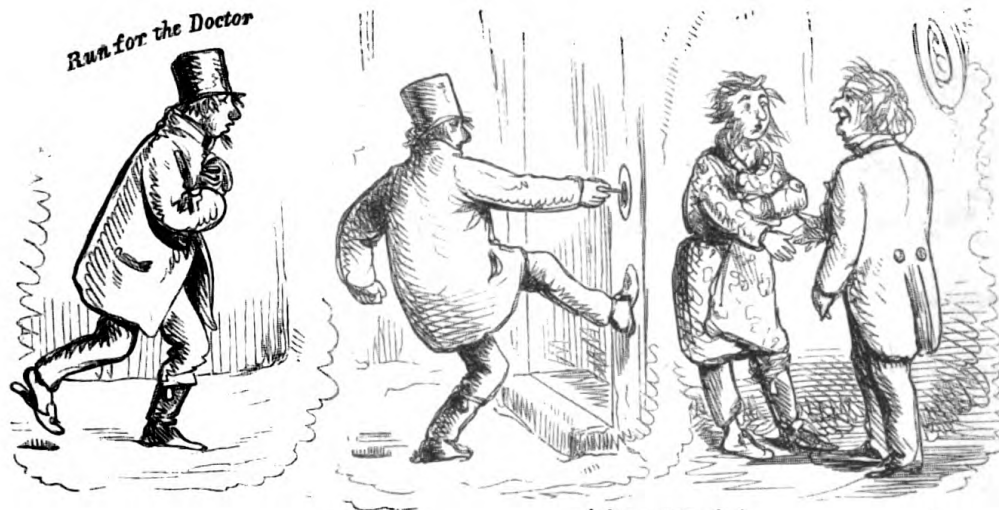
THE next comes from a correspondent in Monroe, Louisiana:

"Some years ago a game of poker was being played in this place. Jim C— was in it, and during the game contrived to steal the four aces and lay them on his knee to be played at the proper time. The player who sat next him saw the move, and slipping the aces from their hiding-place, put four other cards in their stead. When Jim's turn came to deal he called on all hands to go blind. 'I'll go over all of you.' When all were in deep enough to suit him he reached for his aces, and brought up something else. Throwing his cards on the table, in a tone of indignation he exclaimed:

"'Gentlemen, I can't play in this game. There's cheating going on!'"



# Little Daughter.

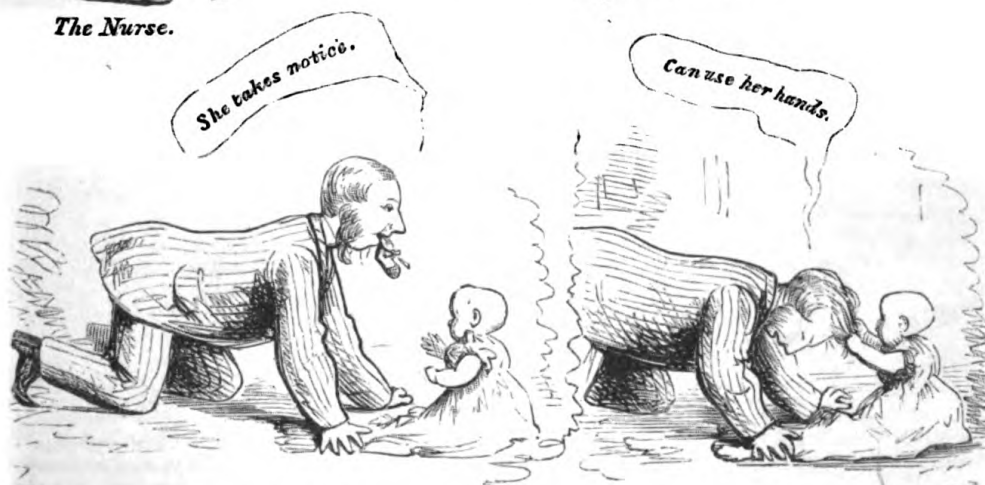


*A fine girl sir!*



*Eight wounds!!!*

*The Nurse.*



Vol. XXII.—No. 129.—DD\*

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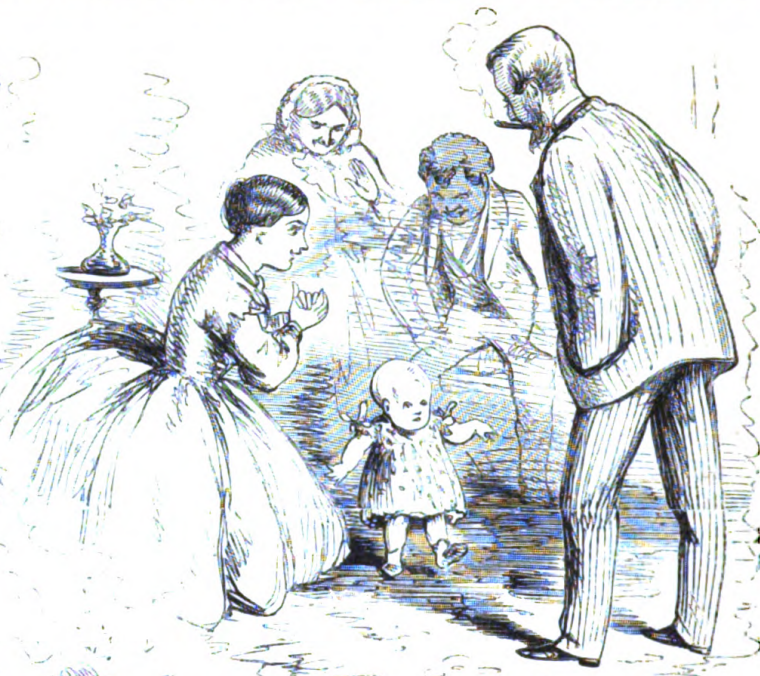
Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



6 Balls



A few of her treasures.



The wonderful being walks.



A few more treasures.



At work.



At Play.



Papa wake up.



# Fashions for February.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*

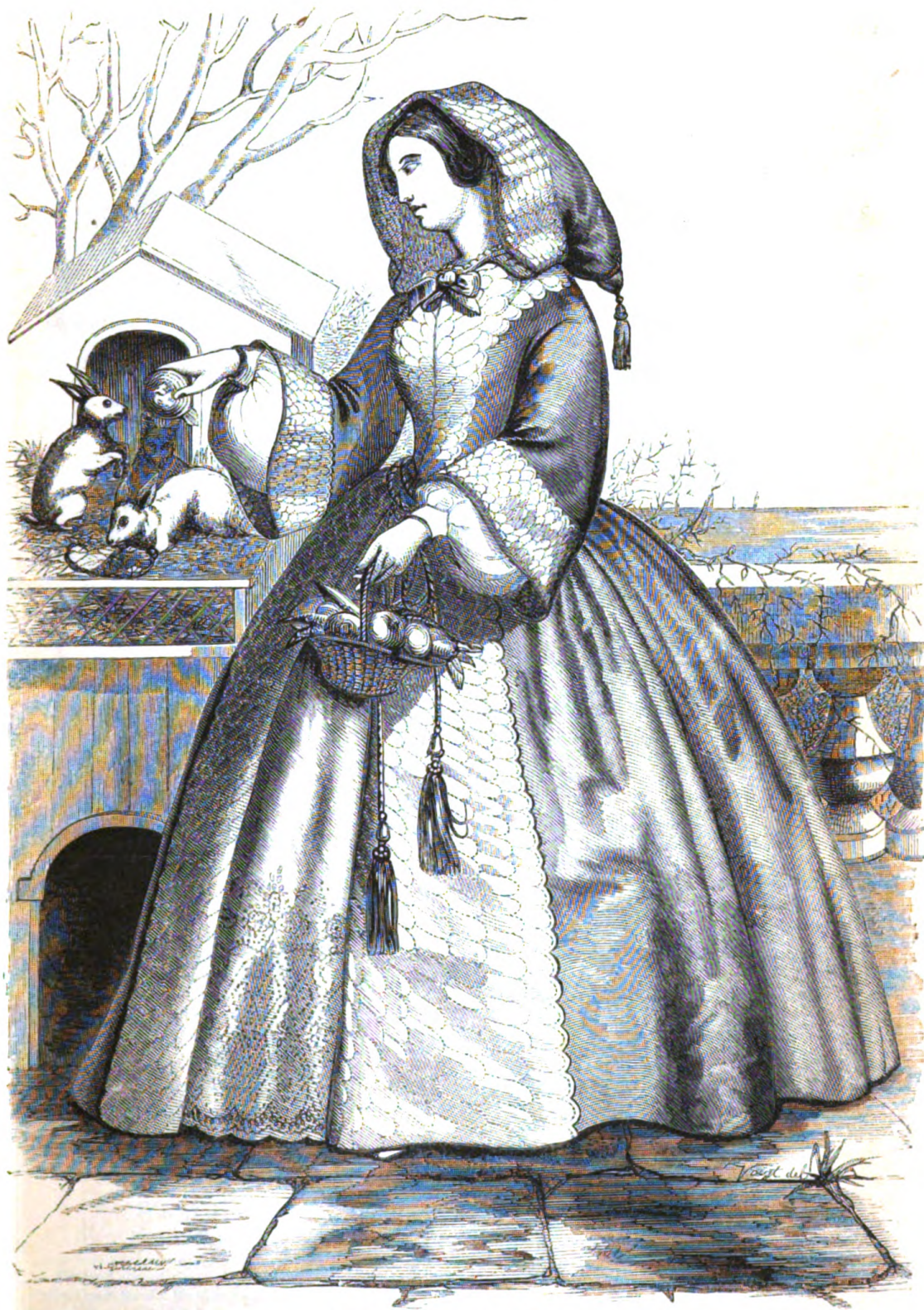


FIGURE 1.—MORNING NEGLIGEE.

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



**THE MORNING NEGLIGEE** is adapted for almost any fabric. Those which are woven with a suitable pattern are preferable. If of merino, the facings will be of taffeta. Its distinguishing feature is the Capuchin, which, like other hoods, falls down the back when reversed.

The **UNDER-SLEEVE** is of tulle, with ranges of silk ribbons running through the puffings of tulle, set on in rows.

The **BOY'S COSTUME** is of merino, with gold cord embroidery and black velvet ornaments. The apparent vest is ornamented to match.

The **INFANT'S ROBE** is of merino, with ruches of taffeta ribbons.

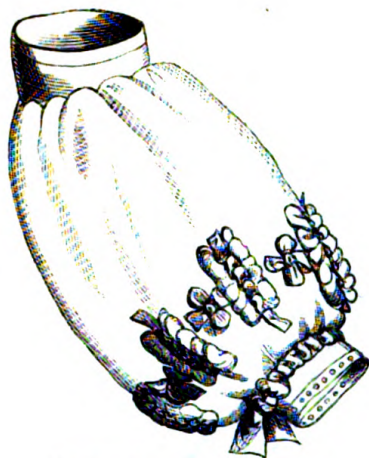


FIGURE 2.—UNDER-SLEEVE.



FIGURE 3.—BOY'S COSTUME.

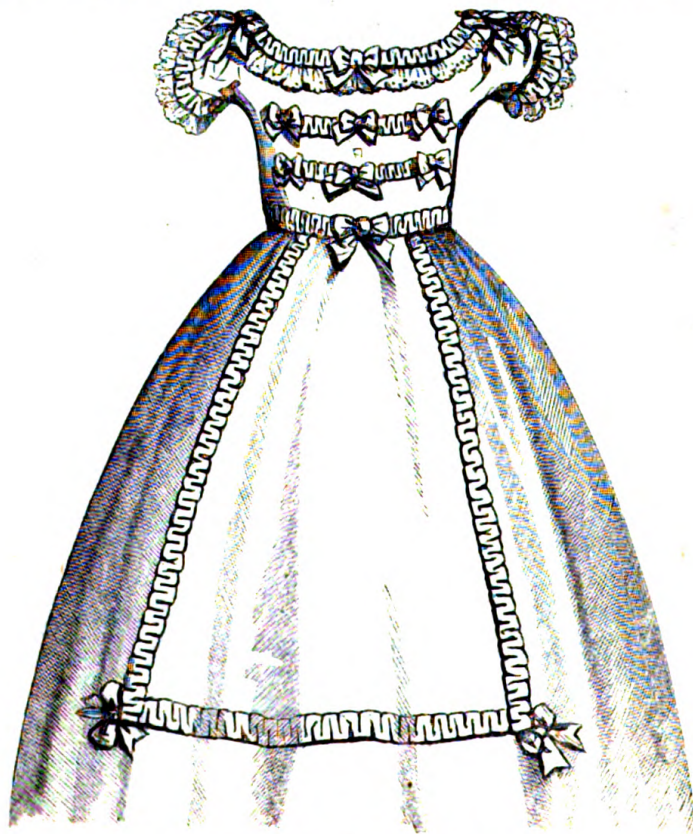


FIGURE 4.—INFANT'S ROBE.

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXX.—MARCH, 1861.—VOL. XXII.



MY boy left me just twelve years ago—  
'Twas the black year of famine, of sickness, and woe,  
When the crops died out, and the people died too,  
And the land into one great grave-yard grew;

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

And our neighbors' faces were as white and thin  
 As the face of the moon when she first comes in;  
 And honest men's hearts were rotten with blight,  
 And they thieved and prowled like the wolves at night;  
 When the whole land was dark as dark could be—  
 'Twas then that Donal, my boy, left me.

We were turned from our farm where we'd lived so long,  
 For we couldn't pay the rent, and the law was strong;  
 From our low meadow lands, and flax fields blue,  
 And the handsome green hill where the yellow furze grew,  
 And the honest old cow that each evening would stand  
 At the little gate lowing to be milked by my hand;  
 And the small patch of garden at the end of the lawn  
 Where Donal grew sweet flowers for his Colleen Bawn;  
 But Donal and I had to leave all these,  
 I to live with father and he to cross the seas.

For Donal was as proud as any king's son,  
 And swore he'd not stand by and see such wrongs done,  
 But would seek a fortune out in the wide, wide West,  
 Where the honest can find labor and the weary rest;  
 And as soon as he was able why then he'd send for me  
 To rest my poor old head in his home across the sea:  
 And then his young face flushed like a June sky at dawn,  
 As he said that he was thinking how his Colleen Bawn  
 Could come along to help me to keep the house straight,  
 For he knew how much she loved him, and she'd promised him to wait.

I think I see him now, as he stood one blessed day,  
 With his pale smiling face upon the Limerick Quay,  
 And I lying on his breast, with his long curly hair  
 Blowing all about my shoulders as if to keep me there;  
 And the quivering of his lip, that he tried to keep so proud—  
 Not because of his old mother, but the idle curious crowd—  
 Then the hoisting of the anchor, and the flapping of the sail,  
 And the stopping of my heart when the wild Irish wail  
 From the mothers and the children, and the kinsfolk on the quay  
 Told me plainer than all words that my darling was away.

Ten years went dragging by, and I heard but now and then—  
 For my Donal, though a brave boy, was no scholar with the pen;  
 But he sent me kindly words, and bade me not despair,  
 And sometimes sent me money, perhaps more than he could spare;  
 So I waited and I prayed until it came to pass  
 That Father Pat he wanted me one Sunday after mass,  
 When I went, a little fearsome, to the back vestry-room,  
 Where his reverence sat a-smiling like a sun-flower in the gloom,  
 And then he up and told me—God bless him!—that my boy  
 Had sent to bring me over, and I nearly died for joy.

All day I was half-crazed as I wandered through the house;  
 The dropping of the sycamore seeds, or the scramble of a mouse  
 Thrilled through me like a gun-shot; I durst not look behind,  
 For the pale face of my darling was always in my mind.  
 The pale face so sorrowful, the eyes so large and dark,  
 And soft shining as the deers' are in young Lord Massy's park;  
 And the long chestnut hair blown loosely by the wind,  
 All this seemed at my shoulder, and I dare not look behind,



But I said in my own heart, it is but the second sight  
Of the day when I shall kiss him all beautiful and bright.

Then I made my box ready to go across the sea,  
My boy had sent a ticket, so my passage it was free,  
But all the time I longed that some little gift I had  
To take across the ocean to my own dear lad;  
A pin, or a chain, or something of the kind,  
Just to 'mind the poor boy of the land he'd left behind.  
But I was too poor to buy them, so I'd nothing left to do  
But to go to the old farm, the homestead that he knew;  
To the handsome green hill where my Donal used to play,  
And cut a sod of shamrock for the exile far away.

All through the voyage I nursed it, and watered it each day,  
And kept its green leaves sheltered from the salt-sea spray,  
And I'd bring it upon deck when the sun was shining fair,  
To watch its triple leaflets opening slowly in the air.  
At first the sailors laughed at my little sod of grass,  
But when they knew my object they gently let me pass;



"AND THE LADIES IN THE CABIN WERE VERY KIND TO ME;  
THEY MADE ME TELL THE STORY OF MY BOY ACROSS THE SEA."

And the ladies in the cabin were very kind to me;  
 They made me tell the story of my boy across the sea:  
 So I told them of my Donal, and his fair manly face,  
 'Till bare speaking of my darling made a sunshine in the place.

We landed at the Battery in New York's big bay,  
 The sun was shining grandly and the wharves looked gay.  
 But I could see no sunshine nor beauty in the place,  
 What I only cared to look on was Donal's sweet face;  
 But in all the great crowd, and I turned every where,  
 I could not see a sign of him—my darling was not there;  
 I asked the men around me to go and find my son,  
 But they only stared or laughed, and left me one by one,  
 'Till at last an old countryman came up to me and said—  
 How could I live to hear it?—that Donal was dead!

The shamrock sod is growing on Greenwood's hill-side.  
 It grows above the heart of my darling and my pride;  
 And on summer days I sit by the head-stone all day,  
 With my heart growing old and my head growing gray,  
 And I watch the dead leaves whirl from the sycamore-trees,  
 And wonder why it is that I can't die like these;  
 But I think that this same winter, and from my heart I hope,  
 I'll be lying nice and quiet upon Greenwood's slope,  
 With my darling close beside me underneath the trickling dew,  
 And the shamrocks creeping pleasantly above us two.



"BUT I THINK THAT THIS SAME WINTER, AND FROM MY HEART I HOPE,  
 I'LL BE LYING NICE AND QUIET UPON GREENWOOD'S SLOPE."





countries; and if so great a misfortune as a third war between England and America should ever occur, it would be the scene of some of the most sanguinary battles the world has ever seen. The importance of this water belt, in a commercial point of view, may be seen in the fleets that cover it and the vast amount of wealth that floats on its bosom.

The French early saw that the Detroit River was a miniature Straits of Gibraltar to all the water that lay beyond, and, as far back as 1701, established there its most important western station. It was composed of a military colony, extending for twelve or sixteen miles up and down the west bank of the river, in the centre of which stood the fort, a quadrilateral structure embracing about a hundred houses. Numerous white dwellings lay scattered along the banks, each surrounded with a picket-fence, while orchards and gardens and outhouses exhibited the thrift of the Canadian settlers. It altogether formed a beautiful and sunny opening to the gloomy wilderness; and to the trader and soldier, weary with their long marches and solitary bivouacs in the forest, it was ever a most welcome sight. Three large Indian villages were embraced in the limits of the settlement. A little below the fort, and on the same side of the river, were the lodges of the Pottawatamies; nearly opposite them those of the Wyandots; while two miles farther up lay sprinkled over the green meadows the wigwams of the Ottawas.

**T**HE elevated belt of inland seas which stretches from the St. Lawrence to the 10th parallel of west longitude has always formed one of the most striking and important features of this continent. At the outset, when an unbroken forest extended, in the southern section, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through which the settler must hew his difficult way with the axe, he could, by these great inland seas, penetrate to its very centre. The French, who claimed the Canadas by right of discovery, extended their explorations to Michilimackinac, and thence south to the mouth of the Mississippi. But the English colonies, pushing in from the Atlantic sea-board south of the St. Lawrence, forced them back, till the lakes and the river became the boundary-line between the two, and the scene of bloody conflicts. So in the Revolution a fiercer struggle took place along this belt of water. In the war of 1812 it became the great battle-ground between the two

The French and English struggled long and stubbornly for the control of the Western continent, but at last the decisive conflict came, when the Canadas were put up and battled for on the plains of Abraham. With the fall of Montcalm the French power was forever broken; and the



surrender of Montreal, which soon followed, virtually closed the war. The St. Lawrence and the lakes now being in possession of the English, nothing remained for the weak western posts but to submit quietly to their new masters.

The news of the overthrow of the colonial government had reached them, but having received no formal summons to surrender, they still kept the flag of France flying; and Captain Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, was sent with 200 Rangers, in fifteen whale-boats, to take possession of them. On the 7th of November he encamped on the present site of Cleveland—a point never before reached by British troops. Here a deputation of Indians met him, in the name of PONTIAC, the savage lord of this wilderness. Before night the chief himself arrived, and demanded the reason of Rogers's visit. The latter told him that the French had ceded all Canada to the British, who now had undisputed sway, and he was on his way to take possession of Detroit. Pontiac staid till morning, and in another interview with the Ranger professed a desire for peace. Rogers then kept on, and at length reached Detroit, over which the lilies of France were still waving. The British colors at once supplanted them, and the surrounding Canadians swore allegiance to the British crown.

The Indians, who had been on the most friendly terms with the French, soon had cause to regret their change of masters. The English always practiced a cruel policy toward the Indians, which soon showed its legitimate fruits among the tribes in the neighborhood of Detroit. There was one chief among them who held undisputed sway by the force of his genius and the loftiness of his character. Like Tecumseh and Red Jacket, he was one of those few savage monarchs that seemed made for a nobler destiny than to be the acknowledged leader of a few thousand naked barbarians. He saw, with great forecast of thought, the humiliation of the Indians if the British were allowed undisputed sway; for, with the French no longer as allies, he could not resist successfully their aggressions. He resolved, therefore, before the British got firmer foothold, to overwhelm them with savage forces, trusting to French aid to complete the work. So, in May, 1762, he sent messengers to the various surrounding tribes, summoning them to assemble for consultation on the banks of Ecorces River, a short distance from Detroit.

Pontiac was chief only of the Ottawas, though the other tribes acknowledged his authority. He was at this time about fifty years of age, and, though not above the middle height, bore himself with wonderful dignity. No monarch ever trod the floor of his palace with a haughtier step than did this swarthy chieftain the green sward where the council sat. His features were not regular, but there was a boldness and sternness in their expression which awed the beholder; and his dark eye had a strange fascination in its glances.

Detroit and its environs at this time presented

a picturesque appearance. The fort, with its little garrison of one hundred and twenty men, surrounded with palisades twenty-five feet high and a bastion at each corner, formed the central figure. The bright river, here only half a mile wide, flowed past it, almost washing its foundations. Above and below, fringing the stream as far as the eye could reach, gleamed the white farm-houses, rising from green orchards, while the pastures were alive with cattle. Within sight of the ramparts lay the villages of the Indians, their wigwams sprinkling the meadows, over which the listless warrior lounged, and the dusky maiden, shining in beads and vermilion, gayly tripped; while skinny, shriveled hags roamed along the outskirts of the forest, and troops of naked children rolled and shouted in the sun. The great solemn wilderness encompassed all, inclosing a scene of great contrasts—of great wildness and beauty combined. The red uniform of the soldier and the swarthy naked form of the savage; the sweet and stirring strains of the band, and the hoarse beat of the Indian's drum and his discordant yells; the rude wigwam with its dusky group beneath, and the neat farm-house with its well-set table; the stately schooner riding at anchor in the stream, and birch bark canoes glancing over the water; the smoke of the chimney and the smoke of the camp fire—all mingled together on this oasis in the wilderness in strange harmony.

The tribes responded to Pontiac's call. Soon the fierce Ojibwas and Wyandots assembled at the place of rendezvous, and took their seats upon the grass in a circle. For a long time not a word was spoken in the council. At last Pontiac strode into its midst, plumed and painted for war. Casting his fierce glance around on the waiting group, he commenced denouncing the English, and calling on the chiefs to arise in defense of their rights. His voice at times pealed like a bugle, and his gestures were sudden and violent. After arousing the chiefs by his eloquence he unfolded his plans.

He proposed that on the 2d of May they should visit the fort, under pretense of interchanging friendly and peaceful greetings; and then, when the garrison was suspecting no treachery, suddenly fall on them and massacre the whole. They all readily assented to his scheme.

Gladwyn, commander of the fort, had seen nothing to rouse his suspicions, and every thing betokened a quiet summer, until, just before this premeditated massacre, when a Canadian woman, who had visited the Ottawa village to buy some venison and maple sugar, reported that, as she was passing among the wigwams, she observed the warriors busily engaged in filing off their gun-barrels. A blacksmith, hearing of it, said that for some days the Indians had been borrowing files and saws of him, which struck him as very singular. This excited suspicion, and report was made to Gladwyn. He only laughed at the fears created by it; for nothing had occurred to break the harmony that had now lasted for nearly two years.

Among the Ojibwas was a young Indian girl, named Catharine, of rare beauty and exquisite form. Large, dark, and dreamy eyes lighted up her nut-brown complexion, revealing a loving and passionate nature, while her moccasined foot pressed the green sward light and gracefully as a young fawn's. Struck with her exquisite loveliness, Gladwyn had become enamored of her; and his passion being returned, she had become his mistress. The next day after the report of the woman was made this girl came into the fort bringing some elk-skin moccasins, which she had worked with porcupine quills, as a present for Gladwyn. He noticed that she looked pensive and sad; but made no remark upon it, and she left him without saying any thing to alarm his suspicions. She did not go away, however, but lingered outside the door as if unwilling to leave. A sentinel having watched her strange and apparently distressed manner for some time reported it to Gladwyn, hinting that he had better question her. Gladwyn called her in, and catching the earnest

expression of her eye, saw at once there was something more than common on her mind, and began to interrogate her. But she only shook her head and would make no answer. Her pertinacity and the melancholy manner in which she resisted his importunities convinced him that she held a secret of serious import, and he pressed her still more earnestly. At last her firmness gave way before his warm pleadings, and the loving heart triumphed over its fears. She no longer saw her angry tribe and the vengeful chieftains demanding her death as the betrayer of her race. She saw only the adored form of her lover before her, and her lips broke their painful silence.

Making him promise not to betray her secret, she told him that the Indians had sawed off their gun-barrels so that they could carry them concealed under their blankets; and Pontiac, with his chiefs thus armed, was about to visit the fort to hold a council. He would make a speech, and at its close present to Gladwyn a peace-belt of wampum. When he reversed it in his hands it was to be the signal for a general massacre of all but the Canadians. Gladwyn warmly thanked the trembling beauty for this proof of her devotion, and bade her return to the village and neither do nor say any thing to awaken suspi-



GLADWYN AND THE INDIAN GIRL.

The next morning a pouring rain set in, and continued all day; and the Indians did not make their appearance, though the garrison was kept under arms, and every preparation made to prevent a surprise. Toward evening it cleared up; the broken clouds drifted away before the brisk west wind, and the sun sunk in a blaze of glory behind the western forest, its last beams glancing on the British colors that fluttered from the flag-staff. Twilight soon deepened into the full shadows of night, and darkness fell on forest and stream. Gladwyn, whose fears had now become thoroughly aroused, would not retire to his quarters but walked the ramparts all night. The scene, the time, and the imminent danger combined to render him sad and thoughtful. War was evidently determined upon by Pontiac, and he was unprepared for it. He was there in the heart of the wilderness, far removed from succor, with only a hundred and twenty men in a fort presenting but feeble defenses to a determined foe. He contrasted the quiet scene before him with the aspect it would present in a few days. Now all was tranquil and serene. The river flowed by with a low monotonous sound, reflecting the stars in its bosom; and the great forest slept black and motionless against the sky. Before morning that stream might swarm with hostile boats, and



those silent woods resound with maddened yells and fierce shouts of vengeance. But the night passed on without disturbance, save now and then there arose the loud roll of the Indian drum in the distance, accompanied by bursts of yells as the Indians danced around their camp fires that reddened the heavens far and near with their glow.

When the welcome light of morning broke over the forest all was bustle and commotion within the fort. The sun rose bright and clear; but a heavy mist lay along the river, entirely shrouding it from view. At length the heavy folds began to move and lift, and finally parted and floated gracefully away on the morning air, revealing the water covered with bark canoes moving steadily across the river. Only two or three warriors appeared in each; the others lying flat on their faces on the bottom, to avoid being seen. Pontiac had ordered this to be done, so as not to awaken any suspicions in the garrison that his mission was not what he represented it to be—a peaceful one. He could not leave them behind, for he would need them in the approaching conflict. There was a large common behind the fort; this was soon filled with a crowd of Indians—squaws, children, and warriors mingled together—some naked, some dressed in fantastic costumes, or gaudily painted, and all apparently preparing for a game of ball. Pontiac slowly approached the fort, with sixty chiefs at his back, marching in Indian file. Each was wrapped to the chin in his blanket, underneath which, grasped with his right hand, lay concealed his trusty rifle. From the heads of some waved the hawk, the eagle, and raven plume. Others showed only the scalp-lock, while a few wore their hair naturally—the long dark locks hanging wildly about their malignant faces.

As Pontiac passed through the gate of the fort he uttered a low ejaculation of surprise. Well might he do so; for the unexpected sight that met his gaze would have startled a greater stoic even than he. Instead of beholding the garrison lulled into security, and entirely off its guard, he found himself between two lines of glittering steel, drawn up on each side of the gate to receive him. The houses of the traders and those employed by the garrison were all closed, and the occupants armed to the teeth, standing on guard upon the corners of the streets; while the tap of the drum, heard at intervals, told in language that Pontiac could not mistake that the garrison, which he expected to find careless and secure, was in a state of the keenest vigilance and apparent alarm. Casting a dark and moody glance around on these hostile preparations, he strode haughtily through the principal street of the place, and advanced direct to the council-house, followed by his chiefs.

Passing through the door, he saw Gladwyn and the other officers seated at the farther end, each with his sword by his side, and a brace of pistols in his belt. Pontiac's brow darkened at this additional proof that his treacherous and bloody plot had been discovered. Controlling

himself, however, by a strong effort he rallied; and addressing Gladwyn said, in a somewhat reproachful tone, "Why do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the streets with their guns?" Gladwyn replied carelessly that he had just been drilling them to keep up proper discipline. Pontiac knew this to be false; but he could not do otherwise than appear to believe it, and the chiefs sat down. Pontiac then arose and began his address—holding in the mean time the fatal wampum belt in his hand. Gladwyn paid indifferent attention to his speech, but kept his eye glued to that belt of wampum: for when the deadly signal should be given, no time must be lost. Pontiac spoke with all that plausibility and deep dissimulation so characteristic of the Indian when plotting treachery. His mind was evidently divided between the speech he was making and the course which, under this unexpected aspect of affairs, he ought to pursue. He could not tell whether rumors of his treachery had reached the fort, causing the garrison to be suspicious and watchful, or whether his entire plot, in all its details—even to the signal of attack—was known; and his countenance wore a disturbed, doubtful expression. Beyond the wrathful gleam of his fierce eye there was a troubled look, revealing the intense working of his fierce soul under all that calm exterior. He had read the human countenance too long and carefully not to see that the faces of the soldiers wore not so much an expression of anxiety and suspicion as of calm, grim determination—of certain knowledge and a fixed purpose. Still the thought of abandoning his plan entirely roused all the deep passions of his savage nature; and before he did this, he determined to test the accuracy of Gladwyn's knowledge to the uttermost.

At length his speech was finished, and he paused a moment irresolute. The profoundest silence followed—so deep and awful that the suppressed breathing of the excited actors in this strange scene could be distinctly heard. Gladwyn, who knew that the decisive moment had come, never for an instant turned his eye from that suspended belt of wampum. A single movement, and the wild war-whoop would burst on the startled ear, and the clash of weapons and the fierce death-grapple come. Never was there a scene of more thrilling, absorbing interest. There stood Pontiac—motionless, silent—the arm half extended, on which were fixed the glaring eyes of his chiefs, while the officers before him sat with compressed lips and bent brows, sternly awaiting the next movement.

Pontiac slowly reached forth his hand, and began to reverse the wampum. Gladwyn saw it, and, quick as lightning, made a slight rapid gesture—a signal before agreed upon. In an instant every hand sought the sword hilt, and the quick clank of arms through the open door smote ominously on the ear. The next moment the rolling sound of the drum, beating the charge, echoed afar through the streets. The effect was electrical. Pontiac paused, confounded. He





COUNCIL BETWEEN PONTIAC AND GLADWYN.

now knew that his dark plot had been discovered. The look of baffled rage and undying hate which he threw around him was followed by an uncertain, disturbed look. He dared not make the signal agreed upon, for a girdle of steel surrounded him. The lion was caged; the haughty lord of the forest caught in his own trap. But beating back his swelling rage, smothering with a strong effort the fires ready to burst into conflagration, he resumed his composure, and sat down. Gladwyn rose to reply. Indulging in no suspicions, he received the belt of wampum as if it had been offered in the true spirit of conciliation and kindness. Pontiac was compelled to swallow his fierce passions, and listen calmly—nay, outwardly with meekness—to the hypocritical harangue. The farce was the more striking for its being the finale of such an intended tragedy. These two men, burning with hatred against each other, yet wearing the outward guise

of friendship, and expressing mutual trust and confidence—while such an unsprung mine of death and slaughter lay at their feet—presented a scene not soon to be forgotten by the spectators. At length the council broke up; and Pontiac, casting haughty and fierce glances on the ranks as he passed out, strode through the gate of the fort, and returned, silent and moody, to his wigwam.

Determined not to be baffled so, he next morning returned to the fort, with but three chiefs, to smoke the calumet of peace, and another farce was enacted, in which each endeavored to outdo the other in dissimulation.

To keep up this show of friendly relations, Pontiac, after the interview was over, retired to the field, and calling his young warriors together, had one of their wild, grotesque, indescribable games of ball. The next Monday, early in the morning, the garrison found the common



behind the fort thronged with the Indians of four tribes. Soon after Pontiac was seen advancing toward the fort accompanied by his chiefs. Arriving at the gate, he demanded admittance. Gladwyn replied that he might enter alone, but that none of his riotous crew should accompany him. Pontiac, in a rage, turned away, and repeated Gladwyn's reply to the Indians, who lay hidden in the grass. In an instant the field was in an uproar. They leaped up, yelling and shouting; and finding nothing else to wreak their vengeance upon, went to the house of an old English woman, and dragging her forth, murdered her. They also mangled and butchered a man by the name of Fisher. Pontiac, scorning such mean revenge, hastened to the shore, and launching his boat, sprang in, and turned its prow up the stream. With strong and steady strokes he urged it against the current till he came opposite the village of his tribe, when he halted, and shouted

to the women to immediately remove to the other side of the river from that on which the fort stood. They instantly obeyed; and huts were pulled down and dragged with all their utensils to the shore. Pontiac then retired to his cabin, and spent the day pondering future schemes of revenge. By night the removal was effected; and the warriors having returned from the fort, all were assembled on the grass. Suddenly Pontiac, in full war costume, and swinging his tomahawk above his head, leaped into their midst, and began a fierce and exciting harangue. When he had closed a deep murmur of assent followed, and open war was resolved upon.

Gladwyn, now thoroughly alive to the danger that threatened him, kept the garrison under arms all night. Toward dawn the air was suddenly filled with yells, and the next moment the fort and surrounding landscape were lit up by the flash of muskets. The bullets struck the palisades like hail, and it was one incessant scatter-



PONTIAC IN COUNCIL.

ing fire from the unseen foe. At length the sun rose over the wilderness; but the light failed to reveal the lurking assailants. The garrison expected every moment to see their dusky forms pour in one fierce torrent over the frail works. But the Indians could not make up their minds to come in such close and deadly conflict with the soldiers, fully prepared to receive them. They lay hid in the grass and hollows, behind bushes, fences, and barns, while all along a low ridge were incessant puffs of smoke from the invisible foe.

Within close shot of the fort stood a cluster of outbuildings, behind which the Indians collected in great numbers, and picked off every man that dared show his head or expose a limb. The fire was especially galling from this spot. Finding it impossible to dislodge the savages with grape-shot, Gladwyn ordered a quantity of spikes to be heated and fired instead. These were thrown red-hot in handfuls down the cannon, and hurled into the outbuildings. The heated metal lodging in the beams and boards set them on fire. Igniting in so many different parts simultaneously, the smoke had scarcely begun to ascend before they were wrapped in conflagration, the flames hissing and roaring through the entire mass with incredible velocity. The Indians, driven out by the heat, broke cover, and ran, leaping and yelling, over the fields, in such grotesque terror that the garrison burst into loud and derisive laughter.

This random, scattering fire was kept up for six hours, when the Indians withdrew. Gladwyn immediately sent La Butte, an interpreter, to Pontiac to demand the reason of this attack. The chieftain received him kindly, but said he wished to consult with the English fathers, meaning the officers. Major Campbell, second in command, proposed to go, accompanied by Lieutenant M'Dougal. Many suspected treachery, and advised them not to trust themselves in the hands of the Indians. They, however, persisted. The moment their red uniforms were seen in the distance the savages set up loud yells, brandishing sticks and assuming hostile attitudes, while the dogs swelled the clamor with their furious barking. Pontiac calmed the tumult, received them courteously, and called a council in one of the lodges. Campbell made a conciliatory speech, to which Pontiac deigned no reply whatever; and they sat there a whole hour in dead silence. This was ominous, and feeling ill at ease, Campbell arose to return to the fort; but Pontiac stopped him, and retained both him and the lieutenant as prisoners. They never saw the fort again.

On the 12th of May the Indians again surrounded the place, and laid regular siege to it, investing it night and day, evidently with the determination of starving the garrison out. Not a head could expose itself at a loophole or above the parapets but it instantly became the target of a hundred guns. The garrison were now kept constantly on the alert. No one took off his clothes, or snatched a moment's repose except

with his weapons by his side. They gradually cleared away by bold sallies all the outbuildings, fences, and orchards in the vicinity of the fort, which furnished a covering to their assailants, so that the cannon could sweep the entire space. In the mean time two schooners that lay in the river brought their broadsides to bear, so as to sweep the northern and southern curtains, thus relieving the feeble garrison from the care of those two sides. The Indians, by crawling through the grass, endeavored to set the thatched roofs of the houses on fire with burning tow; but Gladwyn, anticipating this, had provided tanks and cisterns, so that the fire was extinguished as fast as it caught.

While these events, possessing such fearful interest to the beleaguered garrison, were transpiring, the advancing spring had come in all its glory. The sparkling meadows had put on their robes of richest green; the bending tree-tops swayed to the passing breeze; the forest spread its sea of verdure far as the eye could reach; flowers dotted the winding river banks; the birds filled the air with their melody; and all nature seemed rejoicing in its own beauty and brightness.

The Canadian settlers were unmolested by the Indians, and continued their peaceful pursuits. The farmer drove his team afield; the herds roamed the pastures, or reclined under the trees, untroubled by the conflict raging so near them. It was a sweet, lovely spot in the bosom of the wilderness.

But what a contrast did that little fort present! Provisions were getting low; grease, tallow, and every thing that could support life, was hoarded with scrupulous care, and distributed in parsimonious morsels. The streets were deserted and silent, for the soldiers lived on the ramparts. Occasionally a lazy Canadian, or weary sentinel, or an Indian girl in her gaudy trappings—mistress of some officer—would saunter along, breaking the otherwise sad monotony of the scene.

At this time Gladwyn heard that a detachment with provisions was on its way to Detroit. He immediately dispatched the smallest of the two schooners to hasten up the convoy. The Indians kept up their scourging fire every day, compelling the garrison to incessant watchfulness, which at length began to tell fearfully upon them. The news of the approaching convoy kept up their courage; and day after day the weary eye was strained along the river to catch the first sight of its coming. With the light of every morning many an anxious watcher turned his gaze down the river, and looked till the fading twilight shut out the view. But not a word could be heard from the convoy, or the schooner sent to hasten its advance. As the time passed by for its appearance the gravest fears began to be entertained for its safety, and men looked sadly in each other's faces.

At length one morning, the 30th of May, a shout was heard from the sentinel on the east bastion, announcing that the convoy was in sight.

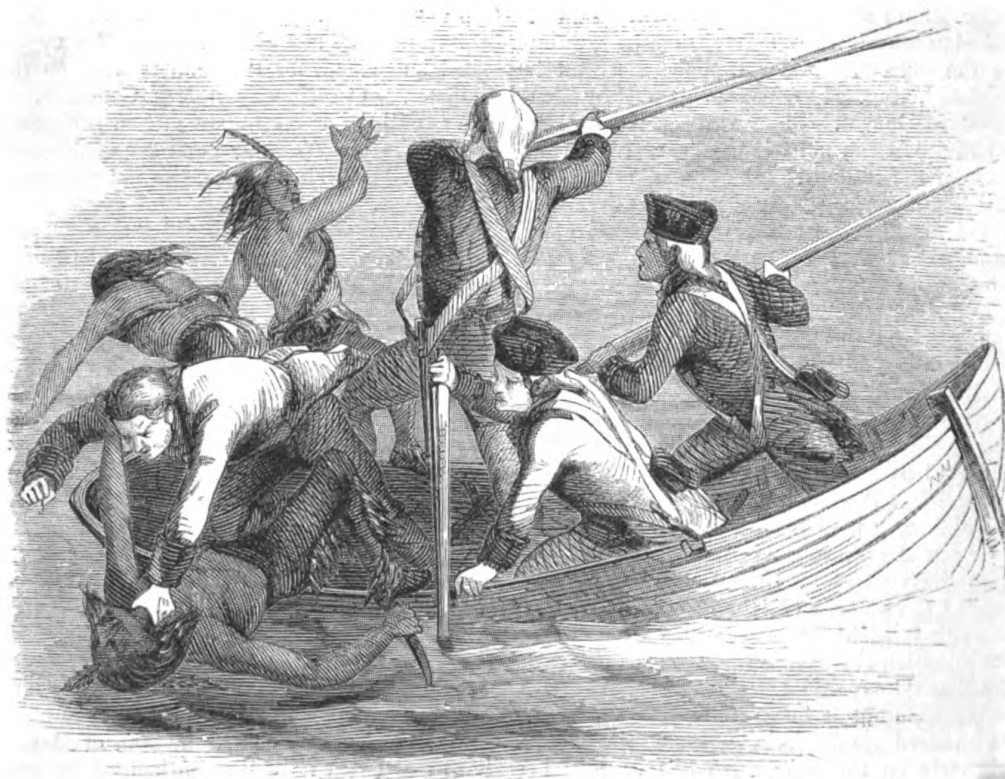


The news spread like wild-fire through the garrison. Soldiers rushed out of the gate that was protected by the guns of the schooner, and, crowding the banks of the river, saw with unbounded delight, far away, around a distant point, the fleet of boats slowly sweeping into view—the oars flashing in the sun, and the English flag fluttering in the morning breeze. Every heart bounded with excitement and joy, and three rousing cheers were sent over the water; while the guns fired a salute, shaking the banks with their stern welcome. But no answering cheers came back; and the fleet kept on in dead silence. Suddenly swarthy figures arose in the boats, and, with wild gestures, sent back savage yells in response to the cheers. The soldiers looked on each other in blank dismay and silent terror. The fearful tidings needed no lips to give them utterance. Those yells and wild gestures told the whole melancholy story. The effect on the overtaken garrison was frightful. From the very summit of hope and joy they had fallen, without a moment's warning, to the lowest abyss of despair. Gloomy and sad, they watched the approach of the boats—eighteen in number—till the occupants could be distinctly seen.

They were filled with Indians, in the midst of whom were placed English soldiers as rowers. In the leading boat were four soldiers and only three Indians. As this drew near the schooner one of the soldiers determined to make an attempt to escape. He made known his plans to his companions; and under the pretense of changing place with one of the oarsmen, sud-

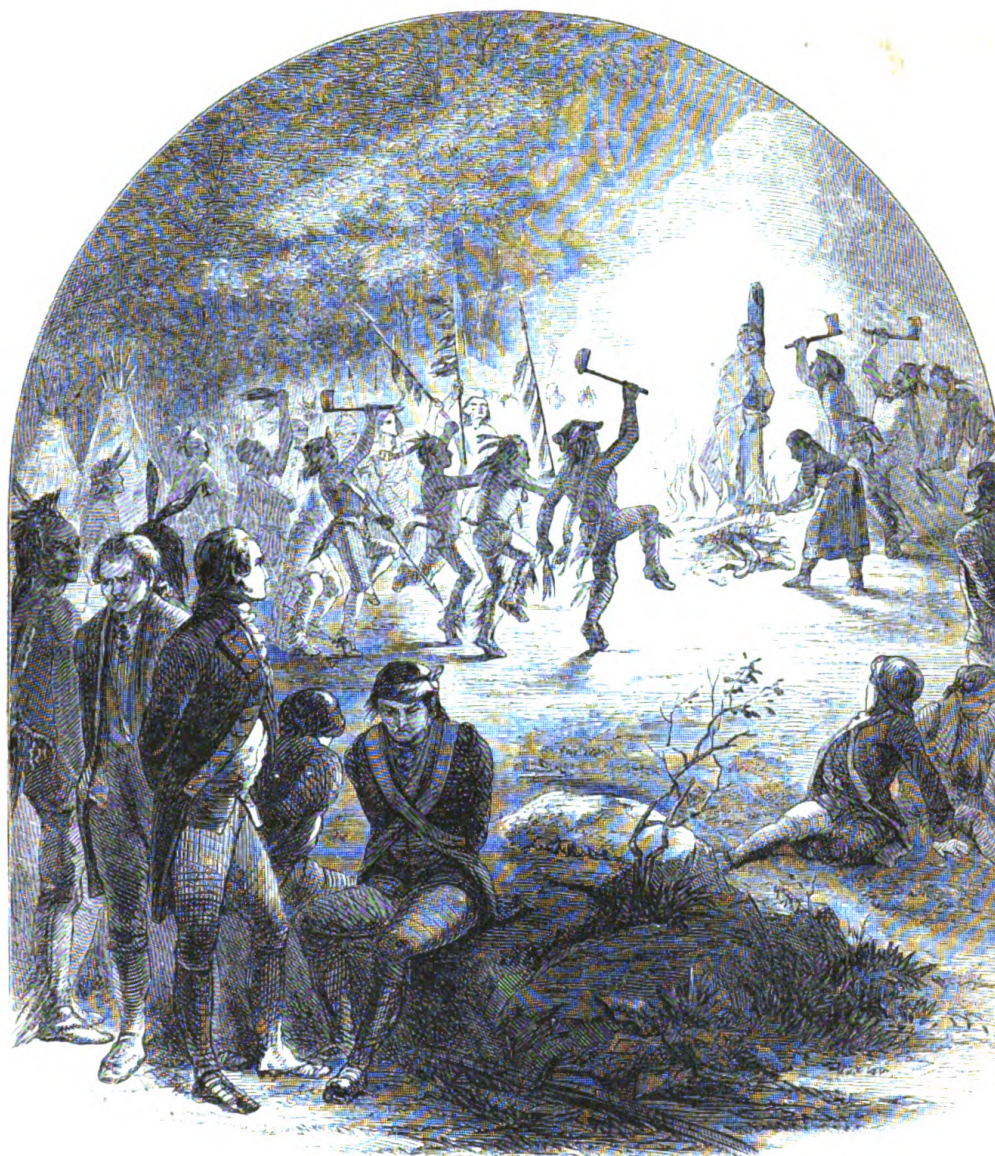
denly threw himself on the most powerful of the three Indians, and leaped overboard. The savage, taken off his guard, was easily overturned; but, with the quickness of his race, he seized the soldier as he was going under, and plunged his knife into his side. Then followed a fearful struggle. Both were powerful men, and they rolled over and over, the Indian locked in an embrace that only death could sunder. They came again and again to the surface. Sometimes the dripping scalp-lock and distorted, fiendish face of the savage uppermost, and then the pale, resolute countenance of the soldier gleaming a moment above the surface and as quickly disappearing in the boiling water. At last they sunk together, and the eddying stream closed smoothly above them. The two remaining Indians, frightened at the onset that had precipitated their companion overboard, leaped into the river, and swam for the shore. The soldiers then turned and pulled for the schooner. Some Indians, seeing this, put off in their light canoes, and gave chase, firing as they approached, and wounding one of the soldiers. The others could make but slow headway with their heavy boat, and their pursuers rapidly gained on them. At length the schooner got her guns to bear, and a round shot, skimming close to the English boat and plowing up the water among the light canoes of the Indians, sent them in consternation to the shore.

The convoy had been captured while making a landing on Lake Erie. The Indians, seeing the boats approach the shore, lay in ambush, and falling on the troops while in confusion on



ESCAPE OF THE PRISONERS.





TORTURE OF THE PRISONERS.

the beach, took prisoners or killed more than two-thirds of the whole. The commander and forty others succeeded in making their escape, and finally reached Niagara—the first to announce the fearful fate that had overtaken the detachment. The Indians had brought with them over ninety prisoners to meet a more terrible doom than the one which had befallen their comrades who perished in the fight.

With their appetite for blood whetted by their long abortive attempts to capture the fort, the Indians entered on the massacre of these men with unusual relish and refinement of cruelty that was fiendish. Some were compelled to run the gauntlet—slashed at every step by knives in the hands of women, till they were literally hacked to pieces. Others were roasted before a slow fire; while others still were chopped up piece-meal. This barbarous mutilation and pro-

tracted torture were not the work of one or two days; and the survivors were compelled to witness agonies which they knew must soon be their own. The morning and evening gun of the fort broke sadly on their ears, reminding them of friends and home; but no succor could reach them, and they one after another fell under the fagot and knife of the savage. Those in the garrison could hear the yells of the savages, and knew what they betokened, but could make no attempt at a rescue. Day after day the stream was cumbered with the charred and mutilated corpses, with dissevered heads and limbs; and as they came floating past the fort and the schooners at anchor abreast of it—the “fish nibbling at the clotted blood of faces and limbs”—many turned away weeping from the sad spectacle; while gloomy forebodings filled all hearts, for it told what their own fate would be should famine

compel them to surrender, or a successful surprise place the fort in the hands of the savages. But the stern-hearted looked on with flashing eyes and clenched teeth, while deep and fearful oaths were sworn to avenge their slaughtered comrades. All cursed the hour that Pontiac was allowed to leave the fort with his chieftains after his murderous purpose was known.

The clouds were now gathering dark and threatening around the brave little garrison, but a gloomier prospect awaited it. Shortly after this terrible overthrow of their hopes of relief a party of savages appeared, toward evening, in the pastures behind the fort, with scalps elevated on poles. They were the scalps of the garrison at Sandusky, which had fallen into the hands of the Indians.

A few days later word was brought in by some Canadians that the warlike Ojibwas had joined Pontiac, swelling the number of his warriors to eight hundred and twenty. These, with their squaws and children, amounted to three thousand, scattered about and encamped in the meadows.

The odds were heavy against the garrison, as their prospects of relief were growing less every day; but the gallant officer in command surveyed the danger that surrounded him with a cool courage, and determined that the flag floating above him should never be struck while there was one arm left to wield a sword. Meanwhile the disastrous news kept arriving of the fall of one post after another, till Detroit alone remained in the hands of the English. The Cross of St. George had disappeared from the Western waters, and the only symbol of England's power beyond Lake Erie was the solitary flag that still, morning and evening, was reflected in the stream that flowed by Detroit. One hundred and twenty men, grouped beneath it, stood sole representatives of her dominions throughout that vast territory.

At length, on the 19th of June, a rumor reached the fort that the schooner *Gladwyn*, that had been dispatched to hasten up the ill-fated convoy, was on its way back, bringing with it the survivors. She had nearly arrived in sight of the garrison when the wind failed, and she dropped down stream. Before her approach could be seen from the fort, she would be compelled to pass a narrow part of the channel, where eight hundred Indians were lying in ambush to attack her. The garrison, knowing that those on board could not be aware of the premeditated attack, were kept in a state of intense anxiety and painful suspense. The sentinels on watch turned their eye incessantly down the river, hoping to catch a glimpse of the white canvas as it drifted around the distant point; but in vain. Morning dawned, and night came, and still naught but the fish-hawk, lazily wheeling above the tranquil stream, met the anxious gaze.

Thus day after day passed by without any appearance of the vessel, or any report of her fate. So long a time had passed since she was seen

only a few miles below, that the garrison would have given up all hope of ever seeing her, believing she had shared the fate of the convoy, had it not been that the weather had continued unusually calm. They knew the schooner would not attempt to stem the current in that narrow channel without a favorable wind; and there had been none since the first announcement of her arrival. Day after day the stream lay like glass shimmering in the sun. The morning brought no breeze strong enough to ripple the surface of the river, and the deep red sun went down each night in the fiery west, leaving forest and stream calm and slumberous as before.

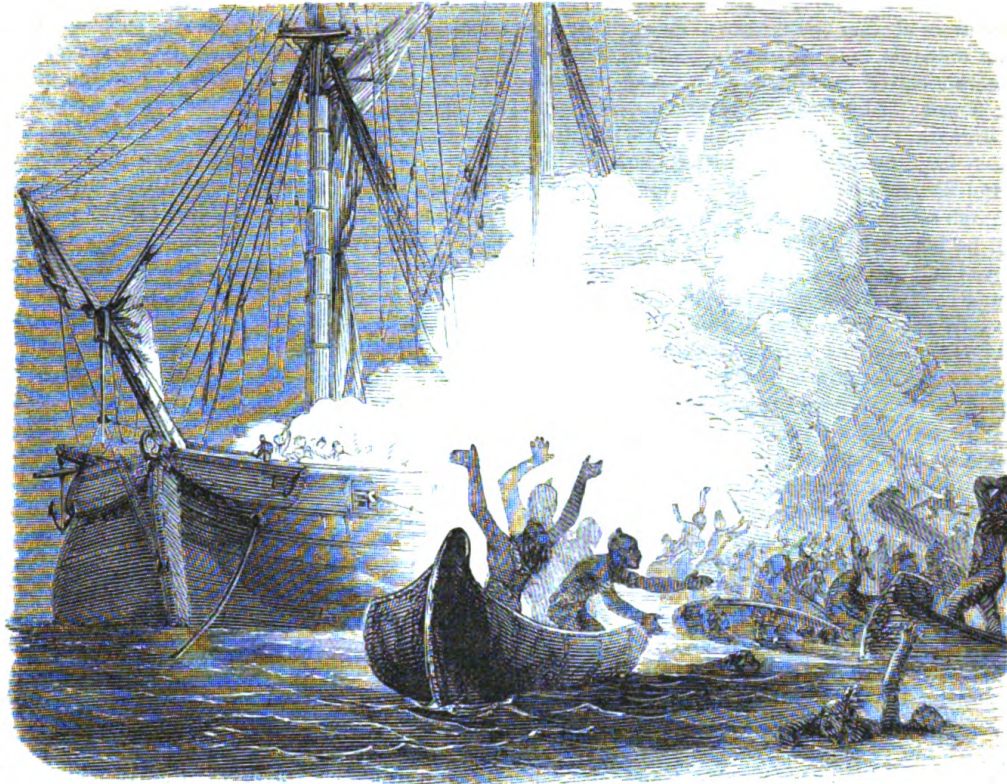
At length, late in the afternoon of the 23d, a great commotion was observed among the Indians; and it was soon ascertained that the vessel had got under way. Gladwyn immediately ordered two cannon to be fired, to let those on board know that the fort still held out. The heavy reports were sent back by the surrounding forest, echoed away on the summer evening air; but no answering echo came back. As soon as the gallant little schooner felt the strength of the southern breeze she weighed anchor, and, spreading her sails to the wind, moved steadily up the channel between the main shore and Fighting Island.

There were sixty men on board, though only a few were visible, in order to tempt the Indians to make an attack. These lay hid in the tall grass, watching her movements with flashing eyes, and waiting till she should reach the narrowest part of the stream. This she had now done; and they were just ready to pour in a volley of musketry, when the wind suddenly died away. The sails flapped idly against the mast; and the vessel, losing her headway, yielded to the force of the current, and began to drift slowly back. Thinking the breeze might soon spring up again and enable them to pass up the channel, an anchor was dropped, and she held there in the narrow part of the stream. But no breeze arose. The flaming sun went down in the glittering west, lighting up forest and river like a great conflagration, and painting that vessel, with her sails still standing, against the green back-ground of forest. But not a leaf rustled; not the shadow of a passing breath crept over the water. Unwilling to lose the ground she had won, the schooner still lay where she had anchored. At length the glorious sunset faded from the heavens, and the browner shadows of the summer evening stole over the landscape.

The savages, in their green hiding-place, saw with glittering eyes the vessel holding her place in the narrow channel; and restraining their wild impulse to make an immediate attack, plotted her surprise when deep midnight would conceal their approach.

The crew had seen no indications of Indians, but, suspicious that the schooner's movements had all been watched, kept a strict look-out. After sunset a watch was set, while the men below lay upon their arms. Night settled slowly





ATTACK ON THE SCHOONER.

on the shore, until only its dim outline, and that of the dark forest, could be seen. The schooner lay stripped of her canvas, and in the deep shadows of that moonless night her slender spars and rigging could not be traced against the sky. Only her dark hull loomed up in the gloom, like some black monster sleeping on the tide. Not a sound was heard on board; not a sound crept along the shore. A deep silence rested on every thing, broken only by the piping of frogs along the edges of the river, and the low, steady rush of the water around the bows and along the sides of the vessel. The watch was ordered the moment he saw any signs of moving objects shoreward to give the alarm. But hour after hour passed on, and the warm summer night remained tranquil and serene; and that black, silent monster lay apparently deserted under the shadows of the overhanging forest.

At length the sentinel—whose eye by long and intent watching had become accustomed to the darkness—detected moving shadows on the water, within gun-shot of the vessel. Word was immediately passed below, and the men rapidly but silently took their appointed stations. It had been arranged that the tap of a hammer on the mast should be the signal to fire. On came the gliding shadows, without a sound, moving slowly and steadily, so as to make no ripple—crowding closer and closer on the dark object looming up before them, little dreaming of the keen eyes that measured the steady advance.

At length, when within a few rods, the quick, sharp blow of the hammer on the mast rung out

with startling clearness on the night air. In an instant that huge monster gaped and shot forth flame. The whole heavens were illuminated. From deck and sides, from cannon and musketry, the devastating storm fell. The surrounding shores, the dark forest, the vessel—masts and crew—and the crowd of naked and painted savages huddled together on the stream, were revealed as by a sudden flash of lightning. The schooner had allowed the Indians to approach so near before she opened her fire that the guns seemed to burst among the boats, blowing them out of the water. The effect was terrific! The roar and flames of such a volcano, opening in their very midst and scattering such ruin around, for a moment utterly paralyzed the Indians. The next moment they were flying in every direction, yelping and screeching, and never stopping till they had hid their swarthy bodies in the tall grass on shore. In this short time they had nearly thirty killed and wounded.

After a while they commenced firing from their place of concealment; when the schooner, giving them a parting broadside, lifted her anchor and dropped quietly down the river.

A few days after, taking advantage of a steady breeze, she again stood up the stream, passing the channel in safety. Steering close to the shore, when she came opposite the Wyandot village she poured in a shower of grape, which sent them leaping and yelling to the woods for shelter. Keeping gallantly on her way, while cheer after cheer arose from the garrison, she moved to the side of her old consort, furled her



white sails, and, dropping her anchor, swung once more abreast of the fort. Her arrival was most welcome, and the greetings which the newcomers received came from warm and overflowing hearts. She brought, besides an accession of strength, munitions of war and provisions, of which they stood in most pressing need.

Pontiac was enraged that the vessel had got through safely. One convoy had been captured, and he believed that if he could keep men and provisions away a little while longer the fort would be compelled to surrender. He now had his long siege to go over again. This was discouraging; and as a last, desperate resort, he sent word to Gladwyn that eight hundred Ojibwas were on their way to reinforce him, and if the commander did not surrender the fort he would take it by storm. To this imperious summons Gladwyn returned a contemptuous reply. Pontiac then called a council of war, to which he invited the Canadians, and made a long speech to induce them to join with him in reducing the fort. But his stirring appeals, and repeated declarations that theirs was a common cause, could not prevail on them to change their attitude of neutrality. Neither would they accede to his request to teach him the European method of making regular approaches against a fort.

Baffled in this scheme, the proud chieftain turned away, mortified but not humbled. He dared not come in open collision with them, for he had always placed his chief hopes of final success on the co-operation of France.

The two schooners had from the first been objects of great fear and dread. Not only did they keep the communication open with Niagara—which Pontiac was especially anxious to close—but their power of locomotion, by which they were enabled to take up new positions to counteract his movements, annoyed him excessively. Gladwyn, seeing this, resolved to make them still more effective. A large encampment having been formed on the shore above, beyond reach of the cannon in the fort, he resolved to break it up. So one day, taking with him some officers, he went on board the *Gladwyn*, and weighing anchor and hoisting sail, he stood boldly up stream. There was a strong wind blowing almost dead ahead, and he was compelled to tack from side to side to make progress. Crowding all sail, the schooner swept backward and forward up the river, to the great amazement of the Indians on shore, who stood wondering at this extraordinary movement. Right in the teeth of the wind she worked her way up stream, each tack causing new surprise to the savages. At length she made a long tack, and came straight toward the Indian camp. Heeled over by the force of the wind, she lay on her side till the muzzles of her guns almost dipped into the water. The foam rolled away from her bows as, with bellying sails and leaning masts, she came gallantly on, driving, as the Indians fondly believed, straight on the shore. But when nearly aground the helm was jammed hard down,

the bow swung gracefully into the wind, the sails fluttered and rattled in the gale the next moment, and bowing gracefully as she swung over, she lay on the other side and moved off on the opposite tack. A few rods brought her directly abreast of the encampment, when the anchor dropped with a sudden splash into the water; the cable ran sharply out, the sails came down on a run to the deck, and she lay motionless, broadside on shore. While the Indians stood wondering what all this meant, her guns suddenly opened, and round shot and grape went hurtling and rattling among their wigwams, and crashed into the forest beyond, the loud explosion shaking the shore. The effect was indescribably ludicrous. The warriors, giving a terrified yell, turned and fled; the women snatched up their children, and, followed by the shriveled hags, yelping and screeching like whipped hounds, scuttled away for the woods as fast as their legs could carry them.

This experiment was afterward repeated as often as the Indians pitched their tents near the shore. Constantly harassed by these flying batteries, and enraged at their immunity from vengeance, Pontiac invented a new method to compass their destruction, which was new to him, though old in maritime warfare. This was no less than the construction of fire-ships, to be floated down upon the schooner. From the outset this savage chieftain had shown a fertility of resource which, if it had been joined to a little more scientific and practical knowledge, would have reduced the fort long before. The first raft was too small, and its time of greatest conflagration was miscalculated, as well as the course it would take when left to the current, and it miserably failed of its object. The second, planned with greater care and on a grander scale, was well calculated to produce the designed effect. The crews of the vessels were ignorant of the preparations going on for their destruction. But suspecting that the first attempt would be repeated, they kept a sharp look-out. One night, a little after dark, they saw, far up the river, a small bright flame, not larger than a fisherman's torch, and apparently resting on the water. They watched it narrowly, as it began to broaden and brighten, till the whole channel was illumined by its glare. The owl flew hooting from his perch as the fiery apparition passed. The dogs set up a furious barking on shore, while the garrison crowded the ramparts to watch the progress.

It was an immense fire-raft; and as the huge pile of combustible materials that loaded it became thoroughly ignited, and it drifted nearer, it illumined the whole atmosphere like a burning ship. The leaping, crackling flames swayed to and fro in the night air, and a baneful light was cast on the shores and the neighboring forests, as the burning mass slowly floated down the current. When almost abreast of the ships the light was so intense that the neighboring farm-houses, the crowded ramparts of the fort, and the crews of the two vessels at anchor stood



THE FIRE-RAFT.

revealed as in the clear light of day. By the same lurid gleam a vast crowd of naked, painted savages could be seen on shore, watching the effect of their scheme. One of the schooners observing them suddenly threw a shower of grape into their midst, when they quickly vanished. By good fortune, the blazing raft drifted too far inland, and passed between the vessels and the fort, just out of harm's way. The towering mass presented a sublime spectacle as it moved majestically by; the burning logs and fragments breaking loose and tumbling down its sides, while showers of sparks and flames shot upward in the still air. The garrison and crews could see each other's faces in the red light, and each spar and rope of the two vessels was traced in lines of fire against the black sky. When those in the fort saw that the fearful messenger had failed in its mission, and all danger was past, they sent up three cheers, which were answered with a will from those on board the ves-

sels, and they breathed free again. The flaming, crumbling structure drifted slowly away, growing dimmer and dimmer as it receded, till it disappeared altogether, and darkness and quiet once more settled on the landscape. This was too narrow an escape to let the experiment be tried again; and so boats were anchored upstream across the channel, to arrest any raft that should hereafter be sent against them. The Indians commenced another, but seeing the precautions that had been taken abandoned it.

The siege had now lasted between two and three months, and both parties were suffering severely from the want of provisions. Pontiac was afraid to permit his warriors to seize them from the Canadians by force, and, bankrupt in his treasury, was compelled to issue promissory notes, written on birch bark, with which to buy them. To his credit it must be said, that he afterward faithfully redeemed these notes. In this state of affairs negotiations were again open-



ed, and the Wyandots and Pottawatamies came forward to make peace. When the deputation from these tribes first visited the fort it was their intention to murder Gladwyn; but the commander noticing an Ottawa among them called in the guard to arrest him. This intimidated them, and they subsequently ratified a treaty of peace. The Ottawas and Ojibwas, however, continued the siege, and every day there were more or less firing and casualties.

Meantime, unbeknown to the garrison, an expedition had been fitted out at Niagara for the relief of Detroit. It was placed under the command of Major Rogers, and consisted of twenty-two barges, loaded with cannon, provisions, and munitions, and accompanied by two hundred and eighty men. On the 28th of July it reached the mouth of the Detroit River, not many miles below the fort. That night a dense fog settled on the water, and under cover of it Rogers began slowly to stem the stream. His progress was tedious and difficult; but the same dense curtain that hid the shores from his view also effectually concealed his movements from the Indians. Next morning, as the sentinel looked from the ramparts, an impenetrable fog met his gaze on every side, shutting out the sky itself. But as the sun mounted the heavens the increasing heat began to act on the massive folds of mist, and, parting one after another, they let down shafts of sunlight on the earth and water. At length the irradiated mass began to lift and move upward; and finally, gently breaking into fragments, sailed gracefully away on the freshening breeze. Through the dim, vapory mist

that still floated in spiral wreaths along the steaming surface of the river the sentinel could detect a group of dark objects moving up toward the fort. The alarm was given, and soon eager eyes were bent on the suspicious apparition. The next moment a sudden puff of air swept the stream, and there on its glittering bosom lay the fleet of barges, sweeping steadily toward the fort. No sudden joy followed the announcement, for the garrison did not know whether they were friends or foes. They had not heard a word of this expedition being sent to their relief, and they remembered their former bitter disappointment. They watched the approach of the barges for a while in silence; but as they drew nearer hope began to take the place of doubt, and Gladwyn ordered a salute to be fired. Before the echoes had died away in the forest a puff of smoke was seen to issue from the leading barge, and the next moment the answering report rung over the shores. All doubt was now at an end, and cheer after cheer went up from rejoicing, thankful hearts. The news flew through the town, and the hitherto deserted, silent streets were thronged with eager questioners. Their friends had come at last; they had not been forgotten, after all; and visions of plenty and final deliverance rose before them.

When the Indians, from their lodges on shore, saw this large convoy, they could scarcely believe their eyes. It seemed impossible that it could be so near its destination and no rumor of its approach have reached them. Even the two tribes who had recently made peace could not conceal their annoyance, and opened a sharp



ARRIVAL OF ROGERS WITH REINFORCEMENTS.

fire upon the fleet. The barges returned it; and for a long time two parallel lines of smoke, slowly advancing, alone told the progress of the expedition. The garrison watched the combat with intense interest; but at length the Indians, in following along the banks, came within range of the guns of the schooners, when they sullenly retired.

So sharp had been the contest that the English had fifteen killed, besides many wounded. As barge after barge came to shore it was received with frantic cheers. Friends rushed into each other's arms; strangers met as old familiar friends. After the debarkation the troops were drawn up and marched into the town, with colors flying and drums beating—the inhabitants welcoming them with long and continued cheers. There was no room for them, however, in the barracks, and they had to be quartered on the inhabitants outside. That was a day of feasting and joy in Detroit. The gloomy streets looked gay and cheerful again, and a brighter sun never went down on this oasis in the wilderness than that night flooded the heavens with glory. The mournful death-march, and the parting volley over the graves of those who had fallen in their efforts to reach them, was the only sad interruption to the abounding gladness and joy.

Captain Dalzell, who had won great renown as a partisan warrior with Putnam, proposed, next day, a night surprise of Pontiac's encampment. This had been fixed just beyond Parent's Creek—since called Bloody River—which was about a mile and a half from the fort. A narrow bridge crossed the creek at this point, which was only a few rods from its entrance into the Detroit River. Gladwyn opposed Dalzell's project, for he had seen enough of Pontiac to doubt the success of any scheme based on taking that chieftain by surprise. He had much rather measure strength with him in the open field. Dalzell, however, persisted; and Gladwyn, knowing his skill and bravery, finally gave a reluctant consent.

The night of the 31st of June was fixed upon for the enterprise. What the result might have been had the premeditated attack been kept a profound secret it is impossible to say; but some Canadians gave information of it to Pontiac, who took his measures to defeat it with that sagacity which distinguished him.

At two o'clock in the morning the gates of the fort were thrown open, and Dalzell, at the head of two hundred and fifty men, moved silently out, and filed two deep along the road. Two batteaux kept abreast of them in the river. The night was close and sultry; but the soldiers, in their light undress, moved confidently forward. Past waving corn-fields, orchards laden with fruit, and quiet farm-houses, the little column kept silently on. But the dogs, aroused by the un wonted spectacle, barked furiously, and the inhabitants, awaked by the clamor, leaped from their beds, and gazed wildly out upon the gleaming bayonets, and listened with beating hearts to

the muffled tread till it died away in the distance. Lieutenant Brown commanded the advanced guard of twenty-five men; Captain Gray the centre; and Captain Grant the rear. The utmost precaution had been taken to prevent any noise that might alarm the enemy. But it was useless; for all this time dusky forms were flitting from barn to barn, and corn-field to corn-field, noting each movement, and reporting them all to Pontiac. This chief had already broken up his camp, and was on his way to surprise Dalzell.

The advanced guard had just crossed the bridge, and the main body was on it, when there arose a yell out of the ground at their very feet, followed by a volley that stretched half their number on the earth. In an instant all was confusion; for no foe could be seen, while infernal yells filled the air, and fierce volleys flashed in their faces. Dalzell, whom no surprise could confuse, raised his voice above the clamor, and rallying his men to his side, charged on a run over the bridge. Pushing sternly on up the ridge on which Pontiac's entrenchments stood, to his dismay he found no foe, though behind, around, and on every side the deadly volleys flashed and the yells arose. At length he became completely entangled in a net-work of intrenchments and buildings, and not knowing which way to turn in the darkness, gave orders to retreat and wait for daylight. Captain Grant was able to secure the bridge, when the dead and wounded were placed on board the batteaux, and the crippled column began to fall back toward the fort. It had proceeded only about half a mile when it came to some outhouses, and a new cellar, behind and in which the Indians lay packed, waiting for their enemy to arrive. Suddenly a yell arose, and a wasting volley was poured in their very faces. The men, panic-stricken, rushed together in confusion, only to fall a more easy prey to their foes. Dalzell, although bleeding from two wounds, rushed among them, sending his voice over the tumult, and endeavoring, by his own brave example and reckless exposure of his life, to reanimate their courage. He mingled threats with commands, and even smote with the flat of his sword those who refused obedience. By his great personal exertions he at length succeeded in restoring partial order, and the retreat recommenced.

It was not yet daylight, and the invisible foe hung on the rear, revealing their presence only by the flashes of their guns. At length the day dawned dimly through the fog, but the work of destruction went on. Where the shot fell thickest there was Dalzell, steadying his men. At length a sergeant fell wounded, and seeing his comrades about to leave him, turned such a piteous look on Dalzell that the brave and generous warrior could not resist it, and rushing back to his rescue fell dead by his side. Major Rogers threw himself with his detachment into the house of a Canadian farmer, named Campan, and held it. Grant, a half mile ahead,





DALZELL'S NIGHT ATTACK AND DEFEAT.

made a stand in an orchard and some inclosures, and kept the savages at bay, until he effected a communication with the fort. The women in Campau's house were fastened below, and for a while the fight was close and sanguinary there, and shots, and yells, and oaths mingled in wild confusion. The soldiers dared not break cover and fall back on the fort, for the road swarmed with savages. At length, however, the batteaux, having discharged their load of wounded and dead in the garrison, returned, and opening their swivels on the Indians, scattered them into the forest. Under their protection the detachment emerged from their cover and fell back on the fort. No sooner had they left than the Indians rushed in to scalp the dead. One squaw slashed open the body of a soldier, and scooping up the warm blood in her hands, drank it. At eight o'clock the last of the column, limping and bleeding, staggered through the gates, and the strug-

gle was over. For six hours this disorderly conflict had raged, in which fifty-nine soldiers had been either killed or wounded. The Indians had suffered comparatively little, and were wild with joy at their astonishing victory. Runners were dispatched in every direction with the exciting news, which was followed every where by war dances and gathering of the tribes to battle, till the wilderness swarmed with the inpouring reinforcements.

But that was a sad day for the garrison. In one short morning all their bright prospects had vanished. One quarter of those sent to succor them had already fallen, and their enemies, instead of being disheartened by the increased strength they had received, were more elated than ever. The streets presented a funereal aspect, and the hearts that had throbbed high with expectation now beat mournful time to the music of the muffled drum, as it accompanied the long



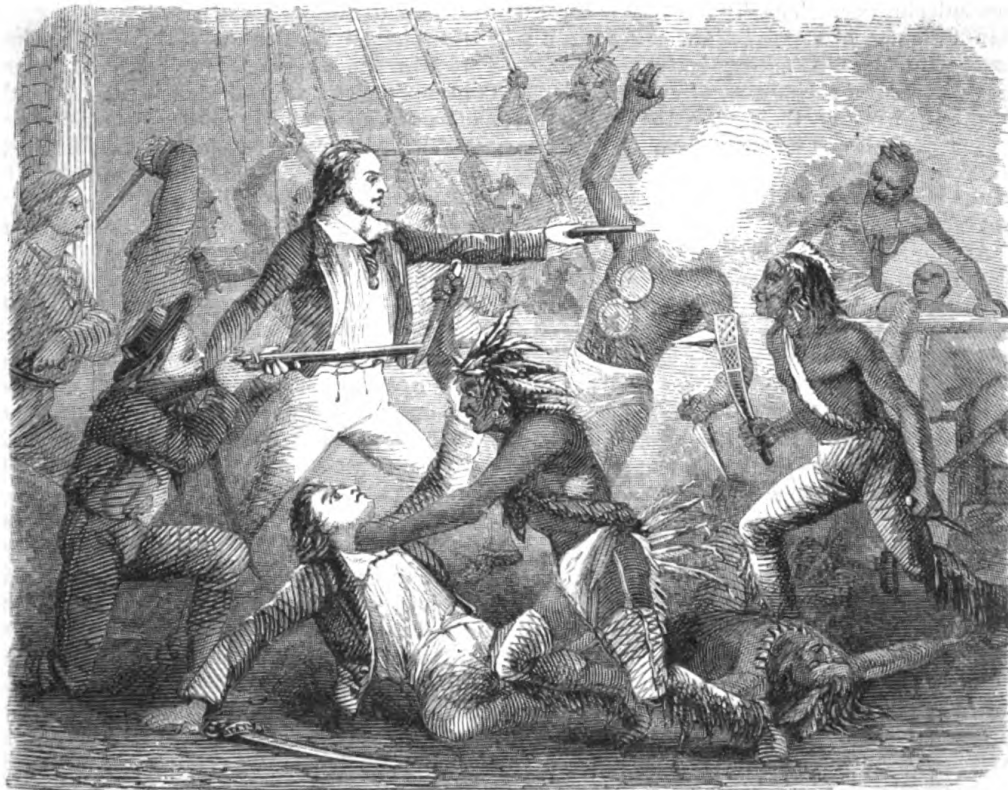
rows of dead to their graves. The bodies of many could not be recovered; and the Canadians, as they went to their harvest fields in the morning, stumbled over many a stalwart soldier stretched on the green sward. It was a gloomy day, and the boom of the evening gun at sunset that night awoke mournful memories and sad forebodings in the hearts of the garrison. The Indians now grew bolder, and reinforcements coming in, the country was covered with their encampments.

Previous to the attack on Pontiac's camp, the schooner *Gladwyn* had been sent to Niagara with letters and dispatches. Her return was narrowly watched by the Indians, who determined that she should not escape them the second time. She had a crew of only ten men, with six friendly Iroquois, on board. The schooner entered the river on the night of the 3d; and next morning foolishly let the Indians go ashore. They gave information of the schooner's weakness in force to the hostile tribes. Three hundred and fifty immediately started in pursuit. The vessel kept on till nightfall, when the wind dying away she came to anchor within nine miles of the fort.

The sky was heavily overcast, so that when night had fully set in the darkness was almost total. Remembering her former experience in the same locality, a strict watch was kept; but the darkness was so impenetrable that no object could be seen a few yards from the vessel. This was favorable to the Indians, who knew that if they could once reach the schooner without being

swept by grape-shot, they could soon overpower the feeble crew. Dropping noiselessly down the current in their bark canoes, those three hundred and fifty Indians were almost against the vessel before they were discovered. The alarm was instantly given, and the next instant the whole scene was lit up by her broadsides. Before a second could be given, however, the Indians, with knives in their teeth, were climbing thick as ants up the sides of the schooner, yelling and shouting like demons. The crew had only time to give one volley of musketry when the Indians began to pour over the bulwarks, and it became a fierce hand-to-hand fight. The whites saw at once that the struggle was a hopeless one; but they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. At this critical moment the mate called out to blow up the schooner. The order rung out clear and distinct over the din of the conflict; and some of the Wyandots, understanding its import, gave the alarm. The sudden broadside of a frigate within pistol-shot would not have created such a panic. The frightened wretches did not stand on the order of their going, but with unearthly yells plunged overboard and dropped like rats from the rigging on which they were hanging, and swam for shore, ducking their heads like otters, as if they expected every moment to see the air filled with the blazing fragments of the shattered vessel. They were so thoroughly frightened that they did not venture to return, and the remainder of the night passed quietly.

The fight lasted but a few minutes, yet so



THE FIGHT ON THE SCHOONER'S DECK.

fierce and deadly had it been that twenty-seven Indians were killed or wounded, while of the crew of ten only four remained untouched. The next morning the schooner hoisted sail, and soon her answering salute told the anxious garrison that she had escaped the clutches of the savages. Her single broadside the night before had alarmed the garrison, and not hearing it repeated they had been filled with the gravest fears. She brought provisions sufficient to last only a short time; and all were put on short allowance.

The long and weary summer at length wore away, and the frosty nights and chilling winds of autumn reminded them of the approach of winter, when they would be blocked in beyond all hope of succor. The Indians had neglected their crops; and they, too, began to look anxiously forward to the winter, for which they were poorly provided. At the end of September several of the tribes broke up their camps and left. Pontiac, however, remained; and though he dared not attack the fort, he kept the garrison as closely confined as they would have been if besieged by an army of ten thousand men. The beautiful month of October passed like the sultry summer. The farmers had gathered in their harvests; the forest had put on the glorious hues of autumn, till the wilderness was one immense carpet of purple and gold and green. The placid stream reflected, if possible, in still brighter colors, the gorgeous foliage that overhung its banks; and when the mellow breeze ruffled its surface, broke up the rich flooring into ten thousand fragments and forms, till it looked like a vast kaleidoscope. The dreamy haze of the Indian Summer overspread the landscape; the forest rustled with falling leaves; the wild-fowl gathered in the stream, or swept in clouds overhead, winging their way to the distant ocean; and all was wild and beautiful in that far-off island of the wilderness. But all this beauty passed unnoticed by the little beleaguered garrison.

At length the cold storms swept the wilderness, filling the heavens with leaves, and scattering them thick as snow-flakes over the bosom of the stream, until the gayly-decorated forest stood naked and brown against the sky. Still Pontiac lingered, determined to starve his enemies out. But as November approached he received a message from Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi, which at the same time that it filled his daring spirit with rage crushed his fondest hopes. It was a dispatch from the French commander of that post, telling him that he must no longer look for help from that quarter, as the French and English had made peace. Enraged and mortified, he broke up his camp and retired with his warriors to the Maumee.

Soon after Pontiac left word arrived from Major Wilkins, who was on his way with a detachment to relieve the fort, that he had been overtaken by a storm, his boats wrecked, with all the ammunition and stores, and seventy of his company had perished. This was gloomy tid-

ings with which to commence the winter. At last the river was bridged with ice; the drifting snow piled up around the fort, and the rigors of a winter in that high latitude were upon them. Though no longer fearing an attack, the soldiers could not stray beyond cannon range, or hunt in the woods, without danger of being shot, as scattering Indians still lingered in the vicinity. Much suffering was experienced during the winter, and the cold months passed wearily away. The first flight of wild-fowl from the south, heralding the spring, was hailed with joy; but the mild weather soon brought back also tribes of Indians, who again commenced their attacks on the fort. This was kept up till mid-summer, when Bradstreet arrived with a large force, and relieved the garrison from its fifteen months' close confinement.

The posts that had fallen into the hands of the Indians were soon regained, and Captain Morris was sent to Pontiac to offer terms of peace. The haughty chieftain received him on the outskirts of his camp, and refusing to give him his hand, bent his flashing eye on him, and exclaimed, "The English are liars!" He indignantly spurned all proposals; and taking with him his four hundred warriors, broke up his camp at Maumee, and crossing the Wabash, passed from village to village among the tribes, calling on them to arm in a common cause. Finding them timorous from the repeated chastisements they had received from the English, he threatened them, saying, "If you hesitate, I will consume your tribes as the fire consumes the dry grass on your prairies." Terrified at his menaces, they consented to rally to his support.

Keeping on his fiery way, Pontiac reached Fort Chartres on the Mississippi. St. Ange, the commander, who had been troubled enough by the discontented tribes, was completely disheartened when Pontiac, with his four hundred warriors at his back, stalked into the fort. He made all sorts of explanations and excuses, when the chieftain claimed his assistance in exterminating the English. But Pontiac would listen to none of them. He had not been borne up by a lofty purpose so long to abandon it now, and still clinging to the hopes of French aid, he turned to the countless tribes that swarmed the western wilderness, and endeavored to band them in one great united crusade against the English. Haughtily leaving the fort, he encamped without, and immediately dispatched messengers down both sides of the Mississippi to enlist the tribes along its banks in his grand scheme. They were everywhere successful; and the western wilderness was filled with ominous murmurings that betokened a rising storm. It was no common mind that planned this comprehensive scheme, which was not based on mere desire for war or plunder, but adopted as the only means of saving the red man from extermination. Years afterward Tecumseh conceived the same bold undertaking.

Pontiac's messengers continued down the Mississippi till they reached New Orleans, where

they had an interview with the French Governor. He threw cold water on the whole project, saying that Pontiac must not expect any help from the French, as they had made peace with the English. This report, brought back to the chief, discouraged him. All his appeals to the various tribes had been backed by the promise of aid from the French; and only on the fulfillment of this promise could he hold them. He felt that his long-cherished scheme must be abandoned. Baffled and mortified, yet filled with rage, he knew not which way to turn. At last, yielding to inevitable fate, he bowed his haughty spirit, and returned to Detroit and accepted the offers of peace.

Pontiac appears no more on the scene till 1769, when he visited Fort St. Louis, then commanded by his old acquaintance, St. Ange. While here he heard that there was a great frolic among the Illinois Indians across the river; and though urged by St. Ange not to go, he went over. One day, excited by the fumes of liquor, he entered the forest to perform some incantation, when he was followed stealthily by

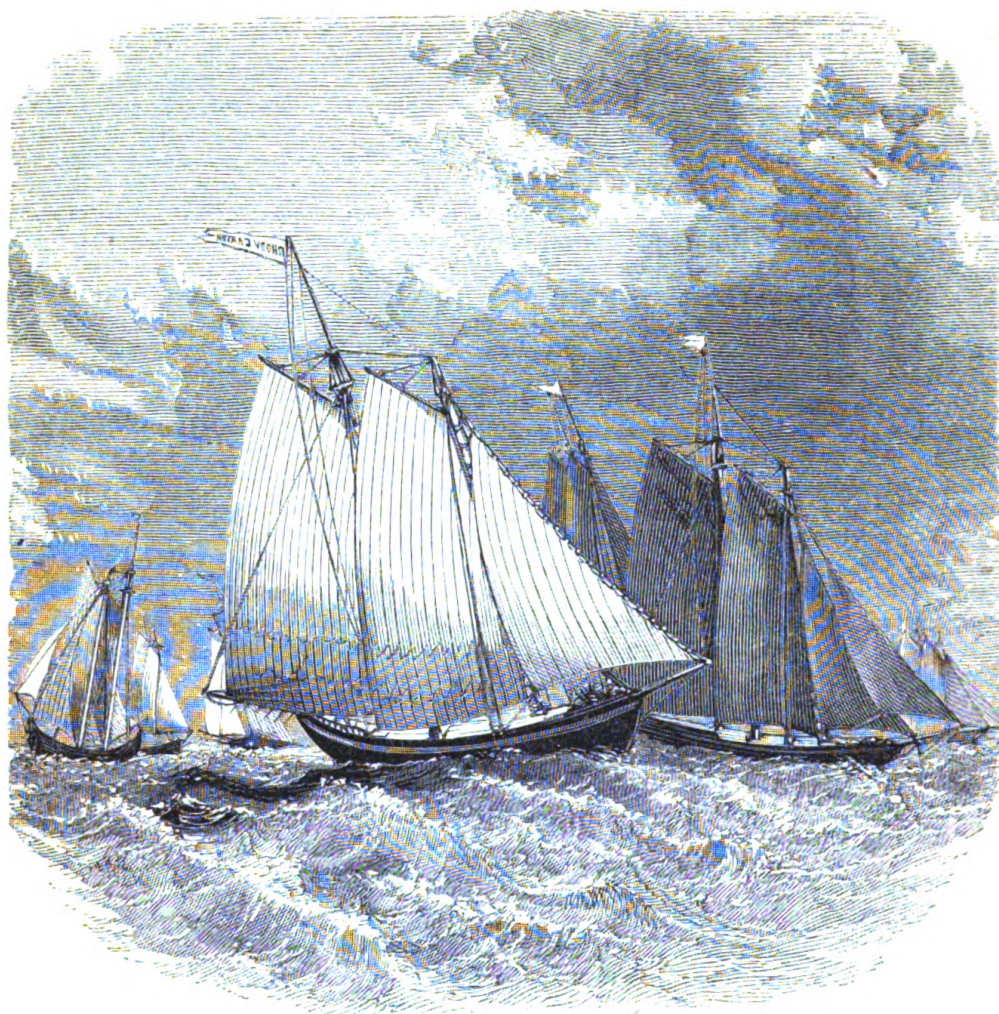
an Indian, who had been bribed with a barrel of whisky by an English trader to assassinate him. Creeping up behind the unsuspecting chieftain he buried his tomahawk in his head. The Illinois defended the act, and a terrible war followed. The warriors who had listened to Pontiac's eloquence gathered together from far and near, and torrents of blood flowed to avenge his ignominious death. The Illinois never recovered from the terrible punishment they received for this dastardly act of one of their tribe.

Thus passed away this barbaric chieftain, who, had he occupied the same relative position in civilized that he did in savage life, with all its advantages of education, would have been one of the great men of the world. His body lay upon the spot where it had fallen until St. Ange sent to claim it, and buried it with martial honors near his fort. No mound or tablet marked his burial-place; but above it has since risen St. Louis, the Queen City of the Northwest, and the pale-faces, whom he hated so intensely, tread in thousands over the forgotten grave of the forest hero.



DEATH OF PONTIAC.





OFF FOR THE BANKS.

## FISHING ADVENTURES ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS.

NEAR a thousand miles east and north from the New England sea-coast lies the great bank of Newfoundland, long the resort of Americans, Biscayans, English, and French for the exhaustless shoals of fish inhabiting its depths. From the days of our forefathers, when the adventurous, clumsy-built smack steered boldly forth toward the tempestuous north with her little crew of fishermen in wide, flapping trowsers and mariner's queue, to the present great maritime interest to which the fisheries have grown, the right of drawing from these banks their piscatory treasures has been eagerly contended for: first by Great Britain and her rivals for colonial supremacy, the French; then, as the dispute between the English provinces and the mother country grew more threatening, and total independence was advocated, the enlightened politicians of New England foresaw the time when a great American Empire should be established, and pointed to the fisheries as the nursery of seamen, by whose courage the coasts were to be defended and the future navy manned.

The seamen of Massachusetts, in the middle of the last century, had carried the fisheries to a point then unknown in the history of the nations. Edmund Burke, in 1775, alluding to this business as pursued by "this recent people," observed, "No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toils." But even Burke, with his prophetic foresight, could never have imagined the surprising prosperity which the business has attained under the hardy skill of the fishermen of the north. The Government bounty to all vessels fitting out for and performing a four months' cruise for fishing, does much to encourage this perilous business. Perilous, indeed, it may be called, if the assertion be true that, in the single town of Marblehead, every third woman is a widow; but nowhere in the United States are there so many homes rendered desolate by marine disasters. Every year fishing vessels put to sea and are never seen again; and the fatal list increases as the business is extended.

The fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland



are pursued in small schooner-rigged vessels built expressly for the purpose. Until within fifteen years, a peculiarly modeled craft known as "pinkies" was in general use, whose build was considered better adapted to riding out a sea than any other. These, however, are now rarely seen; the "Downeasters" taking a commendable pride in the models of their fishing vessels.

There are two or three modes of fitting out for the fisheries. The first is done by six or seven farmers, or their sons, building a schooner during the winter, which they man themselves (for our Yankee of the sea-coast can hoe corn or reef a mainsail with equal facility), and, taking in a few months' stores, they proceed to the banks, Gulf of St. Lawrence, or Labrador, load with fish, and complete the voyage between spring and harvest. The proceeds they divide, after paying any balance that may be due for outfit. They remain at home to assist in gathering their crops, and proceed again for another cargo, which is salted down and not afterward dried. This is termed mud-fish, and is kept for home consumption. Another plan is for the owner of a vessel to charter her to ten or fifteen men on shares; he finds the stores, and the nets if any are to be used. The men pay for the provisions, hooks, and lines, and for the salt necessary to cure their proportion of the fish. The first spring voyage is made to the banks, and if this proves successful, two successive but short ones are made during the year.

A Marblehead fisherman is a splendid though rough specimen of an American. You may know him by his free-and-easy manner and swinging gait. His costume, when at work, is a red or blue flannel shirt of the thickest material, well adapted to absorb and exclude from his person the chilling fogs in which he passes so much of his time: a heavy tarpaulin or sou'wester, generally his own handiwork, pilot-cloth trousers, and heavy cowhide boots, complete the attire.

His face is a reflex of a rather serious but cheerful and contented spirit; the result of a philosophical, half carelessness dependence upon luck. He is generous and fearless in his address, of simple and economical habits, and like most men of large stature, almost peculiar in a placid good-humor which rarely leaves him. Always ready for any fortune, the fisherman endeavors to look upon the brightest side of life, and extract whatever there may be of pleasure in his hazardous calling. But among them are occasional roystering, devil-may-care fellows, whose never-ending practical jokes and off-hand manner serve to enliven the little vessel and dispel the monotony of the voyage.

The crew of a "banker" is generally composed of twelve men, including the "skipper" or captain, who exercises no direct control over the others, but is recognized by them as the principal personage on board.

So much of preliminary explanation will convey some idea of the manner of outfit, and the class of men engaged in the bank fisheries. About the 1st of May the fleet for the banks

usually "makes up" and sails from Maine, Marblehead, Cape Ann, and the various towns on Cape Cod, between which places a constant rivalry exists as to the claim to piscatory pre-eminence. About that time I was one of the crew of the pinky-schooner *Rhody Carter*, Cap'n Clapp, bound from Marblehead to the banks on a cod-fishing cruise. Our crew consisted of ten stout young fellows full of life and frolic, and all good fishermen, a one-legged black cook, and the skipper, Cap'n Clapp above mentioned.

As we hauled away from the wharf, Mrs. Clapp, who had accompanied her spouse to the landing-place, screamed after us,

"Cap'n Clapp, don't forget the luck-penny!"

She was adding some other remarks of a decidedly tender nature, but the flapping of the mainsail, which was now nearly apeak, drowned her voice, and in another minute, as the vessel felt her jib, she payed off, and we shot away toward the entrance of the harbor with a fair breeze and tide.

I had just returned from a voyage to India, where eighteen months under a burning sun had so disgusted me with blue skies and tropical zephyrs that the very sight of my Calcutta hat, nankeen pants, and bamboo cane, revived memories of warm drinking water, alligators, and the enfeebled forms and languid expression of the Hindoo. Air, cool and bracing, or, if it needs be, freighted with the frosty breath of the Arctic, but no more torrid heats or Sahara winds; and I anticipated with pleasure a few months of boisterous northern weather.

We neared the entrance of the harbor in company with several other "bankers," who spread every stitch of canvas in vain to show us their heels; and passed a rock which, in olden time, was supposed to exercise some mysterious influence over the fate and luck of fishermen in general. To propitiate the genius of this rock it was the custom, in passing it, to throw a tribute of a small coin at its base. Cap'n Clapp was a firm believer in luck, and never neglected an opportunity to secure it; and, in obedience to his wife's hint, he jerked the customary coin over the rail, saying, as he did so,

"Darn yer, I'll hev you on my side whether or no!"

Our schooner was reckoned a good sailer, and one of the best of the Marblehead fleet; and though it is sometimes preferred to keep company as long as possible, we chose to go on our own hook; so before nightfall we had left our companions far to leeward and astern. With a fair wind we were not long getting over eighteen degrees of longitude, and our approach to the banks was known by the fogs, which came with a change of wind from the northeast, and completely enveloped us. It was at first the intention of the skipper to run for the south coast of Newfoundland, and try our luck under the lee of Cape Race; but after some consultation the banks had it, and away we flew toward their southern edge. A short run brought us into



soundings, and the labors of the voyage were now to commence.

The Great Bank extends north and south about six hundred miles, and east and west some two hundred. It lies to the southeast of the island of Newfoundland. Its shape is not easily defined, but the form denoted by the soundings give it somewhat the resemblance of New Holland. To the southward it narrows almost to a point, presenting abrupt edges, which in some places seem to drop into almost fathomless water. This, as well as the adjacent banks of St. Pierre, Bank Querau, and the Flemish Cap, abound with fish of various kinds, which at stated seasons seem to have adopted this as a shoaling place, or grand rendezvous. The most numerous of these are the cod, which thrive here so amazingly, and are so inconceivably numerous, that the unceasing industry of many hundreds of vessels, through two centuries, has not in the least diminished their numbers. The fishery is not confined to the banks, but extends with equal luxuriance to the shores and harbors of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton. The fish affect sandy bottom. In winter they appear to retire into deep water; but in March and April they reappear, and fatten rapidly from the time of their arrival on the banks.

Of the various theories and conjectures to account for the formation of this bank, it is hardly our province to discuss more than to state the prominent ones. Some believe it to have been, in distant ages, an immense island, which had sunk in consequence of its pillars or foundations having been loosened by an earthquake; others, that it has been created by the gradual accumulation of sand carried along by the Gulf Stream, and arrested and lodged on meeting the currents of the north. To me the latter theory seems the more plausible, from the fact that the entire coast of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is gradually rising from the surface of the ocean; so that bays and channels which, twenty years since, were navigable, are now too shallow even for the smallest craft, and rocks once known as "sunk-en" have gradually risen to take a look at the upper world, and have assumed their places on the charts.

During our short passage to the banks the crew had been busily employed in preparing for the work before them. Lines were wound upon reels; hooks were spread out upon deck, and carefully examined and assorted; sinkers, gaffs, and jigs got ready for action; and a barrel of bait prepared, ready to decoy the finny denizens of the deep into our power.



TALL FISHING.



On the fifth day we came on to the southern edge of the bank. A heavy swell ran ominously from the northeast, and overhead hung a canopy of clouds, so low as to seem almost to touch the taper masts of the *Rhody Carter*. A dense wall of fog shut out every object from view beyond a few yards. Here we lay for some hours nearly in a calm, occasionally tossing over a handful of bait to attract any shoals of fish that might be passing. There was no evidence of our being in the company of any other vessel, but as we listened some one heard the sound of blows close to windward. It was the cook of an invisible fisherman splitting wood for the galley. The skipper hailed at random:

"Schooner ahoy!"

"Hello!" answered a voice through the fog.

"How's fishin'?"

"Tolerable scuss. Who are yew?"

"*Rhody Carter*. What schooner's that?"

"*Mary Jane*, from Gloucester."

Our unseen companion was continuing his queries, when his remarks suddenly ended with the exclamation, "Golly!" And at the same moment we heard the violent flipping on his decks of captured fish. A shoal was evidently about, and our neighbors were already at work. In an instant our listless crew were alive with action.

"Down with the anchor! Out with the gear, boys! We're among 'em, sure!" It was curious to see how every body sprang to the work.

"Hurrah for the first fish!" said a Mount Deserter, who had already got his line over, and was hauling a splendidly-fat cod over the rail. We stopped not to admire the prize, but up shirt-sleeves and "went in." Cod-fishing was now commencing in good earnest. Every man had his allotted berth or station (three feet and a half of rail), where the cleet for his line and a space on deck for the coils of his gear was considered inviolate. These rails were but three feet high, and over these we bent, and commenced catching as fast as we could haul in and throw. The lines are allowed to run out until the lead strikes bottom (say in thirty or forty fathoms), which is then just raised enough to allow the gear to clear the bottom; for cod, unlike mackerel, do not often shoal at the surface, but swim at a great depth. The bait used is either soft-shell clams (salted and barreled) or squid. These last are caught by means of a "squid-jig"—a piece of pewter run on a paper of hooked pins. Squid are scarce and valuable, and are only taken at night. Herring is sometimes used; and, when other bait fail, the throat of the cod-fish, which is considered a great delicacy among the "cod-fish aristocracy" of the banks.

It is a lively scene, that of a smack on good fishing ground. The cod, when they first appear, are blessed with prodigious appetites, and seize upon the bait with the eagerness of hunger. The moment the line is tautened, the operation is simply to haul "like mad" until the victim of misplaced voracity arrives at the surface,

when, if the fish is too large for one man to take on board, or the hook can not be trusted, a gaff (or pole with a sharp iron hook at the end) is inserted into the gills, and the captive lifted carefully on board. They average fourteen pounds in weight, but are sometimes caught weighing more than fifty pounds.

When we first got to work the air was sufficiently chilly to require our heavy pilot-cloth pea-jackets, and even a suit of oiled cloth outside, to guard against the "Scotch mist," which penetrates clothing more easily than rain. But the exercise of constant hauling and lifting, and the tiger-like activity with which each emulous hand strove to outdo his neighbor, soon set us in a glow, and, one piece after another, the heavy clothing was stripped off, until we stood in our shirt-sleeves. Still the work proceeded without intermission. "Make hay while the sun shines!" says the farmer; but "Haul while they bite!" is doubly applicable among fishermen.

"Whew!" said Davis, as he straightened himself up for a moment, and wiped the perspiration from his face, "this is what I call tall fishin', an' no mistake! Fotch along some swankey, Doctor!" he added, as he cast a longing look aft.



OUR COOK.

But our worthy exile from Guinea was already prepared for the demands on his skill, and stumped along to the rail, bearing a pail of molasses, vinegar, and water, a pint of which Davis turned down his throat.

"Roll along here!" shouted the cook. "Tumble up an' git your swankey, boys! It's as good as ever you cocked a lip at!" And at the word each man, his face glowing with excitement and exercise, took his turn at the swankey pail.

The fish continued to bite nearly all day with scarcely an intermission, so that by three o'clock the decks were completely covered with them. Then the order was given by the skipper to "haul in gear," and fall to splitting and salting. This





DRESSING DOWN.

operation, which is known as "dressing down," is performed on hogshead tubs or boards placed between two barrels. Each man keeps tally of his fish as he hauls them in by cutting out the tongues—the number of tongues giving the account of the fish taken. The crew divide themselves into throaters, headers, splitters, salters, and packers.

The business of the throater, as his name implies, is to cut with a sharp-pointed, double-edged knife across the throat of the fish to the bone, and rip open the bowels. He then passes it quickly to the header, who, with a strong, sudden wrench, pulls off the head and tears out the entrails, passing the fish instantly to the splitter. At the same time separating the liver, he throws the entrails overboard. The splitter, with one cut, lays the fish open from head to tail, and almost with the twinkling of an eye, with another cut, takes out the back-bone. After separating the sounds, which are placed with the tongues and packed in barrels as a great delicacy, the back-bone follows the entrails overboard, while the fish, at the same moment, is passed with the other hand to the salter. Such is the amazing quickness of the operations of heading and splitting, that a good workman will often decapitate and take out the entrails and back-bones of six fish in a minute. Every fisherman is supposed to know something of each of these operations, and no rivals at cricket ever entered with more ardor into their work than do some athletic champions for the palm of "dressing down" after a "day's catch." After the catch

is washed off with buckets of pure water from the ocean, the fish are passed to the salters, and thence to the packers in the hold. The business of the salters is the most important, as the value of the whole voyage depends upon their care and judgment. They take the fish one by one, spread them, back uppermost, in layers, distributing a proper quantity of salt between each. Packing in bulk, or "kench," as the fishermen term it, is intrusted to the most experienced hands. This shoal gave us a splendid lift, and enabled us to count with some certainty on the success of the voyage.

While we had been earnestly engaged, our neighbors on board the *Mary Jane* were equally busy; and from various points we could hear others hard at work, their laughter and jokes sometimes audible to us; but as yet they remained quite invisible. There was something strange, and almost mysterious, in thus being a whole day within speaking distance of persons whom we were unable to see. As night came on the fog became even more dense, so that we were unable to see five fathoms around the vessel. A continual drizzling rain dripped from the sails and rigging, while a solemn calm settled upon the ocean, attended with a long northeasterly swell. The appearance of the ocean during these calms in a high northern latitude is peculiarly sad, and it requires all the buoyancy of the sailor's temperament to resist its depressing influence. For days together the silence is unbroken but by the splash of some inhabitant of the watery world around us, or the cry of the





RIDING OUT A NORTHEASTER.

sea-fowl that wing silently over the glassy waves. Here and there a speck on the water denotes where one of these has found a resting-place on some floating bit of wood washed overboard from the timbermen passing between British America and England. Sometimes the continuous fog hanging along the ocean opens and reveals the shadowy outline of a vessel hull down on the horizon; or the increasing cold and the "blink" in the sky shows where the great currents from the polar seas are bearing southward the pinnacled icebergs, daily diminishing in size as they leave behind them the frigid regions of their birth.

Some of the old bankers predicted a gale, which, by ten o'clock, began to blow from the eastward, whence, at midnight, it shifted into the northeast, bringing with it a heavy, combing sea. All night the gale continued, and during the following day; and here I had an opportunity of observing how wonderfully these little craft ride out a storm. We were anchored in forty-eight fathoms of water, but had payed out the full scope of her hempen cable, which is preferred to chain, in riding, as stretching and giving in a heavy strain, and thus easing the mo-

tions of the vessel where a chain would bring her up with a sudden jerk, and at a heavy tension be liable to part. I had often been at sea in a storm; but it was in a stout, heavily-rigged ship, hove to with plenty of sea room, or reefed down to her smallest canvas. Here we were equally on the open ocean, in a bit of a shallop from whose rail one might dip his hand into the water. But she rode the seas like a duck, and but for the rain our decks would have been quite dry. With above two hundred fathoms of cable, a signal-lantern set aloft, and a look-out stationed with a fog-horn to sound the alarm to ships crossing the banks, we went below for the night, and were soon lost in that profound sleep which only health and exercise can insure, and which not even the impending perils of the elements can always disturb. Toward morning I awoke, and turning in my warm blankets heard the water gurgling within a few inches of my face, and observed that the schooner was jumping rather more violently than before. Not quite satisfied with the contrast between the stanch and massive security of an Indiaman and our apparently fragile little craft, I went upon deck. The wind had increased to a heavy gale, and



cutting showers of "spoon-drift" drove across the decks from the windward, and fell like hail to leeward.

To assist in heading to the wind, and to enable the vessel to ride with safety, the bank fishermen carry a small, heavy, triangular try-sail, which is always kept seized to the hanks of the mainmast and stretched along a small portion of the main-boom. This was bellying out to the gale, humming like the base notes of an organ, and taut as a drum-head.

Now and then the scene was lightened with the phosphorescent gleam of the crested rollers, which came booming along until they seemed almost ready to run over us. But still the *Rhody Carter* made true her skipper's vaunt, that she was the best sea-boat out of Marblehead. As the hills of water rushed at her she would rise to meet them, until, almost imperceptibly, she had attained their summits; then, as they subsided, she would sink gracefully into the gulf; but so lively were her motions that she kept bravely on top of every thing. The gale roared harshly among the rigging and halliard-blocks, while the fog hung like a dark pall around and upon us, and so low and dense that our naked mast-heads, as they described erratic figures in the sky with the vessel's rolling, seemed to move through it with difficulty.

Standing aft, and gazing anxiously into the night, the skipper was holding on to the companion-way. The little imprisoned binnacle lamp lighted up his sharp visage, which was half-concealed by the edge of his sou'wester. Seeing me, he shouted something, but the wind

bore away his voice; he put both hands to his mouth, but with no better success. At last, getting near enough, I heard him say—

"There neaw, darnation take it; I knowed it would blow when fish bit arter sundown! I 'spect we shall hev to cut this ere cable and heave to. What dew yew think? You've sailed in copper-bottomed ships, hain't ye?"

I told him my three-masted and copper-bottomed experience would avail him little here, and that his own judgment, matured in the fishing business, should be his best guide. In truth, it was blowing a snorter, and there was every appearance of our having more of it. But as I spoke a dim, ghostly form seemed to emerge from the fog to windward, which the practiced eye of the skipper saw at a glance was one of our hitherto invisible companions. With another heave of the sea his hull and spars came plainly into view.

"She's parted her cable, by Swanney!" ejaculated Cap'n Clapp. "Look out boys," he shouted down the companion-way, "here's the *Duxbury* a driftin' rite aboard on us!"

At this alarming summons all hands were not long in scrambling upon deck, and the danger for a moment did seem appalling, but she sheered clear of us, and passed so close, as she hurried by in the tempest, that we plainly heard the roaring of the wind in her rigging; but what was stranger still, no person was to be seen on her decks. Whether the watch had gone below to rouse all hands, or whether the crew were still ignorant that they were adrift, we never knew.

The sea ran at last so heavily that, although



HOURS OF IDLENESS.

the schooner rode quite dry, there was some danger of foundering in an unlucky roller, as some of our older hands thought. This sometimes happens to mackerelmen anchored on the George's, and many a missing fisherman must have gone down at her anchor. Sometimes on laying to, oil is allowed to drop slowly overboard, which gradually spreads into a perfectly defined space on the surface of the water, and undoubtedly breaks the force of the sea. Among the seal hunters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence a most dangerous sea is often rendered harmless by pumping out the vessel, the fatty matter from the hold spreading very quickly over a large space of water; and it is a fact well known among fishermen, that, when riding out a gale on the Grand Banks, the proximity of shoals of cod is indicated by sudden intervals of calm water, caused by the oily substance exuding from them as they pass under the vessel.

Daylight at last appeared, and the fog lifting with a shift of the wind, revealed a fleet of a dozen fishermen anchored within a mile or two around us, rising and falling in the seas, now entirely hidden from view, and anon lifted high aloft so as to display their naked spars and miniature rigging against the sky. The wind blew cold, and carried with it a keen sleet, seeming to penetrate to the very bone. All day the gale continued, but toward the second night the wind began to lull, and on the following morning, finding no fish at our anchorage, we weighed and went in pursuit of them.

The fog was still hanging in detached masses along the horizon, resembling great islands looming out of the sea. Occasionally some smack or pinky emerged from behind these, with a half-scared look, as though they had not yet recovered from the rough handling of the previous night. The wind was now from the southward, and we ran easily before it. While thus cruising for fish there is little to do but repair and arrange the lines, eat, drink, and sleep. The skipper, indeed, is expected to be on the alert, to stand at the helm, and ascertain every day, as nearly as possible, the vessel's latitude; but a lazier life it would be difficult to conceive than that of a fishing smack "out of luck." At such times the hours are passed in frying doughnuts and making pies in which the cook is kept busily employed, spinning yarns, singing, smoking, card playing, and reading the periodical literature of the day, of which each man is expected to bring his quota, to be exchanged round during the voyage. Need I say that *Harper's New Monthly* was the ruling favorite? But even with those few diversions the time hangs heavily and "lags withal." All have those at home who are more or less dependent on the success of the voyage; and several days of ill-luck are pretty sure to test the patience of our sea philosophers, despite their oft-repeated maxim, "Don't swear, or you'll catch no fish!"

When thus out of luck the vessel is "hove to" occasionally, and several lines are let down daintily baited. This cruising for fish in the

open ocean is confined to the Americans and the few French who share with them the bank fisheries. The English have long since resigned even the name of competitors, and are considered outsiders as far as fishing on the Grand Bank is concerned. Formerly they rivaled the New England fleet; but, unable to hold their own with our fishermen, they have quit the field, "owned up beat," and now pursue the business in an humble manner in open boats along the shores and in the bays and inlets of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia.

As we "jaunted" along over the great swell which still heaved after the storm, we were followed by clouds of sea-fowl. These are in greater variety than I have ever taken the pains to note: divers, petrels, gannets, and roaches, to say nothing of the countless gulls and the aristocratic-looking malamauk, who come off in vast numbers from the Newfoundland coast during the summer months, and flock together upon the banks very much in the style that our fashionables congregate at Newport and Saratoga, and with quite as much fuss and noise. These follow the fishing vessels, and fall with shrill cries upon the bait, which has created a settled enmity between them and the fishermen. The shoals of bony fish, squid herring, and other small fry, whose millions inhabit the waters of the Grand Bank, also serve as food for these birds. But their *grand banquet* is during the splitting and salting already described. Then they swoop and dip close down to the vessel's deck with open beaks, delivering a rapid succession of harsh croaks; and frequently come so near as to be caught by a dexterous throw of a hook and line, when a tremendous flapping of strong wings ensues, and the scene ends by Mr. Malamauk or Gannet receiving his death tap on the head from the merciless fisherman. The approach to the banks may generally be known by the appearance of great numbers of these birds, who may be said to answer all the purposes of a sounding lead.

Some days passed away without our seeing or feeling a fish, when one morning a huge pollock seized a hook with a white rag attached, which had been allowed to drag after the vessel for the special benefit of that species of gentry. The pollock is considered to be superior in flavor and delicacy to the cod, which he somewhat resembles in shape. He is rarely seen in our markets. He had evidently mistaken the bait for one of the small fry upon which his family prey. He darted here and there, and jumped five feet clear of the water, and behaved in such an uproarious manner that it was feared he would either part the line or tear himself clear of the hook; but by gentle management and humoring him he was at last brought under the taffrel, gaffed, and safely deposited on deck. By general vote we discussed his merits at dinner.

We sailed leisurely to the northward, now enveloped in an impenetrable fog, drifting down from the muggy coasts of Newfoundland, and now floating idly on the ocean, with only wind





SHAVING THE VIRGIN ROCKS.

enough to occasionally open the great curtain here and there, revealing some sad-looking companion, slow-plodding sea-farers like ourselves. At last a slight breeze came from the eastward, and the skipper, tired of this monotony, determined to make over toward Cape Spear, where the cod, though smaller and of inferior quality, were believed to be more plentiful.

In our track lay the famous Virgin Rocks, where many a stout, timber-laden ship, bound from St. Johns to England, has perished with all her crew. The surf on these rocks, which we passed close to leeward, was running with inconceivable fury even some days after the gale I have alluded to. From the deck we could see the rollers commencing nearly a mile from the ledge. At ten fathoms the swell began to make, and seeming to increase in speed and power as it rushed onward, reared itself at last into a horrid foam-crested wall of black water, apparently higher than our mast-heads, the whole capped with a feathery wreath of mist. Onward it swept until it reached breaking depth, when, arrested by the bottom, it stopped and toppled over upon the ledge with the noise of distant thunder. It was a sublime and awful sight—

those lonely breakers rearing their heads at intervals of a few minutes, rising as if by magic from the calm ocean, and spending their giant strength upon the never-yielding rocks.

At daylight we made the iron-bound shores of Newfoundland. Our old "bankers" at once knew it to be Cape Broyle. The land wore a bleak and forbidding aspect. High jutting cliffs and impending precipices, bearing on their ragged edges a scanty vegetation, frowned down upon the tumbling surf that skirted their base. The coast for many miles presents a succession of bald mountains, and others with their peaks lost in a drapery of clouds. Over all there seemed to reign the same awful solitude as when the bold Northmen of the ninth century first set eyes upon them. We coasted to the northward, stemming a strong current, passing a great inlet called the Bay of Bulls, and toward sunset were off a famous landmark for fishermen—a dead steep shore, extending for several miles, and offering to the eye a perpendicular wall of black rock. About midway along this is a hollow inlet making under the rock, apparently worn by the action of the sea. This is known as "The Spout." In stormy weather the ocean billows run direct-





THE SPOUT OFF CAPE BROYLE.

ly into this opening, and find a vent at the roof at the inner extreme. At every breaker a column of water resembling the spout of a whale, but much larger, rises from this orifice, and to such a height as to be seen in relief against the black back-ground many miles at sea. Its solemn booming and the sepulchral moan of the imprisoned waters reached us as we glided past. Nye and the skipper, who were our most experienced hands, stood and pointed out nooks and crannies, almost hidden from view by the breakers, where in past years they had run for shelter in gales, or stole, in despite John Bull's vigilance, to fish in their placid depths.

The many nameless bays indenting the coasts of Newfoundland are the resort of hundreds of small colonial fishing-boats. The net is the favorite method pursued; and in some of these bays may be seen temporary villages, erected for one season only, where the fish are hauled ashore in schools and salted for the St. Johns market. It would be difficult to describe the picture of riot and drunkenness displayed at some of these settlements during the fishing season. All restraint is thrown off; the most unbridled license prevails; men, women, and children mingle in-

discriminately in the scene of debauchery; and it must be added, that when cash is plenty in the hands of such reckless spendthrifts, our countrymen—the universal Yankee peddlers—with their stock in trade of tear-brain and blue ruin, do not fail to reap an annual harvest of English currency. The fights for the choice of places to draw nets have often been so severe that naval vessels are sent round from St. Johns, as the season approaches, to preserve order.

A week of coasting along these bleak shores brought us no better luck, and falling in with a schooner reporting plenty of fish at the "Whale Deep," we put about and started again for the banks. The Whale Deep is a well-known sink in the otherwise regular bottom of the banks, thirty miles in length by about twenty-five broad. Around it there are from forty to forty-five fathoms of water; but once across its edge, and your lead falls suddenly into about twice that depth. It appears to be a great depression or basin scooped out of the solid rock-bottom. The lead comes up covered with green, slimy ooze, apparently accumulated there to a great depth; and no shells or fine speckled sand, like that found on the surrounding banks, adhere to the arming.



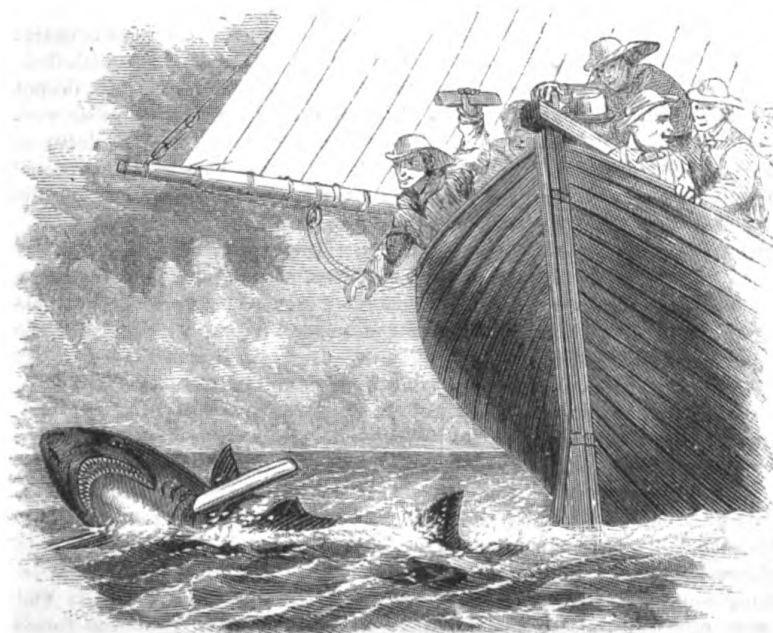
The fishermen have various speculations as to the cause of this hole in the rock, among which is the very plausible one, that when the banks were above water, and formed a vast island in past ages, this was the crater of a volcano; and they point, as a confirmation of this, to the fact that the soundings decrease regularly on approaching its precipitous edge, showing that the outer bank slopes gradually up from every direction toward this mysterious opening. Despite the general rule that cod affect sandy or shelly places, the Whale Deep is a favorite spot with every variety of fish, and among them cod in vast numbers. Here they collect at intervals, and appear to hold grand submarine conventions—perhaps to prepare for their annual migration into deep water—a journey they always take as the cold weather approaches—or for the regulation of the “Fishery Question.” Toward October they are in fine condition, and wiggle about their aqueous domain in the plenitude of fatness. The old fishermen say they bite less eagerly at this time than in the spring, when they first arrive upon the banks—a very natural conclusion, as they return from their ocean ramblings wretchedly lean and scarcely fit to eat.

We happened upon the Whale Deep at a lucky moment. It was evidently during a grand fish caucus extraordinary. After we had passed a mile or two within its borders the schooner was hove to, and a few lines thrown over. A sudden jerking at the hooks replied to our inquiries. In a moment the anchor was let go, the sails ran down, gear flew overboard, and at it we went. For three hours there was scarcely a word spoken beyond an occasional exclamation of impatience as some line got fouled in the rapid hauling, or an obstreperous fellow in the depths below made off with the best part of a valuable line. To an unsophisticated observer our crew,

as they bent over the rails rapidly hauling in their captives, would have seemed to be sparring vigorously at some unseen antagonist in the water. Nothing was heard but the whizzing of the wet lines as they ran out over the side, and the quick flipping on deck of the captured fish. The decks were soon alive with them. Sometimes a huge halibut, weighing his two hundred pounds, would come struggling to the surface. Whoever had hooked this prize then called his “chum,” or the man occupying the next berth, and even three were often necessary to land the ponderous captive upon deck. During this catch we had at one time upon deck cod, halibut, hake, bluefish, pollock, and haddock, slapping their tails around in dangerous proximity to our legs. Now and then a wicked-looking shovel-nosed shark would come slowly to the surface, snapping his jaws in high dudgeon at such summary treatment. These are usually cast loose. But thus having their cruel enemy on the hip, the crew are not always disposed to let him go scot-free; sometimes he is sent off with a stick of wood thrust through his gills, so as to leave about two feet of the “gaff,” as it is called, extending on either side. The buoyant appendage, from which he in vain struggles to disengage himself, prevents his descent beyond a few fathoms, when suddenly he reappears, lashing the water into foam, leaping his whole sinuous length out of water, or like a porpoise performing a series of curvetting evolutions in his progress along the surface. This the fishermen call paying off the shark in his own coin. He is at last completely exhausted, and floats a helpless mass on the water.

Fish, like women, are a very uncertain institution, and their tastes are equally unaccountable. When you least expect it, off they sail and leave you in the lurch when the prize is almost

within your grasp; at least such has proved my sailor's experience with them. Thus it was that, while we were merrily hauling up the denizens of Whale Deep, the supply suddenly gave out—either our bait had cloyed on their palates, or, what is quite as likely, they began to smell a submarine rat, and regarded the sudden upward movement of their companions with well-grounded suspicion. As if by simultaneous agreement they suddenly ceased to bite, and after wooing them in vain for a couple of days, we resolved to weigh and head for the northward.



GAFFING A SHARK.





AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

A few nights after this we observed the air to be unusually cold, denoting the vicinity of ice, and morning, which brought with it the first sunshine we had seen for weeks, disclosed to windward a vast field whose limits could not be seen from our mast-heads. From distant points of it arose three icebergs upon whose glassy steeps the early sun shone with opalescent splendor, and with an effect only equaled by the overwrought pictures of Arabian romance. White and glittering, they towered like "Albion's cliffs" above the surrounding mass, and with it floated toward the genial temperature where their solid architecture was to melt away and mingle with the ocean. The currents which drift them to the southward set through Davis's straits from the polar seas, and sweeping along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, disperse these ice-fields over the banks. As they gradually float into warmer water the submerged portion (usually six-sevenths) often melts so rapidly as to make the huge mass top-heavy: then a curious spectacle is presented. The iceberg moves slowly from the perpendicular, and falls over with a splash that sounds like the roar of a distant waterfall. Remnants of this ice have been seen

as far south as the Capes of Delaware, or some three hundred miles lower than the tail of the banks; and there are credible narrations of their drifting even south of the Gulf Stream.

The fisherman, to claim his bounty from Government, must have spent four months in the trip, and do his best to "wet his salt;" that is, to use it in salting down his fish. It is expected also that they will not anchor in any port unless driven by stress of weather. To insure the keeping of these regulations, one of the crew, who acts as mate, keeps a log or journal, showing the catch each day, the amount taken by each man, the depth of water fished in, the quantity of salt wet, and other minor particulars, to the truth of which, in certain cases, the writer is required to make oath. The obligation as to anchoring in port is but loosely observed, and many a jolly time the fishermen have when, after a "spell" of hard luck, they slip into Halifax or other of the British provincial ports, and, according to their own account, "take possession of the town." Mostly young men, they are great favorites, and frequently they augment their number with the hardy natives of the provinces. By this means many of these adventurous seamen



become permanently engaged in the American fisheries.

We made slowly along to the northward, sounding occasionally and bringing up miniature shells and speckled sand. Our lucky moments had been few and far between, and the skipper began to fear we should not make our fortunes this trip. But one morning we found ourselves in a shoal of mackerel. The crew ranged themselves around the rail, each at his own berth, and we were soon busily employed. The vessel rode steadily, but rising and falling gracefully with the swell. Two hooks, separated by a stretcher, were attached to each line, which, baited with a square chunk cut out of a cod's throat, had only to touch the water to be seized and swallowed. No time is lost in unhooking, but the fisherman hauls as fast as his hands can move until the fish appears in sight, when, with one motion, he is swung quickly over the rail into a barrel or heap, and so dexterously that the hook disengages itself in the same act. When the fish are plentiful the scene is one of the most exciting that can be imagined. The long, lithe bodies of the fishermen bending eagerly over their work, the quick and nervous twitching at the line, followed by the steady strain, and the rapid hand-over-hand haul that brings the prize to the surface, and the easy swing with which he describes a circle in the air as the victor slaps him into his barrel—the flipping of the captives about deck, mingling with the merry laughter of the excited crew—it is a sport to which the efforts of the trout angler, or the fowler, with his double-barreled shot-gun, are but puny and insignificant in comparison.

When the shoal is in biting humor no time is lost; meals are hastily eaten or altogether neglected; even the cook sometimes renounces his ladle and sauce-pans, abdicates the galley, and joins in the general onslaught. And it is well to woo them while they are in the vein, for at any moment a shoal is liable to "flash" out of sight to be seen no more. Various causes are assigned for this sudden disappearance. The most reasonable one is fright at the approach of some larger fish who prey upon the smaller fry. This is particularly the case with herring. A few days later we passed a shoal of these fish swarming upon the surface. Thousands leaped out of the water, and the whole mass seemed in the greatest distress. Attempting to swim downward they were met by the frightened crowds below, and the water was agitated into a whirl of foam in their frantic efforts to escape from some threatened danger. The cause of all this disturbance soon became apparent. Up through the thickest part of the mass appeared the head of a humpbacked whale with jaws wide apart, while into his cavernous mouth were drawn, as if by magic, whole barrels-full of living herring. But porpoises and sharks are even more destructive enemies of the herring. This habit of the humpback and black-fish is a contradiction of the commonly-received statement that the whale's throat will only admit squid and floating

marine matter known as "whale-feed." The mammoth of the deep is no exception to the rule that the strong and great prey upon the weak and small. The right whale, indeed, may be said to live by suction; but the sperm whale and humpback by no means confine their diet to such spoon victuals.

Our catch of this day was split and salted in the usual manner. We remained in this locality a week without a sight of fish, and then "up killeck" and worked toward the eastern edge of the bank, making our way all night through the customary fog, which, as some of my imaginative shipmates observed, was so thick that "a blind man could feel it with a stick!" Toward morning the fog lifted, and we found that some of our old acquaintances, the icebergs, were keeping us company. We had suspected their presence during the night by the natural effulgence, or "ice blink," which frequently renders them visible at some distance in the darkest night. This we had once or twice observed extending nearly over the schooner's mast-heads. We headed to the eastward, and passed, with a cracking breeze, in the direction of an immense iceberg, which we rapidly approached. It was the largest and most formidable one I had ever seen. Ben Ellis, my chum, after looking intently at it a while, sang out,

"By jimminy, there's a shoal of fish just to leeward of it! Out with your gear, boys!"

All hands jumped at the word; but Seth Davis knew better.

"There's whales in Charles River just as much," he replied, after carefully examining the appearance of the water with his glass. "There's nary fish there. The iceberg's aground, and stirrin' up the bottom."

We were now within half a mile of it, and a close inspection showed us that what we had mistaken for the jumping of fish along its base was the agitation caused by the monster's tremendous roeking in its efforts to work clear of the bottom. It was the Ice-Kraken, fairly stranded on the banks. A cast of the lead, for curiosity's sake, which gave forty fathoms, showed that it extended under water to a depth exceeding two hundred and fifty feet! As the swell of the ocean seemed to move the huge mass, it heaved and snarled like some leviathan of the deep, mingling its crushing and creaking with the solemn murmur of the waves, which dashed high against its frozen sides, again to descend in green and white crested rivulets of foam. At times massive fragments rushed with the velocity of an avalanche down the icy steep and plunged into the sea. The water for some distance around was discolored with mud, stirred up as the great foundations of the iceberg plowed into the bottom. High above, lodged among its crags and embedded in its precipitous sides, were collections of stones and debris. This vast ice island, bearing over the ocean exotic earth and rocks torn from arctic solitudes, brought sadly to our minds the fatal perils of Franklin



STRANDED IN FORTY FATHOMS.

and Kane; and as we gazed it was not difficult to conceive, with almost absolute certainty, the fate of the *President* and the *Pacific*.

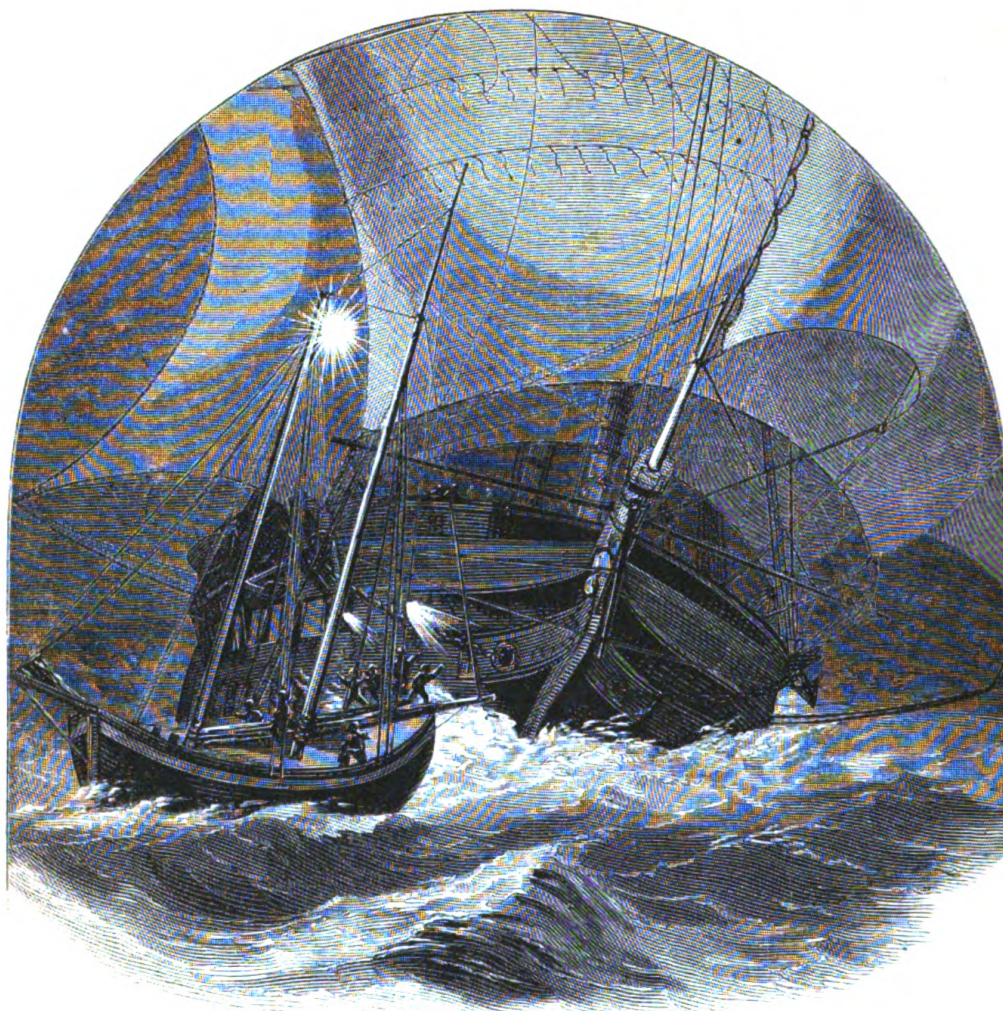
Some of the old navigators have left us accounts of ice-islands floating down from the frozen regions, crested with tufts of arctic shrubbery, and even inhabited by bears and other wild animals; and one tells us of an immense iceberg which he encountered on his way to America in 1814, from which were rescued part of the crew of a shipwrecked vessel, whose terror had been redoubled by polar bears, ravenous with hunger, and by which some of their number had been destroyed. Truly the Newfoundland banks, in their wild and romantic reality, need no creations of fiction to add to their terrible interest.

It is needless here to repeat the details of our fisheries on various parts of the banks, until in due time we had our "fare," and were prepared for the homeward trip. That night we lighted up our little cabin, got out the cards, and were soon deeply immersed in the fascinations of euchre and "old sledge." The night was pitch dark, and we were directly in the track of the European packets and steamships; but relying

on the lights we had set, and the vigilance of our look-out, we apprehended no danger, though between the tricks I could not help looking up through the companion-way into the black darkness, and assuring myself that our watch was on the alert. We had just resolved to break up and turn in, when we heard the loud shout of "Sail ho!" from Nye, who was on deck, followed by the sound of his heavy boots as he ran aft. It was plain that the danger I had feared was upon us. I was the first through the companion-way and upon deck, and all hands tumbled up in a twinkling.

Emerging from the lighted cabin the sudden darkness at first blinded us; but directly the form of an English packet-ship loomed through the night, close upon us. Nye was already sounding the fog-horn, and the reply of her fore-castle bell showed that we were seen. On she came, with dim lights twinkling about her hull, her pyramid of canvas towering far above us, her bows now buried to the hawser-holes in a smother of foam, and anon rearing up, displaying her great cut-water and burnished copper, dripping like Neptune rising from the briny ocean. It was a fearful moment. She





"HARD A STARBOARD!"

seemed to press steadily on, without deviating from her course, and I had already prepared for a death-grip upon her chain bob-stays, that seemed with the next plunge ready to saw across our quarter. The rough faces of crowds of sailors were seen looking at us from out of port-holes, between hammock-nettings, and from the great tops. Slowly she answered her helm, payed off handsomely; and as she passed we observed a number of curious faces peering down upon us, shading their faces with their hands. Among them were several ladies; one of whom we plainly heard say,

"Poor fellows! how they must suffer in such a little, uncomfortable ship!"

Her many lights gleamed quickly upon our wet decks, and from the quarter-galleries a distinct voice gave the order to the helmsman,

"Hard a starboard! Steady!"

And immediately after,

"What schooner's that?"

"*Rhody Carter*, from *Marblehead*!"

"What ship's that?"

"*Man—oop—oop—pool!*"

"Did you make out the name?" asked some

one, as the voice, borne away by the wind, came faintly to us.

"No. Sing out again!"

But she was already beyond the reach of voices; and even as we spoke her spars and shadowy canvas swept like a ghost out of sight. I thought of Washington Irving's fearful story, located not far from this very spot, drew a long breath, and we all decided to play no more cards that night.

It was late in the summer when, packed from kelson to deck with as pretty a fare of fish as had been taken that year, we lifted the anchor for the last time, and made sail for home. The labors of the voyage were now over, and we could calculate our probable profits. The fare consisted of cod and mackerel in nearly equal proportions, and a small number of hake, haddock, and halibut. With a fresh gale we eased off the sheets, and let her "throw the miles behind her."

Cap'n Clapp, now that he had entirely recovered from the apparition of the Liverpool liner, relaxed his rigid features, and as he thought of the "slashin'" cargo we had aboard, he would



mount, with his great sea-boots, upon the rail, and holding on to one of the shrouds, address himself by apostrophe to Mrs. Clapp, whom he chose to consider as having hold of a line in Marblehead, one end of which was attached to the *Rhody Carter*. As we plowed along with a fair wind he would take a great leap, intended for a double-shuffle or a pigeon-wing, and sing out, with his peculiar nasal twang,

"Pull, Mary! Haul it in, hand over hand! I'm a-coming! The old *Rhody's* got the bits in her teeth this time!" and other exultant exclamations, giving vent to the exuberance of his spirits.

At twelve o'clock on the 2d of September the sun shone clear and bright off the coast of Massachusetts, and deeming we had run our latitude, Cap'n Clapp "took a sight" with his antiquated quadrant, and announced to the crew that we should lie under Ten Pound Island Light that night; whereupon followed an indiscriminate onslaught upon the fresh water and yellow soap. Razors were brought into requisition—faces scraped, whiskers trimmed; and though the toilets were made in scraps of looking-glass two by four, I'll warrant many a spoony loiterer in the St. Nicholas door-way, or at our fashionable watering-places, would gladly have exchanged his full-length mirror for them, if the barter could have included the fresh, ruddy complexions and bright eyes of the *Rhody Carter's* crew.



CAP'N CLAPP TAKES A SIGHT.

The skipper's prediction was verified. Soon after dark the friendly beacon made its appearance right ahead, and that evening we were anchored in the bay. Most of the crew, including Cap'n Clapp, were Marblehead men, and, as may be imagined, "broke for home" at short notice. My four months' experience on the Grand Banks had given me a fair insight into the fishing business, and furnished me with a new lease of life,

besides lining my pockets to some purpose. The next day I met Davis and Nye, "dressed to death and trunk empty," as they said of themselves. They were on their way to "Beanville," as they jocosely called the adjacent town of Beverly, famous for the avidity with which its inhabitants swallow that flatulent edible; and as we parted—I on my way to Boston, and they to visit some pretty cousins, of whose charms I had heard frequent comment during the voyage—Nye called out after me,

"Good-by, W——! When you want to go a-fishin' again, don't forget Cap'n Clapp and the *Rhody Carter*!"

## A STORY FOR A CHILD.

### I.

LITTLE one, come to my knee!  
Hark how the rain is pouring  
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,  
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

### II.

Hush, my darling, and listen,  
Then pay for the story with kisses:  
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,  
In just such a storm as this is!

### III.

High up on the lonely mountains,  
Where the wild men watched and waited;  
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,  
And I on my path belated.

### IV.

The rain and the night together  
Came down, and the wind came after,  
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,  
And snapping many a rafter.

### V.

I crept along in the darkness,  
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—  
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,  
And a sheltering rock behind it.

### VI.

There, from the blowing and raining  
Crouching, I sought to hide me:  
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,  
And a wolf lay down beside me.

### VII.

Little one, be not frightened:  
I and the wolf together,  
Side by side, through the long, long night,  
Hid from the awful weather.

### VIII.

His wet fur pressed against me;  
Each of us warmed the other:  
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,  
That beast and man was brother.

### IX.

And when the falling forest  
No longer crashed in warning,  
Each of us went from our hiding-place  
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

### X.

Darling, kiss me payment!  
Hark how the wind is roaring:  
Father's house is a better place  
When the stormy rain is pouring!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

### "THE OTHER FAMILY."

"People seldom vex us on purpose, yet pride and prejudice are constantly persuading us that they do so."

OF course there were more houses than one in the Square, and all of them inhabited; but it was of her opposite neighbors that Mrs. Newcome spoke when she said to her husband at dinner: "I am almost positive that the other family are going to have a party too; did you ever know any thing so annoying as those people are?"

"I don't see how they can possibly interfere with us."

"Oh, men never do see! Perhaps you think it is nothing to have another bride in the neighborhood, to come sailing down the steps before us every Sunday, in a bonnet with real point lace, when mine is only blonde, and three different India shawls, when I have only one; I am positive she has three, and I know that she wears them in turn, just to make me feel uncomfortable!"

Mr. Newcome could not enter into this bitterness of spirit. For his part he was perfectly willing that the husband of the offending party should have three plaids, or three Renfrew wraps, every one of them a different pattern, and wear them one after the other, or altogether, just as pleased. He should feel just as warm and comfortable under his own.

"If it was one bonnet," said Mrs. Newcome, "even if it had real lace, one would not mind so much; but I declare she has one for every dress. There's the white *velours epingle* with the point, and the fuschia-colored velvet with black, and the blue and white tulle, and last Sunday the most becoming *mauve*, not to speak of the Magenta and black, with gilt ornaments, that I dare say was her traveling bridal hat. Such taste! Mine was as pearl colored as it could be, you know, and you never would guess the hunt I had for a veil precisely the same shade. Don't you know the night I could not go and see the Prince's torch-light procession, after you had hired a window and all? and you were so worried about my headache? Well, it was nothing in the world but hunting for that veil!"

"Dear me, was that it! and I paid ten dollars for the window, I recollect." Mr. Newcome felt chagrined at his loss for the first time. "How much was the veil worth?"

"Oh, the merest trifle—it was only gauze, for traveling; but I had set my heart on the exact shade, and I suppose I spent two whole days after that before I found it. And then my dress and cloak is such an exquisite ashes of roses. Heigh-ho! how long ago it seems, five weeks tomorrow! what a lovely journey it was, and every body seemed to know we were just married. You don't know, Dick, how that part of it puzzled me; every body we met seemed to know I was a bride—and don't you remember that polite waiter at Baltimore, who put flowers in our napkins? he folded them so beautifully, and the white

rose buds looked so pointed, and how every body stared at us!" It seemed so strange when I read our arrival in the papers, Mr. Newcome and lady, and when the chambermaids called me Mrs. Newcome, as if we had been married for ages."

"Gay old days, Sallie; but don't you think this is lots nicer, a house of your own, and every thing handsome about you, and when this bore of a party is over—"

"Bore! Well, I must say, Dick, after all the presents we had, and my wedding-dress never so much as been out of the folds since the day itself, and no chance to wear it again, and papa so kindly paying for every thing!"

If Mr. Newcome had listened much longer he might have heard how papa had furnished the house too; but he saved himself that wound by rising from the breakfast table and coming round by the tea tray, with its new set of silver, and kissing its fair presiding genius, who looked charming in the plainest of fire-new *peignoirs*.

"Ask your brother Ben if it isn't one—see what he'll say—all men agree on that unless the spread is something to look at."

"If Ben only gets here in time? I declare if he doesn't I shall wish the whole thing in the North River, particularly as the other family are going to have one too! It is so trying; if the invitations were not out, I should be tempted to give it up as it is."

Mrs. Newcome was perfectly safe, if not perfectly truthful in this remark. Nothing could have induced her to give up the satisfaction of receiving her friends in her own house, particularly when she reflected how becoming her wedding-dress would look in the evening, even without the veil, and there was the grand opportunity of displaying all her silver and the china and cut-glass dinner set.

"Where shall I meet you this afternoon?" inquired Mr. Newcome, as his wife busied herself affectionately in adjusting his clean pocket-handkerchief so that the embroidered initials on the corner might be displayed in full.

"I don't believe I shall get a step below Wagner's this afternoon. I must look in and see that he does not forget the game. Ben charged me not to forget the game if I wanted the gentlemen to enjoy themselves. And plenty of hot-house grapes. Julia Cheeny reminded me to speak of that. She says a party is nothing without plenty of hot-house grapes at this season of the year; and I must say that I agree with her. Good-by, my darling! Do take good care of yourself to-day—do, please, love!"

Conjuring her husband thus to a duty that had been his first care and privilege long before he had had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and was not in the least likely to forget now, Mrs. Newcome accompanied him to the hall-door, and gave him a parting kiss on the step. Lifting up her eyes after this little token of affectionate remembrance, she found "the other family" occupied in precisely the same manner. Mrs. Baker—for that was the name on the handsome silver plate—had accompanied her husband to

the door likewise, kissed him at parting, and even had the audacity to throw a kiss after him as he turned back.

How provokingly well and stylish she looked in her rich Cashmere robe, with its gold and crimson girdle, made up with a flowing Zouave jacket, and any quantity of embroidered cambric vest flowing over the girdle. It was decidedly more novel than any thing in Mrs. Newcome's collection, though hers included a robe of the Solferina and black, and appropriately styled *La Syrienne*. Mrs. Newcome regarded her with fresh discomfort through the lozenge-shaped glasses of the vestibule-door; while Mrs. Lovechild, next door to Mrs. Baker, paused in her morning promenade with her cross baby to watch her, with useless remembrance of the time when she too could linger at the table till her husband was ready to go down-town, and on the door-step to look after him, instead of being the slave of a constantly enlarging nursery and a tyrannical Irish nurse, who counted the moments her mistress was at breakfast, and had no hesitation in sending for her if she staid down stairs too long.

Mrs. Baker looked up and down the street, watched her husband fairly to the omnibus, twirled the ends of her girdle, and began humming an air from *Traviata* as she turned back to the house. Mrs. Newcome saw her directly after, chirruping to a bird in the bow-window, and feeding it with sugar in the most leisurely manner.

She seemed so perfectly unconscious that there was such a thing as neighbors or rivals in the world! It was plain that no Mordecai sat in her gate!

But at the same time *she* had nothing to complain of. She had not come into the Square with every thing that heart could desire in the way of furnishing, to find another family moving in opposite, just as she was settled, with some things entirely eclipsing her own! Handsomer stair-roses, for instance, a new twisted pattern, not to speak of the curtains when they came to be put up, and a suit of furniture on the second floor that fairly outshone the rosewood in Mrs. Newcome's bedroom. The very Prince of Wales' pattern she had admired at Meeks's, with the feathers carved as natural as life at the foot of the bed, and the *Ich-Dien* canopy that belonged to it, with plumes scattered all over the lace rather than wrought in it, the design was so beautifully brought out.

Mrs. Newcome hoped to have the advantage when it came to bonnets; for her papa had been very liberal in that respect, as Madame Harris, whose signature receipted the bill, well knew; but here Mrs. Baker bore off the palm as easily as she had the feather.

And now a party! for no reason in the world but because their invitations were out for one! Mrs. Newcome was sure that "this Mrs. Baker, whoever she was"—how galling that was meant to be!—had no object in life but to attempt to outdo her.....

Mr. Ben Croswell sprang out of the omnibus, looking at his watch under the corner gas-light as he did so. It was already nine o'clock, and his sister was receiving her friends for the first time in her own house; and he, as groomsmen, should have been on the spot punctually to assist in the solemnities.

The train from Albany had been detained; the hack-driver stupid; every thing had conspired to make him late—even his neck-tie, which always was against him on such occasions. His father and mother had already left home for the scene of action when he arrived, leaving a message for him to follow as quickly as possible. Mr. Croswell, senior, was leaning against the rich mantle in his son-in-law's front-parlor, looking about him to see how things lighted up, and congratulating himself that he had done the thing about right, just as Mr. Ben sat down to his tea-biscuit and cold meats at the paternal residence.

"Good as the Newcomes' any day, if they are professional!" Mr. Croswell murmured somewhere in the vast interior of his white waistcoat—new for the wedding. "I should like to see old Newcome give one of his girls such a setting-out!"

And while he was thus administering to his *amour propre*, and Mrs. Croswell, having smuggled herself in the dining-room, was begging the strange waiter to be careful of the glass and china, and not to break the set; and imploring John, the waiter-in-ordinary, to have an eye on the silver, and remember that there were six dozen spoons in all—and the fish-knives would do very well to go on the corners for ice-cream—the "four pieces of music" that had been spoken for with the supper arrived, and had commenced that preluding discord which the *maestros* of the "future music" tell us should invariably precede harmony.

Guests were in anticipation on the second floor, where a liberal punch-bowl provided inspiration to Gothamite youths; and a tidy chamber-maid, in a voluminous white apron, waited to say, "This way, if you please!" to the ladies.

The master of the house had not yet emerged from the tiny front hall dressing-room above, into which he had been crowded to give place to the bridesmaids and their paraphernalia which had arrived at intervals through the day in very large boxes; however, he ventured to knock, in a hesitating way, at the door of his own chamber, when the carriages began to rumble through the street, and the "Congress assembled" being ready to have some one admire them, kindly admitted him to private view.

"Only think, Dick! did you ever know any thing so annoying?" said Mrs. Newcome, the bride, rushing up to her husband in an agitated way. "They really *are* going to have a party! Isn't that a little *too* much?"

"Why, the other family, you know!" she added, as Mr. Newcome looked about him, slightly bewildered, thinking he should call it quite



the right thing if their bridesmaids did give them one.

"Just look at that!" Miss Julia Cheeny, first female friend, threw back one leaf of the shutter; a blaze of light streamed over from the opposite house, and more than that, some one in the third story front-room found it convenient to raise the blind at the same moment, and the whole party photographed the scene before them in one intense and burning gaze of curiosity.

"Did you ever!"—and they turned to each other with animated, not to say tragic gestures.

"Her dress doesn't begin to yours," said Miss Cheeny, consolingly; "and only natural flowers in her hair—so common!"

"Your pearl comb and bandeau now!" added bridesmaid number two.

"She's vain enough, at all events; standing before a glass and admiring herself!"—precisely what Mrs. Newcome had been doing the last half-hour; but then she had not *seen herself* do it, or her tone might not have been quite so spiteful.

"If it wasn't time to go down I could cry, I declare—after all the trouble and pains mamma and I have taken with our party!"

Mrs. Newcome raised her pocket-handkerchief, but reflecting that it was her best point Duchess—Miss Cheeny's tariff as first bridesmaid—concluded not to give way.

"Come now, you don't want to spoil your eyes," said Mr. Newcome, soothingly; "and I don't suppose they know many of our friends: I guess it won't hurt our audience much."

"You *don't* understand! There, there goes this horrid glove, split all the way up. I wish you would mind your own affairs, Dick, and let me *alone*."

Mr. Newcome actually felt astonished and hurt at this irritation on his wife's part; for he was new in feminine experience, and did not know that no woman is accountable for any thing she says or does when dressing for a party—particularly if a lacing or a glove gives way at the last moment.

"Well, he hasn't the least idea how provoking it is," the bride said to her friends, as the husband of six weeks took her at her word, and retreated into his cell to sit on the edge of the single bed it contained and squeeze on his gloves as best he might.

"From the very moment we came into this house those people have just set themselves to work to see how they could annoy me. Come, let's go down. I'm sick of the sight of them!"

"But your brother hasn't come;" and Miss Cheeny hung back.

"Oh, we might wait all night for him: he hadn't arrived when papa came away. That's always the way it happens to me! Cousin John will take you into the rooms."

Miss Cheeny was not at all pleased with the change in the programme. It was one thing to sail in leaning on the arm of such a tall, stylish-looking man as Ben Crosswell, and another to walk with a little, insignificant, near-sighted, old

bachelor, who stumbled and had to be held up every other step.

Meanwhile the missing member of the family had completed his supper and his toilet, and found himself an hour behind time. Fortunately he was not a woman, and did not have to wait for a carriage to be called; the Fifth Avenue omnibus would take him to the corner, and he could easily find the house, for he had gone over it just before he left for his Western trip, and he knew it was about the middle of the block: besides, there were the lights and the music to guide him.

So hurrying down the brown-stone Square, where each house rivaled its neighbor in sombre hue and stone balconies, he sprang up to the remembered number; yes, he was sure it had been 35, and there was a party going on most certainly. Of course he did not recognize the servants or the furniture: all was new, and so were many of the faces among the guests.

"Dick's relations, I suppose," he said to himself, as he made his way down from the dressing-room, and slowly through the crowd at the bottom of the staircase. "Nice-looking people most of them—some very pretty girls," and he rather enjoyed allowing himself to be cornered by a set just formed for the Lancers, and looking on a while, before he reported himself as ready for duty.

The young lady who stood at the head of the set pleased him particularly. She was dressed very simply, in a cloud of white tarlatan, with wreaths of pink clematis straying over it, and the same delicate blossoms and tendrils formed a trailing wreath for her brown hair. Her eyes were brown too, large and clear: she had not much color, but there was no token of ill-health in the round, smooth cheek; and as for her neck and arms, critic as he was, Mr. Ben Crosswell could only admire. He thought he should like to dance with her too; and with the necessity of an introduction from some quarter, he naturally turned to the inner room where the bride received her friends.

There she stood, in the centre of the arch dividing the two apartments, as he made his way up to her, a bride, evidently, by the shiny satin dress and orange blossoms in her hair; but it was not his little sister—oh no, quite another style, tall and splendidly shouldered. She saw him approach, and so did the host her husband: both looked at the other as if for an introduction, both bowed and smiled pleasantly at the same moment, as if fearing to be impolite to the friend of the other by hesitation, and he found himself saying agreeable nothings about the pretty scene before him; but where was he? and who were they?

Just then the Lancers was concluded, and the pretty girl in the pink clematis came up with a most becoming flush to take her place in the group of attendants.

"A plain quadrille next," she said to the bride; and as she spoke she stumbled, for there was a throng of course about the host and hostess,

and some careless foot had trodden on her flowing drapery.

"Allow me!" and Mr. Croswell sprang forward, foreseeing the collision, to restore equilibrium. The pretty girl blushed, and he held her gloved hand for a moment.

"Mr. ———," said the newly-made husband, his voice sinking into a "hum-hum" as it came to the name—we have all covered our bad memories in the same style when making casual introductions. "Are you hurt, Fanny?"

"Oh, not at all; it was so careless in me! Are they going to dance again so soon? It is almost as crowded as the Prince's Ball, Mr. ———."

"Yes—do you dance? Permit me the pleasure?" It was an impertinent thing to do, and Ben Croswell knew it, for he began to understand that there was another bride in his sister's neighborhood, and he had got into the wrong house. But he said to himself, "Why should he throw away the happiness fortune had placed within his reach? The pretty girl on his arm had the most attractive face he had seen that season; and, like "young Lochinvar," he quickly determined to

"Tread but one measure,  
Drink one cup of wine,"

or what was better than wine, the half-shy, half-admiring glances of the brown eyes. He was not a coxcomb; but he knew she did not consider him ugly or ill-bred, as she talked on between the figures in an animated, sprightly way. He knew that he owed this very dance to Julia Cheeny; what a difference there was between the two!

"You were not at my sister's wedding; at least I don't recollect you," said Fanny, and the pink clematis wreath fell against the fair round neck as she looked up to him.

"Are you sure?" He wanted to see her raise them again; not but that he understood the whole mistake well enough.

"No;" and the tendrils nodded as she shook her head gravely. "I'm sure I should have remembered you."

How he liked the emphasis! How unconsciously she flattered the man's vanity!

"I must have heard Charlie or sister speak of you. Have you known Charlie long? Isn't he the best fellow in the world?"

"Not very"—perfectly true. "Oh, the very best!" for had he not introduced them?

"We are all so delighted with sister's marriage," continued Fanny, quite confident that she was pleasing one of Charlie's friends. "Uncle says he is entirely satisfied; and that is a great deal for uncle to say—don't you think so?"

He was so absurd as to be tempted to say, "Yes, if it were you;" but the thought brought him back to his senses and to the end of the dance; and Miss Fanny was claimed for the Redowa by a youth she called Fred. He hoped it was a cousin! though, for that matter, here was the end of the thing. He did not consider it advisable to make his adieux in form. The

young husband and wife had had plenty of time to compare notes and discover that he was the friend of neither. He only wished that he could claim the intimacy of both, and that his sister was not expecting him, and he could stay and finish the evening!

Taken altogether, his appearance at No. 35 might have been considered unceremonious; and as he regained the sidewalk he wondered that he had not noticed 36 also in a blaze of light, and hesitated between the two. Crowded as it was, the interior of his sister's house could never have been mistaken for that which he had just left. Here were mirrors where No. 35 displayed good pictures, and a certain heaviness and upholsterer's elegance in all the arrangements. So with the toilets of the bridal party: his sister's dress of silk, puffed out with innumerable tulle *bouffantes*, and the pearl bandeau, looked fussy after the simple richness of the bride opposite. As for Miss Cheeny, in her round high wreath of scarlet velvet and gold, and her cherry-colored trimmings generally, she bloomed out like a huge scarlet poppy, to the wild rose he had just parted with.

Mr. Ben Croswell was not a man to shrink from duty, however. He bore his sister's expostulations on his late appearance meekly, and instantly claimed Miss Cheeny's hand for the dance. It was a short, stout hand; it might have been held in his for a whole evening without the faintest desire to press it; whereas he still thrilled with the recollection of the first momentary touch of the unknown Fanny's.

No one would have supposed how entirely absent in spirit Mr. Croswell was from first to last. He danced twice with Miss Cheeny and took her to the supper-table, where he came out in the most noble manner, helping her to fried oyster and boned turkey, and seeming to divine her partiality for hot-house grapes. Her plate was loaded with superb Black Hamburgs, fruity Muscatel, and amber-colored Chasellas; so that the one regret Miss Cheeny experienced was, that she had no pocket, and could not contrive any plan by which to smuggle a part of this abundance home to eat in peace and quietness over the last chapters of "Rutledge" to-morrow!

Mrs. Newcome, happy as she was in hearing the flattering criticisms and comments of her friends on the table and its appointments, noticed this zeal on her brother's part, and argued well from it. She idolized her brother, and her favorite plan was to have him marry Miss Cheeny; for as her mother had said, when deciding on Miss Cheeny as first bridesmaid, "if Ben only would see his own interests, and marry her, old Cheeny would, of course, give Julia a house and every thing handsome, and when he died there would at least be fifty thousand apiece, and very likely a hundred. Now that Ben had been taken into the firm, that would answer very well; for every one knew that old Cheeny was likely to go at any time with apoplexy."

Ben appeared on this evening to be getting a faint insight of his "own interests," and, with

the prophetic rapidity of feminine thought, Mrs. Croswell, who looked on approvingly, saw herself assisting at a similar fête in honor of the nuptials. Mrs. Croswell had not learned, even with her large matrimonial experience, that indifference and unfaithfulness frequently blossom into apparent devotion, that the hollow heart may be covered and concealed.

More than once the hero of this little romance had made his way to the door or window and gazed across to the opposite house. Apparently the guests of both families were retiring simultaneously, and as he reascended the steps at an hour considered late at night and early in the morning, after depositing Miss Cheeny in her father's carriage—showing due solicitude for the departing boxes of finery, his vigilance was rewarded by the recognition of the white tarletan and pink clematis for a moment at the drawing-room window. The family group had gathered in the front drawing-room to talk it over.

"Well, *that's* done with!" remarked the master of the house, with a half-concealed yawn and a satisfaction that would not be hidden. "Beg every body's pardon; but if that fellow could find my slippers—these boots are so confoundedly tight. I say, John!

"And, John, bring me some of the *mille fruit*, and a bit of partridge, if there is any. I did not eat three mouthfuls at supper. Handsome, wasn't it, Ben? I declare I had no idea it would be half so striking. I was sorry it was my own party, and I couldn't walk round and look at every thing."

The late hostess tucked up her feet comfortably on the crimson-velvet lounge—relieved her hands of gloves, and her head of the weight of superfluous ornaments.

"There now, I'm going to *enjoy myself* a little! Have any thing, Ben? I dare say there's chicken-salad, there was oceans!"

"Yes, and very fine too," remarked Mr. Croswell; "Cheeny said he did not believe he could have dressed it better himself!"

"Did he? Oh *did* Mr. Cheeny like the supper? I'm *so* glad;" and there was a fervor in Mrs. Croswell's thanksgiving which almost betrayed her designs upon the individual in question, and that would never have answered: from his youth up Mr. Ben Croswell had been remarkable for choosing to "do for himself."

"I guess every one had a pretty nice time; they all appeared to enjoy themselves," said Mrs. Newcome, receiving the desired dainties from the tray John had brought in.

"Pity if they couldn't on a two hundred dollar spread!" and the young husband, whose father-in-law had come down thus handsomely, stooped to comfort his almost blistered feet with the slippers she had worked for his last birthday.

Mr. Croswell, senior, beamed with gratification—who is there that does not shine brighter for appreciation?—and he slowly sipped a parting glass of Champagne while doing a little sum in mental arithmetic. Twelve hundred on the

outfit; three on the wedding and reception; four thousand on the house, including silver tea-set, with some odd bills yet to come in; two hundred on the present little excitement.

Between six and seven thousand, from first to last. No one could say that he grudged money on his only daughter.

For some reason or other Mr. Ben Croswell forbore to mention his little mistake in making his bow at the wrong house when apologizing to his sister for tardiness. The conductor and hack-driver had to bear the whole blame. Neither did he approach the subject of the other family in a direct manner now; but it occurred to him that he might sleep easier if he found out whether his sister had as yet made their acquaintance.

"Like your house, Sallie? Rather good neighborhood," he remarked, with patronizing brotherly kindness.

"Couldn't be better, out of Fifth Avenue. Why, the Clinton Livingstones live in that large house next door but one to the corner, and the Murray Davidsons below us! It was a perfect miracle that we got it!"

"I see somebody else has a party to-night;" and Mr. Ben moved carelessly toward the window, and parted the curtains. "Why, right opposite, isn't it? Know 'em?"

"Know them!" and Mrs. Newcome paused in dissecting the wing of the partridge and sat upright in her virtuous indignation. "No, indeed! nothing could ever induce me to know them!"

Mr. Ben dropped the curtain. The lights had disappeared from the lower floor of No. 35, and there was a tantalizing shadow moving back and forth in the front room of the third story. His heart misgave him a little. Were they really objectionable people?

"She don't like it because they take the shine out of us a little," explained Dick. "Baker looks like a nice fellow to know—goes down in the omnibus every morning. He has a good eye—shouldn't wonder if he's the fellow that played at the Club with Morphy. I declare if I don't believe he is! must get at him somehow!" and Mr. Newcome got up and looked over at No. 35 himself, as if it could solve the problem. Chess was his favorite game.

"If it was Morphy himself nothing would ever induce me to call on his wife—and as we came in ten days before them it's our place if any one does. Mamma can tell you—mamma knows just how spiteful she's been! Such a bold, disagreeable—"

"Have some *mille fruit*, Sallie? might cool you off," suggested Ben, provokingly.

"—horrid woman! Such a bad example always before you! Come, mother! recollect I was up all last night, and Dennis has been at the door an hour." Mr. Ben Croswell smothered his disappointment under a yawn, and did the dutiful to his admiring mother, leaving the husband and wife to settle the little affair of the dressing-room, which had smouldered in Mr.



Dick Newcome's aggrieved breast, to burst forth the moment he and the offender were left alone, with:

"I say now, Sallie—you didn't do the right thing before all those women to-night. You must recollect that a fellow has *some feelings*."

Mr. Ben Croswell was a most exemplary brother as well as son. He did not make the excuse which some brothers we could mention put forward, that "married people are so wrapped up in each other's society," for absenting himself from his sister's house. He dropped in of an evening very often, and played a game of chess with Dick or admired Sallie's "new things" as they were displayed in turn to her small but appreciative audience. He sympathized with her too, as Dick would not, in the continued annoyances she met with from "the other family." Dick faintly suspected that he rather drew the conversation that way.

Mrs. Newcome had been relieved in part by triumphing in furs. Mrs. Baker's tippet was only three-quarters—hers was a full cloak, and nearly touched the ground. She pointed out the difference to her brother as they walked home from church one Sunday. There was another three-quarters tippet walking beside Mrs. Baker's, and the sables were crowned with a lovely blue bonnet, not the least of a "poke." Mr. Croswell was sure that it was adorned with pink clematis inside the brim!

He had kept up his recollection of the face in various little ways. He had fallen rather into the habit of dining with his sister on Sundays; and when he was left alone with his book and his cigar in the afternoon, many was the stolen glimpse that repaid him for his devotion to the window. Sometimes the brown eyes and brown braids appeared in full at the opposite casement when the bells began to ring, and remained there as the little crowd passed to Dr. Fustianberg's church. Frequently the well-known figure came out upon the steps in full walking dress, evidently bent in that direction. How he longed to follow it! but two impertinences would forever close the door of No. 35 against him, and he had the wisdom to refrain from any thing so decided. Possibly if he had at once obtained the introduction he desired the glamour would have vanished; but as it was, the distance not only lent, but continued in the kindest way to lend enchantment. He seemed to remember something Mr. Tennyson had written, and adapted it to his own case:

"Sometimes I saw you sit and *sew*;  
And in the pauses of the wind  
Sometimes I heard you sing within;  
Sometimes your shadow crossed the blind.  
At last you rose and moved the light,  
And the long shadow of the chair  
Flitted across into the night,  
And all the casement darkened there!"

And after a month or two occupied in this rather desultory style of apostrophe, he got so far as to whisper the more direct invocation of the poet to the "Miller's Daughter," suiting the name to the occasion of course:

"Oh that I were beside her now!  
Oh, will she answer if I call?  
Oh, would she give me vow for vow—  
Sweet Fanny!—if I told her all?"

And he fell into day-dreams when he saw how cozy Dick and Sallie appeared to be—as to how the brown eyes would follow him about under the same circumstances, and a certain sweet mouth be raised to his for a kiss, when he came home bothered and rather cross of nights from the counting-house.

He even found time to look in, and see how Sallie was getting along with her calls on New-Year's Day, when every body knows the gentlemen of one's own family are the last persons one expects to appear; knowing, too, that Miss Cheeny had been invited to assist, and having by this time discovered that he was expected to sustain the devotion that a groomsman is called upon to display to the first lady in waiting. To tell the truth, he thought it a good time to find out what style of men visited 35, and whether there were many of them; and as he walked down the icy pavement, with his eyes fixed on the magnet, he made an interior vow that 1861 should not end before he was numbered on the list. From that moment he resolved to trust chance no longer, but to bend all his energy to the accomplishment of an introduction.

It would appear that Fortune frequently delays her favors only till her servitor shall have gone the length of a vigorous resolution; for, as it happened, a gentleman hurrying along with more spirit than Mr. Croswell's lingering approach evinced, came rather rudely in contact with him—thanks to the icy glare of the pavement—and his apologies were arrested with a "Hallo! old fellow, where are you bound in this neighborhood?"

"Just the man I wanted to meet. Hold on a minute, Ben!" and Mr. Amariah Petit held his friend's sleeve with his wonderfully-gloved hand. "Doesn't your sister live in this Square? Isn't Miss Cheeny—you know old Cheeny's daughter—hanging out there to-day? I want to know her the worst kind. Couldn't undertake me, could you? I don't know what there is I wouldn't do for you if you only would take us in tow."

Mr. Croswell considered a second. As to family, any one who read the newspapers knew there was nothing against that; and for the young man himself, perhaps his French accent and bad play at billiards were the worst things about him.

"Oh, come now," urged the suppliant, "don't stand on virtuous objections. If you ain't going in for her yourself, do give a fellow *half* a chance. I was just looking 'round on a cousin of mine over there;" and—could Mr. Croswell believe his own eyes!—the delicate bronze-headed cane pointed full at 35.

"Cousin of yours? You don't say so;" and Mr. Croswell's air of deliberation vanished.

Little did the fair damsels who held court in the opposite mansions know how one had been

played against the other, or that destiny stood at the door-bell. Miss Cheeny, and, fortunately, Mrs. Newcome were employed in doing the honors of the lunch-table when the two gentlemen ascended the steps of 35, and Mr. Croswell found himself once more in the frescoed vestibule. He had never so nearly lost confidence in himself, during his whole career of twenty-seven years. What if they should resent his last appearance, and turn a deaf ear to his apology?

Gothamite young ladies are sometimes economical, the daily prints to the contrary notwithstanding. There was a stately figure standing near the mantle, gorgeous in a rustling crimson and black silk, but the well-remembered wreath was doing duty again in the smoothly braided brown hair of the lady standing a little apart. Would she remember him? He would test himself on that.

"Mr. Croswell, a particular friend of mine, Charlotte. Mrs. Baker, Miss Petit, Mr. Croswell."

Mrs. Baker's reception was cordial, but unconscious. He stole a glance at the brown eyes; they smiled recognition.

"I believe we have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Croswell before," and she held out her hand as if in perfect confidence that he could and would make ample explanation.

What exclamations, what merry laughter, what cordiality it called forth! Better than that, Mrs. Baker innocently remarked at parting, "Fanny has so often spoken about you, Mr. Croswell, and wondered over your erratic appearance. She imagines she has seen you several times since; and now that you *do* know us, pray come again."

Miss Cheeny stood near the parlor-door bowing out Cousin John and his short-sighted glasses. Mrs. Newcome had taken advantage of this opportune moment to rearrange the lunch-table in a hurried manner, and bring out its best points more prominently, when her brother's radiant face appeared. Both ladies agreed that they had never seen him in such high spirits, or looking so handsome; still, Miss Cheeny appeared to dwell more than was agreeable to Mrs. Newcome on the elegances of Mr. Petit, and his remarkable command of the French language. "One can compliment so charmingly in French," said Miss Cheeny. "Monsieur Ollendorf at Okill's used to say the most gallant things to us girls. He ran off with Bell Miller, you know. Mr. Petit reminds me of him; half the school were in love with him, Monsieur Ollendorf, you know."

"Seems to me we don't see half as much of Ben as we used to," remarked Mr. Newcome, one long evening not many weeks after the New Year came in. "I haven't had a game of chess I don't know when. That is the Baker, by-the-by, that played with Morphy. Amariah Petit told me so; I do wish you'd be civil, and let's know 'em."

"I've seen the time"—and Mrs. Newcome's face put on an injured expression—"when the

evening was never too long; it always went too fast before we were married; you never wanted to be having visitors then!"

"But, Syllabub, I don't have to go home at eleven now—that makes a difference, and you don't learn any new songs, and I know all the old ones; and you don't get yourself up and entertain a fellow now as you used to. I wonder what kind of a night it is;" and Mr. Newcome walked lazily to the window and let in a flood of moonlight.

"Clear as a bell! My goodness, Sallie! Whew!" and Mr. Newcome relieved his astonished senses with a long whistle. "If that isn't Ben now coming out of the Bakers'!"

Yes: much as she desired that it should be any one else in the world—much as she resented this traitorous betrayal, her brother literally gone over to the enemy—it certainly was him, making rather a lingering adieu on the doorstep, and then having the audacity to cross the street, all unconscious of espionage, and walk in as if nothing had happened.

But something had happened, and he had come to tell them of it. He was engaged; he was going to be married some day to the sister of that dreadful Mrs. Baker!

"After all your attentions to Julia Cheeny?" began Mrs. Newcome.

"Your attentions, Sallie—yours and mamma's; I leave it to Dick."

"Sure enough; I always told you, Sallie, she wasn't Ben's style. Will have to know 'em after all!" Mr. Newcome glanced lovingly toward his chess-board, with its solitary-looking problem. And Mrs. Newcome succumbed to fate reluctantly, and feeling herself the most injured woman in community resolved to see as little of them as possible, and to let them see that, if they had entrapped Ben, they could not blind her eyes to their real character.

She came home from the formal congratulatory call in another frame of mind; she had heard another piece of startling intelligence. Miss Petit's cousin was engaged to Miss Cheeny; it had not come out yet, but as it was all in the family, and Mrs. Newcome so intimate, of course she would know it by evening, if not before. That accounted for the rarity of Miss Cheeny's visits of late, which had been almost as noticeable as Brother Ben's defection. Besides, Mrs. Baker "was *delighted* to make her acquaintance," she told Mrs. Croswell, who had come over for a visit of mutual condolence and sympathy, expecting to find her daughter in the depths of desolation. Mrs. Baker had said to Fanny, oh "an immense number of times," when looking at the house, that it was a perfect shame, they ought to visit, young married people so; and she had longed to find out who her milliner was, for Fanny had often said to Charlotte that Mrs. Newcome had the sweetest hats in the neighborhood.

This favorable impression was confirmed when the return visit was paid: Fanny, escorted by Ben, all smiles and blushes, at the playful al-

lusions that were constantly made to his silent courtship from those very windows! It would have been ungrateful if they had not admired the curtains, which they did very heartily; and as they came out in the hall, Charlotte called Fanny's attention to the shining silver-plated stair-ropes, and remarked how much they were to be preferred to their own.

At the present writing the preparations for the two weddings are progressing happily, both to take place in Dr. Fustianberg's church on the same day. Mrs. Baker has sent Miss Cheeny a massive cake-knife, and Miss Cheeny has returned the compliment with a gorgeous card receiver.

Miss Petit has no papa to settle a house upon her: and it has been arranged that the young people are to live with Mr. and Mrs. Baker for the present, at least; so that the household of No. 35 will in reality become "the other family." The greatest cordiality exists between them, and such frequent visits of consultation take place that poor Mrs. Lovechild finds her nursery duties far more endurable; for there is always a figure in a large shawl and dainty mariposa flying across the street, look when she will, to amuse and interest her. Indeed, Mr. Ben Croswell declares that there is a rut dangerous to carriages extending from one hall door to the other; and Mrs. Newcome has confided every detail of her proposed toilet for the coming event to Mrs. Baker, without so much as a lingering suspicion that the latter could take advantage of it to outdo her.

### BIGGS BOARDS.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, as the readers of *Harper's Monthly* will possibly remember, I apologized for introducing to them, a second time, through its pages, Mr. Benjamin Biggs. At that time, when my duty was concluded, I labored under the belief that the aforesaid gentleman would not again come within the line of my walk in life, and I congratulated myself and the public on so pleasant a consummation. But alas for the futility of human hopes! I, being, as I here publicly confess, perfectly willing to dispense with social contact in the case of Biggs, have not been allowed so to do, for an especial reason, which, explained in a few words, is, simply, that Biggs declines to accept the dispensation.

Three months after the day when I entertained that individual at dinner he came to my office wearing a countenance marked by the deepest solemnity. His words were few, but to the point. They were:

"I am going to board."

It was not a matter of any moment to me whether Biggs boarded or kept house. Biggs is a bachelor; and, as he knows, I have ever sternly put forth my opinion that this portion of my fellow-men have no right to be housekeepers, such a mode of living being simply an arrogation upon their part, of the privileges of the

married. We all know that many of the wisest nations and communities that the world has ever produced made it imperative that young men should become domiciled in families, and not allowed to establish homes for themselves until matrimony sanctified them. There was another reason why I could have no possible interest in the change of Biggs, which was, that during our many years of intercourse that person had never invited me to the hospitalities of his dwelling, even to the extent of a cold cut. Therefore, why should I care whether Biggs boarded or kept house?

I must premise that Biggs had, in a most unaccountable manner, since the day of his dining at my house, cultivated Mings, and at the time of announcing his intention to board had so far advanced matters that the very evening, much to the disgust of Mings, he took up his quarters, bag and baggage, in the same house with that gentleman, under the supervision of Mrs. Mortimer M'Doit.

Months went on, and still Biggs lingered at the M'Doit homestead. I confess to a quiet desire to become acquainted with the working of the affair, but neither of the dwellers within the threshold responded to the gentle hints I threw forth to this end. The only thing satisfactory that I ever received from Biggs was, that "Mrs. M'Doit's a charming woman, Sir;" while Mings declared it to be "Quite a temple of pleasure and taste, my boy; worthy of Alcibiades. Every luxury of the season, at a moderate compensation, exclusive of extras."

A short time after this I was rather astounded one day at some singular conduct on the part of Biggs. He came to my office just before 2 P.M., when a particular press of business occupied me very closely. I heard a tap upon the glass sash that leads into my private room, and looking up I saw the face of Biggs pressed close up against the pane. I was startled, for there was an air of anxiety and woe upon the features not to be mistaken. He beckoned me, and forgetting all business, I went forth. Biggs caught me quickly by the arm, and, to the utter astonishment of my partner and the book-keeper, hurried me to the farthest corner of the large room. Here penning me into a space between the safe and a copying-press, he leaned toward me and said, in a hoarse whisper,

"What d'y'e say, now, to going home to dinner with me this afternoon?"

For a moment I was speechless with indignation and surprise. I believe—and if I make any mistake I mentally beg his pardon for it—that Biggs knew, when he gave that invitation, how busy I was; but he did not know how anxious I also was to see the working of his experiment, or he never would have risked my acceptance.

An hour from that time I stood before the abiding-place of Biggs—a brown-stone front, towering five stories into the sky, situated eligibly and fashionably on Twenty-second Avenue. I was so extravagantly welcomed by Mings that I at once conceived a suspicion that my invita-



tion originated from that gentleman, and had only been delivered by Biggs.

The surroundings of Mrs. Mortimer M'Doit's genteel establishment bore a striking likeness to those of my own humble quarters at Mrs. Dol-laby's—for I, too, boarded. The vases, indeed, that did solemn duty over the mantle, were fresher in color, taller in stature, and altogether livelier in appearance, but still the same. The furniture had a more modern, jaunty look, and was resplendent in varnish and blue damask, but still there was the family likeness undeniable. There was a piano, with a scanty heap of music, the principal pieces of which conveyed the idea that they had been played during the great charge at Waterloo, and had come out of the battle rather badly wounded. There was the first cousin to the table of our parlor, bearing all the progeny of the books and daguerreotypes. I could have identified many of them on oath, even though they were in better bindings, or inclosed in more gorgeous cases.

Curled up in one corner of a sofa, legless, footless, and almost bodiless, though occupying an amplitude of room with an amplitude of skirt, sat a lady, who might be any where from twenty to forty, performing some most amazing tricks with a little instrument hooked at one end and a ball of white wool, never ceasing, during the most wonderful digital gymnastics, to wield her eyebrows in a remarkable manner, and play curious actions with her eyes, interspersing the whole with exclamations of "Oh dear!" "Is it possible!" "How strange!" "You naughty man!" and various other interjectional phrases. All this was apparently done for a very small gentleman with very large whiskers, who was seated on the small of his back, with his hands in his pockets, uttering, from time to time, sententious remarks on their mutual personal associates. Mings proposed instantly to introduce me, prefacing the act by declaring the young lady

"A most delightful person, my boy; charming conversational power. Classical, my boy, classical!"

"Miss Sophronia Sullivan!"

I bowed low, and Miss Sophronia gave her eyes an extra roll, and myself a supplicating look, seeming to say,

"Ah! you *are* fascinating; you know it; but have pity on a poor, weak, defenseless woman, who never did you any harm, but must surrender at discretion."

"Mr. Pipes."

Mr. Pipes sprang off the small of his back with a spasmodic jerk, and seized my hand, looking all the time eagerly in my face, with an expression that for an instant led me to the belief that in my humble person Mr. Pipes had discovered a long-lost brother. Finding at last that he could not trace the lineaments, Mr. Pipes unwillingly relinquished my hand and sat down.

I tried Miss Sophronia on the conversational, and received in return many of those little bird-like exclamations that had been so plentifully

lavished on Mr. Pipes. Mr. Pipes, on his part, withdrawing into private life by changing his hands from his pockets to the arm-holes of his vest, walking up and down the while, and whistling under his breath.

Gradually, as the minutes stole on, an aroma began to pervade the room announcing the approach of dinner. There was an air of sullen discontent about Biggs as the time grew shorter that was painfully apparent, while Mings, in spite of several futile efforts to conceal it, showed a degree of agitation scarcely to be accounted for by any ordinary circumstance. He got nervously up from his chair several times, and hurried toward the door; and then, as though suddenly changing his mind, came back again. Then he would be intensely interested in a crack of the wood-work, taking off his spectacles, wiping them hastily, putting them on to examine it critically, but finding nothing, would again take his seat and gaze long and inquiringly at the toe of his boot, holding it for that purpose in a variety of lights.

A clang, somewhere between an asthmatic gong and a lunatic bell, filled the entries and pervaded the parlor. Into every nerve of Mr. Pipes it struck, causing that gentleman to drop his thumbs from his vest, and with one long stride for so short a limb, turn the corner that led from the parlor to the entry, and disappear. Biggs, with a short "Come along!" dashed away in the same direction, while Mings and myself awaited the uprising of Miss Sophronia—a performance accomplished by a series of little jerks, and not the least marvelous of her marvelous doings.

When we reached the dining room the first sight that caught my eye was Biggs, seated on the right of a large lady in black silk, and head-gear suggestive of perpetual occupation and undisturbed possession of its position of display. At a glance I felt sure that the black silken lady was our hostess, Mrs. M'Doit, which opinion was immediately verified by Mings's introduction. Mrs. M'Doit desisted for a moment from an intent angling in the soup-tureen with a ladle, and smiled graciously; while all the ladies and gentlemen save one, who was not yet helped, staid their spoons and honored me with a stare—the one who was not yet helped varying it with a frown. Biggs finished his soup as I took my seat on the left hand of Mrs. M'Doit, with Mings on my left, and handing his plate to the landlady, said,

"The soup's greasy."

I confess to being slightly shocked, for although I was at Mrs. M'Doit's table as a guest of Biggs, I felt naturally responsible for him as my friend. A frown overspread the M'Doit face, which as instantly broke into a smile, and she said,

"You are so droll, Mr. Biggs; I always take you contrariwise."

I felt it necessary to say something for the relief of my hostess; I therefore remarked, rather addressing my words to the company generally,

"It must be a very agreeable way of living,

Mrs. Doit, to board; agreeable alike to those who board, and to the one whose duty it is to administer to the boarder."

"De-light-ful," answered Mrs. M'Doit, absently, while Miss Sophronia chirped out,

"Very. Oh yes, very!"

"A purely American fashion," said Mings. "Ancient record says nothing that can lead one to the conclusion that any mode of living was tried synonymous with the boarding-house."

"American granny," growled Biggs, with his mouthful of bread, and finishing the last spoonful of his second plate of soup. "Don't they do up the boarding-house dodge in England? Ain't there no such thing in Sweden and Northern Europe, generally?"

"Not in our style, Mr. Biggs," was Mings's rather weak response. "Families sometimes take in—"

"Ha! ha! 'Take in:' good!" spluttered Biggs.

"Families sometimes take in," resumed Mings, "a boarder or a few; but the boarding-house, as a system, is rarely met with, and then is only a thing of late days."

I may not have mentioned the fact before, but as it is not too late, I can say that I have had a slight opportunity of looking into the ways of modern Europe, in its domestic life, at the time when I was sent abroad by the late firm of James Winkels and Co. to settle that little affair in reference to opening correspondences. I attempted, and I may say succeeded, despite the interruptions of Biggs, in giving Mrs. M'Doit some idea of the manner of living on the continent of Europe and in Great Britain. I gave her a slight sketch of the mode of living in chambers in the latter country, by which a young man, being the custodian of his own tea and sugar, becomes a watcher for small leaks, and a caviler at little extravagances, without which no cook can serve a generous dinner. I depicted in glowing colors the homelessness of the Paris and Berlin hotels, as they are termed, *par excellence*, where a young man, at that tender age when he should have a female supervising eye, somewhat between the mother and the wife (here I bowed to Mrs. M'Doit), and the charms of intellectual female society (then to Miss Sophronia), is turned loose, in a great rambling house, to select a sleeping room and pick up his meals at any café that offers attraction. This manner, with slight modifications, has always been that of European countries, save only in such cases where a young man domiciliated himself in a family, possibly through some fair attraction or relationship. During the Middle Ages the men of no family lived almost entirely in the streets, their cell-like lodging scarcely offering an attraction for them to stay in-doors. And though in those days it was likely to be hard times with the sick, the deformed, or the aged, yet the stalwart man had little risk in getting along, when almost every noble house having retainers allowed him to come into the hall and slice away with his dagger as much beef and

bread as he could eat. After this he had no charge to provide for but the spot whereon he slept.

Mrs. M'Doit seemed interested, and suggested that perhaps these were the very gentlemen that now ran about town with small trunks and carpet bags, taking board and disappearing mysteriously at the end of the first or second week, according as their bill was presented.

"There can be no doubt," said Mings, "that boarding originated in its present form in Puritan times, when the young men were billeted off upon different families in needy circumstances, who were given certain powers of guardianship, in the exercise of which they were upheld by the authorities."

Mrs. M'Doit seemed to think it an excellent plan, at which approval Mings gave way to convulsive wipings of his spectacles, and proceeded:

"In fact the same plan, though not by legislative enactment, was carried out among our own forefathers, in the good city of New Amsterdam, afterward New York. Professor Kohn, an intelligent Dutchman, who visited us in 1748, mentions the boarding system, as well as speaks admiringly of the fare provided. Ducks, lobsters, oysters, and clams he especially eulogizes, declaring that all these edibles were got in great quantities in the bay, almost within sight of the house where he boarded. Smith, also, who traveled in this country, in 1756, gives a similar account."

"Smith? Smith? Smith?" said Biggs to Mrs. M'Doit, between a piece of veal-pie and a half potato—"isn't that the name of the chap that went off last week and wouldn't pay because the beef at dinner smelled bad?"

Mrs. M'Doit looked rigid, and pressed me to another piece of the pie.

"I'm very much inclined to believe," said Mings, in a great hurry, as I think, for the purpose of crushing out a little sniffling laugh that came up the table, "that whatever may be said of the modes of living in the ancient times, the plenitude of food, or the solid comfort, that no age of the world showed so much real enjoyment of homes as the present. It is all nonsense to say that the physical of man alters; and if this is admitted, we have only to look at the houses of ancient Rome, Greece, and Egypt to see how the people must have suffered. We think that our own time shows the immense difference between the living of the rich and the poor; but Rome, in her days of magnificence, showed it to a far greater degree: for while the mechanic and small shop-keeper was obliged to live in the sheds called *tabernæ*, built along the streets and against the houses, and pick up their eating from the street-cooks, counting a dish of boiled chick pease, called *tepidum*, costing them about one and a half of our cents, a luxurious dish, the rich squandered sums that are far beyond our modern calculations on a single supper."

"How very odd!" chirped Miss Sophronia.

"And even at that," resumed Mings, "they couldn't be left undisturbed. Tiberius com-

manded the destruction of the *taberna*, and drove the occupants into the lodging-houses. These lodging-houses were built several stories high, and were made for both single and married people who couldn't afford any thing better. They were close, prison-like places, with rows of cells arranged on each side a long passage, the same as in our present hotels. The upper floors, or garret rooms, of these places were called *cenacula*. Martial records the fact that he lived in a *cenaculum*."

"And why couldn't he just as well have called it a garret room, Sir, eh! What's the sense in calling a place a *cenaculum* when a shorter word would do as well?"

I needn't say that all this came from Biggs. I felt quite ashamed, as I looked up at that disagreeable person, to think that I stood in the guise of his friend.

"It's my opinion, Sir," continued Biggs, "that those Grecians, Romans, and Egyptians you are so fond of quoting were mere animal sensualists, Sir, from the very first. Their poetry and art, Sir, didn't refine them. See how refined we are!"

Biggs was at this moment combing out his whiskers with a bit of wooden pocket-comb he carried, which operation was a favorite one with Biggs at all times.

"They failed, Sir, to carry refinement into their homes: it was all vulgar ostentation and display. They built them fine houses; but it was all show. They didn't know the meaning of even a comfortable soft bed, though they knew enough to have handsome bedspreads—*stragula conchylio tineta*, Sir. Doesn't Martial tell of Troilus playing sick so that his friends should come and see his handsome bed-quilt? Bah! for such chaps."

Mings winked several times violently, but I came to the rescue with,

"Why, you don't mean to say, Mr. Biggs, that beauty of adornment is nothing, do you? Both Romans and Grecians were particular in the adornment of the houses of the better classes. It was something to enter a house when the porch was inlaid with ivory and gold, with ebony and silver."

"With a slave chained to the door-post as a porter!" snarled Biggs.

"That's so," said Mings, looking patronizingly at Biggs; "they called 'em *ostiarii*, and gave them a staff with which to knock an intruder on the head."

"Gracious!" was the exclamation of Miss Sophronia. Mings went on:

"The street entrance of a Roman house must have been at once odd and handsome. The owner not only spent great sums on its ornamentation, but likewise paid large prices for parrots to shriek out words of welcome, and dogs of massive size to chain behind the door. If he failed to get a dog of sufficient size, then the painter was called in and the pictorial representation served as well."

"Which shows what humbugs they were,

Sir," growled Biggs; "all for show, nothing for comfort."

My attention had been for some time attracted toward a youth of about twelve or thirteen, who sat opposite a little down the table, and who fidgeted about in his seat to that degree that I really feared there was something the matter with him. At this junction he sprang to his feet, and in a shrill, sharp treble, mechanically executed, got off the load that had so sorely troubled him.

"The Roman house," he squeaked, "is composed of the Vestibulum, outer porch; the Ostium, entrance; the Cavum Ædium, inner hall; the Peristylum, inner court, with fountains; the Triclinia, dining-rooms; the Œci, great dining-halls; the Exedra, conversation rooms; the Cubicula, sleeping-rooms; the Alæ, small side-rooms; the Tablinarium, plate closet; the—"

"Silence!" roared Biggs, looking over at Mings with a ferocious aspect, and making, by that single word, a wretched stillness, and a never-dying enemy of a small lady in tight curls, whom I knew, by the bland smile that had covered her face during the oration, was the mother of the learned machine by her side. The silence was broken by Biggs, who, looking down at the youth, asked,

"Who was George Washington?"

"First President of New York," squeaked the phenomenon.

Biggs looked triumphantly round the table, while the small lady scowled fiercely at the learned youth.

There was a very solemn silence for a few moments, only broken by the cracking of Biggs's jaws as he masticated his food. At last Mings broke in with:

"It seems very strange that they do not build in this country more in accordance with our modes of living. Notwithstanding the numberless boarding-houses in all our large cities, buildings are not put up especially for this purpose. Dwellings, and those generally of the most uncomfortable and inconvenient kind, are used, and numerous families jumbled together without the means of preserving that privacy which is imperative. In ancient Greece the houses were so constructed that the apartments of the men, the *andronites*, were entirely separate from those of the women, the *gynaconitæ*, with separate entrances also from the street."

"How nice!" put in Miss Sophronia, looking tenderly at Mings.

"And, Sir," jerked out Biggs, "what was the consequence of giving women a private door? Why, of course, that they went gadding continually. They were always in the public places; shopping, running to neighbors' houses, to the cook-shops, and every where else where they could hear a bit of scandal, until at last the plan of giving them so much freedom had to be abolished. It's a bad plan, Sir, to have your house too easy of access—the Greeks discovered that. They didn't believe in keeping doors shut at all until they found out that every man's



house wasn't his castle under that arrangement. It was just the same in Rome; as soon as the houses were made over to the entire charge of the women, they were perfect epitomes of tattle. The houses warn't big enough to hold 'em. There's no mistake about this fact; Plautus says so, and Juvenal and Martial confirm him. It's just so in the present day."

"Oh, Mr. Biggs!" sighed Miss Sophronia.

"Mr. Biggs is such a confirmed old bachelor," simpered our hostess; "such a woman-hater!"

I saw prompt pay in every line of Mrs. M'Doit's countenance, and mentally calculated what was the feather that could break the back of Mrs. M'Doit.

Another solemn silence fell upon all, during which Mings gave a slight cough, startling everybody, and looked furtively around as though guilty of some heinous crime. In the very midst of this hush the voice of Biggs came up once more, like the first toll of the City Hall bell at midnight to a party who has improvised a nap under its mouth.

"There's nothing new under the sun, Madam. Don't allow yourself to be persuaded into the belief that you are an original. You—"

"Oh, Mr. Biggs!" chopped out the phenomenon, "I heard you tell Mrs. M'Doit the other day that she was a paragon of perfection. I heard yer—I was under the sofa. P-a-r-a-g-o-n, a nonsuch, an original."

The small lady smiled approvingly, and by the twitching of his thumbs I knew that the phenomenon had sent a whole shell into the Biggs's camp. He didn't look at the youth, but scowled furiously at Mings, who, I am conscious, heard nothing of the matter, being at that moment intrenched behind his spectacles, enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with old Rome and Greece.

"I was about to say, Madam, when I was interrupted"—another furious glance at Mings—"that we have only to view all nations in their homes to see that human nature shows forth the same there in every age of the world. Civilization, when it reaches a certain level, demands certain necessities and pleasures, Madam; and if they have no opportunities for copying, the necessity creates the invention. We have only to look, Madam, at the homes of the Egyptians, and see how exactly they were like those of Greece and Rome, allowing for the differences in climate. Nothing so proves mankind of one race of animal, and to be simply following out his instinct. The Egyptians built in the same prison-like style for their dwellings. Diodorus says that, in Thebes, there were many houses five stories in height; but, as a general thing, they were but two, the lower being devoted to menial purposes, the upper for the reception rooms and dormitories. They contented themselves with less show than other enlightened nations, families of wealth seldom having more than four rooms besides those in which they slept—the *aula*, or hall; the *mandara*, or receiving room; and the *karnak*, or private room of the master.

This want of room was made up for by the eligibility of the roof, on which they ate, slept, and almost lived. Here again, Madam, we have example of the tattling propensities of the women—the very greatest trouble of this roof business being that it led to indiscriminate gossiping of the women of adjoining households, and, as a natural consequence, to quarrels and appeals to the police. They have a legend to this day in Egypt—"

"The Egyptians were certainly," said Mings, interrupting, "very like the Romans and Grecians in their household arrangements. Their houses were constructed somewhat similar, though much more open and airy. They believed in ventilation; every house of any consequence having a *mulkup*, or ventilator, over its top, somewhat similar to our wind-sails. They also patronized courts in the centre, with fountains; and as they were not troubled with rain, every thing was left as open as possible. The porches were lined with precious woods and decorated with ribbons, while over them various inscriptions were cut, the most used of which was, 'The good house,' a signification that all was right within."

"A fashion that might be profitably followed in the present day," said Biggs, as though addressing his plate, "especially in the line of hotels. Swindling shops, Sir, every one of them, with a perpetual flag of distress flying."

"Flag of distress, Mr. Biggs!—what do you mean by a flag of distress?" was Mrs. M'Doit's inquiry.

"Why, Madam, did you ever, when your house was not full, put a slip of paper upon the pillar of the street door, announcing the fact that 'a gentleman and his wife, or a couple of single gentlemen can be accommodated with board?' Well, Madam, that is a flag of distress."

Mrs. M'Doit seemed unpleasantly satisfied, while Biggs went on:

"There is one merit about the Roman, Grecian, and Egyptian eras: they had no fashionable hotels. In the Homeric age Greece had no inns whatever, travelers being kept at the public expense. As cities grew so inns became a necessary evil, though even at that the people despised the keepers of them, believing them capable of any small rascality, from adulteration down. It was the same with the Romans, the *Caupona* or inns being only resorted to by those who had no friends on the routes where they traveled. Even then old travelers thought it prudent to take their own food with them, and always their own plate and table furniture. It wouldn't be a bad fashion to introduce nowadays, Sir."

"The rank of inns," was Mings's response, "was more owing to the unbounded private hospitality than from any other cause. In the early days of Greece almost every man's house was open to the traveler as a sleeping and abiding place on his journeys, though he did not expect to board him as well. If there had been a previous acquaintance, then the matter was differ-

ent. Both the Greeks and Romans, in the early ages, were over-economical in their homes and in their entertainment of guests: the first so much so as to become the subject of ridicule by the comedians of their time. Herodotus says they gave way to no dainties, bread and roast meat being the chief of their diet. Among the Romans, it was not until the year 580 that such a thing was known as a private cook or baker, every one depending on the traveling or stationary artistes who did up the culinary. It was pretty much the same with the early Egyptians. Herodotus says that the builders of the pyramids fed on *raphanus*, a kind of radish, with onions and garlic, while Nicerates declares that wine also was given them. That they were great vegetable eaters is very clear from the fact that when Amer, the principal general of the Calif Omar, took Alexandria, that city contained 4000 vegetable sellers."

"The Egyptians, Sir, were ridiculously stupid," broke in Biggs: "they wouldn't eat mutton, and yet devoured quantities of goose in every imaginable way; goose roast, goose boiled, stewed, smoked, and salt: goose all the time."

I had listened well for some time, but, like a good listener, I felt it my duty to be sometimes a speaker. With this view I came in upon Biggs suddenly with the declaration, that I failed to see the Egyptians in the light of stupidity when their home festivities were taken into consideration. In the entertainment of guests they were more peculiar than any other people. When a gentleman in those days wished to give a dinner, he bade the assembling of the guests at an early hour, and entertained them with music while the animal was killed that was intended to provide meat for the feast. When the dinner was served, it was by rotation of dishes the same as in our own day, each guest being furnished with a large piece of bread, which he dipped from time to time in the great dish. Their tables were made with shelves beneath, to put away empty dishes, and no tablecloths were used. They always made their ablutions before dinner, and said grace, by presenting an image of Osiris, or a semblance of a mummied figure in the coffin, bidding the guests to look upon it, eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow they must die. The Egyptians never failed to keep death in sight—thinking it all right to prop up a deceased friend at the table, and do up considerable eating and drinking in his presence, and perhaps out of his left off cash. After the dinner, instead of music or singing, gymnasts were introduced, and feats of agility performed, in which oftentimes host and guest alike joined.

"The same as in the present day, Sir," interrupted Biggs; "only now, after dinner, the gymnastics are mental instead of physical."

Mrs. M'Doit seemed interested, and asked me, *sotto voce*, if I meant to say that they stood upon their heads, and all that sort of thing; and then appealing to the younger lady, she said:

"Sophronia, my dear, it puts me in mind of that German gentleman, Mr. Schaunpoff, who

used to do such strange things at table. Do you remember, my dear, how he used to put his head under the table to blow his nose, and make a long reach over every body to get a potato without asking for it?"

Miss Sophronia giggled youthfully into her pocket handkerchief, and gave no answer, nor yet any sign to lead me to such a conclusion; nevertheless something told me that Mr. Schaunpoff, the German gymnastic gentleman, who was given to eccentricities at table, had once been an admirer of Miss Sophronia's.

"There is nothing," said Mings, toying coquettishly with an apple and a dull knife, "that displays the refinement of an age, and the polished gentleman, so much as in the entertainment of guests. In that particular I must agree with Mr. Biggs, that—"

"The deuce you do," grunted Biggs.

"That"—resumed Mings, looking over Biggs's head at a remote fly in a far-off corner of the room—"the Romans were extremely desirous of show; and as they grew in wealth behaved rather snobbishly in that particular. They were more anxious to spend large amounts on a feast than to make their homes comfortable. It took them many hundreds of years after they could afford to, before they began to live, and then they rushed into indiscriminate luxury. Their money was lavished on fine articles of furniture and clothing, in purchasing slaves and followers, and in giving great feasts, rather than in encouraging what would add to the comfort of the house. We are told by Pliny that Cicero gave one million of *sestertii* for a table on which to dine, made from the citrus wood of Mauritania, which sum is equal to £60,000. If his house was furnished in the same style all through, it would require rather a nice little sum for that gentleman to go to housekeeping with. There can be no doubt that their table furniture and plate were equally extravagant—many of the specimens that have reached us at the present day attesting this; among which the famous Portland vase now in the British Museum is a notable example. The ordinary Roman meals were the *jentaculum*, or breakfast; the *prandium*, or mid-day meal; and the *cena*, or principal meal. When a Roman gentleman of wealth gave a feast to his friends, it was a matter of no small import; for though they did not, like the Sybarites, invite their guests a year in advance, yet they gave them full notice that they might have time to prepare proper costume and retinue, it being the fashion for the guest to bring as many in his train as possible, thereby displaying his importance."

"On the same principle," broke in Biggs, "as Captain Fitz Faddle of the something or another Guards, who, when the pleasure of his company was requested to supper, brought them all, rank and file, eighty strong."

Once more Mings returned to the charge, keeping his eye still on that spot where the fly had once been, and to which he evidently believed it would return.

"When the invitations were issued, the next step was to prepare the house. The room was put in order, dressed with flowers, if it were summer, or with hangings in winter. The floors were strewn with saw-dust and saffron, and the *imagines* thrown open."

"Dear me!" whistled Miss Sophronia through her handkerchief, in an inquiring tone, to which Mings instantly responded.

"*Imagines* were closets or cases, answering to our galleries of family portraits, Miss Sophronia. These cases were as common in the Roman house as our portraits in oil, and were filled with waxen casts of the faces of both living and deceased persons. By this means a family could have the very double of a friend dead or alive—shape, color, and expression, if the maker of the *imagines* was but an artist. The hour for feeding having arrived, the *structor*, whose duty it was to see that the table was properly arranged and decorated, took his stand at its head and by signs conveyed to the waiters their instructions. Each guest had one or more slaves behind him, whom he had brought with him. This plan of each one bringing their own slaves made great confusion and trouble, and finally grew out of favor from that cause. The duties of the *structor* were onerous, as much devolving upon him as upon the cook. He was expected to keep a general eye on the waiters, to see that nothing went wrong; to still any squabble that might arise between the slaves of the host and those of the guests; to carve the meats, and distribute them with judgment as to the rank of the guests; and while carving to keep time to the music and dance."

"Dance!" exclaimed Mrs. M'Doit; "dear me, did you hear that, Sophronia, my dear?"

"My gracious!" said Miss Sophronia, out of a little corner of her mouth.

"The guests had no forks, consequently they got along the best way they could, depending on the attentions of the slaves, who offered bowls of water between each course to remove from the hands any unpleasant effects. The cochlea, or pointed spoon, supplied the place of the fork, and the dexterous use of it was accounted as much an accomplishment as artistic carving would be at our own day. During the eating poems were recited, or chants sung, which were listened to when the bustling and squabbling of the slaves allowed. Altogether, a Roman dinner was a scene of confusion, noise, and jumble of food that would scarcely suit a gentleman of this day. Something more resembling a meal in a cheap restaurant than any thing else."

I saw very plainly, as Mings finished, that if Biggs was not brought out in some way speedily, and allowed to air his opinions, that there would be a storm. For the last fifteen minutes he had been feigning sleep; I knew by the convulsive twitching of his eyelids that it was not a genuine slumber; and I knew that if the storm did break it would fall on the head of Mings, it being an eccentricity of Biggs's that he does not believe in any one speaking over one minute at a time but

himself; and as Mings had violated this quite a number of times during the last hour, I had good reason to expect some demonstration. While I was turning this over in my mind I saw the left eye of Biggs open slightly, and though I could not detect the direction of its gaze, I felt instinctively sure it was upon Mings.

What was to be done? Should I, like a bold general, create a diversion by drawing off the enemy on myself? I would try the Greeks. The Greeks! Biggs, the Greeks are at your doors! And so I began:

"The Greeks—"

Biggs opened both eyes and stared at me in silent astonishment for a moment. He evidently saw my tactics, and thought to crush me at once with a Biggsy stare that should leave the Greeks without a foot to stand on. I am not, however, to be put down by trifles, as Biggs knows. I began again:

"The Greeks—"

"Blow the Greeks, Sir," Biggs puffed out, his cheeks sufficiently distended with atmosphere to carry out his own command.

I smiled benignantly on Biggs, and with a very decided air commenced again:

"The—Greeks—though—not—doing—their—feasts—in—the—same hurry-scurry way as the Romans, were equally extravagant. An Athenian gentleman preparing for a feast, either dinner or supper, went forth and sought out his guests and personally invited them. These invitations were frequently given weeks, perhaps months, in advance—a rather comfortable plan, by which one could lay out their promiscuous eating for a season, without being thrown out of the regular way. In general the dinners were very like those of the Romans, though not with as many followers, and, consequently, not with as much noise and confusion. They employed no knives or forks, making spoons do duty instead; served the food very hot, and threw the picked bones on the floor. Instead of ablutions, they cleaned their fingers by pinching up a bit of bread into a doughy shape. Pausanias says that this bread was made on purpose; but the presumption is that, in most cases, it was merely the bread used at table. How would it do, in the present day, to put the bread-plate in the place of the finger-glass, and see a party of guests sitting about a table making dough-pills with dirty fingers!"

Miss Sophronia thought it would be "sweet!" but Mrs. M'Doit declared it extravagance, on the plea that each guest would take a whole loaf of baker's bread, and then not pinch it into a pill of sufficient size to be useful.

"The Greeks!" I resumed, looking rather uneasily toward Biggs, who had again settled himself back in his chair with his eyes closed, and his hands clasped across that portion of his person where, by all the usual rules in such matters, his dinner must be supposed to have settled, "had another odd custom at their dinners. I refer to the invitation of people who answered somewhat to the *claqueurs* in the French theatres.



These were divided into three classes: the first of which, the *parasites*, were supposed to be the open and undisguised leeches who sucked from the rich man on all occasions, and in return swore by him, applauded him, and fought his small fights whenever bidden. The second class were the *assentatores*, who were only flatterers; listening to the words of the great man, and finding wisdom in the merest platitudes, and wit in the stupidest phrases. The third class were those who put in the little attentions; such as exclaiming 'Listen!' or 'Hear! hear!' when the great man opened his mouth; and 'Beautiful! charming! delightful! magnificent!' every time he closed it. The larger part of these claquers were not content with devouring the rich man's dinner, but expected that a fee would be offered them on leaving."

There was a lull of a moment, during which Mrs. M'Doit had evidently been making a mental calculation as to how much profit could be made off a boarder of that description; coming to a rapid conclusion by breaking out suddenly, with,

"Why, the mean things! eating a person out of house and home, and then asking to be paid for it. They had ought to be ashamed of themselves!"

"Dis-grace-ful!" chimed Miss Sophronia, looking straight at the somnolent Biggs.

I was desirous of finishing my Athenian dinner, and to that end resumed my account:

"The Greeks—"

A third turn at the Greeks was too much for Biggs. No sooner had the words passed my lips than that person sprang to his feet as though a pin had been brought to bear in producing the action, and stood bolt upright at the table, glaring at Mings. For an instant he paralyzed us all by his basilisk glare, and then blurted out:

"What the confoundation [this was Biggs's most terrible of oaths] do you mean, Sir, by cramming the Greeks and the Romans down the throats of intelligent people? What do you mean, Sir, by going back to the ancients when you may dilate upon your own times? We don't want to know, Sir, how the Greeks and the Romans lived. We don't want to know what they did without boarding-houses; we want to know what we are going to do with 'em, Sir! That's what we want to know. Why don't you discuss that? Why don't you strike at empires, Sir, and not break mice upon wheels? Strike at empires, Sir, strike at empires!" and Biggs repeated the command several times again, until I am convinced that had there been one of those articles about Mings would certainly have struck at it.

"The evil is in our midst, Sir! Boarding-houses are sapping the very foundations of society, crushing out the modesty of our women, and destroying the happiness and honesty of our men. They must be eradicated, Sir, root and branch, or they will subvert the republic and overturn the Constitution!"

Mrs. M'Doit winked violently, and exerted

singular and sudden attention to a segment of hickory-nut and a pin. Biggs made a half swoop, as though about to sit down; but thinking better of the matter came up again all standing, and pointing his fork threateningly at Mings, went on:

"Look at what boarding-houses are doing for our women, Sir! They engulf them at the most critical period of their lives, the young wifehood. Three young men out of four, entering upon a married life in the cities, are unable to think of any thing but a boarding-house for years afterward. They take their young wives into these places, and imprison them in a single room, or at best, a sitting-room and small bedroom adjoining. This they are expected to occupy while the husband, who is possibly a clerk, salesman, or in a small way of business for himself, is employed during the day, from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M.; nine hours. If the young wife is entirely different from ninety-nine women out of a hundred, she will stay there, imprisoned over her sewing, or will while away the hours with trashy novels or in sleep; but if she be like those ninety-nine, she will find solace for her desertion somewhere about the house, or out of it. She will make acquaintance with Mrs. Brown, or Mrs. Brown with her, because Mrs. Brown is the showiest woman she sees, and certainly seems the liveliest, which is exactly what the *ennuied* young wife wants. Mrs. Brown has run the round of boarding-houses for ten years, and is thoroughly posted. She knows to a dot all the little shirks and dodges of landladies"—Biggs looked hard at Mrs. M'Doit, and Mrs. M'Doit shut her lips tightly, and looked defiantly at Biggs—"and all the meannesses and subterfuges of boarders"—here Biggs settled his eye on Miss Sophronia, under which that young lady never winced—"Mrs. Brown takes the tender little Mrs. Smith under her protecting wing, and chaperons her. She instructs her who to know in the house, and whom she need not cultivate. In other words, those who dress well and have money to spend. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith do up a gamut of little calls at the different rooms, with gossip and scandal, washed down by a glass of wine or cordial. All this of course must be varied with out-door exercises, in the way of walks upon Broadway, which, of course, are provocative of appetite. Bad coffee, sodden and ill-baked biscuit, with gutta percha steaks or un-swallow-able ham for breakfast, don't carry people well over until dinner. The appetite suggests lunch, and the ladies' saloon is so handy and so agreeable. Mrs. Brown is such a stylish woman, and is acquainted with so many stylish and agreeable men. So odd, too, that she should always accidentally meet that fascinating fellow, Count de Grabbe, there, or that courteous, polished, gentlemanly man, Von Smeeth. Is there any harm in taking a glass of Champagne with them? Oh, certainly not! Mrs. Brown has known them intimately for years; and so, one day, they have a carriage after their wine and drive out

to High Bridge or somewhere else, and Mrs. S—— is pledged not to say any thing to her husband about it, just for the fun of the thing, you see, nothing more; and Mrs. Brown knows what Mr. Smith does not. Poor little Mrs. Smith!"

Biggs ceased, drew a long breath, and sat down. For a moment I thought he was done, and congratulated myself; but I had reckoned without my host, for Biggs, getting once more to his feet, pointed his stout forefinger directly at me, and repeated, slowly and deliberately,

"I tell you, Sir, that boarding-houses, one and all, are doing more for the demoralization of society than all other evils combined."

He sat down with a heavy thud, and the sharp voice of Mrs. M'Doit was heard upon the air.

"Then why do you countenance them by your presence, Mr. Biggs?"

"Madam," said that person, "I am not to be demoralized!"

"Oh stuff!" ejaculated Mrs. M'Doit, emphasizing the word by a toss of the head, and an audible snap of the fingers.

Miss Sophronia made little spiteful lunges at a crumb of bread on the table-cloth with her fork, and frowned at Biggs, while Mings undertook to turn the enemy's flank by a general movement. He said:

"It's my opinion, Mr. Biggs, that your assertions are too sweeping. No highly enlightened nation ever showed a cleaner bill of morality than the universal Yankee Nation. All the world admits the virtue and modesty of its women; and as to the men, they are as honest as they can well be, considering the harum-skarum nature of their way of doing business. The evil of boarding-houses is confined to the cities; and it is very rarely that any one remains long enough in one of them to become so thoroughly demoralized that the influences of home, when once they get to housekeeping, will not wipe it all away."

"Don't talk about what you don't understand, Sir!" shouted Biggs, once more starting to his feet. "I repeat what I have said with emphasis. If a woman's purity comes out unscathed, which is a most unlikely thing—"

"Mr. Biggs!" jerked out Mrs. M'Doit.

"Mr. Biggs!" whistled Miss Sophronia.

"Which is a most unlikely thing," repeated Biggs, "for she is almost certain to be tainted in mind—her constitution and health do not. A few years in a boarding-house will do its work, and indigestion, dyspepsia, and all the attendant train of evils consequent upon bad feeding and close confinement, begin to show. If she has children, they are generally puny, sickly, big-headed infants, hurrying out of the world as soon as possible, or staying in it to drag the mother's life out. It's my opinion, Sir, that boarding-houses murder as many children as scarlet fever or cholera infantum. Verdict of the jury: Died of a boarding-house. No blame attached to any body!"

"Mr. Biggs!" again came from Mrs. M'Doit, and,

"Mr. Biggs!" from Miss Sophronia.

"Look at our men," resumed Biggs; "the married ones come home after a day of confinement over the desk or the counter, for an evening of confinement in their rooms, or the same in the room of a neighbor. They drink and smoke, or smoke and drink. They meet in small bedroom squads, not for intellectual conversation, music, or dancing, but for little twaddle about how bad the beef was at dinner, or how impudent that girl Mary or Bridget is, whom the landlady will not discharge, although three several times she has brought up no towels until almost dark, and positively refuses to make Mrs. A——'s bed before Mrs. B——'s. This is the sum and substance of the discussion, until at a late hour they separate for bed, only to rise in the morning, bolt an unwholesome breakfast, and get away to business. They will not, or can not, meet on the common ground of the parlor, either because the landlady is a fidgety old woman, which most landladies are, or—"

"Mr. Biggs!" almost shrieked Mrs. M'Doit.

"Mr. Biggs!" whistled Miss Sophronia, with improved sharpness.

"Or there is so much jealousy and petty quarreling through the house that no harmony can be had when brought into one company. Either one lady has a new dress, and insists upon flashing it before another who has nothing but last year's, or Miss Soandso sings better than Mrs. Whatyoumaycallit, which is equivalent to a gage of battle. Coupled with this, there is always a feud existing between the landlady and her boarders, even though it be concealed under some disguise."

"Mr. Biggs!" cried Mrs. M'Doit, one key higher, and,

"Mr. Biggs!" echoed Miss Sophronia.

"And then see the young men. What kind of a home is it for them? There is no ladies' society. The married women ignore them: or if they do not, they'd better; for it generally leads to difficulty unless they do. While the landlady ignores equally the idea of having young ladies in her house, under the plea that they are so troublesome. Troublesome, granny! The true reason is that a young lady, cast upon the world, and obliged to get her own living, earns so little that she can only afford to pay a scanty board; and as a consequence, is driven to a cheap and poverty-stricken boarding-place, or to something worse; while the landlady generally takes in some suspicious single lady, of an uncertain age, or no age, who will toady her for the privilege."

"Mr. Biggs!" still one key higher from Mrs. M'Doit, and,

"Mr. Biggs!" in a shriek from Miss Sophronia.

"And then the chances are that the landlady, no matter how old or how ugly she may be, is constantly angling for herself, or for some scrawny daughters, among her boarders—trying on every wile and machination on those whom

she thinks well off. I will answer personally for—"

"Mr. Biggs!" screamed Mrs. M'Doit, in wild accents, "you're a brute, Sir! a deceiver, Sir, Mr. Biggs—"

"Ah! ah! a—" gasped Miss Sophronia, hanging down her arms and making a backward motion on her chair with closed eyes.

"Mr. Biggs, Sir!" continued Mrs. M'Doit, finding her voice in a high falsetto, "leave my house, Sir! I want your rooms, Sir! Immediately, Sir, this evening!"

Mrs. M'Doit was standing erect, five feet nine or ten, with the carving fork pointing threateningly toward Biggs, who sat complacently viewing its point as though about to pass judgment upon what it might have cost. Mings was supporting the head of Miss Sophronia, and fanning her with a table mat, while the phenomenon was standing upon his chair performing a small fancy dance. The other boarders were making their way off, sadly, silently, and snickeringly. I had learned to take French-leave from Biggs, and I took it—hearing that person say, as I made my exit,

"I sha'n't do it, Marm! I took my rooms by the month, and I won't leave till this day three weeks. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Marm!"

## ON THE RIO GRANDE.

### I.

WE chased the wild Guerrillas  
Through chaparral and glade,  
And they fell beneath the sabres  
Of the fearless Tenth Brigade;  
Then faint with wounds and parched with thirst  
We pitched our tents that day,  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grandé  
Where we lay.

### II.

We picketed the horses,  
Placed sentries east and west,  
And, wrapped in our Spanish capas,  
Like soldiers took our rest:  
Some dreamed of home, some could not sleep,  
And the moon hung cold and gray  
Above us on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grandé,  
Where we lay.

### III.

Up spoke our gallant leader,  
Astride his fretful roan,  
"Sleep ye who can, my comrades,  
I'll watch the camp alone;  
A restless spirit in my brain  
Keeps sleep and rest at bay."—  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grandé  
Where we lay.

### IV.

All in the misty moonlight  
I saw him come and go,  
With his long Kentucky rifle  
Across his saddle-bow;  
And he hummed a tender old love-tune,  
A ballad blithe as May.—  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grandé  
Where we lay.

### V.

The dew was on the flowers,  
The air was full of June,  
And the river on the shallows  
Made music to the moon,  
While around our still encampment prowled  
Wild beasts in search of prey.—  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grandé  
Where we lay.

### VI.

A rustle in the coppice!  
A shadow on the grass!  
Is that a friend, O sentinel,  
That you should let him pass?—  
Then the sharp, quick crack of a rifle broke  
On the air, and died away.—  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grandé  
Where we lay.

### VII.

The drummer beat reveille,  
The startled war-horse neighed,  
And our leader, reeling in his seat,  
Tugged at his trusty blade,  
Rose in his stirrups once, and then—  
We heard the bugles play.—  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grandé  
Where we lay.

### VIII.

And Leavenworth was dying,  
His head upon my knee;  
"Take these," he faintly said, "to one  
Who long will wait for me!  
And tell her—" 'Twas a tress of hair  
And a three-year-old bouquet.—  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grandé  
Where we lay.

### IX.

We wrapped him in our colors—  
The red and white and blue—  
O we wrapped him in our colors,  
That tender soul and true!  
And more than one bronzed hero wept  
Like a little child that day.—  
As we buried him on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grandé  
Where we lay.



## THE TALE OF THE TREFETHENESS.

## I.—THE TREFETHENESS.

ARRIA and I, orphan cousins, had been at school for twelve years. We had always spent a Christmas in the city with a friend, now dead, of our Uncle Maurice's, and a summer month at some rural farm-house or pleasant beach. Arria was at last eighteen, I twenty; and one day we threw up our caps and left our little dens for home—home henceforth to be in the city.

After people are twenty-five they naturally may look for their tragedy, if they are to have one: but before that we anticipate only our brilliant *petite comédie*; unless we are very sentimental, and are going to die young, and so pass the intervening years in selecting burial sites. Thus it was that balls and routes and drives, opera, theatre, and all gay fancies, figured largely in our scheme of the future. Why should one at eighteen foresee solitude, suffering, sin, and death?

While I write I find myself returning to the light tone of my youth, and forgetting in remembrance all these years which have struck another dominant. Let me for a space continue to forget it, and live my life as I lived it then, and speak as then I would have spoken.

Maurice—he at once abjured the title his relationship enforced, for he was not old, and was still far too elegant a man to care for avuncular honors—lived in an old house that had once been a country-house, but which the encroachments of the city had finally hemmed in between walls of inexorable thoroughfares and buildings. It was odd to see it among marble and freestone façades, this old brick structure, bristling with corners, half-draped in woodbine, prairie-roses, and grapes; withdrawn from the street; owning a garden that was a dormant fortune for an unborn millionaire. Indeed, by the sale of his superfluous grandpaternal acres, my uncle had realized his present wealth, after having in youth dissipated, with this exception, the whole of his hereditary property. He had now and always the singular quality of pausing, erect and graceful still, and suddenly curbing himself in any headlong career. To look at this house was to feel sure that it possessed ancient treasures of plate—great silver salvers that repeated with musical clangor any vibration in the air, butter-boats and goblets and baskets of rich, yellow, unalloyed metal; china as old as William and Mary, as precious, and as ugly; and every one knew of the one priceless thing it possessed—a drinking-cup upbuoyed by a cluster of crystals like waves of the sea, and over whose golden rim and down whose sides, beaten and chased with the finest art and storied into legend, foamed the great wine-drops of carbuncles and amethysts and pointed tiny diamond sparks. My uncle owned such things; it was his humor to gaze on their splendors, to keep them for others to gaze at, and never to part with them. Now

and then he had added other articles of virtue, too fine to be numerous. He had been also a most judicious patron of art; and though a collector only in a minor degree, you could find scattered through his multiple cabinets all the salient points of its history, and items of perfection, from a *champ-levé* enamel, whose incrustated beauty was too palpable even for the barbaric kings of France not to have held as priceless, down to the ribboned and watered opacity of a Black Sea pebble. The inside of the house was no less curious than the outside. The drawing-room long and lofty; the music-room ample enough for a choir, and with its great gleaming instruments seeming half the time to be peopled with the ghosts of complete and silent music. The furniture of these rooms was antique, elaborately carved in bunches of blossom and leaf, draped with thick, soft cloths; the library green as swamp-fed mosses are; the music-room imperially purple, as befitted a temple of sound; the drawing-room gay and gorgeous with yellow hangings and gildings, deepened rather than dimmed by time. The dining-room was more modern than the others, our uncle receiving much company there; the coloring was more mingled and less pronounced, the shape of its various articles lighter and more graceful, the wood-work and paneling white, delicately wrought, and inserted here and there with a fruit or flower-piece that made the room summery in the bleakest January. Between and around all lay ante-rooms and closets and entries, staircases, blind-ways, and purposeless passages, that were eminently confusing, with whose intricacy Arria, in her love of the mysterious, at once acquainted herself, while I remained in opposing ignorance. I could feel with my first breath in this enchanted region that the house was far too much of a paradise for any master of it ever to desert it without a pang, and so rejoiced that it was likely to be my home.

Maurice was so much engaged on our arrival that we were left to ourselves until he should be able to bestow more attention upon us, and beg his friends to make us welcome. Meanwhile we examined our own dominions, our uncle's peculiar apartments, which were abodes of the most fastidious taste and the most bacheloresque carelessness, and finally the whole architectural hurly-burly of the house. Upon this we made discoveries respecting the servants—that there was a gardener named Quincerl, whose wife was housekeeper; that the young coachman, Lucius, paid particular court to the pretty kitchen-maid, and that Martha cast on him a benignant eye, but that his constant rival was to be seen in the person of Monsieur Rêve, the French cook. After all this, Arria found most pleasure in rummaging the chests and old cedar wardrobes of our Dutch-descended grandmothers, and she might be heard rustling above stairs, like the Castle Spectre, in thick crimson-flowered brocades and silver cloths, at almost any hour of the day; now and then running down to me as I sat below, to display herself splendidly in fold-

ed in some remnant of the glory of the Trefetheness. Once or twice she thus flashed by some one of the people, who shrunk into shadow and fled terrified before this brilliant creature, whom they considered to be an apparition of the past.

As our mothers had been Trefetheness, we were not, but flourished under our ignoble patronymic—for if our mothers had been sisters, our fathers also had been brothers. There was one Trefetheness, though, besides our Uncle Maurice—a youth whose father had been our uncle's cousin, and who was consequently, apparently, so far removed from us that it was not easy to feel familiar. Being poor, my uncle had benefited him, assisting him as a boy in his education, and afterward being the occasion of his procuring the practice of a late and prominent physician. We fancied that he felt his new dignities, and accordingly stood upon ours when he came to the house, which, however, had not yet been often, although here had previously been one of his homes. If he was not handsome, he was of remarkable appearance; tall and erect, broad-shouldered and muscular as an athlete; thick, bright, waving hair; black eyes under black brows; fair-skinned was he; and his other features answered their purpose. We held a council of war over Felix Trefetheness after his departure on the first evening that he spent with us—Arria and I. We decided that he was altogether too much at his ease, and that it was our duty to make him less so; that he was merely a type of strength, and we neither of us liked the gladiator; and then we looked in each other's faces and laughed outright. I suppose if there's one thing a genuine woman does care more for than another, it is fine strength—the handsome thing, well mastered by grace, but always ready. Then, too, we were a little damped by the old house, whose paradisiacal points we had not learned; and that evening it stormed so we had been reduced to the verge of tears, and he was so very gay and light-hearted, it offended us by sheer antagonism. I always fancy that the children of old families are like pools of long-standing water on dark, dreary days, and the stagnant current takes a wonderful and turbid tumult, and emits all its subtle malaria. Arria and I agreed that our late visitor would be an excellent watchdog; but as for our ideal, knightly, romantic lover, never! And then we went to sleep in our separate rooms, and since young girls have a dozen freaks before there comes the fated fairy prince, I dare say she dreamed about him all night long.

One day we were, in the customary manner, abandoned to our own devices. Arria, as usual, was turning over the stiff old costumes—she always had a quota of innocent vanity—and I was sitting with a music-book, which I had brought from the music-room, in my lap, before the one portrait in the drawing-room. It was that of some lovely woman, pale and dark-eyed, and with a sweet face that seemed to exhale a fra-

grance like a crushed flower. It was old now and faded; so was she. I wondered what perfect creature she had been when young and gay—for we all, we Trefetheness, had singular beauty—and why it was the only picture my uncle allowed in the drawing-room. I used to sit and try to spell out the story of those soft brown eyes that seemed tremulous with tears—that creamy pallor, that sad, sickly smile: it had a fascination that with or against my will brought me perpetually before it; and just now this book of Italian songs, full of pensive voluptuousness, blossoms with stinging flies in them, rich sirups that left a vile tang on the tongue, songs like soft September days, too rich and mellow, when all the air is full of resinous balm and faint sweet decay, when the sunshine flecks the tree-stems, and the leaves float down one by one, ripe and rotten on a sodden ground; just now this book of one too luscious strain had sent me afresh to study the silent face, as if it were a key to its strange spell. So I wheeled up a lounge, and sitting there, surveyed it.

"Ah yes," said a voice beside me, "I see you've got that bee in your bonnet. There never was a Trefetheness that hadn't. It's well you take it early; it comes harder later in life, like many necessary diseases. Taken young, it's well got over."

I thought he was laughing, but turning found him perfectly grave.

"Miss —. your cousin, has never noticed it yet, I believe?" he said.

"No."

"And you have, often?"

"Yes."

"So did I when I first came. The beautiful, beautiful face!—It is so much the worse for her—your cousin—Arria, is it, that you call her? This picture is the fate of the Trefetheness. Of the women, I mean, and the men find their fate in *them*. Do you know that no Trefetheness has ever married quite out of his family? No? And that none of our ladies ever did without breaking the heart of a Trefetheness? No, again? Curious little facts in natural history."

"But you are the only Trefetheness remaining—Arria and I must pull caps for you? remain single? or break your heart? Nonsense! Where did you pick up such a world of family lore?"

"Here and there. But chiefly through the interest inspired by this face. And I beg you not to trouble yourself and Arria; the entail breaks in the last of a race. For my part, I am not inclined to intensify our already too vivid characteristics by further intermarriage."

I suppose I was a little fool, for I really felt offended.

"Pray remit sentence," said he, smiling, as I did not reply. "But not being in the habit of meeting many ladies, I speak too plainly, perhaps, to those whom I do meet."

"You are not improving matters," I said.

"No. Well—you forgive me? We are

such a small family we can't afford to quarrel."

"I don't know what you call us a family for; we are hardly relatives at all."

"Hardly. But we had the same great-grandfather, not to mention again the offensive fact that Trefetheness second cousins have become, by previously constant intermarriage, nearer to each other than most first cousins."

"Then Trefetheness first cousins are sisters and brothers; Trefetheness sisters and brothers must be the same person," I said, and laughed. "You and I, for instance, who haven't a trait in common. You are— No matter. I am what that lady was when she was twenty."

"No: we *may* have nothing either in mind or body alike—no constitutional connection: that proves us both to be sound specimens out of an unsound race. But I am not sure of that. However, I dare say we both should find all our weak traits in Miss Arria if we tried. Don't be angry, it's a mere physiological question—not at all a matter for feeling."

"How proud, after all, we Trefetheness are of our family!"

"A silly pride, contemptible, and baseless (it's well that Maurice don't hear me, by-the-way!); but no more to be hindered than the heart that beats: it is the very blood that makes it beat, and is too thoroughly inkneaded. Yes, you are much like Saint Agnes Trefetheness."

"Was that her name?"

"Agnes, yes; saint is a work of supererogation: she didn't need the title. And yet a saint she is, and yet she fell."

"A Trefetheness fall!"

"A Trefetheness fell. And a Trefetheness fell with her."

"What did you mean by saying the women of the family who married out of it broke the heart of a Trefetheness?" I inquired, after a little. "My mother, and Arria's mother—whose hearts did they break?"

"Miss Arria's mother had her romance, short and sufficiently dreadful. When she eloped her father was so excited with amaze and anger that he died at once, and his heart was found to be literally broken, I believe. My father was your mother's suitor, and on her marriage with her sister's brother-in-law, he, in pique and haste, married my mother, who had loved him long and intensely. He cared triflingly for her, it may be, and perhaps I owe my healthy organization to that—she herself owned such an infinitesimal fraction of the sacred blood. I am very like my mother. You are very— What a pity that your name is not Trefetheness! My father died shortly after his marriage and before my birth: died of grief—as the Trefetheness are capable of doing. Now, are you satisfied?"

"Will you tell me St. Agnes's story?"

He took a seat on the other side of the lounge, burying his elbow among the round cushions, and looking over my shoulder at the music-book, so that I must still half turn my head to see him. As I did so he put up his hand, and by the mo-

tion moved my face into a three-quarters view, yet without touching it.

"Yes, that is exact," said he. "There I have the tiny pink ear, involuted like the whorls of a shell, with the little dark curl that has escaped and just clusters on the temple; there I have the oval of the peachy cheek melting into the merest silhouette of the chin; and I shall see the long, quiet lashes sweeping downward over the story; and I shall judge of my effect all without your seeing me, unless you give that swift little glance askance, which is perfectly bewitching."

At this I turned my full face upon him.

"It is of no use for me to try and play Maurice," he said then, with a laugh. "He would confront you with an

'Oh turn those eyes away from me!

Though sweet, yet fearful are their rays,'

and gain the desired position."

"Please, I don't like you to talk so to me," I said.

"Don't? Well, I will not. This is St. Agnes's story:

## II.—THE STORY OF SAINT AGNES.

"You have heard of Pia of Sienna? Their fates were the same—at least were meant to be. These old, phlegmatic Dutch husbands, once fairly kindle them at the torch, will burn as furiously, with as many sparks and snaps and as hot a flame as the fiercest Italian who ever confided his secrets to his dagger. Agnes was sold by her father to a nobler husband—a trade of the Trefetheness—and for a time went through the routine of her life in that rich Dutch city discreetly. But at last she fell to dreaming, and remembered her youth and her cousin Trefetheness; and at that time it chanced that her cousin Trefetheness met her again. It is the old story. He had been at the wars and was wounded; and his wound gave him fresh trouble; and who should there be but Agnes to tend him, Agnes to sing to him, Agnes to read to him, Agnes to walk with him as he grew better, Agnes to dance with him when he was well? She danced with her cousin Trefetheness, never heeding the Count her husband's angry eyes, till the dance heated her beauty, and she blazed out in her gorgeous loveliness the gem among all those noble ladies. The Count saw this, and thrilled with pride and rage. Trefetheness saw it, and thrilled with passion, and bent lower above her, and clasped her closer and more tenderly. Others saw it, and thrilled with fear. Here was a touch she had never known; here was a glance that was new to her; here was a life laid at her feet; here was warmth and joy and the infinite protection of love. Here had she found the deliciousness of youth, which she deemed lost; and red mantled her cheek, and softer glows suffused her eyes, and she swam in curves of more languid grace, dreaming of all this love might have been, only half-conscious of what it was. The next day, as Trefetheness lay before her in the sunny summer garden, he took her hand and asked the use of the bawble on it, and light-



ly bade her throw it away; and Agnes, looking in his eyes, took it from her finger and threw away her wedding-ring. Many a recurring day the lovers sat in the summer bower, and one evening they heard a step crunch down the gravel-walk. Agnes had just made some playful charge to Trefetheness, and he had replied, 'On my honor,' when the Count paused before them.

"'Your honor is like your sword, Sir,' said the Count, drawing the latter swiftly from its sheath, and breathing on it as it flashed in the moonlight—'sullied!' and returning it he drew his own. But a second thought struck him, for he veiled its point and said, 'No; the contest that would absolve you would not right me. I will have no blood, or I will have your heart's-blood!'

"'Take my heart's-blood,' moaned Trefetheness; and Agnes, for a moment, saw his forehead shining wet in the white beam.

"'See, I take it!' said the Count, and raising his wife, he flung her now senseless form over his arm and took her away.

"There are districts in the Low Countries, as you are aware, but hardly reclaimed from the sea. At that time they were not entirely devoted to cultivation; and while on the more inland portions valuable grain was produced, on many of the marshes a coarse, rank, unmown grass grew and rotted and netted the new land closer with its roots and particles. Imperfect ditches here and there traversed these regions, frequently serving only as putrid deposits; and after a rain, or in hot weather, their fetid effluvia was not to be endured by any living creature. One such place the Count owned. There was a tower built somewhere in the midst of it, for some forgotten purpose, and to this tower the Count took his dishonored wife. All around it lay the long flat land, swathed in a noisome verdure of pestilence. Far away a dim line told of the sea; far away a sparkle on unseen spires and domes told of the city. Solitude was unbroken; no bird's wing glanced that way; no wild creature made its haunt in the recking hollows; and on every side—at morn to meet the sun, at noon still called forth by his all-searching, all-summoning ray, at noxious nightfall, as if to follow after him—rose the subtle, poisonous vapors; and she had no glass mask. In the hot mid-summer these exhalations began their work for which they had long lain in wait; and when the autumn came, her blanched cheeks, her swollen joints and aching limbs told that it was nearly done. One day then, when the autumn chills and dreadful dews only asserted their spell of dampness and disease more acutely, she crept down into the Count's room, warmed a moment by the great blaze there that tumbled up the chimney, and said:

"'Because I have sinned must you be punished?'

"And the Count replied: 'Our futures we wove inextricably.'

"'I implore you,' she said, 'if you have any mercy, not to stain my soul with murder. I

will stay here till I die—none shall enter to me, neither will I go out to any, so but you depart.'

"But the Count laughed and remained. His frame was too stout, his life too well inured to be so lightly touched; he had nothing of the dainty tissue of skin and vein to be blasted by blistering sun or curdling fog. And so through the autumn, when all the white mists crawled cruelly round them, and lay deathly as cerements and loathly as festers, and seemed in her distorted eyes to be the substance of dissolved pain; so through the winter, that had racked her with sharp pangs of bone and muscle; so through the spring, when all the wide fields grew green anew, and steeped themselves in their nauseous decay, and slime thickened on the pools, and the mephitic air again breathed up and excluded God's atmosphere from her world, and concocted more intimate agony for another winter to cement. Then the Count stepped into a boat at the tower's base, and stretched the sail, and sped up the broad ditch, now full as a river with the spring rains. He went straight to the dark old city, and the first person that he met was Trefetheness, still detained on the spot, as it were by some lingering enchantment, woeful and watchful, yet as gallant-looking, as comely and fine as ever, for these were Nature's gifts to him, and sorrow and regret alone could not destroy them.

"'Once you dipped in the arts?' asked the Count, abruptly. 'Once you drew pictures of your mistress, and adjusted the sea-shell's pink to the cheek, and melted the oval fullness into the dimpled chin, and clustered the curl on the temple to leave bare the ear, as your Trefetheness women are proud of doing; once you swept with swift pencilings, in your hour of play, the plump enticing outline of pearly shoulder and milky breast, and you brought up the hand, moulded with fair deceits of flesh and tint, to gather by rosy tips the falling lace over the bosom. Once, too, you demanded punishment of me; if you wish for it, follow me.'

"Trefetheness hesitated; and then obeying mechanically, followed the Count to the tower in the marshes.

"The Count ascended before him rapidly to a room where was stretched an easel, and where lay brushes and colors.

"'Now paint!' he said, and left him.

"Paint? What should he paint? And he examined the room again and again. Should he paint the long fearful lay of the marshes; the yellow sail motionless in the creeks; the mists that steamed over it like unshaped rainbowed masses beneath the torrid blue of the burning heaven? Should he paint the bare and sweating walls of the room here, with the fungus bedded under the cornice, and the moss upon the lintel? Or yet should he paint the crone who bent and shivered there before him, withered and parched, a very skeleton, unshapen, wrinkled, haggard, stained with gray blotches like the wing of a dead moth; this tomb-lain monster and freak of nature, without youth or

age; this incarnation of pain, who lifted her head and regarded him with such a fixed, glittering, swelling eye, beneath the yellow ivory of the brow, above the clenched constriction of the lips' skin drawn across the teeth? The hag put up her gaunt arm and bony hand, knotted and veined like a thing of eld, looked at it with a bewildered stare, and then hid it in the threads of her damp and scanty hair that was not yet gray, and gave again her eyes to Trefetheness. As for him, he was forced to gaze; and sitting there, bending forward with his hands upon his knees, the fair-faced knightly gentleman, bloom on his cheek and life on his lip, health and strength in every sinew, there came to him the knowledge, in slow and deadly conviction, of whom this was before him—this shapeless spectacle of horror. So they sat, speechless, kissless, smileless—the Count might well dare now to leave them alone together. If Trefetheness had died in that dreadful gaze, slowly frozen into death—as it was, who can say that their punishments were unequal?

“While they thus sat feet were heard upon the staircase, and entering, there was placed before Agnes, yet not so as to intercept Trefetheness's gaze, one of the dazzling mirrors of her ancient splendor. Then the two were left alone together again; and parting her lips, she said—and neither rust, nor rest, nor tears could change the voice—‘I have seen no mirror for a year. Shall I look?’

“‘No!’ he replied, and rose to wheel the demoniac thing to the wall. But as he did so her gaze followed him, and fell on her own image reflected there. The Count, pacing the room below, biting his nails and worrying with time, heard the shriek that pierced the tower and rung along the morass, and died in swirls of cruel echo above the creeks. There was nothing with which to end the ensuing swoon, and perhaps it would have ended only with life but for the pressure of the arms about her, the warm breath swathing her, the words, tender as ever, breathing in her ear. When the Count returned the mirror was where it had been placed, Agnes sat again on her low stool, and Trefetheness had sketched the dreadful outline of his work. So day after day he sat painting, and day after day she sat before him. It was the most exquisite refinement of torture. Could any suffering have been keener than his, not only to see to what he had brought the woman dearer than heaven, not only to perpetuate and repeat it on canvas himself, but to inflict on her the yet more piercing pang afforded by his work, to stab her with every glance? And she—I think the way she endured it, never flinching beneath the gaze that had once been so ardent, revealing herself in her hideous pitiableness, knowing that now he sketched the knobbed temple, and now the twisted limb; and here, where had been down and bloom, the tawny spot of mould; and here, where kisses had been showered, the livid lip—that, in the conscience goading him, the painter would not demand an atom

less strength for the disgust than once he asked for the blandishment. Ah! I think the way alone in which she saw her lover paint her horror sainted her. She could not fail to perceive the pain it wrought him, when the great drops again beaded his brow, and the lips compressed themselves in determined wrinkles, and never relaxed; when the hand quivered and the pencil fell, and tears rained from the weary eyes, and no word passed between them, and the Count came and sat beside him, and counted every throb and took his vengeance in every stroke. The miserable days passed; he had seen the damp curl in and fall in flakes on chair and easel; he had abandoned himself to the cutting night-draughts; he had been bathed in the hot vapors that poured about at noon; his work resembled one that had hung on some wall for a century. At last he looked away from the canvas, looked out at the distant sparkle reddening on the city roofs, and threw down the brush—the picture was done; and she, more ghastly than some open-eyed corpse, the lover, a truer painter than the sun, had placed Agnes before herself. Then he rose, not the same man who had danced with Agnes, who had sat beside her in the summer-bower; not even the man whom the Count had met a month ago in the city, but one changed through this misery to something strong, stern, and unpitying as himself.

“‘When you brought her here,’ said Trefetheness; ‘when you racked her frame and destroyed her beauty and shortened her life; when you served her as, at such a season, you should not have served the beast of your field; when you murdered in body and tried to do it in soul, our debt was squared. And after the day in which you brought me here to see her, and gave her the cursed mirror to see herself, in that day there was not another groan which you had the right to wring from me! But you chose it; you put this work before me; and I have performed it faithfully, unsparingly. I would not have it one pang the less. I meant the tally should be full—full of pain and woe, and in it I have sealed every sigh and sting, and all remorse that I shall ever know; for this was no punishment for past sin. That is all done with. But it is the wages of a work I mean to do, and which I will never regret. I mean, Sir Count, to kill you!’

“And he did kill him, then and there. That was simple justice. The manner of the Count's death was never inquired into. Agnes went back to her old house in the city, and took the wailing child that had been born of her death in life at the tower. Different air and care did all for the poor little wretch that it needed, and so was our family founded.”

“Then we—”

“You see how honorable is our descent,” he replied. “To conclude: Agnes from that hour never again exchanged speech with Trefetheness. Daily he stood in the church and watched her enter and depart; and though still silent, and though the hems of their garments never touched, daily together they knelt at the altar and offered

the same prayer. And day after day, as he returned to his desolate home, it seemed to him that some trait in this picture of his penance was wanting, and he retouched it so that the color on it was forever wet; and day after day it grew and changed, till at last over the ghastly disgust there stole this softness, this light, this half-radiance that, if not loveliness, is at least Heaven's peace. Meanwhile Agnes devoted the greater part of her fortune toward draining these marshes—a work which she executed thoroughly, and thus alleviated the misery of countless laborers upon their surface; the remainder was bestowed in ceaseless charity. For herself, she lived like an anchoress; but there was no death-bed unsoothed by her, no prison-ward unsained, no scaffold unascended; and when the ten years of expiation passed—in which, out of keenest, bitterest, most pitiless sorrow, she had reached the joy of those whose work is accepted of God—when, then, she went from this life to the other, the great cathedral-bells of the rich dark city tolled, and the people wept, it is said, for St. Agnes Trefetheness."

### III.—MAURICE.

As he finished we were both startled by a rapid step behind us coming up the drawing-room.

"My God!" said Maurice, springing over the lounge. "Do you know no better, Trefetheness, than to tell such a story to this child?" And raising our eyes, there stood Arria in the doorway, pale to fainting, and falling forward just as Maurice caught her. What a picture she was herself! She had put on a brocade of gold, and the sumptuous train lifted over her arm had fallen, and was trailing heavy and glistering beside her. Round her waist she had tied, like a Franciscan girdle, a cord of blood-red cornelian beads, and over all had thrown a shroud of priceless old black lace, whose rents and rust contrast and effect ignored. Pallid and remote behind the veil, it was something more than her swoon that startled us—she was the very picture of Agnes Trefetheness there above us! It could never be the simple story that touched her so, I thought; and now I see that it was the first premonition of her fate—a physical terror, an unconscious psychological confession of the future. She said, when Maurice questioned her upon recovery, that it was not what she had just heard; but suddenly, while she listened, chill crept over her, and a great dread, and she seemed to be standing on the edge of a gulf, with no power to retreat. I went up stairs with her, but Maurice would not relinquish his burden, insisting on carrying her. She, however, slipped to the floor, and clung only to his arm as we went. While she cleansed her beautiful hair from the Cologne-water in which it had been deluged, after having rested for a few moments, I ran down to the drawing-room again to pick up the music-book and restore it to its place. Maurice was walking slowly up and down the room, while Trefetheness had unfolded a paper, and was running an eye down the leader.

"And what were you making out of this, little maid?" said he, stooping for the music-book and placing it in my hand. "Strange choice for you! Come, let me see if you understand a note of it. You should have chosen some book of white, cool spring songs—this is the principle of August, the key-note of sentiments and sensations yet unknown to my little girls."

"There are a great many things which we know and yet never experience, Uncle Maurice."

"Profound wisdom! worthy to have been addressed to that elderly individual."

"I beg your pardon, Uncle Maurice! There it is again! It is very thoughtless in me."

"Now do not disturb your small self for a trifle," said he, sweetly. "Let the naughty color subside, and come with me to the other room. Sing!" then said he, as we reached the open piano. "Ah! you don't wish? True, it might be a little difficult at first. Well, then, I will sing."

I laughed. Except in a village choir I had never heard a man sing. But he lifted his eyebrows gayly, sat down, and turned over the leaves. Suddenly this voice, this golden tenor parted the air, and, melted by the sweet surprise, I burst into tears. He paused, looking at me in his innocent way, half incredulous, half pleased, a moment, then broke a blossom from its stem, as the glass stood near, and tossed me the bell.

"Catch the crystals in it," he said; "for house-flowers—it is legendary—are never bedewed by any thing but tears!" and began another song: for it was one of his peculiarities never to pursue that in which he had been interrupted.

Who has ever denied the power of enchantment in music? the absolute thrall and glamour it exercises—all the force of incantation and conquest—the souls it carries captive—the walls that rose to slowly breathing sound—the flute of Hamelin's piper—the siren's song—the Lurley's lyre! If Savonarola himself had heard Maurice sing he would have ceased fulmination, and burned no more Decameron's in the public square; and if he sings in hell, the angels will lean out of heaven to listen! If it had been a hymn, we might all have become devotees; as it was, a serenade, brimmed and overflowing with passion as the sky with light, sweet to satiety, full of hints of odorous night-blooms, of low winds and summer stars, of rich dusk and tender hush, the words half guessed, the tune melting in delicious close, as it was, at the air, the glance, the magnetism of the singer, every heart beat quicker and every cheek flushed with its own possibilities. I looked at Arria who had stolen down and stood at the opposite end of the piano, her eyes fastened on Maurice's, glowing and liquid; her face still and always so pale; her smile, too, like arrowy light, coming and going and transfusing her whole countenance with every pulse of the brooding dream in which the music had folded her. Then I looked at Trefetheness where he leaned in the doorway, suffering his paper to hang forgotten, and gazing through the lofty window at the blue heaven con-



stant and pure without; if any thing counteracted the spell with him it was that, and it may be that he reflected a calming ray of this serene mood upon me.

Maurice remained motionless after the conclusion, as if loth to break the effect, his hands lying upon the keys, and his eyes meeting Arria's. At last he rose, and putting his fingers in his pockets with the air of one who was petted in all manner of incorrect trifles, though really he had never had any one to caress him or indulge him, and had therefore, as he once told us, done the latter as well as he could himself, an air that was irresistible, be it said, and strolled once or twice up and down the room.

"Sound is such a positive thing to me—such an existence," said he, "that I never think the note has no being when again swallowed in the silence from which it rose. I look to see all the tunes that have ever flitted through this room, every distinct note, and I wonder that they do not swarm, like honey bees, on the ceiling, on the Bacchante with her kissing cymbals there, on the great organ pipes. Sometimes when I have come in here alone, I have waited to hear what tone would reply to my touch, half expecting the old tunes to crowd up and prevent the keys from acknowledging my talismanic fingers."

"Maurice," said Trefetheness under his breath, and laughing, "is it Lager or Dizzy?"

"Neither, so early, thank you. By-the-way, Dr. Trefetheness, you dine here to-day?"

"By all means."

"Then I should advise you to depart and shortly reappear in a different guise—or disguise. What disguises a man like full dress?" he asked, abruptly.

"Marry now, I can tell," said Trefetheness.

"Mass, you can not tell! Serve him up *au naturel*—that is, in dressing-gown and slippers, cigar and morning paper—and you have the original flavor of the article. Herewith I follow your example—which, by-the-way, is not yet set. You will not know me when you see me again. Mesdemoiselles, I expect toilets that will make my dinner-friends gnash their teeth with envy at the proprietor of such ells Flemish." And he paused in front of me and looked at Arria.

"Maurice," I said. He turned and bestowed on me a benevolent glance. "How old are you?"

"And you are already sorry you asked the question, and tremble at your audacity!" he replied, with a laugh. "I am still a very young man, my dear—a very well, and a very happy one, and mean to be a better one. Happier than I ever was before, since Fate has let this sunshine in upon me."

"Well," said I, "you received that so urbanely, Sir—"

"What?" he exclaimed, in mimic horror at my latest monosyllable. "Oh, go on."

"That I shall ask another question."

"I am entirely at your ladyship's command, and will certainly reply."

"Why did you never let in the sunshine before—why did you never marry, Maurice?"

He threw back his head and laughed again. "Oh, I see!" he said. "Little minx, you will walk into all my secrets? This answer shall be just as satisfactory as the other. Because—pardon the youthfulness of the expression—I have never loved. I have never realized the meaning of that glorious phrase, 'in love.' I have never been plunged, and bathed, and wrapped in that blissful tide till it was the sky above me, the world around me, the air I breathed, the very element in which I lived. Of course you will understand, fair inquisitress, that I have had threescore and ten fancies; but always, when I approached the wondrous object, there was a speck upon the pulpy plum, a flaw in the beautiful bubble."

Trefetheness laughed.

"Come now, scoffer," continued Maurice. "When you told your romance and darkened the gay drawing-room I did not interfere. Fair play is a jewel—"

"That, I hope, exists in the Mauritian cabinets."

Maurice made his most expressive grimace, that of the eyebrow, and turned again to me. "The Little Mistress of my house repeated my order concerning the plate?" he asked.

"I told Mrs. Quincerl," I replied.

"Then the Little Mistress could have said 'Yes,'" and he gayly ushered us to the door, and, bending, kissed my hand as he resigned it, and when he had kissed mine he kissed Arria's hand.

There was a resemblance between Arria and myself, complete in every detail except one—I had color in cheek and chin, and she had not the slightest. Nevertheless, she was far the lovelier, and had that indescribable charm which, whether it is in the manner or in the person, subdues all men at once, and is even acknowledged by women. Of this I had nothing; and though in a twilight we might easily have been mistaken for each other, let her speak, or move, or only sigh, and she stood confessed. Part of this fascination of hers was a tender appealing to every one—an unconscious art of impressing them with her dependence; the veriest stranger, who offered her a hand to step from ship to shore, would make the grasp closer and stronger than for another or more beautiful woman, and every one to whom she spoke felt as if they were already honored with her confidence. I have known radiant women of the preceding generation, from whose beauty, as they moved along the street, unacquainted wayfarers stood aside with lifted hats, as if a queen had passed; and I think Arria inspired you with the same emotion. It was not her grace nor loveliness; but she touched you with recognition of her sex: she seemed the universal feminine type, and you felt sure that, in paying her homage, you paid homage to incarnate womanhood. Nothing could have been lovelier than she, as we crept down the stairs again; and immediately before the long

mirrors in the drawing-room she commenced a series of pirouettes, warbling in her childlike voice as she danced, laughing and courtesying to me and to her reflection. All at once she ceased, yet remained looking in the glass; and I saw that Maurice stood in the door of the music-room, looking at her with a strange, grave gaze, still dressed as we had left him. She continued to look at his figure in the glass, the glad light unbroken on her face; and I saw his reflection, with the morning's smile, make hers the military salute, and hers put up her hand to sweep away the little escaping curl while making a mock reverential courtesy: then I heard Maurice's step in the hall.

"Here are the curls breaking out of your braids," I said, "with your capers. There, he is in his room now, run up and have the plait restored."

As her swift feet went tripping up the stairs at their head she encountered him. "No, no," he cried to me, "the twisting rings? the Trefetheness tress? Ogress! have you sent the curls to prison? Right about face, little lady, I invite the curls to dinner."

So down she came, and we ensconced ourselves to the best of our ability; for I was frightened at the part of hostess which I must shortly assume. "I should like it," said Arria, after I had stated my perplexities. "I should do twenty awkward things at once; and then every one would know what to expect, and every one would offer to assist me, and I should blush some and laugh a good deal, and every body else would do every thing else, and I should be quite at my ease, and Maurice would never think of being vexed with me."

"But you would do exactly the other way, I suppose," said Trefetheness, who had just sauntered down again from the room which, as I said, he had here on occasion. "You will be so dignified, and try to do so nicely, with a little virtuous confusion and plainly-hidden agitation, that every body will make your trouble less."

"Approvingly, but not lovingly, as they would for Arria."

"Arria is such a little nuisance you can't be cross with her," she said, coaxingly, and just then my uncle descended and the guests began to come.

Maurice spoke very truly when he said we should not know him again; the sweet, deep smile, the careless grace and merry freedom, had vanished: he was the stately, courteous, elegant gentleman. I hardly dared believe it was the same person with whom we had laughed an hour ago, and I saw Arria set her little white teeth and draw in her breath as he approached me. Just then Trefetheness moved a chair: in presenting some one my hand was caught, and before I could release it the wrist quite badly sprained. I saw that Maurice would ignore my anticipatory tremor, but before he could speak Arria had stepped quickly to his side.

"You have no right to two manners," said she, hastily; "you have no right to jest with us

in the morning, and king it over us in the evening."

He turned upon her with his large quiet eye, so that she momentarily quailed.

"My dear child," murmured he then, but somewhat loftily, "would you introduce strangers to the household? Should I take you on my knee before grave gentlemen and fantastic fops? Should I show my hand to my opponent?" And here he turned toward me.

"Arria will have to take my place," I said, in the same tone: "my hand is lame."

He glanced at the wrist and saw its condition, and turned away; but as he did so, I felt his unobserved pressure on it, warm and kind. Shortly afterward a servant glided in and placed in my hand an odd bracelet, with his master's desire I should wear it. It held one of the strange secrets he had learned abroad, and medicined my hurt at touch.

So at table I had Arria's place beside Trefetheness, and Arria played the pretty hostess, and there were no other ladies. I saw Maurice's eye follow Arria's charming ways, her graceful bends and sweet inquiries, till the smile unconsciously crossed his face again, and warmed with wine and cheer, he flashed up in a brilliancy I had not dreamed of him.

"I think Maurice is proud of Arria," I said, with pleasure, to Trefetheness; "for since we are to live with him, we desire above all to please him."

"Yes," said Trefetheness, "who wouldn't be? See her take wine with Colonel Vansycle. Was ever any thing more charming?"

"Oh yes," I said; "this is more charming." She was taking wine silently with Maurice.

At this point I looked up and down the table to form my own opinion of Maurice's convives. There were few of them so young as he, several with bald heads and iron-gray mustaches, some military, some foreign, all bearing witness of cultivation and that strange thing called refinement, and meaning the art of sinning handsomely; some slightly *blasé*, some eager as ever, all witty, wicked men. As I completed a second survey my eye met Maurice's, a servant filled my glass, and with a significant deprecatory smile he drank to me. The straightest-laced maid who ever wore Puritan stays could not have resisted that smile. Why need I have a second thought about it all? be they what they would, it was plain that his associates had still left Maurice—Maurice. Trefetheness, I saw, had seldom met these people, and though self-possessed and gay as ever, there was a shade of haughtiness in his manner that I had never surmised, and he allowed them all to become aware that he surveyed them from the Trefetheness heights. Well, he had a right—of their virtues he possessed all, of their vices none. Just before we rose the famous drinking-cup, with its crystals and carbuncles, was placed upon the table. Colonel Vansycle drew it near himself, and turned it slowly about.

"The happy thief who makes off with this,

Maurice," said he, "will leave it in Dresden or Munich, and take away a fortune in exchange."

"Will he, indeed!" said Maurice. "There is question concerning the fortune, since those amethysts are not diamonds, and as for the theft, I had a fancy that the golden apple

'Behind his wall as white as milk,  
Beneath his curtain soft as silk,  
Bathed in his bath of crystal clear,'

was not in half so strong a hold."

"Yet thieves break in and steal the gold," said Trefetheness to me.

"Your thief will have to be an expert, though," continued Colonel Vansycle.

"He will steal, Sir, an egg from a cloister. And steal it sooner," continued Maurice.

"The Señor has been busy in the nursery rhymes lately," said the Cuban, a Guadalajara, in an undertone and with a glance up the table.

"It is owing, probably, to the superior intelligence of American children that we use Shakspeare in the nursery," replied Maurice, archly.

The Señor extended his hand and received the cup from his neighbor. "This reminds me," he said, "that very many years ago my ancestors parted with its fellow, whereon some prophecy became a legend in the house," and he repeated a little Spanish couplet, which, being interpreted, declares that,

"When veins run thick, and streams run up,  
Guadalajara shall come to his cup."

"We also have a superstition concerning the thing," continued Maurice, with changing color. "There is a brief motto under the brim, whose characters, whether Sanscrit, Greek, or Dutch, no one can determine. Yet I do not know how or why their signification is believed to be: 'Coming with crime, going with guilt.'"

"Its fellow?" continued the other, turning it up to examine the cabala. "Its simple self. The baffling characters are mere initials quite floridly adorned. The motto reads plainer than print my ancestral name: Beltran Felipe Olivario de los Guadalajara y Garcilasso. Certainly, Don Maurice, the cup is mine!" And the table rang with a low musical tremor as he set it heavily down in benign resignation.

"Señor Don Felipe, the cup is a marriage portion for my niece."

"Which niece?" I whispered to Trefetheness.

"The locks of six princesses must be my marriage fee," said Arria, gayly rising. And before Trefetheness closed the door for us I saw the Cuban raise the brimming cup, and heard him exclaim:

"*Señores! a la salud de la rosa del verano?*"

Trefetheness shut the door behind him.

"Do you leave them?" I asked.

"It's too long a session for me," he replied.

"Maurice's dinners are grand affairs. I'm not up to them. I can't sit and soak till past midnight. There has been enough of that in the Trefetheness."

"I suppose we can go where we please now?" asked Arria.

"No. They won't keep it up so long as usual, if I suspect rightly. Guadalajara will insist upon following *La rosa del verano*."

"Oh me!" cried Arria, starting back in dismay.

"What now?" asked Trefetheness.

"Oh, I have seen it over my left shoulder and with no money in my pocket!"

"And what then?"

"Dire disaster," said she. "I am really frightened." And approaching the window, he saw with her, across the garden and through an opening of the streets, the new moon lying like a coal of fire in the dark purple southwest.

"A vengeful Dian," he remarked; and commenced his usual pacing up the room with his hands behind him; but Arria remained by the window. A tear glittered coldly on her cheek, and I went to her. Just then, his footsteps muffled in the heavy carpet, Maurice glided in.

"Ah!" said he. "And what is this coil? They are coming in, and I slipped out that you might not be away. Tears? Why—"

"The moon forebodes misfortune to Arria," said Trefetheness.

"Saw it then face to face and palm crossed with siller?" asked Maurice. "The crescent and the cross, they must be inseparable? Still and always is the poor spotted sphere to be the sovereign mistress of true melancholy?" And here the tears shook from Arria's long lashes like beads slipping from the string.

He bent, smiling toward her, without any such little freedom of manner as his relationship might have allowed—neither stroke of hair nor filip of chin. "What, crying for the moon?" he said.

Then Arria laughed. "No," she replied. "Please don't. Nothing is the matter, only all at once—I couldn't help it—it seemed as if the world were going wrong. I was very blue; I suppose I've to thank Rêve and his entremets for it. Don't laugh at me, Maurice, please;" and she laid her little hand on his arm.

Maurice started, and a flush surged up his face, and I saw him shake off the hand, still smiling upon her. "Are there more to fall?" he asked. "Come out from the shadow, you changeling, and let us see you. What is the gas turned down for? No wonder you're blue, with all the red shut out of the twilight. There!" he said. "The eyes are only the brighter for their bath. She has just stepped out of a Psyche-glass." He took a spray of moss-rose buds from the mantle and fixed them in her belt. Then he turned, as if to find some for me, but there were only great Japan lilies in the other vases, and looking at them and at me he shrugged his shoulders comically and hastened out.

The next evening Maurice's quick step resounded in the hall, and, what was unusual, he came in.

"Trefetheness here again?" he said. "That is good. I have been obliged myself to neglect my little cousins."



"Are you Richard III., to call your niece your cousin?" asked Trefetheness.

Maurice wheeled about and bowed low. "Sublime censor!" said he. "I have been obliged to neglect my little grandmothers. And I now beg leave to beseech them to scramble in a cloak to the Opera. Have I your royal permission?"

"Provided a corner of the cloak may cover me."

"By all means. Patter, little feet!" And in a moment afterward we returned equipped. He caught Arria's purple hood playfully, and pulled it far over her face. "You look like aconite," he said, "and deadly aconite you are!" and hurried to the coach.

Just as we turned the corner, I saw, by the light of the street lamp, a dark stiff figure hastening forward, carrying his cane like the rapier of a hidalgo beneath his Spanish cloak, and with the queer contrast of a cluster of roses in his hand. I looked at Maurice, and he showered back the sparkle of his significant smile in silence.

We had neither of us ever been at the Opera before—Arria nor I, and this night's selection was most fortunate. Bellini—simple, easy to follow and comprehend, nowhere dazzling, but wrapping in a dream of indolent rosy sweetness. It was the very music to make one sentient of life, of youth, and the slumberous joy of love. I looked at Arria to see if she felt this: I did not expect her to be aware of herself, she never was. But there was the faint flush on her cheek, the downcast lids, the involved, unconscious smile around the happy lips; and half lifting her head at some honeyed strain, she slowly met the pale face and gleaming glance of Maurice. I saw that for her the spell was that of an enchanter's wand carrying her through labyrinths whose clew she did not know; that the music aroused in her, as the sun above vernal fields, the warmth and strength of summer. Just as the shivering *suoni la tromba* concluded, she looked up again with flashing eyes and proud breath and laid her hand on Maurice's arm. Directly afterward she bowed to Guadalajara opposite.

"In which heroine have you most interest?" asked Trefetheness. "Do you not see their resemblance; and that one would go mad in quite as pretty a fashion as the other?"

"You don't seem to know that Arria looks like me?" I said.

"Like you? Not in the least. Do not flatter yourself with the fancy of being Arria's shadow: you are an entirely distinct individual."

Just here Guadalajara stepped stiffly down, took the vacant seat in front of Arria, and, turning, began to make her his compliments. After a few seconds Maurice leaned over and spoke himself. It was a jesting allusion to the state of Cuban affairs that he made, and of course involved a reply; and a moment afterward the Señor Guadalajara had forgotten the existence of all the charming young ladies in the world, in defense of some one whom he called his *Reina Santa*, and whom, Maurice argued, under that

title could not exist, and was, therefore, a non-entity. As the curtain fell, Maurice said, explanatorily, "My small people were enjoying their first Opera to-night." Arria gave him her little hand; he held it a moment in his somewhat stately manner, fixing her eye and bowing, and shortly we rolled away and left him, as before, on the pavement.

In the drawing-room Maurice commenced a march up and down as usual with both of our gentlemen.

"Oh!" he said at length, with an impatient aspiration, "I am sick of this 'weak piping time of peace.' I shall fairly sink from this atmosphere into another unless something turns up. Life is getting so slow here—I know every spring of the old machine."

"Whither do you propose to betake yourself?" asked Trefetheness.

"Where? There is Maine and the Canadas left. I have an invitation to hunt the moose. What say? Shall I go?"

Arria went and strolled along beside him, hanging on his arm in her pretty enticing fashion.

"Oh yes," continued he, "these regions seem to you wee folk too radiant to desert; do they not? For me they're a long bore; it takes an uncommon amount of nerve to meet each new sunrise with equanimity. But, on the other hand, it's hard work hunting moose in snowshoes. Pros and cons. Come, little one, throw a wish into the scale. Have the gods touched your lips?"

"Please don't make me talk about it," said Arria. "I shall say something I don't want to if you do. I shall say I don't want to have you go. And I wouldn't say so for any thing in the world!"

Maurice laughed. "Well done, for a little diplomatiste," he said. "Stay, it is, then."

After another turn or two he paused abruptly before me.

"When you were a much smaller person—"

"She has not many inches now," said Trefetheness.

"But every inch a queen," replied Maurice, with a gay bow. "At that time did you ever break a 'wish-bone' with any one? But never picked a bone with any one? Prepare for that operation now. Why, I beg to know, did that tell-tale face look yesterday such contempt on my guests?"

"Why—did you know—oh, I beg your pardon," I began.

"Granted at the moment. But let me say that, though you fancied those gentlemen equal to any evil, and I do not deny their capacity, there was not one without some noble spot in his soul, the undarned, unworn texture of the original fabric. And, with your permission, I've no doubt that, in the brief span of your existence, you have committed, both of you, and still do, a thousand little unblushing meannesses to which nothing could tempt the lowest of them."

"Now, Maurice, you are going to be cross," said Arria, with a pout.

"Do you think so? But when one is with the Romans, you remember—and the cross was a Roman mode of punishment."

"Punishment?" said she. "What are you punishing us for—disliking naughty men?"

"Why, so it would appear."

"Well; but we like *you*, you know."

"Which is to cover a multitude of sins, I see. And do you second that motion, little mistress?"

"I have half the mind to tell a fib and say No," I replied, gathering up my things.

"A precious pair I've got on my hands! Wait a bit, though. Why didn't you bring the Don home with us to-night, *duenna*?"

"I didn't dream of it; and besides—"

"We are much pleasanter as we are? Agreed, but the incivility is yours. You must atone with all your arts when he comes to-morrow, as he certainly will do."

And so he did. Just at noon, and Maurice was giving orders for the horses that he might drive us out into the country.

"I will change the vehicle," whispered Maurice. "You shall stay with Quixote, and I will take Dulcinea with me."

"You were going out?" asked Guadalajara, as Arria entered with her bonnet on.

"To drive with our uncle."

"I will not detain you."

"Then I am not of the slightest consequence to the Señor Guadalajara?" I said, remembering Maurice's directions.

He turned and looked down at me as the Cid might have looked at an acorn his plume had brushed from the oak, if the acorn had dared to open its mouth.

"The Señorita does not accompany the rose?" he asked. "Then I will certainly have the honor to remain with her a short time."

"Shall I need my cloak?" asked Arria.

"Quand il falt bean  
Prends ton manteau :  
Et lorsqu'il pleut  
Prends-le si tu veux,"

said Maurice, lightly, and going up, he tied the cherry ribbons at her throat and took the garment in question over his arm; then making me a mocking obeisance and Guadalajara another, he lifted Arria's fingers and retired trippingly, as if from royal presence, turning only at the door, and there throwing a laugh over their shoulders.

#### IV.—INTO THE DARKNESS.

"Señorita," said the Cuban, half-shudderingly, "one should never leave home in such spirits. One shall return on a shutter." He stalked straightway to a guitar—took it, and taught me a Spanish song—made me sing it to Trefetheness, as the latter entered—declared that my style was perfection, and Art aimed only to become what Nature had made me; for an hour was as much at my feet as if Arria did not

breathe, and then obtained his exit with a comforting sense of having played well his part. Just after he had closed the door it was thrown violently open, and men entered bearing Maurice—pale, disordered, and bleeding. When they withdrew, and while his own physician was hastening—for Maurice had no faith in Trefetheness—I looked at Arria. She was no less pale or disordered than he; but apart from the dropping cloak, the ruffled hair, there was that in her face which I had never seen before—a wild anxiety, an anxiety as if her whole soul had been petrified in the moment of its conception—a sentiment far beyond that which she had any reason to feel. Maurice lay with his eyes fixed on hers, and her hand shut tight within the iron grasp where he had first inclosed it, and which he had refused to relax. They had driven long without many words—Arria told me later—when suddenly Maurice touched the spirited creatures and leaned forward, gazing far ahead as if he would pierce the future, and paying no heed to any thing that was transpiring around him till Arria touched his arm, and then he became aware of the furious speed in which the light carriage rocked like a leaf on the wind.

"We shall be killed!" said Arria.

"Well?" said he then, looking directly in her face.

Tears overflowed her eyes. "Do you want to die?" she asked.

"Can we do any better?" replied Maurice, between his teeth, and winding the reins about his wrist while the fearful swiftness was unabated. A gleaming hoof dashed through the footboard and the splinters flew about them. He knelt down, still winding up the reins and looking forward.

"Kiss me, child!" said he.

She stooped, bent over his shoulder and kissed the half-upturned face; then she only felt his arm about her, his hurrying breath, the horses rising slowly on their haunches, and all was darkness. When she again became conscious people were bathing her forehead, and others were assisting Maurice, who by his wild exertion of strength had occasioned hemorrhage. She sprang to his side, he grasped her hand, and she had not left him since nor had her eyes forsaken his. Now as she stood by his head when the physician entered his fingers unclosed, and his eyelids fell, and it seemed a corpse lying before us.

"Too late!" exclaimed the doctor, under his breath, but at the sound the curling lips announced that Maurice's old spirit was with him yet. Proceeding at once to an examination, the physician after a moment murmured his decision. Maurice made a gesture of dissent.

"The alternative is death," said the other.

The large eyes opened a moment more on life. He lifted his hand, but it fell feebly; yet some intuition told Arria his meaning, and some unseen spirit bent her face nearer his.

"Shall I live?" I heard him whisper.

Arria rose and remained an instant. There

was not force of tragedy in her nature sufficient to bid him curse God and die; she was made for sunshine and joy; neither could she bid him live; all this responsibility and self-knowledge crushed her pitilessly, and she fell forward on her face, not fainting, but lost, bewildered, and mentally unconscious.

It smote us as if we had seen the dead rise when Maurice sprang up on one arm and caught her with the other. She fell away from him, but he struck his breast that she might speak, and cried: "I will live!" At the words, hoarse and hollow, the red torrent again dashed from his lips and he sank back with the heavy plunge of the dead.

"Dead, Maurice?" cried Trefetheness, darting to his side. "Dead?"

The dark sunken eyes opened and closed with their former gleam, and directly afterward, at the Doctor's signal, Trefetheness raised and bore him from the room.

Hardly had this been done when Guadalajara broke in, demanding news of his friend's condition and proffering his services, and although these were declined, he called daily to renew the offer and inquiry, and never departed till he had enjoyed a brief word from Arria and a briefer touch of her hand.

Nothing could have been so perfect as Maurice's mood during his illness. No complaint, no sigh of pain, no murmur of fatigue—there was all that overpowering sunshine of soul that melted every one within his sphere. Arria and I scarcely left him by daylight, and to neither of us was he the sweeter, and after a vigil of torturing pain he greeted us in the morning as genially as if he had slept on roses. Trefetheness passed many nights of tender care beside him, yet against his wish, for his thoughtfulness for others exceeded theirs for him. He swallowed the nauseous drugs as if they had been honey draughts; and impatient of restraint as his nature was, he contented himself with the drops of life which prescriptions counted out for him hourly, from cordial, or tonic, or opiate. As he grew better, we went out into the city, one by one, and rehearsed our adventures to him on our return; we read to him, we talked before him of our three several pursuits. He was forbidden to see his old friends, and expressed no wish to do so; lying there pallid and drawing each breath as a gain from eternity, he was pleased with the new atmosphere in which he was centred, and seemed willing that all should continue forever. He had neither wish nor ability to speak, and gradually I saw that he seemed to be saving and amassing health and strength for some future work—and that was surely coming. Arria scarcely spoke so often as I in his presence, but she constantly hovered about him with her little ministrations; she soothed him to slumber by distilling perfumed waters on his head, drop by drop, like a clepsydra; she woke him with the tender pressure of her fingers, and by her overhanging presence perchance filled his sleep with dreams.

"Maurice," I said one day, as I fanned the fire, "do you so cling to life?"

He did not reply, and turning I saw that he was gazing at Arria, who, sitting beside him with her sewing, watched only the polished needle. But, at the silence, she raised her eyes and met his; her face and throat flushed crimson and faded again; her large, dark eyes filled with tears in the intense feeling that suffused them. "Yes," she replied, "he clings to life." He returned her gaze in the same silence—a world of meaning involved in it, of curious speculation, of desperate daring, of passionate resolve. Suddenly rising on his elbow, his eyelids fallen, he broke his long silence, and said, weakly and hoarsely, but determinedly, "Maurice proposes, and Arria disposes. Children, leave me here a little, and send Apsley. I shall lie in this fashion no longer."

When we returned, he was dressed as usual in the morning, and lay among the purple couch-cushions even more ghastly than on his snowy pillow. But he had his old smile, his old imperious way, his old, if seldom, tone. Thereupon, we set about devising expedients of interest or amusement. I took to drawing and sat beside him for instruction, he putting up a finger to guide my pencil in its delicate play among flowers and stems; and Arria pressed Trefetheness into her service, and took to masquerading.

At this time the Señor Guadalajara grew so urgent that he was finally promised admittance. Maurice shrugged his shoulders. "It banishes our fairy-world," said he. "Children, move softly; I am ill at thought of it." The next day as they swept about him with their gorgeous old costumes, their robes stiff with gold and their webs of spider lace, personating all the various dramas in the supposed knights and dames of the Trefetheness descent, Guadalajara entered.

"It is altogether strange attendance that you have," said the surprised Don.

"I am like a sick Macbeth, with the witches of the Heath of Forres flourishing before him," said Maurice, feebly.

"You are transported a century, *no es verdad?* But it is improper and imprudent—"

"And all the other imps," said Maurice, with a gay glance for Arria.

After the momentary stillness that ensued the Don bent begging a few words, and we retired to the other end of the room, at Maurice's gesture. A brief sentence or two passed, when Maurice rose on one hand, haggard and paler than ever, with his features stern and set as marble, and beckoned Arria.

"The Señor Guadalajara makes you an offer of his hand," said he, abruptly, transfixing her with his glittering eye.

She waited a moment, till her breath and his own came evenly again, and then, with a Trefetheness hauteur, not displeasing to the stately lover, said: "I regret that I must have the pain of declining."

"Eh?" said Guadalajara, half-springing forward from his seat, as if it were impossible that



he had heard aright. "A Guadalajara? Decline alliance with a Guadalajara?"

Arria bowed again. She looked so lovely in her ancient dress, with its shadows of emerald green and its adornment of silver, that this refusal was maddening.

"And to what does the Señorita object? Who is she that she should despise the race of heroes? What is there in the name Guadalajara that she refuses to wear it?"

"Too many open vowels," whispered Trefetheness to me.

"It is not to the name, Sir, that I object, said Arria, gently.

"And what then?" he hotly demanded.

"Yourself, Señor."

"Me? Me! Be it! You, a—Trefetheness! Do you think my blood is water to brook such insult? Your uncle, your cousin, are responsible!"

"My uncle has nothing to do with it, Señor," said Arria, her own temper rising. "Your manner does not invite affection. And I know nothing about your blood!"

"Then I will teach you!" he cried. "It is Castilian! It is the blue blood of Spain!" and, tearing away his sleeve, he ripped up the swarthy skin beneath with the point of his penknife. Arria grew faint, Maurice laughed, Trefetheness sprang forward and bound up the little wound before the Cuban could say yea or nay.

"None but the brave deserve the fair!" exclaimed Maurice. "Bravo!"

Guadalajara glared about him for a moment and then threw the penknife into the fire. Gazing after it, he looked up finally into Arria's face.

"Señorita," said he, then, endeavoring to calm his perturbation and regain his knowledge of the tongue that anger scattered, "you are not used to our hot spirit, I see. I have made the fool of myself. I beg her to reconsider my proposal, and me to bid hope."

"Señor, I can not bid you hope."

"But I shall do so."

"Why?" escaped Maurice.

"*Porque, mi demonio,*" said the other, turning upon him as if glad of any shadow of an attackable adversary, "*esta doncellita es, y sera siempre, la lumbre de mis ojos!*"

"Hope is the lover's staff; walk hence with that!" and walk Spanish!" muttered Maurice, sinking back exhausted. After this he did not speak again, but closed his eyes; and with so many demands for water, and with the application of his usual medicines, and the beating up and arrangement of his cushions, and with now a gentle fanning and now a redoubled wrapping, chafing of hand and pressing of temple, and one or two faint glances from the dark hollow eye, a sigh, a groan, and a fit of coughing—with all that the Señor Guadalajara was content and eager to go; and drawing breath as if he had escaped from a lazar-house, and felt the horrid phantom of Death sitting on his shoulders and clutching at his throat, he reported to the con-

stituency who had deputed him that poor Maurice Trefetheness lay at the very point of expiring.

No sooner had the door closed on him than Maurice, springing up, threw off blanket and coverlet, suffered the cushions to collapse, and tore off the swathing towels from his head.

"There!" said he. "The worthy hidalgo is as thoroughly frightened as if he had been called upon to surrender his own breath. He is one of those men who can not endure to approach the vast and boundless contiguity of shade. But I feel the better for the play."

"Do you really feel better, uncle?" I asked in glee.

"Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle! Don't you see that I'm better, little mistress? I am well!"

Day followed day now, and although Maurice was not, as he had said, really well, his improvement was as perceptible to us as it had been conscious to him. Guadalajara came again in about a week, and then followed up that occasion daily with offerings at Arria's shrine; and she, with her little natural coquetry, could not help making herself up in as bewitching a style as possible, now allowing him to hope, now obliging him to despair, and pleasing herself with his devotion—since he was not a very repugnant person—thoughtless of all the pain she inflicted and the little pleasure she afforded. Maurice, forgetting, I fancied, how unsophisticated it was that she had come into the world from her books and dolls, never thought of correcting her, yet watched her anxiously, and seemed to take note not only of every breath she drew but of every thought mirrored in the tender depth of her eyes. Yet at times, and not infrequently, a look of trouble, of confusion, and fear, stole into those eyes and brooded there, as if it were the spiritual miasma rising from some uncovered and dreadful spot of her soul; and no sooner did it assert itself than Maurice withdrew book or pencil or needle from her hand, and either led her into the garden, now blazing in all the glory of its autumn salvias, or ravished her soul from her keeping with the music whose sovereign power he knew so well. At last Maurice was ordered to certain springs for permanent recovery of his health; and declaring that he could never leave his little people, it was decided that we should accompany him.

We had already received many calls, and Maurice forbade us to withdraw the acceptance to our first ball. This ball was to be an event in our lives. I confess that I looked forward to it with vague expectancy of delight; but Arria, instead of sharing my sentiments, regarded it rather as a necessary evil; and then I saw that she had expressed little mirthfulness lately on any occasion—had seemed to grow taller in person, more quiet in manner, sadder and dreamier in mind. Far from interpreting aright all that lay so plainly before my eyes, I looked to Trefetheness for an explanation, and began to watch his demeanor so closely that I became uncon-

scious of the unrest expressed by my own. When I came into the library on the night of the ball, Maurice waved me about as if I turned on a pivot. "There is no fault in that toilet, little mistress," said he. "With your peaches and snows you are like a diminished Alp at stroke of sunrise. It needs only some cascades of jewels, some ice-peaks of sparkling color." And taking something from the table he strung about me in a moment a profusion of lucent pink topazes. But while he so amused himself there was the shade on his face, the weariness at his lips, the melancholy at his eyes. Suddenly the whole countenance lighted up, as if an actual torch threw its illumination in his direction, for Arria had entered and stood behind me. She had refused to allow Maurice to purchase for her any airy attire suitable for youth and innocence, and had insisted upon dressing as she pleased. Thus now appearing in her rich deep-violet robe, brocaded with bunches of barley, and tassels of barley-straw hanging low in her hair, with the trailing skirt and the square bosom, she seemed like some antique beauty just stepped from the shadow of her frame.

"Madame la Marquise," said Maurice, "wants nothing but the soft braids untwisted and rolled in powder to be complete Pompadour. The court is in mourning." And while I wondered if Trefetheness would be there we set out. As we waited on the stairs with the crowd I heard some one below us exclaim:

"Ah! then Trefetheness has taken a wife at last, I see!"

"Which Trefetheness?" asked another.

"Which? There's but one."

"Oh yes; there's a young cousin of the name."

"Has Maurice lived to answer to *old Trefetheness*?"

"Not he, with that pretty creature for his bride."

"A little nonnette."

"It must be a recent affair, he is so *dévoté*."

Here there was a sudden vacancy, and we slipped beyond hearing. I scarcely dared look at them for a second, and then I saw Maurice bending speechless and pale over Arria, so that his face touched her hair; but Arria was gazing steadfastly ahead, proudly and bitterly, and as if some pain transpired and held her like a sword. Maurice is amused, I thought, and does not wish her to see it; and Arria is angry. Just then Maurice erected himself and nodded abstractedly to some one, and a moment afterward Trefetheness had parted the throng and taken me in charge. After we had once or twice ranged the rooms I glanced up at Trefetheness, saw he was very pale, with the keenest watchfulness in his clear eyes, and with firmly set lines about his mouth, while his glance singled out one pair and followed them up and down.

"Wouldn't you rather take Arria?" asked I.

"No," said he, smiling down on me, and taking occasion to fasten my glove; "and Maurice wouldn't rather have me."

"Maurice is fond of Arria."

Trefetheness turned and looked at me searchingly. "Do you remember Agnes's story?" he asked, brusquely. "You admit that disgrace came to the Trefetheness then; do you doubt that it could come again?"

"There are only four of us," I replied, "among whom it would be impossible."

"Nevertheless, it is crashing down upon us like the sure wheels of some dreadful engine," he answered, scarcely heeding that he spoke aloud.

I looked up at his frankly troubled face, and followed his glance toward Maurice and Arria dancing. There they floated, not with any mad haste, but in a slow grace, circling the room to that low, wide-spreading, passionate waltz-tune. Instantly it flashed upon me—all my blindness and their proneness—and I dragged from Trefetheness's arm and caught at the chair he placed for me.

"I was a fool!" he exclaimed, in vehement undertone. "I should not have spoken. I had no business to alarm you."

"No," I murmured, as soon as I could move my shivering lips; "you were quite right. Perhaps we can yet—I thought she cared for you."

"I wish she did!" he exclaimed, impetuously. "I would make any surrender—I would sacrifice *you* to save them!"

I looked up at his face again, so white and glowing.

"This is rather serious for the place. Will you take me to Maurice?" I said.

It was not long before Maurice sat beside me, and Arria was whirling round in the arms of Guadalajara. She was heated and flushed; moreover, she was tired, now, of the remark she excited; but the proud Cuban gave no intimation of releasing her; and still to madder music they whirled, near and away. At first Maurice looked on gravely and ill-pleased; then, gradually, a different guise enveloped his face—a strange concentration of attention, a fiery eye, a restless lip; and, when the waltz still continued, he rose and tried the fascination of his gaze. It answered; for after a moment's duration of this fierce, jealous regard Arria sat beneath him, and Guadalajara was standing before her, hopeful and happy. We all sauntered out through other rooms shortly, and pausing at the door of one, we found that the songs of the prima donna, who was to have been the night's attraction, were silent from the loss of their proper accompanist. Our hostess was pitiful in her lament to Maurice; and as he received it and consoled with her by his lifted brow, his grave bend, his graceful regret, no one would have suspected him of knowing major from minor. After the hostess passed we found that the beautiful singer sat behind us. Maurice bowed—it seemed he had already some acquaintance with her; she grasped his arm, and in a moment he sat at the piano and her liquid notes rang out over a hushed and thrilling throng. The accompaniment was no

less astounding than the song. The lady dropped her black brows and looked down on him, well gratified. "I shall count upon you for them all," she said, with her slightly piquant and foreign accent. Arria bent a little forward involuntarily, and then drew haughtily back and smiled upon Guadalajara. Trefetheness stooped over her chair and spoke with her lightly, for he desired above all that she should occasion Maurice no peculiar emotion—to arouse his jealousy in Guadalajara's regard was only to increase the danger. But while Trefetheness spoke a spray of the barley fell from her hair; and Maurice saw, and Arria felt that he saw, Guadalajara catch and treasure it. When the song ceased Arria moved forward with the Cuban, and, joining Maurice, uttered some brief sentence to the now cold and placid singer. We followed her—it seemed to be all that we could do. Guadalajara chimed in, and for the nonce the conversation was brilliant with bits of broken English. Then he reminded Arria of her next waltz with him.

"Do you dance again?" asked Maurice, in his lowest tone.

Arria assented.

"I wish you would not."

"I prefer to," was the cold reply in an equally impassive voice.

I saw the shadow sweep over his face, pass away, and leave it bland as summer. Standing there with one finger in his fob, he reached the other hand for her bouquet; turning the pretty mosaic about leisurely and taking its fragrance, he, with his other hand, arranged a buried blossom, pulled away a leaf, trifled with it a moment, and returned it.

"Come, Señorita," said the Cuban. "There are the notes we await. There is the very strain that swings us at its will."

Arria stood with the bouquet unconsciously near her lips, as he spoke, and looking away abstracted or bewildered. A faint smell of almonds began to be diffused in our neighborhood, and it seemed to me that the room darkened and all the faces took a purple tone. It was only an instant, for I had recourse to my vinaigrette; but when I looked up again the bouquet was scattered on the floor, and Arria had fallen, stiff and pallid as an ivory carving, fainting into the arms of Maurice.

"Do not follow," said Maurice, as he bore her out.

"But I choose," I whispered Trefetheness. Before we gained the door the carriage was gone, another was placed almost directly at our disposal, and we rolled home in it together.

"Maurice made her faint!" I said.

"Yes; he knows a thousand subtle arts of the kind. He has probably some antidote in the same pocket which he will administer, and she be no atom the worse."

"Trefetheness!" I cried. "Why don't you speak to Maurice? Or, why don't you make Arria love you?"

"I could not make Arria love me; and I owe so much to Maurice that my duty is difficult.

Besides, he is as dear to me with his warm generous heart, his sweet, cordial manner, as she to you. Moreover," he continued, dreamily, "to thwart him would be to cast his determination indestructibly. The work to be done is delicate. It makes me feel a most despicable traitor! I, who am so largely his debtor! What, are you crying, dear? My hand is wet with your tears?"

"Trefetheness, it is dreadful. It is a crime, is it not?"

"They think, and we think, that it is."

"They never can marry?" I said, half-questioningly.

"They have only to go into the next State to marry legally and honorably."

"No, no."

"They question, perhaps, if all their happiness does not depend on such a possibility. But they know truly that life apart will, after a time, be more endurable than life together. There could be no progress in such a union, the race would travel in a circle whose centre was insanity."

"But it is so hard. Oh, Trefetheness, why could not our happy innocent life continue?" But here the coach stopped at the gate.

Arria met us, smiling and well; there seemed to have been a flask of ottar of roses spilled in the hall. "Maurice has gone back for you," she said. "Why did you come? Only think how unfortunate, with all our conquests half begun and all our schemes unfinished. I suppose the Señor is spinning round alone now." This levity seemed to me for the instant like consummate acting; but after she ceased there was a light in her eye, and a smile of insufferable happiness about her mouth.

Trefetheness waited till my uncle's return. "I should think you had turned on the pipes from a reservoir of rose-water to flood the house, and had anointed Arria in Maraschino," said he, as Maurice entered blithe and easy.

"By-the-way," replied Maurice, "let us drink to her health in that golden liquid."

When the fragrant draught was poured out, the other lifted his delicately-engraved glass and said: "Arria's health is well enough," and here he gazed steadfastly into his eye. "I drink to you, dear Maurice."

"Thank you, Trefetheness," said Maurice; "I hope you will not drink in vain. And now of all good Christian souls I pray a God-be-wi'-you!" And clinking glasses he set his own down reversed.

"You are pale, poor child!" said Arria to me as I sat while they all stood; and bending, she meant to kiss me.

"Who kissed you last, Arria?" I whispered.

"You, I think," she replied. And as she spoke it was impossible not to note the change in her: she was so still, where once she would have been gay and radiant. She seemed, too, to be my elder, inasmuch as suffering had given her seniority. But just now she was calmly happy, forgetting right and wrong, past and future, in the certainty of Maurice's affection—for



the arm which had held her in her semi-swoon, the bosom which had pillowed her, she must have recognized as that of such tender care as only one in the world can give.

Early the next morning we started on our journey, and reached its destination by night-fall. Trefetheness did not accompany us, finding it impossible and irreconcilable with his duty to other patients; and for me, I grew feebler and weaker beneath the burden that oppressed me. Our life there was the same as at home; I never left Arria for a moment; we both were much with Maurice. Although it was late in the season, and the place was not crowded, still we found a sufficient number of companions for distraction and amusement. Arria's instinctive bent for flirtation I had counted upon as a great assistance, but it had totally deserted her. I myself made few acquaintances, and refused nearly all proffers of friendship or attention. I was looking on one evening at the stream of promenaders over the great piazza, with Maurice and Arria not far away. Some one was just about to offer me an arm, and I to decline it, when Maurice stooped and said, in his kindest, most touching tone: "Little woman, I will watch myself while you go."

"Oh Maurice!" I exclaimed; but tears choked me, and I hastily slipped away with my cavalier. I resolved then to stand guard over them no longer, condemned myself for the mean part I had assumed, and dared to hope that I could trust him with himself. When I returned he was standing where I had left him, and now he placed my hand in his own arm, and we walked together down the long vista before us. I saw Arria's mournful glance follow us wistfully. At last we turned the angle of the wall, and stood behind an abutment, screened from all. Below us stretched the wide land, league after league, in shadow; above us arched a windy sky, whose flying clouds obscured the sinking moon; all around us was the cool and searching air with its chill homelessness. Now and then a laugh, a shrill strain, a noisy murmur, startled the place and sealed its shelterless solitude. Here we paused, and Maurice placed his other hand upon mine as it lay within his arm.

"Dear child!" said he; then, after a brief silence, "why is it that you distrust me?"

"Oh, Maurice!" I said again.

"Well?" he questioned, with just the least impatience; "that kite should have a tail."

"Pray do not be displeased with me."

He laughed, and with a certain bitterness. "I displeased with any one who breathes?" he said.

"Maurice," I replied, gathering courage from the wide darkness on which I looked through my slow sentences, "I do not distrust you, or, if I do, I should distrust an Eremite himself if he were in your position."

"You mean that it is impossible for me to resist?" He lifted his eyes to the starless sky. "Lead me not into temptation. Deliver me from evil," he said, solemnly. "Child!" he

continued, "I am not, you know, a man of prayer; but now when in my need I call on God, why will he not help? Oh yes; I know what you will say: I have been all my life learning a different speech from that which is known above; and the time coming to ask audience of Heaven, I do not know the language—I am ignorant of the court-phrase—and my petition, in this strange tongue of sin, can not be heard. Well, child! pray *you* for me—you who have not outlived the dialect, have not forgotten your lullabies. And in praying for me, pray for another." There was a fearful sharpness and distinctness to every syllable, which told plainly enough of his acute suffering.

"Do you think, Maurice," I ventured after a while to say, "that Arria would refuse to marry Trefetheness?"

He did not immediately reply, and when he did it was in a somewhat colder tone.

"You have very strange ideas of right and wrong. You know that Arria does not love Trefetheness. But if this that you fear is a sin, would that connection be less? You are very well aware that without love there is no true marriage. And what would her state be then? You would shudder if I said the word. No, that is less right than this."

"But Trefetheness's nobility might win her love."

He gnashed his teeth, and ground his heel into the earth, then finally turned to me with a fierce smile. "Neither does Trefetheness love *her*," he said; "and nobody knows that better than you! What conspiracy is there between you? What vampire's egg to be hatched?"

I did not reply. But almost instantly he took my hand again, which he had thrown off. "Forgive me," he murmured; "pray forgive me. You do not know how I am tried; you can have no idea how I suffer. Do not remember my cruel words. Dear little heart! do you suppose I can not appreciate it, and be grateful for that unbounded affection which would sacrifice all your earthly happiness for my good and hers? God keep you from my temptation ever, from my hope, from my despair!"

"Maurice!" I exclaimed, startled by his last words, and then hesitating.

He drew himself up proudly, and released my hand.

"Do not fear to ask what I am bold to answer!" he said. "I have not made Arria unworthy of your companionship. I have never profaned her brow with such a kiss as this I bestow on you; I have never held her in my arms as now I hold you, little niece. Please God, I never shall!"

We stood then a few minutes longer motionless and wordless.

"Are you relieved?" he asked at length in his old way. "Do you feel that you have done your duty and expostulated, and now my sin is on my own head? For the sweet prude that you are, our conversation has been peculiar. Now little mistress of my house, and as I find,

of me, will you cease to dog me with that aching glance?"

I could see him standing tall and dark and beautiful above me, erect in the face of creation, because as yet in this regard he was spotless.

"I am glad we have spoken as we have," I replied. "I trust you now, perfectly. I wish I could bear your pain. I wish I could lend you strength."

"Pain is a singular thing. I divide mine with you, and there is still as much left. You do lend me strength; but yet—if I should fail! Little girl, your clear instincts ought to be good interpreters of the Divine will. Why is this wrong?"

"Because," I commenced; and there my palsy inefficiency struck me, and I was silent.

"Why, indeed?" he continued. "Since I was born a generation too soon, or she a generation too late? Because the good priests have put it in the fly-leaf of King James's Bible that a man should not marry his sister's child? Because it is the possible source of prolific evil? Because our love is unnatural?"

How did I know that their love was so? To me it seemed perfectly natural then that they should love one another; impossible that they should not.

"Why then, if love unite us, must we persist in keeping apart? One may not do evil that good may come; but, therefore, should one refrain from good lest evil come? It strikes me that to be aware of love for and from an object is to have heard a command from God. Then if one refuse to obey?"

Alas! as Maurice plied me with all these subtle questions my own conscience deadened, my reason grew confused, I could make no replies, my gaze wandered bewilderedly through the darkness. I was trembling in every limb. I had no word to give him, no crushing sentence of conviction. I only *knew* that there was wrong.

"You can not tell?" he said. "And by the God above me, in the dark and cold, neither can I tell!"

And placing my hand again within his arm he stepped with me from behind the buttress, and strolled up the promenade as lightly and easily as if the last words between us had not concerned two souls' salvation. I felt from that moment, craven and weak that I was, that, if they sinned, I was in league with their sin.

#### V.—THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

The waters proved so beneficial to Maurice's health that we remained at the Springs until the house was closed, and on our way back to the city we spent the night at an old haunt of his, the lovely Leaping River. It was cool and late, the foliage had lost its first flush and hung, save still here and there a group of vivid scarlet, sere and brown. Many of the trees were already bare; the whole place in the dull November fogs had a weird aspect; and the dash of the Fall filled the ears with a slumberous, monotonous, universal din. Maurice had avoided Ar-

ria of late, had sought the company of others, and strolled about much with me. She sat alone, refusing to go out at other times with me, and growing daily more sad and strange. She ate almost nothing, scarcely spoke, and followed him with her eyes, a suspicion dawning in them, a doubt if he were not forgetting her!

Leaping River was the home of its proprietor, and thus the inn was open the year round, but with the exception of a very few others we were the only guests. We were too fatigued, too self-occupied and wretched, to care for natural beauties, and we retired early, without having been shown the Fall, and hoping that its tireless plunge and the murmur of all its uncounted cascades would lull us into long-desired slumber. Just at midnight I heard a step fall past my door, and the rustle of garments. Hastily rising I slipped on some clothes, opened my door and looked out. I had fulfilled my implied promise, and had ceased keeping any watch upon Maurice or Arria; but now I do not know what impelled me, some indistinct feeling of terror, and I followed the retreating foot. It was a chill, wild night; I found the hall-door open, and the great dog only came and fawned about and accompanied me. I went down the garden, across the leaf-strewn, wind-swept path, and entered the deep dark gorge. Here the way wound up, narrow and dreadful, beside the great Fall: in one place full of pebbles that, rolling under the foot, might plunge one into the black swift stream; in another, wet and slippery with the continual spray. Once in a while strong chains were fixed to the towering rock, and clinging to these I went up. Far above and over the brink leaned the young birch-trees and tossed their naked arms, the wind rushed down and filled the chasm and soared away again; every thing was dark with terrible suggestions around, and before me fell forever that white phantom, steep over steep. Behind me the great dog followed closely, and was like a human companionship. I had reached a half-way point, and there at last my ascending course was checked by a rushing murmur, distinct from the water's, and swelling with near and nearer approach; dust and gravel, twigs and boughs, whirled down around me; and with a thunderous echo an enormous fragment of the limestone bounded across my sight and fell, lodged in the very footprints from which I had recoiled. Blinded and deafened but for a moment, I quickly began an examination, which ended by my standing and surveying it with baffled incapacity; for it seemed impossible to cross it—it filled the path, and there were no chains. I looked down far below, where the dark rapid water was already boiling wildly beneath the stroke of the Fall. I looked up at the unscalable facing, cracked, creviced, and shelving above me, and trembled at thought of proceeding. Besides I was, after all, pursuing only a long-vanished sound—out alone in all this mystery, pursuing, for aught I knew, some phantasy, some dead voice, some horrid ghostly footfall luring me to my ruin. I looked forward,

and after a long close gaze detected a moving shadow, and then a plainer form, climbing swiftly over the threadlike way, upward and still upward, to the very crest of the Fall. Hastily, while I gazed, a great cloud blew away all its ragged edges toward the east, and the moon hung unveiled and perpendicularly above the Leaping River, lighting up the whole scene in savage glory. The broad beams poured down the rift of the black rock, kindled all the smoking vapor and fountainous spray into a cloud of splendor, dimpled the black eddies below with pits of golden radiance, and smote the cataract itself, that rose in triple state and spread the snowy sheet of its flashing fall, wrapped in a misty remoteness, as if instead of descent it were soaring up and away. But only in one instantaneous picture did all this strike me; my glance still chased the lithe form, now revealed in moonlight and flying up from height to height. Impossible to reach her—all that was left was to follow her thus. At length she paused: there was no object near her, she stood at the very summit, distinctly drawn upon the sky, and for a breathing-space, rigid as some statue placed there to delight forever the plunging river-god. Then she drew nearer the verge, the dizzy, awful verge, and gazed down into the gaping grave of waters. Answered back the hungry cry of unglutted caverns, and still she stood fascinated to gaze, fearless to fall. Fearless to fall? In a breath it rushed upon me. Waiting to fall! Waiting till the wild wind swooped down again and struck her from her dizzy perch, or till the fierce pain at her heart pierced her with recurrent throb, and she could sink in ghastly joy from the air, and the light, and the face of returning day. I shrieked, but the dull roar drowned my voice. I clutched at the rock, and tore my hands till they bled in my efforts to surmount it. Suddenly a figure leaped up from step to step below, led as I had been, not seeing me, not heeding, reeking with agonized gaze only of her, dashed by me in frantic speed, with hoarse pants, over and away, breathlessly up and on, madly, pitilessly reached her, tore her down from her perilous footing, snatched her into his suffocating grasp, turned back as wildly, never bending to right or left nor giving one glance at the great creature swinging white and beckoning at their side, and dashing its damp upon them, lest with the burden in his arms he should spring behind its shrouding curtain, seeking death and judgment. They were close upon me before I was aware. I did not wish that they should know of my presence: I felt as if the moment, for good or evil, were sacred to them: I had done no wrong in being there, but I slipped into a seam of the rock and hid myself in the shadow that they might pass. Pausing at the fallen fragment he placed her on her feet: it was not so easy to scale now as in his madness. He lifted the great bough that it had swept down in its progress, and endeavored to pry it from the path. She surveyed him a moment, and then spoke in quick sharp tones as if there were not time for many of them.

"Why did you save me? Why did you save me? I wanted to die!"

"Because I have not the courage to die. I desire life now, and I can not live without you somewhere in the world. Because I love you."

She waited, and wrung out the wet from her long hair, and when she turned her face was transfigured. The very silence was passionate; she held her arms toward him.

"And you?" he murmured, not marking her gesture. "Have you no reply?"

"You know all that I could say."

"But say it. At least once let me hear it."

She lifted her hands as if to place them about his neck, and gazed with wide intense eyes upon his face. "I love you! Oh, I love you!" she cried, and sunk shudderingly away from him, lower and lower, till lying prone as a reptile at his feet. He stooped and lifted her: I dared not stay, but slipped at all risks away under cover of a second obscuring cloud and down the giddy deep. The great dog commenced to bay behind me in the path, the wind whistled louder, and, together with the Fall, filled the dark glen with dreadful tumult. I stepped again and again deep into the cold rapid river, regained my foothold, and, half-crazed, escaped from the horrors of the gorge to the smooth garden with its tempest-trailing branches, and so up to the house. Hardly was I within my own nook when the hall-doors swept together with a clang, and Arria entered her room. The wind screamed without, drops beat against the pane, and then one torrent fell every where. With the morning, all the young birches that crowned the precipice had been uprooted and scattered in the river, that, raving on, swollen between brimmed banks, raged tumultuously through flooded fields, and laid waste drowned gardens and all once sweet and cherished places.

We reached home on the next day. Trefetheness waited for us, and I saw, by his anxious face and thin cheek, that the time had passed with no lighter tread for him than me. I had nothing to tell him; he must only surmise by my silence. So we took up our old life. We saw many more people now, and the entertainments at which we assisted were on a far more splendid scale than our first glimpse of gayety had been. Arria threw herself into this whirl of existence with a zest that was theatrically tragic to us who knew her; Maurice waited for fate, talked of indifferent things, dined and dined and delayed all dénouements. They both seemed to think that they could live thus forever, without any demonstrations, while the same thing burned in the heart of each, a central fire. Yet now and then one trod too near the crater's brink, and retreated in terror from the ghastly light of the billowy flames beneath. Arria accepted the attentions of other lovers, was curter to Guadalajara, gentler to Trefetheness; to-day danced and rode, or to-morrow sat quietly at home with her needle, never glancing toward Maurice; yet intensely aware, as it were, through every pore of her body and every perception of her soul, of his



slightest motion, of his presence, his absence, of his very thought. Once, I remember, as she sat in the drawing-room, she heard his step without on the walk, and in order to disguise her melancholy began to sing in her low, childish, broken voice, Desdemona's Willow Song:

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore-tree,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow."

She appeared to be all alone; for Trefetheness, who had been much with us of late, and I, were within in the music-room. He came in, passed her quickly, but not too quickly to stoop and snatch her hand to his lips, and went on. She suffered the hand to fall like that of one dead, and as her glance wandered from his it lay for a moment on the picture of Agnes Trefetheness. Then I saw that shadow of her fate fall upon her countenance, that, however many times it had crept there, was now for the first time known and recognized and understood by her. She stared with terrified eyes at the portrait, unable to remove her fascinated gaze or to dispel the horror that encircled her. Trefetheness rose, striding about the room. "He is a rascal!" he muttered in wrath. "A subtle, worthless rascal. He has entrapped and silenced you, I see, with his specious wickedness, and now he draws the net about her. Oh, Maurice! To think that I should live to believe this of you!"

"To believe what of me?" asked Maurice, at the door.

"That one may smile and smile, and be a villain."

"Do me no slander, Douglas," said Maurice, sadly, without further shadow of reproof than his very gentleness.

Trefetheness continued to pace the room; Maurice rang for a servant to wait on the organ, in the adjoining closet, and opening the doors sat down and began to excite storms of labored sound. At last Trefetheness paused behind him, and bent back Maurice's head between his hands till their eyes met. "Dear old boy," said he, "somebody or other is always asking forgiveness in this house."

"Establish a new precedent, then," replied the other. "I do not even ask God's forgiveness, now."

"Maurice," I said, as if we intrenched, "when you open those little carved doors don't you feel like the priest going into the Holy of Holies?"

"For God's sake, child! are you possessed?" he cried, "to bring up such images before me. Is there any heavenly sign in these groaning discords? It is rather the very murmur of the great pit."

"They are groaning into concord. They bend more and more toward harmony."

"And will our lives ever therefore become harmonious? No, child, not till death shuts up the stops and blows out the last breath of the once rich involved sound."

As he spoke he commenced playing a thing

from some of the operas of diablerie Der Freyschütz or Don Giovanni, a demoniac fragment, like a chorus of fiends, full of terrible echoes and a fall of thunder-bolts. Arria dropped her work and glided into the music-room. When at last Maurice paused and turned in his seat she sat with both elbows on the table, supporting her head in her hands, and with her hair fallen beside her face. Her eyes were fixed on some point just beyond Maurice, though she addressed him.

"Does the proposal of Signor Guadalajara to marry me yet continue?" she asked.

Maurice started, then resumed his seat; but now with an air of despairing, silent pain, as if he felt his powerlessness before the wheel of an inevitable destiny. No one spoke.

"Speak, some one!" she said. "Can it cost you more to reply than me to ask?"

"Yes, it still holds," said Trefetheness.

"But Arria, you must not, you shall not—"

"I shall!" she exclaimed. "I wish you to signify to him that, if he will renew his offer, I will accept it. The condition—that he take me away."

"Arria," said Maurice, in his hollow, suppressed tone, "you can go away, go any where, without that. You never need return; I will take means that you see me no more."

"I should see *her*," she replied, indicating me. "I should remember. I wish to lead a new life, to be bound; I prefer to marry Guadalajara!"

We were all silent. At length Maurice said, hoarsely,

"I can not tell him."

"Maurice!" she cried. "Maurice! I will tell him myself. Oh, my God! the worst is the pain you bear. Oh, if you were dead, Maurice, or I were mad!"

Maurice sitting stony-sinewed, with his hands upon his knees, only groaned aloud. She started from her seat and commenced walking wildly through the room; suddenly her eye darted upon me. I felt withered by the fiery glance as a thing of evil should have been, and shrunk away; but she came and fell on her knees, hiding her face in my lap, wreathing her arms about me, and shaking me with her sobs: yet they were dry sobs—she did not shed a tear.

"I *shall* go mad!" she muttered. "Oh, if I could cry! There is no shelter for me in the world. I need love, and it is denied me; there is no breast for me to lean upon, no arms to fold me; and Heaven casts me out, because I sin, and because I can not help sinning."

Just then there was a tap upon the door. Arria darted out through another way, and I admitted Mrs. Quincerl. She held in one hand the great gold cup, and in the other an atom of purple glass.

"Mr. Trefetheness, Sir," said she to Maurice, catching her breath between the words, "we were a scouring the plate, and I took that to clean myself, and this came right off, this precious stone!" And she placed the bit of glass in her

master's hand. "I'm sure, Sir," she continued, "you can't regret it more'n I do; an' I shall be glad to let my wages go toward making up for it, 's fur 's they can, dear knows."

"That is of no consequence," said Maurice, with his now always melancholy smile. "Precious stone, indeed! I wonder if the whole vase is made up of such shams." And he turned it about in his hands to find the lately-made cavity. As he did so there flared up in his eye the glitter of a large diamond: now there had never before been seen any diamonds but the tiny sparks on this brilliant drinking-cup.

"That will do, Mrs. Quincerl," said he, and we were alone again.

He took up some delicate instrument, and began to loosen the setting of the other apparent amethysts. Bit after bit fell off, and scattered themselves, purple and shining, through the golden afternoon sunbeam, upon the purple carpet; under each one there lay the same resplendent jewel.

"Yes, yes," said Maurice; "it has always been famous for its unusual amethysts: but even a tinted glass can afford to be magnificent, when it absorbs all the light of a diamond behind it—the eternal drops of dew. Let us see if the great carbuncles practice the same deception. No? They are genuine, then. The thing was a coffer before, and now it is a mine. Let houses burn and bubbles break, escaping with this cup you could shower gold about as if pleasure were but Danaë, and you in a lifelong pursuit. See what a splendid thing!" and as he whirled it about a blaze of narrow radiance seemed to flash in one continued circle upon us. "Yet what use, what use?" he murmured.

"But how came it so?" asked I. "And why was this done?" said Trefetheness, in the same breath. We were both so glad of any trifle to change thought.

"I can not have the least idea," he replied. "Certainly not since it has been one of our heirlooms. The Trefetheness were wealthy, but not sufficiently so to purchase such playthings. It must have been done by the Guadalajaras in the Moorish wars, to prevent the Moors from being attracted by its value, or from ever knowing that value. That last would be a piece of Spanish spite; and for some reason, the knowledge becoming lost in their family, it was sold for a song to us, I suppose."

"If Guadalajara saw it now he would hardly relinquish it," said Trefetheness.

"That would be unfortunate. Because, according to the clause by which I hold my property, this cup goes, with her majority, to the youngest representative of the female line in the next generation, or I lose all, and am bound for the interest spent by me during my previous term of possession, which would throw me into prison for life. The cup was a subject of mania with the early Trefetheness, and especially with my grandfather—rest his soul!"

"And if Arria knew that?" I suggested, thoughtfully.

"If she knew, and he claimed, it would only hound her on into this accursed marriage."

"But she does know," said a voice from the next room, and her step was heard receding on the stairs.

Just then the hall-door opened, and the Señor Guadalajara, entering announced at the lower door, walked instinctively up toward the music-room. Of course he had no sooner made his stately greeting than his eye fell on the cup and he darted thereat.

"Ah, my friend!" he cried. "Why do you tempt me again to prefer my claim?"

"I tempt you in good sooth," was the reply. "I told you it was the sole dowry of my niece."

I saw at once that Maurice was not the coward to suffer Arria to speak as she had declared her intention to do, and that however he shrank from the pain he would yet meet it.

"But it seems to me here is something new. *Madre y padre de todos los dios*, Señor Trefetheness, I believe you have imposed on me!"

Though Maurice waited with indignant eyes hereupon, he spared reply.

"Our family," continued the Cuban, "never could have received one tithe of its value, or we never should have left Castile to seek our fortunes among the colonies. No, pardon me, I am sure if I brought an action against you I should obtain it," and the cupidity of the Spaniard was fairly getting the better of him. "It would be," he resumed, "if I failed to urge my right, a catastrophe to regret all my life. *Cierto!* I must have it, if I do send to Havana to prove my identity and procure the papers. By the mass, what an altar-cup!"

This speech sealed Maurice's lips, for he felt now that to speak for Arria would be to sacrifice her for his own benefit. But before I had fairly turned this thought over in my mind Arria stood in the door-way, the words trembling on her lips. Maurice braced himself and prevented her.

"Since you can obtain it," said he, in his lightest way, "so much more easily, the course you mention would not be worth while."

"How? how much more easily?"

"By marrying its possessor."

"How? by marrying you, *mi amigo*? ha! ha! ha!"

"My niece, to whom I resign it, consents to become your wife."

In saying this Maurice did not move or shiver, but kept his eye steadily fixed on the other, as if, his glance failing him, all were lost.

"Señor Don Maurice! Doctor Trefetheness! Señorita!" began the astonished Don, to each of us in turn, fairly bewildered and beside himself. "Is it true? Is it possible? Consents the young Señorita to be mine?" And he sat down and plunged his head between his hands, like a risen diver gasping for breath.

"And soon?" he exclaimed. "And soon?"

"When you please."

"And then?"

"She wishes to leave this country at once."

"It shall be done."

A few more words passed, and it was arranged that in two weeks we should bid Arria farewell. Then the Cuban desired to see his bride for an instant. She stepped in as calmly as one might enter a garden to pluck a rose, and meeting Guadalajara silently offered him both her hands.

He bent and touched with them his smooth and swarthy cheek.

"But I do not love you, Señor," she said.

"I will teach you," he replied. "Down under the sun and bathed in the warm sea, once at home with me in the rich heats of my native land, and I can not fail to be dear to you as you already are to me. Ah! I wither here!"

He seated her, and every minute turning to see if she had not vanished, he continued,

"Eh? Don Maurice? who of us would have imagine this? Did it ever occur to you, when formerly we kept the night in Paris, that I should become your—what is that you call—nephew? We have seen life together, have we not? Exhausted youth in company, what say you?"

"We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow," said Maurice, when a reply was awaited.

At the door he called Maurice after him. "I had a pain last night, my friend, and I opium took. Is it that I still dream?" said he, "or am I quite awake?"

So it was arranged, and now we all waited. Arria seldom went out in the interim before her wedding-day: Maurice never. Guadalajara, with the old Spanish decorum, had no wish to see her without witnesses. Trefetheness every night occupied his old room in the house; I observed that he seemed scarcely to sleep at all, and fancied that in some one he began to detect alarming symptoms. We all had a vague feeling that ill was brooding, ready to fall consumingly upon us. Guadalajara's costly gifts preceded him daily; his bride's deportment toward him was faultless. At the same time she seemed to grow graver without melancholy, more stately, and more fitted to her future. For two days after her decision Maurice did not leave his own apartments; then there was plainly to be seen the traces of his sleeplessness and suffering. Arria gave one shuddering glance in his direction and tried to do so no more; as well might the needle endeavor to refuse obedience to its magnet. Now for a moment she practiced a new reserve toward him, and then the tide rushed full against and broke it, and she abandoned herself to her emotion. Trefetheness and I interchanged no more words. Even Maurice and Arria seemed wishing to forget the past: yet that was but during a brief space; later, they felt that since they were voluntarily about to place such a barrier between them, they might now allow themselves more liberty. They sat constantly together, they read from the same book, they wandered down the leafless garden-walks, they sang, they never spoke of the approaching future, they suffered themselves to become inwrapped and folded away from all pain in this

trance-like present. One day Arria's wedding-dress came home; and the next Maurice was to give her away in church—the invitations had long been issued. After Guadalajara went away there spread among us four that awful hush known in a house before the corpse is carried out. Suddenly Arria and Maurice bent forward and gazed at each other, the bitterest woe upon the face of either. The maid beckoned me from the door-way; I passed Trefetheness walking in the long hall, and found that Arria was wanted to try on her new array. Returning, Arria had left her seat and stood in the centre of the room, her hand upon her forehead, indecision and doubt in all her figure, and an agonized wildness in her eyes.

"Oh, Arria! Arria! Why—" I heard.

She made a half impulsive movement toward him, then seeing me, followed up stairs, turned a stream of cold water upon her head till the braids were deluged, ordered the maid to unplait and dry them, and kept the dressing-room in confusion with commands and countermands, hot towels and means of friction, with droll speeches and cross-purposes, with bursts of meaningless laughter and snatches of tuneless song.

"I don't suppose every little girl has such a life as mine," she said, at last, after we had been at rest a while. "She leaves school and comes home and lives in a trifling, happy way, either singly or, by-and-by, as some quiet man's wife. I suppose, though, there must be now and then a hecatomb offered up to keep the peace, and, Iphigenia sacrificed, the other maidens marry and are given in marriage." She commenced humming an air at this, and unfolding her superb veil.

"This is very lovely!" she exclaimed, taking interest all at once in her trousseau. "I shall look like a snow-wreath—and, see! it is going to snow to-night, the rain is clearing off in this red light; but there lies the bank in the west, and it is already colder. Maurice shall get me some holly first—I would like it in my hair;" and opening the door, she ran down with her old, swift, girlish step to find him in the music-room, regardless of me close behind. She flitted up the drawing-room like a vapor, the white silks trailing after her in a splendor that she loved, the airy gossamers shrouding her blushes and dimples like a hovering cloud, and stood smiling and radiant before him. Just lifting with one arm a corner of the veil, and suffering her dark soft eyes to gleam out upon him with their vivid joy and sparkle, "Yes," she said, in a tone as if repeating it to herself, while her eyes lay on his, "I have decided."

A color flushed up his face to the very temples; he bent intently toward her. She drew back, and the smile in her eye deepened to a flash.

"Do you retract?" she murmured, quickly.

"Arria!" and he gazed at her earnestly.

"Are you sure you will never regret?"

The smile broke over her face again, and as he gazed was reflected in his. But there on his



came the old sunshine again—the old sunshine—yet now with how passionate an intensity! They were unaware of my presence, I said to myself: it was to be their last hour together, and I stole away.

#### VI.—THE GOLDEN BOWL BROKEN.

In the evening there seemed to be some spur that urged a strange kind of cheer from us. Arria sparkled with a restless, unnatural gayety; Maurice was quiet, more sweet in his smile, his words, his gestures, with his face stiller and paler, his eyes larger and blacker and more glowing than ever before. He seemed to me to be like one completely aware of the extent of some course, and yet going forward resolved, having weighed all in the balance. When he spoke I felt that he exerted anew his utmost powers of fascination, his boundless tact, his voice with its exquisite modulation, his motions with their manly grace. His light pleasantry was gone, perhaps forever, but there was that in his seriousness which the mask of quip and mock in so many others always stimulates us to know. Never had I known him so powerfully charming, ruling our hearts with that light, strong hand which implies so much the reserved strength; never so genial; never so thoroughly had I appreciated in him the fact of erect manhood; never so warmly before confessed him in his enthralling courtesy to be the pattern of true knighthood, the gracious, loyal, love-compelling gentleman. I looked with a kind of pride, too, upon his beauty, that had only increased with his trials; and there must have welled up into my eyes the full affection with which I regarded him, for as he caught their glance a deeper light kindled behind his own till their lustre became diffused in my tears, and rising, he stepped to my side and kissed me very softly, as he might have kissed a sleeping babe. "Good-night, now," he said—Arria had slipped from the room—"Good-night, Trefetheness;" and he wrung his hand. "Good-night, Little Mistress, once for all!" And light as were his words and voice, I could only judge of his emotion by the white pressure that he left stamped upon my fingers. So we went to our rooms, and deep into the dark we heard Maurice's restless pain throbbing itself out in music.

So strongly apprehensive was I of some unknown terror that I only partially undressed, and then dismissing the maid, threw myself on the bed and pulled the coverlet over me. Nevertheless, I fell into a broken slumber that lasted till the dead of night. When I awoke the house was still from that troubled music, still with an ominous stillness; there was a faint light in the room, and Arria, shielding a taper with her fingers, stood beside the bed. Twice she bent over me, and twice rose without having touched me; at length she stretched her hand across as if a benison would fall from it, snatched it away, and retreated, still pausing at every other step, looking back and shielding the light with her flame-tinted fingers. So deadened were my per-

ceptions with drowsiness and long fatigue that I fancied, after the noiseless closing of her door, that I had just waked from a dream. I must have already fallen into another, when I rose thoroughly perturbed and flushed and my heart palpitating in wild disorder. I listened: there was a rustling in the hall—the hall leading into the garden. I sprang to my feet and gently opened my door; there were whispers to be heard, and then a resonant vibration as if some heavy article of plate had been accidentally struck. I remembered how the great drinking cup had stood unguarded in the music-room these last weeks. I listened again; all was still now for the moment, but on the pavement without the gate I heard the measured tread of feet. For one breathless instant my alarm would not suffer me to stir; the next, I dashed into the gallery, and cried: "Maurice! Trefetheness! Wake!"

A moment afterward there was a movement in some opposite room and a door opened. At the same time the cry had disturbed the whole house, and Mrs. Quincerl, Lucius, Martha, Rêve, the gardener, and it seemed a hundred others, flocked down about me, uttering all manner of exclams, crying, questioning, sobbing, and in the most confused commotion. We were in total darkness, some running one way, some another.

"Where are you, Mr. Trefetheness?" cried one, to Maurice.

"Here! here!" called a voice from below, and at the word a light flared up from a chandelier in the hall; and "Where is Maurice?" cried Trefetheness then. "Thieves! thieves!" he shouted. "The great cup is gone! Sound the alarm!" I rushed headlong down and grasped his hand.

"Where is Maurice?" I cried. "Where is Arria?" But the words refused to be articulated: he guessed their purport from the horror in my face, and stood petrified in dumb silence. Suddenly, in the brief instant that we lost thus, a broad draught streamed upon us from an open casement—the music-room window that opened into the garden—and with it there came a sound of outside stir, a beating at the gate, a crashing of timber, a foot leaping across the bare shrubbery, and then a voice crying out in wild Spanish ejaculations.

"Guadalajara kept watch himself and patrolled before the gate to-night, as he threatened me," said Trefetheness. "Here! we are wasting time. Maurice must have opened the casement in pursuit of the burglars." He sprang after him. The draught shut the door as he left me; the room was in a semi-darkness. I felt some one near me, an arm closed about me: "Now, now, my darling, come!" was murmured in my ear, and, borne in a mad embrace, I was hurried through the casement and into the dark garden-alleys. At the moment a light glared over us and flashed out: there came two sharp pistol cracks and the whizzing flight of a ball through the damp, still air. My bearer

flung himself forward and covered me, reeled, and I dropped from his arms. There was a groan and a fall. I gained my feet and rushed back, and then a light figure swept by me with outstretched arms. Oh, it was so swift and dreadful that it seemed but some mimic mask of horror! As if by miracle, all at once a dozen torches flamed up throughout the garden, in the hands of police and servants. Trefetheness flew forward and struck upon the Cuban in his impetuous progress. Suddenly he paused, and his sharp cry rent the air, followed, like a dead echo, by Guadalajara's "*Caramba! azaroso! Oh noche desdichada!*" I crept forward again whence I had come, the dew frozen on my forehead, the teeth shaking in my head, and clutching Trefetheness, bent over and gazed. And there lay Maurice, still grasping the golden cup from which the ball had sheared a lane of jewels, with one great carbuncle red as a drop of blood, imbedded in his temple, white and dead. Like a marble headstone, Arria knelt with her eyes fastened upon him. Slowly in the light she bent her face down to his, slowly lifted it and gazed around.

"Hush!" she said. "The play is played out. Put out the light and let the curtain fall. One, two, three!" and there followed a long low gush of mad laughter.

They carried her in, and while others were dressing the dead, Trefetheness and I sat with her. We were off our guard by her rigid immobility, when instantly she dashed away from us. She had long known all the blind ways and purposeless winding passages of the house, of which I had little perception, and now with her insane cunning and subtle courses she still eluded our pursuit, only suffering us to know her place by low bursts of laughter.

"The medicine closet!" I cried, to Trefetheness. But before we reached it she stood there, and was draining the last drop from the great cup, which she had retained. She threw it down upon the floor, and watched it break in twain. "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken," she murmured. "Yes, yes,

'When veins run thick, and streams run up,  
Guadalajara shall come to his cup!'

Do you suppose," she said, hastily, in an altered voice and stiller manner, "do you suppose, good people, that I do not know all these potions, and which can soonest cure sorrow? I needed opiates. When I wake again I shall not be mad. At her! and after her! when the skies fall you can catch larks, but you can not catch me!" and thereat she broke away from us again, and we found it impossible to trace her. At last, when hours had passed in the search, I entered alone the room where Maurice lay. All here was white and still; an awe and hush pervaded the place; and one curtain brushed aside showed the yellowing dawn through lightly falling snow. I paused, and did not venture to approach that which had been so radiant a mask. He lay upon the bed as if asleep; the death

agony had passed away, and all was placid; the fallen lids not wholly veiled the dark and filmy eye, the melancholy smile crept back and nestled round the lips. So cold, so sculptured, so silent. So wrapped in inscrutable mystery, so beautiful, so awful.

While I gazed, yet too much stunned, too bewildered and terrified for grief, as if I were seeking the dread secret that had snatched and still held him, I saw that one of the white chill hands was held in slenderer, whiter finger-tips. A thrill ran through me at sight of this clasp, like that of spirits, at these two dead hands. I quaked as if in some unknown and mighty presence; I was frozen with fear and surrounded with shadowy sorrows. I saw, too, the hand move, gliding forward in the other's hold, pulled downward by a sinking weight. Then an intimation of terrible relief tore through me. I ran round and found Arria half-fallen on the floor, her head with its heavy hair drooping backward from the bedside, her eyes looking widely into eternity. We could draw free breath again, she was no longer mad.

#### VII.—WORK AND WAIT.

It was the day of the funeral, when we stood beside the cruel cases that in their dark glittering length held our dead. One still as proudly, sweetly beautiful as if Death had frozen him in the instant of some godlike attainment. The other shrunken, old, and sad.

"Oh, where are they now?" I sobbed.

"I do not ask where," replied Trefetheness. "I know that the same God who cared for them here will care for them there."

"Cared for them!" I cried through jets of indignant tears. "Famous care!"

"You are wild with sorrow," he said. "You know not what you say."

"Trefetheness!" I exclaimed. "Trefetheness! Why did this fate come upon us?"

"Because we needed it. You and I are sounder and stronger than they. We can do better service. Dearest! you and I would have married but for this."

"And now, Trefetheness?"—

"And now we wait till our souls are as theirs are, free before God; untrammelled by transmitted curses of the blood."

"Now we are sister and brother, Trefetheness?"

"Yes, dear." He did not take me in his arms; he did not give me one kiss, first and last. He only held my hand and plighted thus a solemn troth for the life to come.

So I took up my new way. So he went out on his. I do not wear religious robes, nor have I left the world; yet night and day, at home and abroad, I use this wicked wealth and do not seek to spare myself. I am known in the fever-wards of the hospitals, the prison doors open to me as to St. Agnes Trefetheness, and I have sent forth many a lonely soul on its long flight, the lighter for my words and trusting in the prayers in which I do not trust myself. If

I meet Trefetheness in the vile haunts of the city's sin, it is only there that I meet him, and I know that he opens a path through which the fresh winds and pure air of a better life may flow. I hear of him as the vindicator of truth, the shield of the oppressed, his name is honored the world wide over as the exponent of noble and positive manhood, as that of a reformer who has struck at the root of all evil.

This seems to you a bitter lonely life, a sandy Sahara in the way I travel? And so it seems to me. I do not journey beneath the shadow of a great rock in a weary land—not for me the wilderness and the solitary place are glad—not for me the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. But through it all I am not miserable. I have a kind of dull happiness; I only wait and wait. I work ceaselessly in the expiation of Fate, and still I wait. And so I look forward to death, indeed, with a certain joy; for then I know that he will come, and that I shall die in his arms, and exhale my soul beneath his lips. And then, how can it be but that *we shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept; and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord?*

### A FEW WORDS ABOUT SORROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

OF which it is rather venturesome to say any thing in this Democritan age, that boasts such a surplus of laughing philosophers. Our forefathers sentimentalized over their feelings—we are somewhat ashamed of having any; they made the most of afflictions, real and imaginary—we are often disposed to turn grief itself into an excellent joke. A "broken heart" is a stock subject for humor: yet some have known it; and few even of the worthiest of us have not at one time or other caught ourselves making a jest about funerals, just as if there were no such thing as dying. It is good to laugh, it is good to be merry; no human being is the better for always contemplating "the miseries of human life," and talking of "graves, and worms, and epitaphs." Yet since sorrow, in its infinitely varied forms and solemn inward unity, is common to all, should we not sometimes pause to look at it, seriously, calmly, nor be afraid to speak of it, as a great fact—the only fact of life, except death, that we are quite sure of? And since we are so sure of it, will a few words more or less, suggesting how to deal with it in others, and how to bear it for ourselves, do us any harm? I trow not.

For, laugh as we may, there is such a thing as sorrow; most people at some portion of their lives have experienced it—no imaginary misery—no carefully petted-up wrong—no accidental anxiety, or state of nervous irritable discontent, but a deep, abiding, inevitable *sorrow*. It may have come slowly or suddenly; may weigh heavier or lighter at different times or according to

our differing moods and temperaments; but it is there—a settled reality not to be escaped from. At bed and board, in work or play, alone and in company, it keeps to us as close as our shadow, and as certainly following. And so we know it will remain with us; for months, for years—perhaps even to the other world.

Therefore what can we preach to ourselves or to our fellows concerning it? Perhaps the wisest lesson of all is that of the ancient Hebrew, who laid his hand upon his mouth, "because thou didst it." For sorrow is a holy thing. The meanest mortal who can say truly,

"Here I and sorrow sit,"

feels also somewhat of the silent consecration of that awful companionship which may well

"Bld kings come bow to it,"

yet elevates the sufferer himself to a higher condition of humanity, and brings him nearer to the presence of the King of kings.

Grief is a softening thing from its very universality. *Ex uno disce omnes*. Your child, my neighbor, may be dying, or giving you anguish sharp as death; my own familiar friend may have lifted up his heel against me, causing me now, and perhaps forever, to doubt if there be such a thing as fidelity, or honor, or honesty in the world; a third, whom we all know and meet daily, may have received yesterday, or last week, or last month, some small accidental stab, altogether inward, and bleeding inwardly, yet which may prove a death wound; a fourth has sustained some heavy visible blow or loss, which we all talk of, compassionate, would fain comfort if we could, but we can not. These various shapes which sorrow takes compose a common unity; and every heart which has once known its own bitterness learns from thence to understand, in a measure, the bitterness of every other human heart. The words "He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows"—"in all our afflictions he was afflicted," have a secondary and earthly as well as a divine significance; and to be "acquainted with grief" gives to any man a power of consolation which seems to come direct through him from the great Comforter of all. The "Christus Consolator" which Scheffer painted—the Man Divine, surrounded by, and relieving every form of human anguish, is a noble type of this power, to attain which all must feel that their own anguish has been cheaply purchased, if by means of it they may have learned to minister unto all these.

This ministry of consolation is not necessarily external or intentional. We must all have sometimes felt that the people who do us most good are those who are absolutely unaware of doing it. Even as "baby-fingers' waxen touches," will melt into flesh and blood again a heart that has seemed slowly turning into stone, so the chance influence of something or somebody, intrinsically and unconsciously good, will often soothe us like a waft of sweet scent borne across a dull high-road from over a garden-wall. It may be the sight of peaceful, lovely, beloved old age, which says, silently and smilingly, "And



yet I have suffered too;" or the brightness in some young face, honest and brave, which reminds a man of the days of his own youth, and shames him out of irresolution or cynical unbelief, daring him, as it were, to be such a coward as to let his after-life give the lie to the aspirations of his prime. Or the influence, more fugitive still, comes from a word or two in a book, or a look in a stranger's face, which, however inexplicably, makes us feel at once that this book or this stranger understands us, refreshes and helps us—is to us like a flower in a sick room, or a cup of water in a riverless land.

It would be curious to trace, if any but immortal eyes ever could trace, how strongly many lives have been influenced by these instinctive sympathies, and what a heap of unknown love and benediction may follow until death many a man—or woman—who walks humbly and unconsciously on, perhaps, a very obscure and difficult way, fulfilling this silent ministry of consolation.

We are speaking of consolation first, and not without purpose; let us now say a little word about sorrow.

It may seem an anomaly, and yet is most true, that the grief which is at once the heaviest and the easiest to bear is a grief of which nobody knows; something, no matter what, which, for whatever reason, must be kept for the depth of the heart, neither asking nor desiring sympathy, counsel, or alleviation. Such things are—oftener perhaps than we know of; and, if the sufferer can bear it at all, it is the best and easiest way of bearing grief, even as the grief itself becomes the highest, we had almost said the divinest, form of sorrow upon earth. For it harms no one, it wounds and wrongs no one; it is that solitary agony unto which the angels come and minister—making the night glorious with the shining of their wings.

Likewise, in any blow utterly irremediable, which strikes at the very core of life, we little heed what irks and irritates us much in lesser pain—namely, to see the round of daily existence moving on untroubled. We feel it not; we are rather glad of its monotonous motion. And to be saved from all external demonstrations is a priceless relief; neither to be watched, nor soothed, nor reasoned with, nor pitied: to wrap safely round us the *convenances* of society, or of mechanical household association; and only at times to drop them off and stand, naked and helpless as a new-born child, crying aloud unto Him who alone can understand our total agony of desolation. But this great solitude of suffering is impossible to many; and indeed can only be sustained without injury by those strongly religious natures unto whom the sense of the Divine presence is not merely a tacit belief, or a poetical imagination, but a proved fact—as real as any of the facts of daily life are to other people. With whom it is impossible to argue. Let him that readeth understand, if he can; or if it be given him to understand, these great mysteries.

But one truth concerning sorrow is simple and clear enough for a child's comprehension; and it were well if from childhood we were all taught it; namely, that that grief is the most nobly borne which is allowed to weigh the least heavily on any one else. Not all people, however, are unselfish enough to perceive this. Many feel a certain pride in putting on and long retaining their "sackcloth and ashes," nay, they conceive that when they have sustained a heavy affliction, there is a sort of disgrace in appearing too easily to "get over it." But here they make the frequent error of shallow surface-judging minds. They can not see that any real wound in a deep, true, and loving heart is *never* "got over." We may bury our dead out of our sight, or out of our neighbor's sight, which is of more importance; we may cease to miss them from the routine of our daily existence, and learn to name people, things, places, and times as calmly as if no pulse had ever throbbed horribly at the merest allusion to them—but they are not forgotten. They have merely passed from the outer to the inner fold of our double life. Which fold lies nearest to us we know; and which are usually the most precious, the things we have and hold, or the things we have lost—we also know.

It may seem a cruel word to say—but a long-indulged and openly-displayed sorrow, of any sort, is often an ignoble, and invariably a selfish feeling; being a sacrifice of the many to the few. If we look round on the circle of our acquaintance, with its percentage, large or small, of those whom we heartily respect, we shall always find that it is the highest and most affectionate natures which conquer sorrow soonest and best; those unselfish ones who can view a misfortune in its result on others as well as on their own precious individuality; and those in which great capacity of loving acts at once as bane and antidote, giving them, with a keen susceptibility to pain, a power of enduring it which to the unloving is not only impossible but incredible. It is the weak, the self-engrossed, and self-important, who chiefly make to themselves public altars of perpetual woe, at which they worship, not the *Dii manes* of departed joys, but the apotheoses of living ill-humors.

An incurable regret is an unwholesome, unnatural thing to the indulger of it; an injury to others, an accusation against Divinity itself. The pastor's reproof to the weeping mother—"What, have you not yet forgiven God Almighty?"—contains a truth which it were good all mourners laid to heart. How hard it is to any of us to "forgive God Almighty;" not only for the heavy afflictions which he has sent to us, but for the infinitude of small annoyances which (common sense would tell us if we used it) we mostly bring upon ourselves! Yet even when calamity comes—undoubted, inevitable calamity—surely, putting religion altogether aside, the wisest thing you can do with a wound is to heal it, or rather to let it heal; which it will do slowly and naturally, if you do not voluntarily keep

it open into a running sore. Some people, with the very best intentions, seem to act upon us like a poultice over gaping flesh; and others again officiate as surgical instruments, laying bare every quivering nerve, and pressing upon every festering spot, till we cry out in our agony that we had rather be left to die in peace, unhealed. Very few have the blessed art of letting Nature alone to do her benign work, and only aiding her by those simple means which suggest themselves to the instinct of affection—that is, of affection and wisdom combined; which nothing but tender instinct, united to a certain degree of personal suitability, will ever supply. For, like a poet, a nurse, either of body or mind, *nascitur non fit*. We all must know many excellent and well-meaning people, whom in sickness or misfortune we would as soon admit into our chamber of sorrow as we would a live hippopotamus or a herd of wild buffaloes.

Perhaps (another anomaly) the sharpest affliction that any human being can endure is one which is not a personal grief at all, but the sorrow of somebody else. To see any one dearly beloved writhing under a heavy stroke, or consumed by a daily misery which we are powerless to remove or even to soften, is a trial heavy indeed—heavier, in one sense, than any affliction of one's own, because of that we know the height and depth, the aggravations and alleviations. But we can never fathom another's sorrow—not one, even the keenest-eyed and tenderest-hearted among us, can ever be so familiar with the ins and outs of it as to be sure always to minister to its piteous needs at the right time and in the right way. Watch as we may, we are continually more or less in the dark, often irritating where we would soothe, and wounding where we would give our lives to heal.

Also resignation to what may be termed a vicarious sorrow is cruelly hard to learn. We sometimes are goaded into a state of half-madened protestation against Providence, feeling as if we—kept bound hand and foot on the shore—were set to watch a fellow-creature drowning. To be able to believe that Infinite Wisdom really knows what is best for that beloved fellow-creature far more than we do, is the highest state to which faith can attain; and the most religious can only catch it in brief glimpses through a darkness of angry doubt that almost rises at times into blasphemous despair. From such agonies no human strength can save; and while they last every human consolation fails. We can only lie humble at the feet of Eternal Wisdom, yielding into His hands not only ourselves but our all. And surely if there be such a thing as angelic ministry, much of it must needs be spent not only on sufferers, but on those whose lot it is to stand by and see others suffer, generally having all the time to wear a countenance cheerful, hopeful, or calmly indifferent, which, in its piteous hypocrisy, dare give no sign of the devouring anxiety that preys on the loving heart below.

Mention has been made of those griefs, wholly

secret and silent, which are never guessed by even closest friends; the sacred self-control of which makes them easier to bear than many a lesser anguish. In contrast to these may be placed the griefs that every body knows and nobody speaks of—such as domestic unhappiness, disappointed love, carking worldly cares, half-guessed unkindnesses, dimly-suspected wrongs; miseries which the sufferer refuses to acknowledge, but suffers on in a proud or heroic silence that precludes all others from offering either aid or sympathy, even if either were possible, which frequently it is not. In many of the conjunctures, crises, and involvements of human life, the only safe, or kind, or wise course is this solemn though heart-broken silence, under the shadow of which it nevertheless often happens that wrongs slowly work themselves right; pains lessen, at all events, to the level of quiet endurance; or an unseen hand, by some strange and sudden sweep of destiny, clears the dark and thorny pathway, and makes every thing easy, and peaceful, and plain.

But this does not always happen. There are hundreds of silent martyrs in whom a keen observer can see the shirt of horse-hair or the belt of steel points under the finest and most elegantly-worn clothes; and for whom, to the short-seeing human eye, there appears no possible release but death. The only consolation for such is the lesson—sublime enough to lighten a little even the worst torment—taught and learned by that majestic life-long endurance which has for its sustenance strength celestial that we know not of, and for which in the end await the martyr's bliss and the martyr's crown.

These "few words" are said. They may have been said, and better said, a hundred times before. There is hardly any deep-thinking or deep-feeling human being who has not said them to himself over and over again; yet sometimes a truth strikes truer and clearer when we hear it repeated by another, instead of only listening to its dim echoes in our own often bewildered mind. To all who understand the meaning of the word sorrow we commend these disjointed thoughts to be thought out by themselves at leisure. And so farewell.

### HORROR: A TRUE TALE.

I WAS but nineteen years of age when the incident occurred which has thrown a shadow over my life; and, ah me! how many and many a weary year has dragged by since then! Young, happy, and beloved I was in those long-departed days. They said that I was beautiful. The mirror now reflects a haggard old woman, with ashen lips and face of deadly pallor. But do not fancy that you are listening to a mere pining lament. It is not the flight of years that has brought me to be this wreck of my former self: had it been so I could have borne the loss cheerfully, patiently, as the common lot of all; but it was no natural progress of decay which has robbed me of bloom, of youth, of the hopes and

joys that belong to youth, snapped the link that bound my heart to another's, and doomed me to a lone old age. I try to be patient, but my cross has been heavy, and my heart is empty and weary, and I long for the death that comes so slowly to those who pray to die.

I will try and relate, exactly as it happened, the event which blighted my life. Though it occurred many years ago, there is no fear that I should have forgotten any of the minutest circumstances: they were stamped on my brain too clearly and burning, like the brand of a red-hot iron. I see them written in the wrinkles of my brow, in the dead whiteness of my hair, which was a glossy brown once, and has known no gradual change from dark to gray, from gray to white, as with those happy ones who were the companions of my girlhood, and whose honored age is soothed by the love of children and grandchildren. But I must not envy them. I only meant to say that the difficulty of my task has no connection with want of memory—I remember but too well. But as I take the pen my hand trembles, my head swims, the old rushing faintness and Horror comes over me again, and the well-remembered fear is upon me. Yet I will go on.

This, briefly, is my story: I was a great heiress, I believe, though I cared little for the fact; but so it was. My father had great possessions, and no son to inherit after him. His three daughters, of whom I was the youngest, were to share the broad acres among them. I have said, and truly, that I cared little for this circumstance; and, indeed, I was so rich then in health and youth and love that I felt myself quite indifferent to all else. The possession of all the treasures of earth could never have made up for what I then had—and lost, as I am about to relate. Of course, we girls knew that we were heiresses, but I do not think Lucy and Minnie were any the prouder or the happier on that account. I know I was not. Reginald did not court me for my money. Of that I felt assured. He proved it, Heaven be praised! when he shrank from my side after the change. Yes, in all my lonely age, I can still be thankful that he did not keep his word, as some would have done—did not clasp at the altar a hand he had learned to loathe and shudder at, because it was full of gold—much gold! At least, he spared me that. And I know that I was loved, and the knowledge has kept me from going mad through many a weary day and restless night, when my hot eyeballs had not a tear to shed, and even to weep was a luxury denied me.

Our house was an old Tudor mansion. My father was very particular in keeping the smallest peculiarities of his home unaltered. Thus the many peaks and gables, the numerous turrets, and the mullioned windows with their quaint lozenge panes set in lead, remained very nearly as they had been three centuries back. Over and above the quaint melancholy of our dwelling, with the deep woods of its park and

the sullen waters of the mere, our neighborhood was thinly peopled and primitive, and the people round us were ignorant, and tenacious of ancient ideas and traditions. Thus it was a superstitious atmosphere that we children were reared in, and we heard, from our infancy, countless tales of horror, some mere fables doubtless, others legends of dark deeds of the olden time, exaggerated by credulity and the love of the marvelous. Our mother had died when we were young, and our other parent being, though a kind father, much absorbed in affairs of various kinds, as an active magistrate and landlord, there was no one to check the unwholesome stream of tradition with which our plastic minds were inundated in the company of nurses and servants. As years went on, however, the old ghostly tales partially lost their effects, and our undisciplined minds were turned more toward balls, dress, and partners, and other matters airy and trivial, more welcome to our riper age. It was at a county assembly that Reginald and I first met—met and loved. Yes, I am sure that he loved me with all his heart. It was not as deep a heart as some, I have thought in my grief and anger; but I never doubted its truth and honesty. Reginald's father and mine approved of our growing attachment; and as for myself, I know I was so happy then, that I look back upon those fleeting moments as on some delicious dream. I now come to the change. I have lingered on my childish reminiscences, my bright and happy youth, and now I must tell the rest—the blight and the sorrow.

It was Christmas, always a joyful and a hospitable time in the country, especially in such an old hall as our home, where quaint customs and frolics were much clung to, as part and parcel of the very dwelling itself. The hall was full of guests—so full, indeed, that there was great difficulty in providing sleeping accommodation for all. Several narrow and dark chambers in the turrets—mere pigeon-holes, as we irreverently called what had been thought good enough for the stately gentlemen of Elizabeth's reign—were now allotted to bachelor visitors, after having been empty for a century. All the spare rooms in the body and wings of the hall were occupied, of course; and the servants who had been brought down were lodged at the farm and at the keeper's, so great was the demand for space. At last the unexpected arrival of an elderly relative, who had been asked months before, but scarcely expected, caused great commotion. My aunts went about wringing their hands distractedly. Lady Speldhurst was a personage of some consequence; she was a distant cousin, and had been for years on cool terms with us all, on account of some fancied affront or slight when she had paid her *last* visit, about the time of my christening. She was seventy years old; she was infirm, rich, and testy; moreover, she was my godmother, though I had forgotten the fact; but it seems that though I had formed no expectations of a legacy in my favor, my aunts had done so for me.



Aunt Margaret was especially eloquent on the subject. "There isn't a room left," she said; "was ever any thing so unfortunate! We can not put Lady Speldhurst into the turrets, and yet where *is* she to sleep? And Rosa's godmother, too! Poor dear child, how dreadful! After all these years of estrangement, and with a hundred thousand in the funds, and no comfortable, warm room at her own unlimited disposal—and Christmas, of all times in the year!" What *was* to be done? My aunts could not resign their own chambers to Lady Speldhurst, because they had already given them up to some of the married guests. My father was the most hospitable of men, but he was rheumatic, gouty, and methodical. His sisters-in-law dared not propose to shift his quarters; and, indeed, he would have far sooner dined on prison fare than have been translated to a strange bed. The matter ended in my giving up my room. I had a strange reluctance to making the offer, which surprised myself. Was it a boding of evil to come? I can not say. We are strangely and wonderfully made. It *may* have been. At any rate, I do not think it was any selfish unwillingness to make an old and infirm lady comfortable by a trifling sacrifice. I was perfectly healthy and strong. The weather was not cold for the time of year. It was a dark, moist Yule—not a snowy one, though snow brooded overhead in the darkling clouds. I *did* make the offer, which became me, I said with a laugh, as the youngest. My sisters laughed too, and made a jest of my evident wish to propitiate my godmother. "She is a fairy godmother, Rosa," said Minnie; "and you know she was affronted at your christening, and went away muttering vengeance. Here she is coming back to see you; I hope she brings golden gifts with her." I thought little of Lady Speldhurst and her possible golden gifts. I cared nothing for the wonderful fortune in the funds that my aunts whispered and nodded about so mysteriously. But since then I have wondered whether, had I then shown myself peevish or obstinate—had I refused to give up my room for the expected kinswoman—it would not have altered the whole of my life? But then Lucy or Minnie would have offered in my stead, and been sacrificed—what do I say?—better that the blow should have fallen as it did than on those dear ones.

The chamber to which I removed was a dim little triangular room in the western wing, and was only to be reached by traversing the picture-gallery, or by mounting a little flight of stone stairs which led directly upward from the low-browed arch of a door that opened into the garden. There was one more room on the same landing-place, and this was a mere receptacle for broken furniture, shattered toys, and all the lumber that *will* accumulate in a country-house. The room I was to inhabit for a few nights was a tapestry-hung apartment, with faded green curtains of some costly stuff, contrasting oddly with a new carpet and the bright, fresh hangings of the bed, which had been hurriedly erect-

ed. The furniture was half old, half new; and on the dressing-table stood a very quaint oval mirror, in a frame of black wood—unpolished ebony, I think. I can remember the very pattern of the carpet, the number of chairs, the situation of the bed, the figures on the tapestry. Nay, I can recollect not only the color of the dress I wore on that fatal evening, but the arrangement of every scrap of lace and ribbon, of every flower, every jewel, with a memory but too perfect.

Scarcely had my maid finished spreading out my various articles of attire for the evening (when there was to be a great dinner-party) when the rumble of a carriage announced that Lady Speldhurst had arrived. The short winter's day drew to a close, and a large number of guests were gathered together in the ample drawing-room, around the blaze of the wood-fire, after dinner. My father, I recollect, was not with us at first. There were some squires of the old hard-riding, hard-drinking stamp still lingering over their port in the dining-room, and the host, of course, could not leave them. But the ladies and all the younger gentlemen—both those who slept under our roof, and those who would have a dozen miles of fog and mire to encounter on their road home—were all together. Need I say that Reginald was there? He sat near me—my accepted lover, my plighted future husband. We were to be married in the spring. My sisters were not far off; they, too, had found eyes that sparkled and softened in meeting theirs, had found hearts that beat responsive to their own. And, in their cases, no rude frost nipped the blossom ere it became the fruit; there was no canker in their flowerets of young hope, no cloud in their sky. Innocent and loving, they were beloved by men worthy their esteem.

The room—a large and lofty one, with an arched roof—had somewhat of a sombre character, from being wainscoted and ceiled with polished black oak of a great age. \* There were mirrors, and there were pictures on the walls, and handsome furniture, and marble chimney-pieces, and a gay Tournay carpet; but these merely appeared as bright spots on the dark back-ground of the Elizabethan wood-work. Many lights were burning, but the blackness of the walls and roof seemed absolutely to swallow up their rays, like the mouth of a cavern. A hundred candles could not have given that apartment the cheerful lightness of a modern drawing-room. But the gloomy richness of the panels matched well with the ruddy gleam from the enormous wood-fire, in which, crackling and glowing, now lay the mighty Yule log. Quite a blood-red lustre poured forth from the fire, and quivered on the walls and the groined roof. We had gathered round the vast antique hearth in a wide circle. The quivering light of the fire and candles fell upon us all, but not equally, for some were in shadow. I remember still how tall and manly and handsome Reginald looked that night, taller by the head than any there, and full of high spirits and gayety. I, too, was in the

highest spirits; never had my bosom felt lighter, and I believe it was my mirth which gradually gained the rest, for I recollect what a blithe, joyous company we seemed. All save one. Lady Speldhurst, dressed in gray silk and wearing a quaint head-dress, sat in her arm-chair, facing the fire, very silent, with her hands and her sharp chin propped on a sort of ivory-handled crutch that she walked with (for she was lame), peering at me with half-shut eyes. She was a little spare old woman, with very keen delicate features of the French type. Her gray silk dress, her spotless lace, old-fashioned jewels, and prim neatness of array, were well suited to the intelligence of her face, with its thin lips, and eyes of a piercing black, undimmed by age. Those eyes made me uncomfortable, in spite of my gayety, as they followed my every movement with curious scrutiny. Still I was very merry and gay; my sisters even wondered at my ever-ready mirth, which was almost wild in its excess. I have heard since then of the Scottish belief that those doomed to some great calamity become *fey*, and are never so disposed for merriment and laughter as just before the blow falls. If ever mortal was *fey*, then, I was so on that evening. Still, though I strove to shake it off, the pertinacious observation of old Lady Speldhurst's eyes *did* make an impression on me of a vaguely disagreeable nature. Others, too, noticed her scrutiny of me, but set it down as a mere eccentricity of a person always reputed whimsical, to say the least of it.

However, this disagreeable sensation lasted but a few moments. After a short pause my aunt took her part in the conversation, and we found ourselves listening to a weird legend which the old lady told exceedingly well. One tale led to another. Every one was called on in turn to contribute to the public entertainment, and story after story, always relating to demonology and witchcraft, succeeded. It was Christmas, the season for such tales; and the old room, with its dusky walls and pictures, and vaulted roof, drinking up the light so greedily, seemed just fitted to give effect to such legendary lore. The huge logs crackled and burned with glowing warmth; the blood-red glare of the Yule log flashed on the faces of the listeners and narrator, on the portraits, and the holly wreathed about their frames, and the upright old dame, in her antiquated dress and trinkets, like one of the originals of the pictures, stepped from the canvas to join our circle. It threw a shimmering lustre of an ominously ruddy hue upon the oaken panels. No wonder that the ghost and goblin stories had a new zest. No wonder that the blood of the more timid grew chill and curdled, that their flesh crept, and their hearts beat irregularly, and the girls peeped fearfully over their shoulders, and huddled close together like frightened sheep, and half-fancied they beheld some impish and malignant face gibbering at them from the darkling corners of the old room. By degrees my high spirits died out, and I felt the childish tremors, long latent, long forgotten, coming over me. I followed each story with

painful interest; I did not ask myself if I believed the dismal tales. I listened, and fear grew upon me—the blind, irrational fear of our nursery days. I am sure most of the other ladies present, young or middle-aged, were affected by the circumstances under which these traditions were heard, no less than by the wild and fantastic character of them. But with them the impression would die out next morning, when the bright sun should shine on the frosted boughs, and the rime on the grass, and the scarlet berries and green spikelets of the holly; and with me—but, ah! what was to happen ere another day dawn? Before we had made an end of this talk my father and the other squires came in, and we ceased our ghost stories, ashamed to speak of such matters before these new-comers—hard-headed, unimaginative men, who had no sympathy with idle legends. There was now a stir and bustle.

Servants were handing round tea and coffee, and other refreshments. Then there was a little music and singing. I sang a duet with Reginald, who had a fine voice and good musical skill. I remember that my singing was much praised, and indeed I was surprised at the power and pathos of my own voice, doubtless due to my excited nerves and mind. Then I heard some one say to another that I was by far the cleverest of the Squire's daughters, as well as the prettiest. It did not make me vain. I had no rivalry with Lucy and Minnie. But Reginald whispered some soft fond words in my ear, a little before he mounted his horse to set off homeward, which *did* make me happy and proud. And to think that the next time we met—but I forgave him long ago. Poor Reginald! And now shawls and cloaks were in request, and carriages rolled up to the porch, and the guests gradually departed. At last no one was left but those visitors staying in the house. Then my father, who had been called out to speak with the bailiff of the estate, came back with a look of annoyance on his face.

"A strange story I have just been told," said he; "here has been my bailiff to inform me of the loss of four of the choicest ewes out of that little flock of Southdowns I set such store by, and which arrived in the north but two months since. And the poor creatures have been destroyed in so strange a manner, for their carcasses are horribly mangled."

Most of us uttered some expression of pity or surprise, and some suggested that a vicious dog was probably the culprit.

"It would seem so," said my father; "it certainly seems the work of a dog; and yet all the men agree that no dog of such habits exists near us, where, indeed, dogs are scarce, excepting the shepherds' collies and the sporting dogs secured in yards. Yet the sheep are gnawed and bitten, for they show the marks of teeth. Something has done this, and has torn their bodies wolfishly; but apparently it has been only to suck the blood, for little or no flesh is gone."

"How strange!" cried several voices. Then some of the gentlemen remembered to have heard of cases when dogs addicted to sheep-killing had destroyed whole flocks, as if in sheer wantonness, scarcely deigning to taste a morsel of each slain wether.

My father shook his head. "I have heard of such cases, too," he said; "but in this instance I am tempted to think the malice of some unknown enemy has been at work. The teeth of a dog have been busy no doubt, but the poor sheep have been mutilated in a fantastic manner, as strange as horrible; their hearts, in especial, have been torn out, and left at some paces off, half-gnawed. Also, the men persist that they found the print of a naked human foot in the soft mud of the ditch, and near it—this." And he held up what seemed a broken link of a rusted iron chain.

Many were the ejaculations of wonder and alarm, and many and shrewd the conjectures, but none seemed exactly to suit the bearings of the case. And when my father went on to say that two lambs of the same valuable breed had perished in the same singular manner three days previously, and that they also were found mangled and gore-stained, the amazement reached a higher pitch. Old Lady Speldhurst listened with calm intelligent attention, but joined in none of our exclamations. At length she said to my father, "Try and recollect—have you no enemy among your neighbors?" My father started, and knit his brows. "Not one that I know of," he replied; and indeed he was a popular man and a kind landlord. "The more lucky you," said the old dame, with one of her grim smiles. It was now late, and we retired to rest before long. One by one the guests dropped off. I was the member of the family selected to escort old Lady Speldhurst to her room—the room I had vacated in her favor. I did not much like the office. I felt a remarkable repugnance to my godmother, but my worthy aunts insisted so much that I should ingratiate myself with one who had so much to leave that I could not but comply. The visitor hobbled up the broad oaken stairs actively enough, propped on my arm and her ivory crutch. The room never had looked more genial and pretty, with its brisk fire, modern furniture, and the gay French paper on the walls. "A nice room, my dear, and I ought to be much obliged to you for it, since my maid tells me it is yours," said her ladyship; "but I am pretty sure you repent your generosity to me, after all those ghost stories, and tremble to think of a strange bed and chamber, eh?" I made some commonplace reply. The old lady arched her eyebrows. "Where have they put you, child?" she asked; "in some cock-loft of the turrets, eh? or in a lumber-room—a regular ghost-trap? I can hear your heart beating with fear this moment. You are not fit to be alone." I tried to call up my pride, and laugh off the accusation against my courage, all the more, perhaps, because I felt its truth. "Do you want any thing more that I can get you,

Lady Speldhurst?" I asked, trying to feign a yawn of sleepiness. The old dame's keen eyes were upon me. "I rather like you, my dear," she said, "and I liked your mamma well enough before she treated me so shamefully about the christening dinner. Now, I know you are frightened and fearful, and if an owl should but flap your window to-night, it might drive you into fits. There is a nice little sofa-bed in this dressing-closet—call your maid to arrange it for you, and you can sleep there snugly, under the old witch's protection, and then no goblin dare harm you, and nobody will be a bit the wiser, or quiz you for being afraid." How little I knew what hung in the balance of my refusal or acceptance of that trivial proffer! Had the veil of the future been lifted for one instant! but that veil is impenetrable to our gaze.

I left her door. As I crossed the landing a bright gleam came from another room, whose door was left ajar; it (the light) fell like a bar of golden sheen across my path. As I approached the door opened and my sister Lucy, who had been watching for me, came out. She was already in a white cashmere wrapper, over which her loosened hair hung darkly and heavily, like tangles of silk. "Rosa, love," she whispered, "Minnie and I can't bear the idea of your sleeping out there, all alone, in that solitary room—the very room, too, nurse Sherrard used to talk about! So, as you know Minnie has given up her room, and come to sleep in mine, still we should so wish you to stop with us to-night at any rate, and I could make up a bed on the sofa for myself or you—and—" I stopped Lucy's mouth with a kiss. I declined her offer. I would not listen to it. In fact, my pride was up in arms, and I felt I would rather pass the night in the church-yard itself than accept a proposal dictated, I felt sure, by the notion that my nerves were shaken by the ghostly lore we had been raking up, that I was a weak, superstitious creature, unable to pass a night in a strange chamber. So I would not listen to Lucy, but kissed her, bade her good-night, and went on my way laughing, to show my light heart. Yet, as I looked back in the dark corridor, and saw the friendly door still ajar, the yellow bar of light still crossing from wall to wall, the sweet kind face still peering after me from amidst its clustering curls, I felt a thrill of sympathy, a wish to return, a yearning after human love and companionship. False shame was strongest, and conquered. I waved a gay adieu. I turned the corner, and peeping over my shoulder, I saw the door close; the bar of yellow light was there no longer in the darkness of the passage. I thought at that instant that I heard a heavy sigh. I looked sharply round. No one was there. No door was open, yet I fancied, and fancied with a wonderful vividness, that I did hear an actual sigh breathed not far off, and plainly distinguishable from the groan of the sycamore branches, as the wind tossed them to and fro in the outer blackness. If ever a mortal's good angel had cause to sigh for sor-



row, not sin, mine had cause to mourn that night. But imagination plays us strange tricks, and my nervous system was not over-composed, or very fitted for judicial analysis. I had to go through the picture-gallery. I had never entered this apartment by candle-light before, and I was struck by the gloomy array of the tall portraits, gazing moodily from the canvas on the lozenge-paned or painted windows, which rattled to the blast as it swept howling by. Many of the faces looked stern, and very different from their daylight expression. In others, a furtive flickering smile seemed to mock me as my candle illumined them; and in all, the eyes, as usual with artistic portraits, seemed to follow my motions with a scrutiny and an interest the more marked for the apathetic immovability of the other features. I felt ill at ease under this stony gaze, though conscious how absurd were my apprehensions; and I called up a smile and an air of mirth, more as if acting a part under the eyes of human beings than of their mere shadows on the wall. I even laughed as I confronted them. No echo had my short-lived laughter but from the hollow armor and arching roof, and I continued on my way in silence.

By a sudden and not uncommon revulsion of feeling I shook off my aimless terrors, blushed at my weakness, and sought my chamber only too glad that I had been the only witness of my late tremors. As I entered my chamber I thought I heard something stir in the neglected lumber-room, which was the only neighboring apartment. But I was determined to have no more panics, and resolutely shut my ears to this slight and transient noise, which had nothing unnatural in it; for surely, between rats and wind, an old manor-house on a stormy night needs no sprites to disturb it. So I entered my room, and rang for my maid. As I did so I looked around me, and a most unaccountable repugnance to my temporary abode came over me, in spite of my efforts. It was no more to be shaken off than a chill is to be shaken off when we enter some damp cave. And, rely upon it, the feeling of dislike and apprehension with which we regard, at first sight, certain places and people, was not implanted in us without some wholesome purpose. I grant it is irrational—mere animal instinct—but is not instinct God's gift, and is it for us to despise it? It is by instinct that children know their friends from their enemies—that they distinguish with such unerring accuracy between those who like them and those who only flatter and hate them. Dogs do the same; they will fawn on one person, they slink snarling from another. Show me a man whom children and dogs shrink from, and I will show you a false, bad man—lies on his lips, and murder at his heart. No; let none despise the heaven-sent gift of innate antipathy, which makes the horse quail when the lion crouches in the thicket—which makes the cattle scent the shambles from afar, and low in terror and disgust as their nostrils sniff the blood-polluted air. I felt

this antipathy strongly as I looked around me in my new sleeping-room, and yet I could find no reasonable pretext for my dislike. A very good room it was, after all, now that the green damask curtains were drawn, the fire burning bright and clear, candles burning on the mantle-piece, and the various familiar articles of toilet arranged as usual. The bed, too, looked peaceful and inviting—a pretty little white bed, not at all the gaunt funereal sort of couch which haunted apartments generally contain.

My maid entered, and assisted me to lay aside the dress and ornaments I had worn, and arranged my hair, as usual, prattling the while, in Abigail fashion. I seldom cared to converse with servants; but on that night a sort of dread of being left alone—a longing to keep some human being near me—possessed me, and I encouraged the girl to gossip, so that her duties took her half an hour longer to get through than usual. At last, however, she had done all that could be done, and all my questions were answered, and my orders for the morrow reiterated and vowed obedience to, and the clock on the turret struck one. Then Mary, yawning a little, asked if I wanted any thing more, and I was obliged to answer No, for very shame's sake; and she went. The shutting of the door, gently as it was closed, affected me unpleasantly. I took a dislike to the curtains, the tapestry, the dingy pictures—every thing. I hated the room. I felt a temptation to put on a cloak, run, half-dressed, to my sisters' chamber, and say I had changed my mind, and come for shelter. But they must be asleep, I thought, and I could not be so unkind as to wake them. I said my prayers with unusual earnestness and a heavy heart. I extinguished the candles, and was just about to lay my head on my pillow, when the idea seized me that I would fasten the door. The candles were extinguished, but the fire-light was amply sufficient to guide me. I gained the door. There was a lock, but it was rusty or hampered; my utmost strength could not turn the key. The bolt was broken and worthless. Balked of my intention, I consoled myself by remembering that I had never had need of fastenings yet, and returned to my bed. I lay awake for a good while, watching the red glow of the burning coals in the grate. I was quiet now, and more composed. Even the light gossip of the maid, full of petty human cares and joys, had done me good—diverted my thoughts from brooding. I was on the point of dropping asleep, when I was twice disturbed. Once, by an owl, hooting in the ivy outside—no unaccustomed sound, but harsh and melancholy; once, by a long and mournful howling set up by the mastiff, chained in the yard beyond the wing I occupied. A long-drawn, lugubrious howling, was this latter, and much such a note as the vulgar declare to herald a death in the family. This was a fancy I had never shared; but yet I could not help feeling that the dog's mournful moans were sad, and expressive of terror, not at all like his fierce, honest bark of anger, but rather as if

something evil and unwonted were abroad. But soon I fell asleep.

How long I slept I never knew. I awoke at once, with that abrupt start which we all know well, and which carries us in a second from utter unconsciousness to the full use of our faculties. The fire was still burning, but was very low, and half the room or more was in deep shadow. I knew, I felt, that some person or thing was in the room, although nothing unusual was to be seen by the feeble light. Yet it was a sense of danger that had aroused me from slumber. I experienced, while yet asleep, the chill and shock of sudden alarm, and I knew, even in the act of throwing off sleep like a mantle, *why* I awoke, and that some intruder was present. Yet, though I listened intently, no sound was audible, except the faint murmur of the fire—the dropping of a cinder from the bars—the loud irregular beatings of my own heart. Notwithstanding this silence, by some intuition I knew that I had not been deceived by a dream, and felt certain that I was not alone. I waited. My heart beat on; quicker, more sudden grew its pulsations, as a bird in a cage might flutter in presence of the hawk. And then I heard a sound, faint, but quite distinct, the clank of iron, the rattling of a chain! I ventured to lift my head from the pillow. Dim and uncertain as the light was, I saw the curtains of my bed shake, and caught a glimpse of something beyond, a darker spot in the darkness. This confirmation of my fears did not surprise me so much as it shocked me. I strove to cry aloud, but could not utter a word. The chain rattled again, and this time the noise was louder and clearer. But though I strained my eyes, they could not penetrate the obscurity that shrouded the other end of the chamber, whence came the sullen clanking. In a moment several distinct trains of thought, like many-colored strands of thread twining into one, became palpable to my mental vision. Was it a robber? could it be a supernatural visitant? or was I the victim of a cruel trick, such as I had heard of, and which some thoughtless persons love to practice on the timid, reckless of its dangerous results? And then a new idea, with some ray of comfort in it, suggested itself. There was a fine young dog of the Newfoundland breed, a favorite of my father's, which was usually chained by night in an outhouse. Neptune might have broken loose, found his way to my room, and, finding the door imperfectly closed, have pushed it open and entered. I breathed more freely as this harmless interpretation of the noise forced itself upon me. It was—it must be—the dog, and I was distressing myself uselessly. I resolved to call to him; I strove to utter his name—"Neptune, Neptune;" but a secret apprehension restrained me, and I was mute.

Then the chain clanked nearer and nearer to the bed, and presently I saw a dusky shapeless mass appear between the curtains on the opposite side to where I was lying. How I longed to hear the whine of the poor animal that I

hoped might be the cause of my alarm. But no; I heard no sound save the rustle of the curtains and the clash of the iron chain. Just then the dying flame of the fire leaped up, and with one sweeping hurried glance I saw that the door was shut, and, horror! it is not the dog! it is the semblance of a human form that now throws itself heavily on the bed, outside the clothes, and lies there, huge and swart, in the red gleam that treacherously dies away after showing so much to affright, and sinks into dull darkness. There was now no light left, though the red cinders yet glowed with a ruddy gleam like the eyes of wild beasts. The chain rattled no more. I tried to speak, to scream wildly for help; my mouth was parched, my tongue refused to obey. I could not utter a cry, and, indeed, who could have heard me, alone as I was in that solitary chamber, with no living neighbor, and the picture-gallery between me and any aid that even the loudest, most piercing shriek could summon. And the storm that howled without would have drowned my voice, even if help had been at hand. To call aloud—to demand who was there—alas! how useless, how perilous! If the intruder were a robber, my outcries would but goad him to fury; but what robber would act thus? As for a trick, that seemed impossible. And yet, *what* lay by my side, now wholly unseen? I strove to pray aloud, as there rushed on my memory a flood of weird legends—the dreaded yet fascinating lore of my childhood. I had heard and read of the spirits of wicked men forced to revisit the scenes of their earthly crimes—of demons that lurked in certain accursed spots—of the ghoul and vampire of the East, stealing amidst the graves they rifled for their ghostly banquets; and I shuddered as I gazed on the blank darkness where I knew it lay. It stirred—it moaned hoarsely; and again I heard the chain clank close beside me—so close that it must almost have touched me. I drew myself from it, shrinking away in loathing and terror of the evil thing—what, I knew not, but felt that something malignant was near.

And yet, in the extremity of my fear, I dared not speak; I was strangely cautious to be silent, even in moving farther off; for I had a wild hope that it—the phantom, the creature, whichever it was—had not discovered my presence in the room. And then I remembered all the events of the night—Lady Speldhurst's ill-omened vaticinations, her half-warnings, her singular look as we parted, my sister's persuasions, my terror in the gallery, the remark that "this was the room nurse Sherrard used to talk of." And then memory, stimulated by fear, recalled the long forgotten past, the ill-repute of this disused chamber, the sins it had witnessed, the blood spilled, the poison administered by unnatural hate within its walls, and the tradition which called it haunted. The green room—I remembered now how fearfully the servants avoided it—how it was mentioned rarely, and in whispers, when we were children, and how we had regarded it as a mysterious region, unfit for mortal

habitation. Was It—the dark form with the chain—a creature of this world, or a spectre? And again—more dreadful still—could it be that the corpses of wicked men were forced to rise and haunt in the body the places where they had wrought their evil deeds? And was such as these my grisly neighbor? The chain faintly rattled. My hair bristled; my eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets; the damps of a great anguish were on my brow. My heart labored as if I were crushed beneath some vast weight. Sometimes it appeared to stop its frenzied beatings, sometimes its pulsations were fierce and hurried; my breath came short and with extreme difficulty, and I shivered as if with cold; yet I feared to stir. It moved, it moaned, its fetters clanked dismally, the couch creaked and shook. This was no phantom, then—no air-drawn spectre. But its very solidity, its palpable presence, were a thousand times more terrible. I felt that I was in the very grasp of what could not only affright but harm; of something whose contact sickened the soul with deathly fear. I made a desperate resolve: I glided from the bed, I seized a warm wrapper, threw it around me, and tried to grope, with extended hands, my way to the door. My heart beat high at the hope of escape. But I had scarcely taken one step before the moaning was renewed—it changed into a threatening growl that would have suited a wolf's throat, and a hand clutched at my sleeve. I stood motionless. The muttering growl sank to a moan again, the chain sounded no more, but still the hand held its gripe of my garment, and I feared to move. It knew of my presence, then. My brain reeled, the blood boiled in my ears, and my knees lost all strength, while my heart panted like that of a deer in the wolf's jaws. I sank back, and the benumbing influence of excessive terror reduced me to a state of stupor.

When my full consciousness returned I was sitting on the edge of the bed, shivering with cold, and barefooted. All was silent, but I felt that my sleeve was still clutched by my unearthly visitant. The silence lasted a long time. Then followed a chuckling laugh that froze my very marrow, and the gnashing of teeth as in demoniac frenzy; and then a wailing moan, and this was succeeded by silence. Hours may have passed—nay, though the tumult of my own heart prevented my hearing the clock strike, must have passed—but they seemed ages to me. And how were they passed? Hideous visions passed before the aching eyes that I dared not close, but which gazed ever into the dumb darkness where It lay—my dread companion through the watches of the night. I pictured It in every abhorrent form which an excited fancy could summon up: now as a skeleton, with hollow eye-holes and grinning fleshless jaws; now as a vampire, with livid face and bloated form, and dripping mouth wet with blood. Would it never be light! And yet, when day should dawn, I should be forced to see It face to face. I had heard that spectre and fiend were compelled to fade as morning

brightened, but this creature was too real, too foul a thing of earth, to vanish at cock-crow. No! I should see it—the horror—face to face! And then the cold prevailed, and my teeth chattered, and shiverings ran through me, and yet there was the damp of agony on my bursting brow. Some instinct made me snatch at a shawl or cloak that lay on a chair within reach, and wrap it round me. The moan was renewed, and the chain just stirred. Then I sank into apathy, like an Indian at the stake, in the intervals of torture. Hours fled by, and I remained like a statue of ice, rigid and mute. I even slept, for I remember that I started to find the cold gray light of an early winter's day was on my face, and stealing around the room from between the heavy curtains of the window.

Shuddering, but urged by the impulse that rivets the gaze of the bird upon the snake, I turned to see the Horror of the night. Yes, it was no fevered dream, no hallucination of sickness, no airy phantom unable to face the dawn. In the sickly light I saw it lying on the bed, with its grim head on the pillow. A man? Or a corpse arisen from its unhallowed grave, and awaiting the demon that animated it? There it lay—a gaunt gigantic form, wasted to a skeleton, half clad, foul with dust and clotted gore, its huge limbs flung upon the couch as if at random, its shaggy hair streaming over the pillows like a lion's mane. Its face was toward me. Oh, the wild hideousness of that face, even in sleep! In features it was human, even through its horrid mask of mud and half-dried bloody gouts, but the expression was brutish and savagely fierce; the white teeth were visible between the parted lips, in a malignant grin; the tangled hair and beard were mixed in leonine confusion, and there were scars disfiguring the brow. Round the creature's waist was a ring of iron, to which was attached a heavy but broken chain—the chain I had heard clanking. With a second glance I noted that part of the chain was wrapped in straw to prevent its galling the wearer. The creature—I can not call it a man—had the marks of fetters on its wrists, the bony arm that protruded through one tattered sleeve was scarred and bruised; the feet were bare, and lacerated by pebbles and briers, and one of them was wounded, and wrapped in a morsel of rag. And the lean hands, one of which held my sleeve, were armed with talons like an eagle's. In an instant the horrid truth flashed upon me—I was in the grasp of a madman. Better the phantom that scares the sight than the wild beast that rends and tears the quivering flesh—the pitiless human brute that has no heart to be softened, no reason at whose bar to plead, no compassion, naught of man save the form and the cunning. I gasped in terror. Ah! the mystery of those ensanguined fingers, those gory wolfish jaws! that face, all besmeared with blackening blood, is revealed!

The slain sheep, so mangled and rent—the fantastic butchery—the print of the naked foot—all, all were explained; and the chain, the



broken link of which was found near the slaughtered animals—it came from *his* broken chain—the chain he had snapped, doubtless, in his escape from the asylum where his raging frenzy had been fettered and bound. In vain! in vain! Ah, me! how had this grisly Samson broken manacles and prison bars—how had he eluded guardian and keeper and a hostile world, and come hither on his wild way, hunted like a beast of prey, and snatching his hideous banquet like a beast of prey, too? Yes, through the tatters of his mean and ragged garb I could see the marks of the severities, cruel and foolish, with which men in that time tried to tame the might of madness. The scourge—its marks were there; and the scars of the hard iron fetters, and many a cicatrice and welt, that told a dismal tale of harsh usage. But now he was loose, free to play the brute—the baited, tortured brute that they had made him—now without the cage, and ready to gloat over the victims his strength should overpower. Horror! horror! I was the prey—the victim—already in the tiger's clutch; and a deadly sickness came over me, and the iron entered into my soul, and I longed to scream, and was dumb! I died a thousand deaths as that awful morning wore on. I *dared not* faint. But words can not paint what I suffered as I waited—waited till the moment when he should open his eyes and be aware of my presence; for I was assured he knew it not. He had entered the chamber as a lair, when weary and gorged with his horrid orgie; and he had flung himself down to sleep without a suspicion that he was not alone. Even his grasping my sleeve was doubtless an act done betwixt sleeping and waking, like his unconscious moans and laughter, in some frightful dream.

Hours went on; then I trembled as I thought that soon the house would be astir, that my maid would come to call me as usual, and awake that ghastly sleeper. And might he not have time to tear me, as he tore the sheep, before any aid could arrive? At last what I dreaded came to pass—a light footstep on the landing—there is a tap at the door. A pause succeeds, and then the tapping is renewed, and this time more loudly. Then the madman stretched his limbs, and uttered his moaning cry, and his eyes slowly opened—very slowly opened, and met mine. The girl waited a while ere she knocked for the third time. I trembled lest she should open the door unbidden—see that grim thing, and by her idle screams and terror bring about the worst. Long before strong men could arrive I knew that I should be dead—and what a death! The maid waited, no doubt surprised at my unusually sound slumbers, for I was in general a light sleeper and an early riser, but reluctant to deviate from habit by entering without permission. I was still alone with the thing in man's shape, but he was awake now. I saw the wondering surprise in his haggard bloodshot eyes; I saw him stare at me half vacantly, then with a crafty yet wondering look; and then I saw the devil of murder begin to peep forth from those hideous

eyes, and the lips to part as in a sneer, and the wolfish teeth to bare themselves. But I was not what I had been. Fear gave me a new and a desperate composure—a courage foreign to my nature. I had heard of the best method of managing the insane; I could but try; I *did* try. Calmly, wondering at my own feigned calm, I fronted the glare of those terrible eyes. Steady and undaunted was my gaze—motionless my attitude. I marveled at myself, but in that agony of sickening terror I was *outwardly* firm. They sink, they quail abashed, those dreadful eyes, before the gaze of a helpless girl; and the shame that is never absent from insanity bears down the pride of strength, the bloody cravings of the wild beast. The lunatic moaned and drooped his shaggy head between his gaunt squalid hands.

I lost not an instant. I rose, and with one spring reached the door, tore it open, and, with a shriek, rushed through, caught the wondering girl by the arm, and crying to her to run for her life, rushed like the wind along the gallery, down the corridor, down the stairs. Mary's screams filled the house as she fled beside me. I heard a long-drawn, raging cry, the roar of a wild animal mocked of its prey, and I knew what was behind me. I never turned my head—I flew rather than ran. I was in the hall already; there was a rush of many feet, an outcry of many voices, a sound of scuffling feet, and brutal yells, and oaths, and heavy blows, and I fell to the ground, crying, "Save me!" and lay in a swoon. I awoke from a delirious trance. Kind faces were around my bed, loving looks were bent on me by all, by my dear father and dear sisters; but I scarcely saw them before I swooned again.

When I recovered from that long illness, through which I had been nursed so tenderly, the pitying looks I met made me tremble. I asked for a looking-glass. It was long denied me, but my importunity prevailed at last—a mirror was brought. My youth was gone at one fell swoop. The glass showed me a livid and haggard face, blanched and bloodless as of one who sees a spectre; and in the ashen lips, and wrinkled brow, and dim eyes, I could trace nothing of my old self. The hair, too, jetty and rich before, was now as white as snow; and in one night the ravages of half a century had passed over my face. Nor have my nerves ever recovered their tone after that dire shock. Can you wonder that my life was blighted, that my lover shrank from me, so sad a wreck was I?

I am old now—old and alone. My sisters would have had me to live with them, but I chose not to sadden their genial homes with my phantom face and dead eyes. Reginald married another. He has been dead many years. I never ceased to pray for him, though he left me when I was bereft of all. The sad weird is nearly over now. I am old, and near the end, and wishful for it. I have not been bitter or hard, but I can not bear to see many people, and am best alone. I try to do what good I can with the worthless wealth Lady Speldhurst

left me, for, at my wish, my portion was shared between my sisters. What need had I of inheritance?—I, the shattered wreck made by that one night of horror!

## A JOYOUS FRENCHMAN IN VIRGINIA.

ON a fine morning in the month of April, 1782—that is to say, not long after “it pleased Heaven,” in the words of one of our old worthies, “so to order things, that Cornwallis and his large army should be entrapped and captured at Yorktown, in Virginia”—any one journeying toward Williamsburg, the capital of the Commonwealth, by the great northwestern road, would have encountered a cavalcade, not destitute of interest to the eyes of the most careless. It consisted of four gentlemen, in elegant traveling costumes, followed by six servants, one of whom led a spare horse, apparently for the convenience of the leader of the party. The gentleman in question, according to the veracious chronicle from which we draw these particulars, was “a well-made, handsome man, of about four-and-forty, with eyes full of intelligence and fire, the carriage and deportment of a man of rank, and,” adds the historian, “*with a disposition extremely remote from an indifference to beauty*,” from all which we deduce without difficulty the conclusion, that our traveler was gallant, joyous, ready for a feast or a fray—a *bon compagnon*, an admirer of the ladies; in a word, your real citizen of the world, with eyes and ears for all that can interest, instruct, or amuse.

Not to employ further the style of our friends the novelists, we proceed to state, in a simple and straightforward manner, without any mystery or concealment whatever, that the gentleman just described was his Lordship the Marquis de Chastellux, member of the French Academy, and general in the French army under the Count de Rochambeau—and that he was going to take a look at the famous Natural Bridge, beyond the mountains. His companions were Mr. Lynch, Mr. Frank Dillon, and M. le Chevalier D'Oyré “of the engineers.”

This, then, was the party which left Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, on the morning of the 8th April, 1782, in search of amusement and adventure. The French troops had been comfortably established in their quarters, and from that moment the gallant Marquis began to feel *ennui*. “Faithful,” he says, “to the principles which from my youth I had laid down, never to neglect seeing every country in my power, I burned with impatience to set out;” and it is the design of the present writer to accompany the Marquis on his travels, which were not without amusing incidents. The narrative, contained in two old and very rare volumes which a French publisher induced his unwilling lordship to give to the world, is one of the freshest and most curious pictures which remain of

old times and manners in Virginia, and some of the anecdotes of well-known personages are extremely interesting and agreeable. The wit and humor of the worthy Marquis furnish the appropriate frame-work of the picture; and we solicit the attention of the antiquarian, the lover of a good story, and the admirer of joyous good-humor.

Proceeding on his way, the Marquis stops to bate his horses at “Bird’s Tavern,” New Kent Court House, where the landlord, no doubt certain of an appreciative listener, pours out the grievances which he has suffered from the English. They had stopped on their way to Westover, where they aimed to entrap General Lafayette; and embraced the occasion to pillage the establishment of Boniface—carrying off fruits, fowl, and cattle, but above all, his whole supply of *rum*. This shocking behavior on the part of the enemy was, however, but the beginning of evils: in the track of these hurricanes and scourges, as they were politely styled by the landlord, followed a rabble of Refugees and Loyalists, who, like the late-comers of the Middle Age, carried off all which their predecessors had spared. These gentlemen “conveyed,” to use Falstaff’s term, every imaginable article which they found; even forcing Boniface to deliver up his boots—a circumstance which he referred to “with indignation.” All this was related “in a good inn, where we were served with an excellent supper composed chiefly of sturgeon, and I had two kinds of fish, at least as good in Virginia as in Europe.”

On the next morning the Marquis had an enjoyment of another description, which evidently made a strong impression upon him. “I rose,” he says, “with the sun, and while breakfast was preparing took a walk round the house: the birds were heard on every side, but my attention was chiefly attracted by a very agreeable song, which appeared to proceed from a neighboring tree. I approached softly, and perceived it to be a mocking-bird, saluting the rising sun. At first I was afraid of frightening it, but my presence on the contrary gave it pleasure; for, apparently delighted at having an auditor, it sung better than before, and its emulation seemed to increase when it perceived a couple of dogs which followed me draw near to the tree on which it was perched. It kept hopping incessantly from branch to branch, for this extraordinary bird is not less extraordinary for its agility than its charming notes: it keeps perpetually rising and sinking, so as to appear not less the favorite of Terpsichore than Polyhymnia..... And one would have thought that, after having delighted me with a concert, it was desirous of entertaining me with a comedy. It began to counterfeit different birds—the jay, the raven, the cardinal, and the lapwing or painted plover. It appeared desirous of detaining me near it”—but the Marquis is summoned to breakfast, the horses are led up, and with farewell to Boniface, the cavalcade proceed upon their journey. Passing through Newcastle and Hanover Court House,

they stop for the night at "Tilghman's Tavern," where renewed groans and indignation at the course of the British assail them; and here they sup with "Mr. Lee, brother to Colonel Henry Lee, who long commanded a legion and often distinguished himself, particularly in Carolina." Doubtless the good companions sat up many hours, talking of "Light-Horse Harry," and Yorktown, and the late struggle; but we have no notes of the conversation. On the next morning Chastellux and his friends cross the South Anna on a wooden bridge, and soon reach "Offly," the seat of General Nelson, late governor of Virginia.

With "Offly" and its hospitable inmates the worthy Marquis was greatly charmed. After expressing, in unequivocal terms, his opinion of the manner in which Governor Nelson had been treated, the traveler, with all the grace and polished humor of a man of the world and a gentleman, enters into a description of the family. It is a pleasant and attractive picture of an old Virginia household, in the simple honest days of yore; and we extract a few paragraphs for the amusement of the reader. "In the absence of the General," says our traveler, "his mother and wife received us with all the politeness, ease, and cordiality natural to his family. Five or six *Nelsons* were assembled; among others the *Secretary Nelson*, uncle to the General, with his two sons, and two of the General's brothers. These young men were all married, and several of them were accompanied by their wives and children, all called Nelson, and distinguished only by their Christian names: so that, during the two days which I passed in this truly patriarchal house, it was impossible for me to find out their degrees of relationship..... An excellent breakfast at nine in the morning, a sumptuous dinner at two o'clock, tea and punch in the afternoon, and an elegant little supper, divided the day most happily. It is worth observing that, where fifteen or twenty people (four of whom were strangers to the family or country) were assembled together, and by bad weather forced to stay within doors, not a syllable was mentioned about play. How many parties of *tricarac*, *whist*, and *lotto* would with us have been the consequence of such obstinate bad weather?"

It would seem that "Offly," in spite of its great crowd of home folk, was rendered still more attractive by some fair visitors: and these did not escape the attention of our worthy Marquis, whose disposition, as we know, was "extremely remote from an indifference to beauty." We are informed that "nothing but study was wanting to a young Miss Tolliver"—thus *Taliaferro* is spelled—"who sang some airs, the words of which were English and the music Italian. Her charming voice and the artless simplicity of her singing were a substitute for taste, if not taste itself. She was brought up in the middle of the woods by her father, a great fox-hunter; consequently, could have learned to sing from the birds only in the neighborhood, when the

howling of the dogs permitted her to hear them. She is an agreeable figure, as well as Mrs. Nelson her sister, though less pretty than a third daughter, who remained with her father. These young ladies came often to Williamsburg to attend the balls, where they appeared as well dressed as the ladies of the town, and always remarkable for their decency of behavior. The young military gentlemen, on the other hand," the worthy Marquis adds, "had conceived a great affection for Mr. Tolliver, their father, and took the trouble sometimes to ride over to breakfast and talk with him of the chase. The young ladies, who appeared from time to time, never interrupted the conversation. These pretty nymphs, more timid and wild than those of Diana, though they did not conduct the chase, inspired the taste for it in the youth."

Thus does the gallant Chastellux prettily turn his periods, as if he were addressing some fair lady, and making his best bow, with his cocked hat pressed upon his heart. As to the young military gentlemen "taking the trouble" to ride over from their great affection for Mr. Taliaferro, the reader will form his own opinion—guided by the lurking smile on the physiognomy of the narrator, who returns thus, with a pleasant wit, to the days spent in Williamsburg with his gay young countrymen. We must not leave "Offly" without looking, with the Marquis, upon the honest face of the good Secretary Nelson, "an old magistrate whose white locks, noble figure, and stature, which was above the common size, commanded respect and veneration." His history is feelingly related. For thirty years Secretary of the Council, he retired at the commencement of the Revolution, too old to take an active part in affairs, and preserving a strict neutrality. He lived in his mansion at Yorktown, a fine establishment, with "chimney-piece and bas-reliefs of very fine marble, exquisitely sculptured"—and here Cornwallis took up his head-quarters during the siege until the enemy's shot drove him away. Crippled by the gout, and with two dear sons in the American army, the old Secretary passed a time of painful anxiety. At last a flag was sent, with the request that he might be permitted to leave the place; and this request Lord Cornwallis promptly granted. "I was witness," says Chastellux, "to the cruel anxiety of one of these young men, when he kept his eyes fixed on the gate of the town; nor can I recollect without emotion the moment in which I saw this old gentleman alight at General Washington's. He was seated, the fit of the gout not having yet left him; and while we stood around he related to us, with a serene countenance, what had been the effect of our batteries, and how much his house had suffered from the first shot. The tranquillity which has succeeded these unhappy times, by giving him leisure to reflect upon his losses, has not embittered the recollection: he lives happily on one of his plantations, where, in less than six hours, he can assemble thirty of his children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces, etc.,



amounting in all to seventy, the whole inhabiting Virginia."

After two days thus pleasantly spent at "Off-ly," the Marquis and his companions set out again. After the good old fashion of the time, they are escorted five or six miles upon their way by the aged Secretary, and half a dozen of the young gentlemen. Parting from their good hosts they then continue their journey, arriving about noon at *Willis's* ordinary or inn, "a little house placed in a solitary situation in the middle of the woods; notwithstanding which we there found a great deal of company." The inquisitive traveler is curious to know the reason for this assemblage at such an out of the way place. He soon discovers to his great astonishment that the crowd had come to see a cock-fight! "This diversion," he says, "is much in fashion in Virginia, where the English customs are more prevalent than in the rest of America. When the principal promoters of the diversion propose to match their champions, they take great care to announce it to the public, and although there are neither posts nor regular conveyances this important news spreads with such facility that the planters for thirty or forty miles round attend—some with cocks, but all with money for betting, which is sometimes very considerable. .... While our horses were feeding we had an opportunity to see a battle. The preparation took up a great deal of time: they arm their cocks with long steel spurs, very sharp; and cut off a part of their feathers, as if they meant to deprive them of their armor. The stakes were very considerable. The money of the parties was deposited in the hands of one of the principal persons, and I felt a secret pleasure in observing that it was principally French. I know not which is the most astonishing, the insipidity of such diversion, or the stupid interest with which it animates the parties. This passion appears almost innate among the English, for the Virginians are yet English in many respects. While the interested parties animated the cocks to battle, a child of fifteen who was near me kept leaping for joy, and crying, "*Oh! it is a charming diversion!*"

Leaving the cock-fighters to their sport, the travelers proceed westward and stop at the ordinary of a worthy who is described as "a good-humored fellow, whose manners are not very rigid, who loves good cheer and all sorts of pleasures; insomuch," continues the author, "that at the age of fifty he had so augmented his bulk and diminished his fortune, that by two opposite principles he is near seeing the end of both; but all this does not in the least affect his gayety. I found him contented in his arm-chair, which serves him for a bed, for it would be difficult for him to lie down, and impossible for him to rise!..... A large ham and a bowl of grog served him for company, like a man resolved to die surrounded by his friends. He called to mind, in short, the country spoken of by Rabelais, where the Abbé, having exhausted every possible resource, resolved to finish his days by a

great feast, and invited all the neighborhood to his *bursting!*"

The next sketch which we shall extract from the narrative of the Marquis is the following, relating to *Monticello* and Mr. Jefferson.

"The conversation brought us insensibly to the foot of the mountains. On the summit of one of them we discovered the house of Mr. Jefferson; rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault..... But it is on himself alone that I ought to bestow my time. Let me describe to you a man not yet forty, tall, and with a mild and pleasing countenance, but whose mind and understanding are ample substitutes for every exterior grace. An American, who, without having ever quitted his own country, is at once a musician, skilled in drawing, a geometrician, an astronomer, a natural philosopher, legislator, and statesman. A senator of America, who sat for two years in that famous Congress which brought about the Revolution, and which is never mentioned without respect, though unhappily not without *regret*; a governor of Virginia, who filled this difficult station during the invasion of *Arnold*, of *Phillips*, and of *Cornwallis*; a philosopher in voluntary retirement from the world and public business, because he loves the world, inasmuch only as he can flatter himself with being useful to mankind; and the minds of his countrymen are not yet in a condition either to bear the light or to suffer contradiction. A mild and amiable wife, charming children of whose education he himself takes charge, a home to embellish, great plantations to improve, and the arts and sciences to cultivate; these are what remain to Mr. Jefferson, after having played a principal character on the theatre of the New World, and which he preferred to the honorable commission of minister plenipotentiary in Europe. The visit which I made him was not unexpected, for he had long since invited me to come and pass a few days with him in the centre of the mountains; notwithstanding which, I found his first appearance serious, even cold; but before I had been two hours with him we were as intimate as if we had passed our whole lives together. Walking, books, but above all, a conversation always varied and interesting, always supported by that sweet satisfaction, experienced by two persons who understand each other, made four days pass away like so many minutes. I recollect with pleasure that, as we were conversing one evening over a bowl of punch, after Mrs. Jefferson had retired, our conversation turned on the poems of *Ossian*. It was a spark of electricity which passed rapidly from one to the other; we recollected the passages in those sublime poems which particularly struck us, and entertained my fellow-travelers. In our enthusiasm the book was sent for and placed near the bowl, where, by their mutual aid, the night far advanced imperceptibly upon us."

Thus passes the time gayly at *Monticello*, of whose celebrated host the Marquis adds much more in the way of panegyric—not forgetting

how they visited Charlottesville, near by, where Colonel Armand of the French Legion there amused them with the gambols of a pet, in the shape of a glossy black wolf, of the mildest disposition; how they disputed about winds and forests, and natural history; how Jefferson fed his roebucks with corn from his hands; and how, when he was obliged to continue his journey, his host rode many miles with him to point out the way. All this is very pleasantly related in the pages of the Marquis, who seems to have been delighted with Monticello and its master.

They parted at "the passage of the little river *Mechum*," which flows into the Rivanna, and the travelers went on their way. Walking their horses seventeen miles they reach the abode of a certain hospitable Irishman, whose wife, of "a very agreeable and mild countenance, had nothing rustic either in her conversation or her manner. For in the centre of the woods, and wholly occupied in rustic business, a Virginian never resembles a European peasant: he is always a freeman, participates in the government, and has the command of a few negroes." At four o'clock in the evening they again set out, and had the good fortune to meet with "an honest traveler, who served us for a guide, and with whom we entered into conversation." This personage turned out to be one of Morgan's men. He had been a rifleman under that leader in Carolina, and the inquisitive Frenchman, always on the *qui vive* for curious information, speedily interrogated him upon the singular manœuvre by which Morgan had defeated Tarleton at the Cowpens; the result being a conviction on the part of the Marquis that the American leader had intended to retreat, but finding himself outgeneraled, turned upon and overthrew his enemy. Crossing the "South River"—quite "proud of fording the famous *Potomack*, which had taken me an hour in a boat, at the ferry of *Alessandria*"—the traveler reaches the inn described by Mr. Jefferson, and a very bad one it was. "Mrs. Teaze, the mistress of the house, was some time since left a widow; she appears also, in fact, to be the widow of her furniture, for surely never was house so badly furnished." Further on they are entertained by a miller, but not exactly a "jolly miller," as will appear from the description of him. "He was a young man twenty-two years of age, whose charming face, fine teeth, red lips, and rosy cheeks recalled to mind the pleasant portrait which Marmontel gives of *Lubin*. His walk and carriage did not correspond however with the freshness of his looks, for he appeared sluggish and inactive. I inquired the reason, and he told me he had been in a languishing state ever since the battle of *Guilford*, in which he had received fifteen or sixteen wounds with a hanger. He had not, like the Romans, a crown to attest his valor, nor like the French, either pension or certificate of honor—instead of them he had a piece of his skull, which his wife brought to show me. I certainly little thought of finding, amidst the solitudes of America, such lamentable traces of European steel."

The young man had been thus wounded after having surrendered to the British; and the brave Marquis exclaims, "The all-seeing eye of Divine justice alone can discover and make known the authors of such a crime; but if discovered—oh! for the voice of a Stentor, and the trumpet of Fame, to devote the vile perpetrators to present and future horror!"

The party soon afterward reach the Natural Bridge, and to this wonderful curiosity many pages are dedicated. It was the chief object of the journey, and the Marquis viewed it on all sides, taking drawings which are engraved in his work. As, however, our own object is to note the odd, grotesque, or characteristic incidents or personages encountered on the journey, rather than the natural curiosities of the country, we pass over these descriptions, and accompany the party to the mansion of Mr. Grisby, their guide, where they find guests. Among these, a young married couple afford the Marquis an opportunity of drawing one of his prettiest pictures. "The other guests," he says, "were a healthy, good-humored young man of eight-and-twenty, who set out from Philadelphia with a pretty wife of twenty, and a little child in her arms, to settle 500 miles beyond the mountains, in a country lately inhabited (the Marquis means *newly settled*), bordering on the *Ohio*, called the country of *Kentucket*. His whole retinue was a horse, which carried his wife and child. We were astonished at the easy manner with which he proceeded on his expedition, and took the liberty of mentioning our surprise to him. He told us that the purchase of good land in Pennsylvania was very extravagant, that provisions were too dear, and the inhabitants too numerous; in consequence of which he thought it more beneficial to purchase, for about fifty guineas, the grant of a thousand acres of land in *Kentucket*. This territory had been formerly given to a Colonel of Militia (Daniel Boone), until the King of England thought proper to order the distribution of those immense countries..... 'But,' said I, 'where are the cattle? The implements of husbandry with which you must begin to clear the land which you have purchased?' 'In the country itself,' replied he. 'I carry nothing with me, but I have money in my pocket, and shall want for nothing.' I began to relish the resolution of this young man, who was active, vigorous, and free from care; but the pretty woman, twenty years of age only, I doubted not but she was in despair at the sacrifice she had made, and I endeavored to discover in her features and looks the secret sentiments of her soul. Though she had retired into a little chamber to make room for us she frequently came into that where we were; and I saw, not without astonishment, that her natural charms were even embellished by the serenity of her mind. She often caressed her husband and her child, and appeared to me admirably disposed to fulfill the first object of every infant colony—'to increase and multiply.'"

Is not this a pleasant and suggestive picture? The youth so "active, vigorous, and free from

care," proceeding with his young wife and child on horseback, hundreds of miles into the wilderness, is no bad "representative man" of the Western World. With a brave heart, a sturdy arm, money in his pocket, and ready and willing to protect himself, he is the type of the man of the new Republic. In the old settlements land is "very extravagant, provisions too dear, the inhabitants too numerous;" it is "more beneficial" to take the two hundred and fifty dollars in his purse, and purchase land at twenty-five cents an acre in the West. There he will no longer be harassed by petty cares, denied "elbow room," shuffled aside by the rich or the pretentious. He will be the lord of a thousand acres—and what if it be of mighty forest? His strong arm, and the strong arms of the sons who will rise up around him, will level the huge trunks; the sunlight shall stream in upon the rich soil, sleeping for centuries untilld; and the wilderness shall blossom as the rose. He is now a poor youth, with a horse, a rifle, and fifty pounds sterling only, in all the world; but the day will come when he will look, as a gray-haired man, on his flocks and herds, and lands spread out, in the midst of a thriving community; he will found an honorable, perhaps a distinguished, family; he will be judge, general, legislator, lawgiver, perhaps president—and spend a green old age in the midst of "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." All this is in the youth walking beside the horse on which his young wife rides suckling her child—he is *the man of America!*

But we are wandering away from the good year 1782 and the worthy Marquis whose adventures on his journey occupy us. Proceeding on his way he meets with "an old captain of the Virginia Legion, whom I had seen arrive in the evening in company with two tall young ladies, in huge gauze bonnets covered with ribbons, and dressed in such a manner as formed a perfect contrast to the simplicity of the house in which they were. These were Mr. Muller's daughters, returned from supping in the neighborhood; but I was careful not to speak to them, as I doubted not we had taken possession of the beds destined for these fine ladies and their company, and was in great terror lest French gallantry should compel us to resign them." Adroit Marquis! Further on, he is entertained by an old man of seventy-two called Hadnett, who having spent some years at Cork, produced an old geography much thumbed at the article "Cork," and a genealogy of the Hadnett family. "I made him happy," says the Marquis, "by declaring they were known all over Europe;" which so pleased the worthy that, on the next morning, he would not take payment. The traveler, however, paid him handsomely; hoping, he says, that the Hadnett family would not "think themselves under the necessity of adding the sign of an ale-house to their armorial bearings."

Thence to Cumberland Court House, where the Marquis finds justice administered "with

great order and simplicity." He adds: "The Justices wore their common clothes, but were seated on an elevated tribunal, as at London in the Court of King's Bench or Common Pleas. One of them seeing me standing at the door of the hall descended from the bench and invited me to go and take some refreshments at his house. I told him I was obliged to proceed on my journey, and really we had no time to lose....." But from the instant performance of this design the Marquis is diverted. By what, does the reader suppose? By nothing less than the besetting *foible* of the worthy—his fondness for the fair sex. "Monsieur D'Oyré having gone into the house," he says, "returned and told me there was a company of four or five young girls all pretty and very well dressed. Curiosity inducing me to see them, my attention was soon fixed upon a young woman of eighteen who was suckling her child. Her features were so regular, and there was such decency and modesty in her behavior, that she recalled to my mind those beautiful virgins of Raphael, the model or example of the *beau-ideal*."

At Petersburg the first object which attracts his attention is his hostess "of a genteel figure, who gave the necessary orders for our reception, and a young lady equally tall, and very elegant, at work." This damsel, "amidst the elegance of her appearance, was mild, polite, and easy in conversation. We were very good friends with our charming landladies before we went to bed, and breakfasted with them the next morning." How they were visited by Mr. Victor, a Prussian soldier—turned Virginia planter—how they walked out and inspected the great tobacco-warehouses, whose contents then passed as current coin, insomuch that a man would say, "This watch cost me ten hogsheds of tobacco; this horse fifteen hogsheds; or I have been offered twenty"—how they proceeded to Mrs. Bolling's house, where General Phillips died the year before, and where they were received by "Miss Bowling, a young lady of fifteen, possessing all the freshness of her age," and by her mother, "a lady of fifty, lively, active, and intelligent, who knows perfectly well how to manage her immense fortune; and what is yet more rare, knows how to make good use of it;" all this is pleasantly related by the Marquis, ever curious, observant, and interested in new objects. The son and daughter-in-law of Mrs. Bolling he had already seen in Williamsburg: and of these he says, "The young gentleman appears mild and polite, but his wife, of only seventeen years of age, is a most interesting acquaintance, not only from her face and form, which are exquisitely delicate and quite European, but from her being also descended from the Indian Princess *Pocahunta*, daughter of King *Powhatan*." The Marquis then branches forth into a long but very interesting account of Smith and Pocahontas: ending with, "She left an only son who was married, and left only daughters: these daughters others: and thus, with the female line, the blood of the amiable Pocahunta now flows in the



veins of the young and charming Mrs. Bowling: "as it flows in the veins of thousands who are proud to be thus connected with the heroic maiden—the Princess of the Western World.

The journey of the Marquis now draws to a conclusion. We find few additional incidents of a suggestive nature. He visits and describes Richmond, where Mr. Formicalo, *ex-maitre d'Hôtel* of Lord Dunmore, entertains him in a manner suitable, in the landlord's opinion, to a French general officer, and renders a very moderate bill—calls on Governor Harrison "in a homely but spacious enough house"—and, continuing his way down the river through "the garden of Virginia," visits Westover, the former residence of the famous Colonel William Byrd, which surpasses all other houses "in the magnificence of the buildings, the beauty of its situation, and the pleasures of society." Mrs. Byrd's "two eldest daughters passed the last winter at Williamsburg, where they were greatly complimented by M. de Rochambeau and the whole army," as doubtless by the gallant Chastellux, who visited Westover by invitation: and he was further pleased to meet his young Petersburg friend, the charming Mrs. Bolling, who had come to see Mr. Meade, a gentleman residing just across the river. They dined there the next day and found the house "extremely well fitted up within, on a charming situation; and the garden, like that of Westover, in the nature of a terrace on the bank of the river, and capable of being made still more beautiful." Thousands of travelers passing up and down James River have gazed upon these localities, which still retain an air of the elder day about them; and to such, these little traits, caught on the pen of the traveler, will not appear uninteresting.

The following brief but exquisite paragraph in relation to the humming-bird will be found as interesting as that dedicated to the mocking-bird, and will terminate our extracts from the amusing old volumes. "The walls of the garden and the house," at Westover, "were covered with honey-suckles, which afforded an ample harvest for these charming little animals. I saw them perpetually flying over the flowers, on which they feed without ever alighting; for it is by supporting themselves on their wings that they insert their beaks into the calix of the flowers. Sometimes they perch, but it is only for a moment: it is then only one has an opportunity of admiring the beauty of their plumage, especially when opposite to the sun, and when, in removing their heads, they display the brilliant enamel of their red necks, which almost rival the splendor of the ruby or the diamond. It is not true that they are naturally passionate, and that they tear to pieces the flowers in which they find no honey.....These birds appear only with the flowers, with which likewise they disappear, and no person can tell what becomes of them. Some are of opinion that they hide themselves and remain torpid the remainder of the year. In fact, it is difficult to conceive how their wings, which are so slight and slender as

to be imperceptible if not in motion, could possibly resist the winds, and transport them to distant climes.....The reader," adds the Marquis, pleasantly, "will certainly not accuse me of playing the orator, and reserving objects of the greatest magnitude for the end of my discourse; for I shall here conclude my journal."

And so, at Westover, the good old mansion on the banks of the James, in the balmy sunshine of the opening month of flowers, we leave the gallant and good-humored Marquis de Chastellux. His book is the joyous, careless, elegant work of a generous-hearted gentleman—a man of thought as well as of society—and we have not wholly lost our time in journeying with the writer.

#### THE OLD MAN AND THE SPRING-LEAVES.

UNDERNEATH the beechen tree  
All things fall in love with me!  
Birds, that sing so sweetly, sung  
Ne'er more sweet when I was young;  
Some sweet breeze I will not see,  
Steals to kiss me lovingly;  
All the leaves so blithe and bright,  
Dancing sing in Maying light  
Over me: "At last, at last,  
He has stolen from the Past."

Wherefore, leaves, so gladly mad?  
I am rather sad than glad.

"He is the merry child that played  
Underneath our beechen shade  
Years ago; whom all things bright  
Gladdened, glad with his delight!"

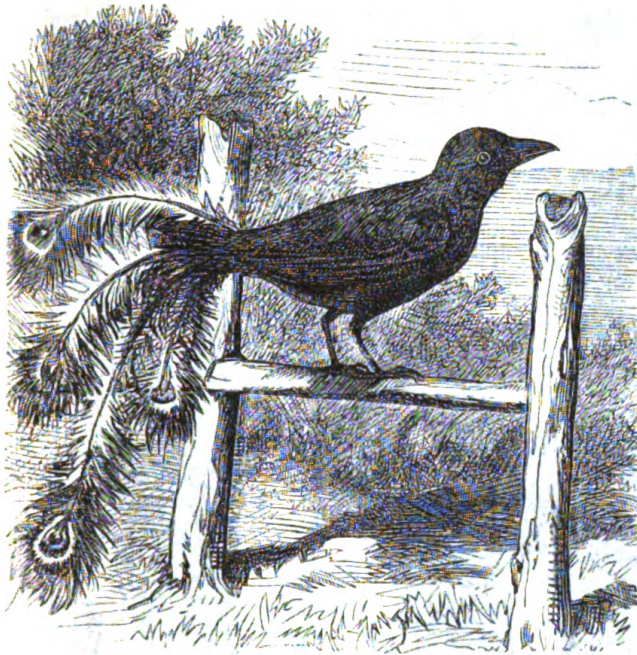
I am not the child that played  
Underneath your beechen shade;  
I am not the boy ye sung  
Songs to, in lost fairy-tongue.  
He read fairy dreams below,  
Legends leaves and flowers must know.  
He dreamed fairy dreams, and ye  
Changed to fairies, in your glee  
Dancing, singing from the tree;  
And, awakened, fairy-land  
Circled childhood's magic wand!  
Joy swelled his heart, joy kissed his brow:  
I am following funerals now.  
Fairy shores from Time depart;  
Lost horizons flush my heart.  
I am not the child that played  
Underneath your beechen shade.

"'Tis the merry child that played  
Underneath our beechen shade  
Years ago; whom all things bright  
Loved, made glad with his delight!"

Ah! the bright leaves will not know  
That an old man dreams below.  
No; they will not hear nor see,  
Clapping their hands at finding me,  
Singing, dancing from their tree.  
Ah! their happy voices steal  
Time away: again I feel,  
While they sing to me apart,  
The lost child steal in my heart.  
They enchant me to the past—  
The old man is the child at last!

## THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



## CHAPTER IV.

## A GENTEEL FAMILY.

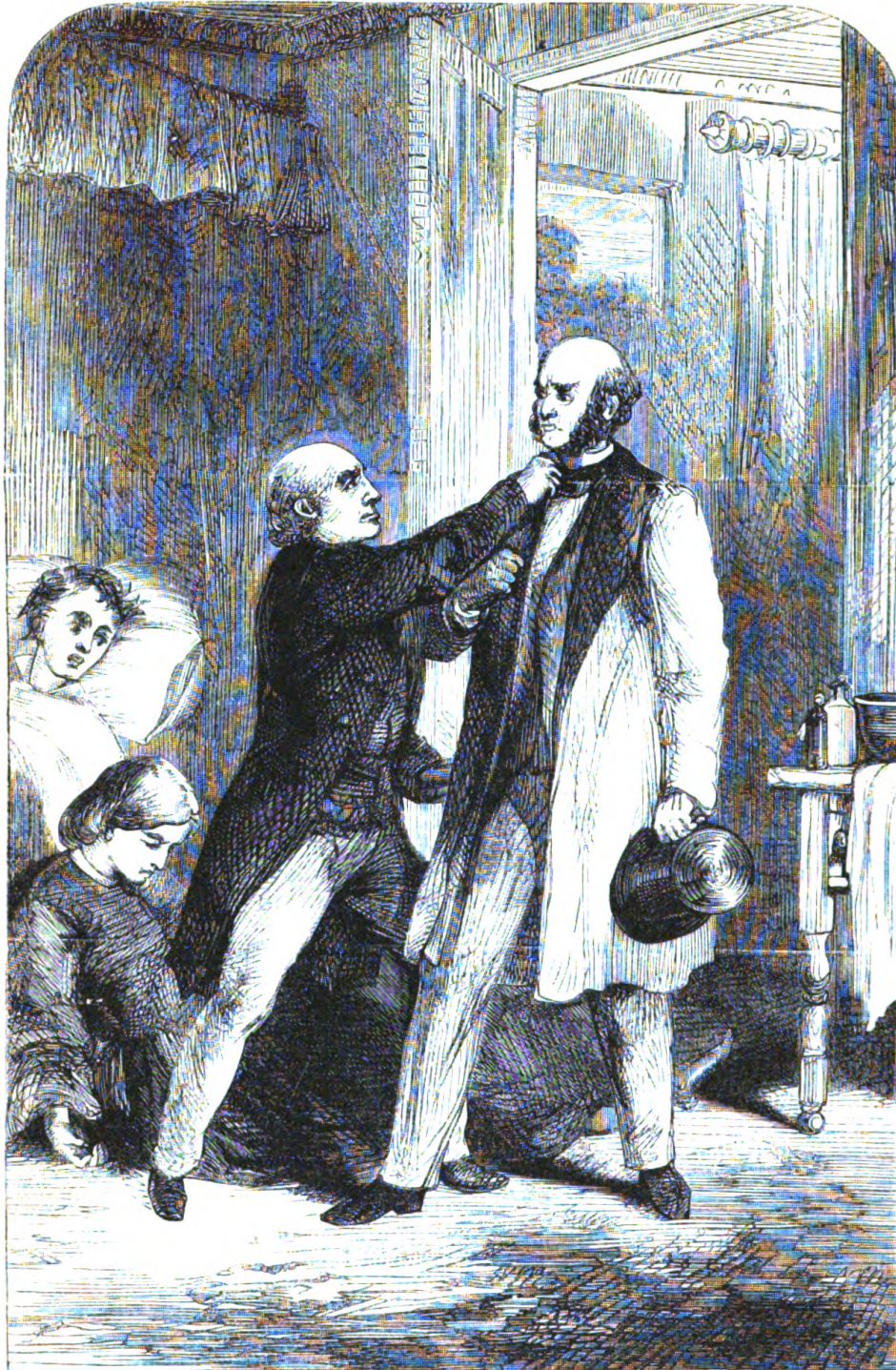
HAVE you made up your mind on the question of seeming and being in the world? I mean, suppose you *are* poor, is it right for you to *seem* to be well off? Have people an honest right to keep up appearances? Are you justified in starving your dinner-table in order to keep a carriage; to have such an expensive house that you can't by any possibility help a poor relation; to array your daughters in costly milliners' wares because they live with girls whose parents are twice as rich? Sometimes it is hard to say where honest pride ends and hypocrisy begins. To obtrude your poverty is mean and slavish; as it is odious for a beggar to ask compassion by showing his sores. But to simulate prosperity—to be wealthy and lavish thrice a year when you ask your friends, and for the rest of the time to munch a crust and sit by one candle—are the folks who practice this deceit worthy of applause or a whipping? Sometimes it is noble pride, sometimes shabby swindling. When I see Eugenia with her dear children exquisitely neat and cheerful; not showing the slightest semblance of poverty, or uttering the smallest complaint; persisting that Squanderfield, her husband, treats her well, and is good at heart; and denying that he leaves her and her young ones in want; I admire and reverence that noble falsehood—that beautiful constancy and endurance which disdains to ask compassion. When I sit at poor Jezebella's table, and am treated to her sham bounties and shabby splendor, I only feel anger for the hospi-

talities, and that dinner, and guest, and host, are humbugs together.

Talbot Twysden's dinner-table is large, and the guests most respectable. There is always a bigwig or two present, and a dining dowager who frequents the greatest houses. There is a butler who offers you wine; there's a *menu du diner* before Mrs. Twysden; and to read it you would fancy you were at a good dinner. It tastes of chopped straw. Oh, the dreary sparkle of that feeble Champagne; the audacity of that public-house sherry; the swindle of that acrid claret; the fiery twang of that clammy port! I have tried them all, I tell you! It is sham wine, a sham dinner, a sham welcome, a sham cheerfulness among the guests assembled. I feel that that woman eyes and counts the cutlets as they are carried off the tables; perhaps watches that one which you try to

swallow. She has counted and grudged each candle by which the cook prepares the meal. Does her big coachman fatten himself on purloined oats and beans, and Thorley's food for cattle? Of the rinsings of those wretched bottles the butler will have to give a reckoning in the morning. Unless you are of the very great *monde*, Twysden and his wife think themselves better than you are, and seriously patronize you. They consider it is a privilege to be invited to those horrible meals, to which they gravely ask the greatest folks in the country. I actually met Winton there—the famous Winton—the best dinner-giver in the world (ah, what a position for a man!). I watched him, and marked the sort of wonder which came over him as he tasted and sent away dish after dish, glass after glass. "Try that Château Margaux, Winton!" calls out the host. "It is some that Bottleby and I imported." Imported! I see Winton's face as he tastes the wine, and puts it down. He does not like to talk about that dinner. He has lost a day. Twysden will continue to ask him every year; will continue to expect to be asked in return, with Mrs. Twysden and one of his daughters; and will express his surprise loudly at the club, saying, "Hang Winton! Deuce take the fellow! He has sent me no game this year!" When foreign dukes and princes arrive, Twysden straightway collars them, and invites them to his house. And sometimes they go once—and then ask, "*Qui donc est ce Monsieur Twysden, qui est si drôle?*" And he elbows his way up to them at the Minister's assemblies, and frankly gives them his hand. And calm Mrs. Twysden wriggles, and





WHAT NATHAN SAID UNTO DAVID (CHAP. III.).

works, and slides, and pushes, and tramples if need be, her girls following behind her, until she too has come up under the eyes of the great man, and bestowed on him a smile and a courtesy. Twysden grasps prosperity cordially by the hand. He says to success, "Bravo!" On the contrary, I never saw a man more resolute in not knowing unfortunate people, or more daringly forgetful of those whom he does not care to remember. If this Levite met a wayfarer,

going down from Jerusalem, who had fallen among thieves, do you think he would stop to rescue the fallen man? He would neither give wine, nor oil, nor money. He would pass on perfectly satisfied with his own virtue, and leave the other to go, as best he might, to Jericho.

What is this? Am I angry because Twysden has left off asking me to his vinegar and chopped hay? No. I think not. Am I hurt because Mrs. Twysden sometimes patronizes my



wife, and sometimes cuts her? Perhaps. Only women thoroughly know the insolence of women toward one another in the world. That is a very stale remark. They receive and deliver stabs, smiling politely. Tom Sayers could not take punishment more gayly than they do. If you could but see *under* the skin, you would find their little hearts scarred all over with little lancet digs. I protest I have seen my own wife enduring the impertinence of this woman, with a face as calm and placid as she wears when old Twysden himself is talking to her, and pouring out one of his maddening long stories. Oh no! I am not angry at all. I can see *that* by the way in which I am writing of these folks. By-the-way, while I am giving this candid opinion of the Twysdens, do I sometimes pause to consider what they think of *me*? What do I care? Think what you like. Meanwhile we bow to one another at parties. We smile at each other in a sickly way. And as for the dinners in Beaunash Street, I hope those who eat them enjoy their food.

Twysden is one of the chiefs now of the Powder and Pomatum Office (the Pigtail branch was finally abolished in 1833, after the Reform Bill, with a compensation to the retiring under-secretary), and his son is a clerk in the same office. When they came out the daughters were very pretty—even my wife allows that. One of them used to ride in the Park with her father or brother daily; and knowing what his salary and wife's fortune were, and what the rent of his house in Beaunash Street, every body wondered how the Twysdens could make both ends meet. They had horses, carriages, and a great house fit for at least five thousand a year; they had not half as much, as every body knew; and it was supposed that old Ringwood must make his niece an allowance. She certainly worked hard to get it. I spoke of stabs anon, and poor little breasts and sides scarred all over. No nuns, no monks, no fakeers take whippings more kindly than some devotees of the world; and, as the punishment is one for edification, let us hope the world lays smartly on to back and shoulders, and uses the thong well.

When old Ringwood, at the close of his lifetime, used to come to visit his dear niece and her husband and children, he always brought a cat-of-nine-tails in his pocket, and administered it to the whole household. He grinned at the poverty, the pretense, the meanness of the people, as they knelt before him and did him homage. The father and mother trembling brought the girls up for punishment, and, piteously smiling, received their own boxes on the ear in presence of their children. "Ah!" the little French governess used to say, grinding her white teeth, "I like milor to come. All day you vip me. When milor come he vip you, and you kneel down and kiss de rod."

They certainly knelt and took their whipping with the most exemplary fortitude. Sometimes the lash fell on papa's back, sometimes on mamma's! now it stung Agnes, and now it lighted

on Blanche's pretty shoulders. But I think it was on the heir of the house, young Ringwood Twysden, that my lord loved best to operate. Ring's vanity was very thin-skinned, his selfishness easily wounded, and his contortions under punishment amused the old tormentor.

As my lord's brougham drives up—the modest little brown brougham, with the noble horse, the lord chancellor of a coachman, and the ineffable footman—the ladies, who know the whirr of the wheels, and may be quarreling in the drawing-room, call a truce to the fight, and smooth down their ruffled tempers and raiment. Mamma is writing at her table, in that beautiful, clear hand which we all admire; Blanche is at her book; Agnes is rising from the piano quite naturally. A quarrel between those gentle, smiling, delicate creatures! Impossible! About your most common piece of hypocrisy how men will blush and bungle: how easily, how gracefully, how consummately, women will perform it!

"Well," growls my lord, "you are all in such pretty attitudes, I make no doubt you have been sparring. I suspect, Maria, the men must know what devilish bad tempers the girls have got. Who can have seen you fighting? You're quiet enough here, you little monkeys. I tell you what it is. Ladies'-maids get about and talk to the valets in the housekeeper's room, and the men tell their masters. Upon my word I believe it was that business last year at Whipham which frightened Greenwood off. Famous match. Good house in town and country. No mother alive. Agnes might have had it her own way, but for that—"

"We are not all angels in our family, uncle!" cries Miss Agnes, reddening.

"And your mother is too sharp. The men are afraid of you, Maria. I've heard several young men say so. At White's they talk about it quite freely. Pity for the girls. Great pity. Fellows come and tell me. Jack Hall, and fellows who go about every where."

"I'm sure I don't care what Captain Hall says about me—odious little wretch!" cries Blanche.

"There you go off in a tantrum! Hall never has any opinion of his own. He only fetches and carries what other people say. And he says, fellows say they are frightened of your mother. La bless you! Hall has no opinion. A fellow might commit murder, and Hall would wait at the door. Quite a discreet man. But I told him to ask about you. And that's what I hear. And he says that Agnes is making eyes at the doctor's boy."

"It's a shame," cries Agnes, shedding tears under her martyrdom.

"Older than he is; but that's no obstacle. Good-looking boy, I suppose you don't object to that? Has his poor mother's money, and his father's: must be well to do. A vulgar fellow, but a clever fellow, and a determined fellow, the doctor—and a fellow who, I suspect, is capable of any thing. Shouldn't wonder at that fellow

marrying some rich dowager. Those doctors get an immense influence over women; and unless I'm mistaken in my man, Maria, your poor sister got hold of a—"

"Uncle!" cries Mrs. Twysden, pointing to her daughters, "before these—"

"Before those innocent lambs! Hem! Well, I think Firmin is of the wolf sort:" and the old noble laughed, and showed his own fierce fangs as he spoke.

"I grieve to say, my lord, I agree with you," remarks Mr. Twysden. "I don't think Firmin a man of high principle. A clever man? Yes. An accomplished man? Yes. A good physician? Yes. A prosperous man? Yes. But what's a man without principle?"

"You ought to have been a parson, Twysden."

"Others have said so, my lord. My poor mother often regretted that I didn't choose the Church. When I was at Cambridge I used to speak constantly at the Union. I practiced. I do not disguise from you that my aim was public life. I am free to confess I think the House of Commons would have been my sphere; and, had my means permitted, should certainly have come forward."

Lord Ringwood smiled, and winked to his niece—

"He means, my dear, that he would like to wag his jaws at my expense, and that I should put him in for Whipham."

"There are, I think, worse members of Parliament," remarked Mr. Twysden.

"If there was a box of 'em like you, what a cage it would be!" roared my lord. "By George, I'm sick of jaw. And I would like to see a king of spirit in this country, who would shut up the talking shops, and gag the whole chattering crew!"

"I am a partisan of order—but a lover of freedom," continues Twysden. "I hold that the balance of our constitution—"

I think my lord would have indulged in a few of those oaths with which his old-fashioned conversation was liberally garnished; but the servant, entering at this moment, announces Mr. Philip Firmin; and ever so faint a blush flutters up in Agnes's cheek, who feels that the old lord's eye is upon her.

"So, Sir, I saw you at the Opera last night," says Lord Ringwood.

"I saw you, too," says downright Phil.

The women looked terrified, and Twysden scared. The Twysdens had Lord Ringwood's box sometimes. But there were boxes in which the old man sate, and in which they never *could* see him.

"Why don't you look at the stage, Sir, when you go to the Opera, and not at me? When you go to church you ought to look at the parson, oughtn't you?" growled the old man. "I'm about as good to look at as the fellow who dances first in the ballet—and very nearly as old. But if I were you, I should think looking at the Ellsler better fun."

And now you may fancy of what old, old

times we are writing—times in which those horrible old male dancers yet existed—hideous old creatures, with low dresses and short sleeves, and wreaths of flowers, or hats and feathers round their absurd old wigs—who skipped at the head of the ballet. Let us be thankful that those old apes have almost vanished off the stage, and left it in possession of the beauteous bounders of the other sex. Ah, my dear young friends, time *will* be when these too will cease to appear more than mortally beautiful! To Philip, at his age, they yet looked as lovely as houris. At this time the simple young fellow, surveying the ballet from his stall at the Opera, mistook carmine for blushes, pearl-powder for native snows, and cotton-wool for natural symmetry; and I dare say when he went into the world was not more clear-sighted about its rouged innocence, its padded pretensions, and its painted candor.

Old Lord Ringwood had a humorous pleasure in petting and coaxing Philip Firmin before Philip's relatives of Beaunash Street. Even the girls felt a little plaintive envy at the partiality which Uncle Ringwood exhibited for Phil; but the elder Twysdens and Ringwood Twysden, their son, writhed with agony at the preference which the old man sometimes showed for the doctor's boy. Phil was much taller, much handsomer, much stronger, much better tempered, and much richer than young Twysden. He would be the sole inheritor of his father's fortune, and had his mother's thirty thousand pounds. Even when they told him his father would marry again, Phil laughed, and did not seem to care—"I wish him joy of his new wife," was all he could be got to say: "when he gets one, I suppose I shall go into chambers. Old Parr Street is not as gay as Pall Mall." I am not angry with Mrs. Twysden for having a little jealousy of her nephew. Her boy and girls were the fruit of a dutiful marriage; and Phil was the son of a disobedient child. Her children were always on their best behavior before their great-uncle; and Phil cared for him no more than for any other man; and he liked Phil the best. Her boy was as humble and eager to please as any of his lordship's humblest henchmen; and Lord Ringwood snapped at him, browbeat him, and trampled on the poor darling's tenderest feelings, and treated him scarcely better than a lackey. As for poor Mr. Twysden, my lord not only yawned unreservedly in his face—that could not be helped; poor Talbot's talk set many of his acquaintance asleep—but laughed at him, interrupted him, and told him to hold his tongue. On this day, as the family sat together, at the pleasant hour—the before dinner hour—the fireside and tea-table hour—Lord Ringwood said to Phil:

"Dine with me to-day, Sir?"

"Why does he not ask me, with my powers of conversation?" thought old Twysden to himself.

"Hang him, he always asks that beggar!" writhed young Twysden, in his corner.

"Very sorry, Sir, can't come. Have asked some fellows to dine at the Blue Posts," says Phil.

"Confound you, Sir, why don't you put 'em off?" cries the old lord. "You'd put 'em off, Twysden, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, Sir!" the heart of father and son both beat.

"You know you would; and you quarrel with this boy for not throwing his friends over. Good-night, Firmin, since you won't come."

And with this my lord was gone.

The two gentlemen of the house glumly looked from the window, and saw my lord's brougham drive swiftly away in the rain.

"I hate your dining at those horrid taverns," whispered a young lady to Philip.

"It is better fun than dining at home," Philip remarks.

"You smoke and drink too much. You come home late, and you don't live in a proper *monde*, Sir!" continues the young lady.

"What would you have me do?"

"Oh, nothing. You must dine with those horrible men," cries Agnes; "else you might have gone to Lady Pendleton's to-night."

"I can throw over the men easily enough, if you wish," answered the young man.

"I? I have no wish of the sort. Have you not already refused uncle Ringwood?"

"You are not Lord Ringwood," says Phil, with a tremor in his voice. "I don't know there is much I would refuse you."

"You silly boy! What do I ever ask you to do that you ought to refuse? I want you to live in our world, and not with your dreadful wild Oxford and Temple bachelors. I don't want you to smoke. I want you to go into the world of which you have the *entrée*—and you refuse your uncle on account of some horrid engagement at a tavern!"

"Shall I stop here? Aunt, will you give me some dinner—here?" asks the young man.

"We have dined: my husband and son dine out," said gentle Mrs. Twysden.

There was cold mutton and tea for the ladies; and Mrs. Twysden did not like to seat her nephew, who was accustomed to good fare and high living, to that meagre meal.

"You see I must console myself at the tavern," Philip said. "We shall have a pleasant party there."

"And pray who makes it?" asks the lady.

"There is Ridley the painter."

"My dear Philip! Do you know that his father was actually—"

"In the service of Lord Todmorden? He often tells us so. He is a queer character, the old man."

"Mr. Ridley is a man of genius, certainly. His pictures are delicious, and he goes every where—but—but you provoke me, Philip, by your carelessness; indeed you do. Why should you be dining with the sons of footmen, when the first houses in the country might be open to you? You pain me, you foolish boy."

"For dining in company of a man of genius? Come, Agnes!" And the young man's brow grew dark. "Besides," he added, with a tone of sarcasm in his voice, which Miss Agnes did not like at all—"besides, my dear, you know he dines at Lord Pendleton's."

"What is that you are talking of Lady Pendleton, children?" asked watchful mamma from her corner.

"Ridley dines there. He is going to dine with me at a tavern to-day. And Lord Halden is coming—and Mr. Winton is coming—having heard of the famous beef-steaks."

"Winton! Lord Halden! Beef-steaks! Where? By George! I have a mind to go, too! Where do you fellows dine? *au cabaret*? Hang me, I'll be one," shrieked little Twysden, to the terror of Philip, who knew his uncle's awful powers of conversation. But Twysden remembered himself in good time, and to the intense relief of young Firmin. "Hang me. I forgot! Your aunt and I dine with the Blaseses. Stupid old fellow, the admiral, and bad wine—which is unpardonable; but we must go—*on n'a que sa parole*, hey? Tell Winton that I had meditated joining him, and that I have still some of that Château Margaux he liked. Halden's father I know well. Tell him so. Bring him here. Maria, send a Thursday card to Lord Halden! You must bring him here to dinner, Philip. *That's* the best way to make acquaintance, my boy!" And the little man swaggers off, waving a bed-candle, as if he was going to quaff a bumper of sparkling sperm-aceti.

The mention of such great personages as Lord Halden and Mr. Winton silenced the reproofs of the pensive Agnes.

"You won't care for our quiet fireside while you live with those fine people, Philip," she sighed. There was no talk now of his throwing himself away on bad company.

So Philip did not dine with his relatives: but Talbot Twysden took good care to let Lord Ringwood know how young Firmin had offered to dine with his aunt that day after refusing his lordship. And every thing to Phil's discredit, and every act of extravagance or wildness which the young man committed, did Phil's uncle, and Phil's cousin Ringwood Twysden, convey to the old nobleman. Had not these been the informers, Lord Ringwood would have been angry; for he exacted obedience and servility from all round about him. But it was pleasanter to vex the Twysdens than to scold and brow-beat Philip, and so his lordship chose to laugh and be amused at Phil's insubordination. He saw, too, other things of which he did not speak. He was a wily old man, who could afford to be blind upon occasion.

What do you judge from the fact that Philip was ready to make or break engagements at a young lady's instigation? When you were twenty years old, had no young ladies an influence over you? Were they not commonly older than yourself? Did your youthful passion lead to



any thing, and are you very sorry now that it did not? Suppose you had had your soul's wish and married her, of what age would she be now? And now when you go into the world and see her, *do you on your conscience very much regret that the little affair came to an end?* Is it that (lean, or fat, or stumpy, or tall) woman with all those children whom you once chose to break your heart about; and do you still envy Jones? Philip was in love with his cousin, no doubt, but at the university had he not been previously in love with the Tomkinsian professor's daughter, Miss Budd; and had he not already written verses to Miss Flower, his neighbor's daughter in Old Parr Street? And don't young men always begin by falling in love with ladies older than themselves? Agnes certainly was Philip's senior, as her sister constantly took care to inform him.

And Agnes might have told stories about Blanche, if she chose—as you may about me, and I about you. Not quite true stories, but stories with enough alloy of lies to make them serviceable coin; stories such as we hear daily in the world; stories such as we read in the most learned and conscientious history-books, which are told by the most respectable persons, and perfectly authentic until contradicted. It is only *our* histories that can't be contradicted (unless, to be sure, novelists contradict themselves, as sometimes they will). What *we* say about people's virtues, failings, characters, you may be sure is all true. And I defy any man to assert that my opinion of the Twysden family is malicious, or unkind, or unfounded in any particular. Agnes wrote verses, and set her own and other writers' poems to music. Blanche was scientific, and attended the Albemarle Street lectures sedulously. They are both clever women as times go; well-educated and accomplished, and very well-mannered when they choose to be pleasant. If you were a bachelor, say, with a good fortune, or a widower who wanted consolation, or a lady giving very good parties and belonging to the *monde*, you would find them agreeable people. If you were a little Treasury clerk, or a young barrister with no practice, or a lady, old or young, *not* quite of the *monde*, your opinion of them would not be so favorable. I have seen them cut, and scorn, and avoid, and caress, and kneel down and worship the same person. When Mrs. Lovel first gave parties, don't I remember the shocked countenances of the Twysden family? Were ever shoulders colder than yours, dear girls? Now they love her; they fondle her step-children; they praise her to her face and behind her handsome back; they take her hand in public; they call her by her Christian name; they fall into ecstasies over her toilets, and would fetch coals for her dressing-room fire if she but gave them the word. *She* is not changed. She is the same lady who once was a governess, and no colder and no warmer since then. But, you see, her prosperity has brought virtues into evidence, which people did not perceive when she was poor. Could

people see Cinderella's beauty when she was in rags by the fire, or until she stepped out of her fairy coach in her diamonds? How *are* you to recognize a diamond in a dust-hole? Only very clever eyes can do that. Whereas a lady, in a fairy coach and eight, naturally creates a sensation; and enraptured princes come and beg to have the honor of dancing with her.

In the character of infallible historian, then, I declare that if Miss Twysden at three-and-twenty feels ever so much or little attachment for her cousin who is not yet of age, there is no reason to be angry with her. A brave, handsome, blundering, downright young fellow, with broad shoulders, high spirits, and quite fresh blushes on his face, with very good talents (though he has been woefully idle, and requested to absent himself temporarily from his university), the possessor of a competent fortune and the heir of another, may naturally make some impression on a lady's heart with whom kinsmanship and circumstance bring him into daily communion. When had any sound so hearty as Phil's laugh been heard in Beaunash Street? His jolly frankness touched his aunt, a clever woman. She would smile and say, "My dear Philip, it is not only what you say, but what you are going to say next, which keeps me in such a perpetual tremor." There may have been a time once when she was frank and cordial herself: ever so long ago, when she and her sister were two blooming girls, lovingly clinging together, and just stepping forth into the world. But if you succeed in keeping a fine house on a small income; in showing a cheerful face to the world though oppressed with ever so much care; in bearing with dutiful reverence an intolerable old bore of a husband (and I vow it is this quality in Mrs. Twysden for which I most admire her); in submitting to defeats patiently; to humiliations with smiles, so as to hold your own in your darling *monde*; you may succeed, but you must give up being frank and cordial. The marriage of her sister to the doctor gave Maria Ringwood a great panic, for Lord Ringwood was furious when the news came. Then, perhaps, she sacrificed a little private passion of her own: then she set her cap at a noble young neighbor of my lord's who jilted *her*: then she took up with Talbot Twysden, Esquire, of the Powder and Pomatum Office, and made a very faithful wife to him, and was a very careful mother to his children. But as for frankness and cordiality, my good friend, accept from a lady what she can give you—good manners, pleasant talk, and decent attention. If you go to her breakfast-table, don't ask for a roc's egg, but eat that moderately fresh hen's egg which John brings you. When Mrs. Twysden is in her open carriage in the Park, how prosperous, handsome, and jolly she looks—the girls how smiling and young (that is, you know, considering all things); the horses look fat, the coachman and footman wealthy and sleek; they exchange bows with the tenants of other carriages—well-known aristocrats. Jones and Brown, leaning over the railings, and see-

ing the Twysden equipage pass, have not the slightest doubt that it contains people of the highest wealth and fashion. "I say, Jones, my boy, what noble family has the motto, *Wel done Twys done?* and what clipping girls there were in that barouche!" B. remarks to J., "and what a handsome young swell that is riding the bay mare, and leaning over and talking to the yellow-haired girl!" And it is evident to one of those gentlemen, at least, that he has been looking at your regular first-rate tip-top people.

As for Phil Firmin on his bay mare with his geranium in his button-hole, there is no doubt that Philippus looks as handsome, and as rich, and as brave as any lord. And I think Jones must have felt a little pang when his friend told him, "That a lord! Bless you, it's only a swell doctor's son." But while J. and B. fancy all the little party very happy, they do not hear Phil whisper to his cousin, "I hope you liked *your partner* last night?" and they do not see how anxious Mrs. Twysden is under her smiles, how she perceives Colonel Shafto's cab coming up (the dancer in question), and how she would rather have Phil any where than by that particular wheel of her carriage; how Lady Braglands has just passed them by without noticing them—Lady Braglands, who has a ball, and is determined *not* to ask that woman and her two endless girls; and how, though Lady Braglands won't see Mrs. Twysden in her great staring equipage, and the three faces which have been beaming smiles at her, she instantly perceives Lady Lovel, who is passing ensconced in her little brougham, and kisses her fingers twenty times over. How should poor J. and B., who are not, *vous comprenez, du monde*, understand these mysteries?

"That's young Firmin, is it, that handsome young fellow?" says Brown to Jones.

"Doctor married the Earl of Ringwood's niece—ran away with her, you know."

"Good practice?"

"Capital. First-rate. All the tip-top people. Great ladies' doctor. Can't do without him. Makes a fortune, besides what he had with his wife."

"We've seen his name—the old man's—on some very queer paper," says B. with a wink to J. By which I conclude they are city gentlemen. And they look very hard at friend Philip, as he comes to talk and shake hands with some pedestrians who are gazing over the railings at the busy and pleasant Park scene.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE NOBLE KINSMAN.

HAVING had occasion to mention a noble earl once or twice, I am sure no polite reader will consent that his lordship should push through this history along with the crowd of commoner characters, and without a special word regarding himself. If you are in the least familiar with Burke or Debrett, you know that the an-



cient family of Ringwood has long been famous for its great possessions, and its loyalty to the British crown.

In the troubles which unhappily agitated this kingdom after the deposition of the late reigning house, the Ringwoods were implicated with many other families; but on the accession of his Majesty George III. these differences happily ended, nor had the monarch any subject more loyal and devoted than Sir John Ringwood, Baronet, of Wingate and Whipham Market. Sir John's influence sent three members to Parliament; and during the dangerous and vexatious period of the American war this influence was exerted so cordially and consistently in the cause of order and the crown that his Majesty thought fit to advance Sir John to the dignity of Baron Ringwood. Sir John's brother, Sir Francis Ringwood, of Appleshaw, who followed the profession of the law, also was promoted to be a Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer. The first baron, dying A.D. 1786, was succeeded by the eldest of his two sons—John, second Baron and first Earl of Ringwood. His lordship's brother, the Honorable Colonel Philip Ringwood, died gloriously, at the head of his regiment and in the defense of his country, in the battle of Busaco, 1810, leaving two daughters, Louisa and Maria, who henceforth lived with the earl their uncle.

The Earl of Ringwood had but one son, Charles Viscount Cinquars, who, unhappily, died of a decline, in his twenty-second year. And thus the descendants of Sir Francis Ringwood became heirs to the earl's great estates of Wingate and Whipham Market, though not of the peerages

which had been conferred on the earl and his father.

Lord Ringwood had, living with him, two nieces, daughters of his late brother, Colonel Philip Ringwood, who fell in the Peninsular War. Of these ladies, the youngest, Louisa, was his lordship's favorite; and though both the ladies had considerable fortunes of their own, it was supposed their uncle would further provide for them, especially as he was on no very good terms with his cousin, Sir John of the Shaw, who took the Whig side in politics, while his lordship was a chief of the Tory party.

Of these two nieces, the eldest, Maria, never any great favorite with her uncle, married, 1824, Talbot Twysden, Esq., a Commissioner of Powder and Pomatum Tax; but the youngest, Louisa, incurred my lord's most serious anger by eloping with George Brant Firmin, Esq., M.D., a young gentleman of Cambridge University, who had been with Lord Cinquars when he died at Naples, and had brought home his body to Wingate Castle.

The quarrel with the youngest niece, and the indifference with which he generally regarded the elder (whom his lordship was in the habit of calling an old schemer), occasioned at first a little *rapprochement* between Lord Ringwood and his heir, Sir John of Appleshaw; but both gentlemen were very firm, not to say obstinate, in their natures. They had a quarrel with respect to the cutting off of a small entailed property, of which the earl wished to dispose; and they parted with much rancor and bad language on his lordship's part, who was an especially free-spoken nobleman, and apt to call a spade a spade, as the saying is.

After this difference, and to spite his heir, it was supposed that the Earl of Ringwood would marry. He was a little more than seventy years of age, and had once been of a very robust constitution. And though his temper was violent and his person not at all agreeable (for even in Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture his countenance is very ill-favored), there is little doubt he could have found a wife for the asking among the young beauties of his own county, or the fairest of May Fair.

But he was a cynical nobleman, and perhaps morbidly conscious of his own ungainly appearance. "Of course I can buy a wife" (his lordship would say). "Do you suppose people won't sell their daughters to a man of my rank and means? Now look at me, my good Sir, and say whether any woman alive could fall in love with me? I have been married, and once was enough. I hate ugly women, and your virtuous women, who tremble and cry in private, and preach at a man, bore me. Sir John Ringwood of Appleshaw is an ass, and I hate him; but I don't hate him enough to make myself miserable for the rest of my days, in order to spite him. When I drop, I drop. Do you suppose I care what comes after me?" And with much sardonical humor this old lord used to play off one good dowager after another who would bring her

girl in his way. He would send pearls to Emily, diamonds to Fanny, opera-boxes to lively Kate, books of devotion to pious Selinda, and, at the season's end, drive back to his lonely great castle in the west. They were all the same, such was his lordship's opinion. I fear, a wicked and corrupt old gentleman, my dears. But ah, would not a woman submit to some sacrifices to reclaim that unhappy man; to lead that gifted but lost being into the ways of right; to convert to a belief in woman's purity that erring soul? They tried him with high-church altarcloths for his chapel at Wingate; they tried him with low-church tracts; they danced before him; they jumped fences on horseback; they wore bandeaux or ringlets, according as his taste dictated; they were always at home when he called, and poor you and I were gruffly told they were engaged; they gushed in gratitude over his bouquets; they sang for him, and their mothers, concealing their sobs, murmured, "What an angel that Cecilia of mine is!" Every variety of delicious chaff they flung to that old bird. But he was uncaught at the end of the season: he winged his way back to his western hills. And if you dared to say that Mrs. Netley had tried to take him, or Lady Trapboys had set a snare for him, you know you were a wicked, gross calumniator, and notorious every where for your dull and vulgar abuse of women.

Now, in the year 1830, it happened that this great nobleman was seized with a fit of the gout, which had very nearly consigned his estates to his kinsman, the Baronet of Appleshaw. A revolution took place in a neighboring State. An illustrious reigning family was expelled from its country, and projects of reform (which would pretty certainly end in revolution) were rife in ours. The events in France, and those pending at home, so agitated Lord Ringwood's mind that he was attacked by one of the severest fits of gout under which he ever suffered. His shrieks, as he was brought out of his yacht at Ryde to a house taken for him in the town, were dreadful; his language to all persons about him was frightfully expressive, as Lady Quamley and her daughter, who had sailed with him several times, can vouch. An ill return that rude old man made for all their kindness and attention to him. They had danced on board his yacht; they had dined on board his yacht; they had been out sailing with him, and cheerfully braved the inconveniences of the deep in his company. And when they ran to the side of his chair—as what would they not do to soothe an old gentleman in illness and distress?—when they ran up to his chair as it was wheeled along the pier, he called mother and daughter by the most vulgar and opprobrious names, and roared out to them to go to a place which I certainly shall not more particularly mention.

Now it happened, at this period, that Dr. and Mrs. Firmin were at Ryde with their little boy, then some three years of age. The doctor was already taking his place as one of the most fashionable physicians then in London, and had be-



gun to be celebrated for the treatment of this especial malady. (Firmin on "Gout and Rheumatism" was, you remember, dedicated to his Majesty George IV.) Lord Ringwood's valet bethought him of calling the doctor in, and mentioned how he was present in the town. Now Lord Ringwood was a nobleman who never would allow his angry feelings to stand in the way of his present comforts or ease. He instantly desired Mr. Firmin's attendance, and submitted to his treatment; a part of which was a *hauteur* to the full as great as that which the sick man exhibited. Firmin's appearance was so tall and grand, that he looked vastly more noble than a great many noblemen. Six feet, a high manner, a polished forehead, a flashing eye, a snowy shirt-frill, a rolling velvet collar, a beautiful hand appearing under a velvet cuff—all these advantages he possessed and used. He did not make the slightest allusion to by-gones, but treated his patient with a perfect courtesy and an impenetrable self-possession.

This defiant and darkling politeness did not always displease the old man. He was so accustomed to slavish compliance and eager obedience from all people round about him, that he sometimes wearied of their servility, and relished a little independence. Was it from calculation, or because he was a man of high spirit, that Firmin determined to maintain an independent course with his lordship? From the first day of their meeting he never departed from it, and had the satisfaction of meeting with only civil behavior from his noble relative and patient, who was notorious for his rudeness and brutality to almost every person who came in his way.

From hints which his lordship gave in conversation, he showed the doctor that he was acquainted with some particulars of the latter's early career. It had been wild and stormy. Firmin had incurred debts; had quarreled with his father; had left the university and gone abroad; had lived in a wild society, which used dice and cards every night, and pistols sometimes in the morning; and had shown a fearful dexterity in the use of the latter instrument, which he employed against the person of a famous Italian adventurer, who fell under his hand at Naples. When this century was five-and-twenty years younger, the crack of the pistol-shot might still occasionally be heard in the suburbs of London in the very early morning; and the dice-box went round in many a haunt of pleasure. The knights of the Four Kings traveled from capital to capital, and engaged each other, or made prey of the unwary. Now, the times are changed. The cards are confined in their boxes. Only *sous-officiers*, brawling in their provincial cafés over their dominoes, fight duels. "Ah, dear me!" I heard a veteran punter sigh the other day, at Bays's, "isn't it a melancholy thing to think that if I wanted to amuse myself with a fifty-pound note, I don't know the place in London where I could go and lose it?" And he fondly recounted the names of twenty places

where he could have cheerfully staked and lost his money in his young time.

After a somewhat prolonged absence abroad, Mr. Firmin came back to this country, was permitted to return to the university, and left it with the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. We have told how he ran away with Lord Ringwood's niece, and incurred the anger of that nobleman. Beyond abuse and anger his lordship was powerless. The young lady was free to marry whom she liked, and her uncle to disown or receive him; and accordingly she was, as we have seen, disowned by his lordship, until he found it convenient to forgive her. What were Lord Ringwood's intentions regarding his property, what were his accumulations, and who his heirs would be, no one knew. Meanwhile, of course, there were those who felt a very great interest on the point. Mrs. Twysden and her husband and children were hungry and poor. If Uncle Ringwood had money to leave, it would be very welcome to those three darlings, whose father had not a great income like Dr. Firmin. Philip was a dear, good, frank, amiable, wild fellow, and they all loved him. But he had his faults—that could not be concealed—and so poor Phil's faults were pretty constantly canvassed before Uncle Ringwood, by dear relatives who knew them only too well. The dear relatives! How kind they are! I don't think Phil's aunt abused him to my lord. That quiet woman calmly and gently put forward the claims of her own darlings, and affectionately dilated on the young man's present prosperity and magnificent future prospects. The interest of thirty thousand pounds now, and the inheritance of his father's great accumulations! What young man could want for more? Perhaps he had too much already. Perhaps he was too rich to work. The sly old peer acquiesced in his niece's statements, and perfectly understood the point toward which they tended. "A thousand a year! What's a thousand a year?" growled the old lord. "Not enough to make a gentleman, more than enough to make a fellow idle."

"Ah, indeed, it was but a small income," sighed Mrs. Twysden. "With a large house, a good establishment, and Mr. Twysden's salary from his office—it was but a pittance."

"Pittance! Starvation," growls my lord, with his usual frankness. "Don't I know what housekeeping costs; and see how you screw? Butlers and footmen, carriages and job-horses, rent and dinners—though yours, Maria, are not famous."

"Very bad—I know they are very bad," says the contrite lady. "I wish we could afford any better."

"Afford any better? Of course you can't. You are the crockery pots, and you swim down stream with the brass pots. I saw Twysden the other day walking down St. James's Street with Rhodes—that tall fellow." (Here my lord laughed, and showed many fangs, the exhibition of which gave a peculiarly fierce air to his lordship when in good-humor.) "If Twysden walks with

a big fellow, he always tries to keep step with him. You know that." Poor Maria naturally knew her husband's peculiarities; but she did not say that she had no need to be reminded of them.

"He was so blown he could hardly speak," continued Uncle Ringwood; "but he would stretch his little legs, and try and keep up. He has a little body, *le cher mari*, but a good pluck. Those little fellows often have. I've seen him half dead out shooting, and plunging over the plowed fields after fellows with twice his stride. Why don't men sink in the world, I want to know? Instead of a fine house, and a parcel of idle servants, why don't you have a maid and a leg of mutton, Maria? You go half crazy in trying to make both ends meet. You know you do. It keeps you awake of nights; I know that very well. You've got a house fit for people with four times your money. I lend you my cook and so forth; but I can't come and dine with you unless I send the wine in. Why don't you have a pot of porter, and a joint, or some tripe?—tripe's a famous good thing. The miseries which people entail on themselves in trying to live beyond their means are perfectly ridiculous, by George! Look at that fellow who opened the door to me; he's as tall as one of my own men. Go and live in a quiet little street in Belgravia somewhere, and have a neat little maid. Nobody will think a penny the worse of you—and you will be just as well off as if you lived here with an extra couple of thousand a year. The advice I am giving you is worth half that, every shilling of it."

"It is very good advice; but I think, Sir, I should prefer the thousand pounds," said the lady.

"Of course you would. That is the consequence of your false position. One of the good points about that doctor is, that he is as proud as Lucifer, and so is his boy. They are not always hungering after money. They keep their independence; though he'll have his own too, the fellow will. Why, when I first called him in, I thought, as he was a relation, he'd doctor me for nothing; but he wouldn't. He would have his fee, by George! and wouldn't come without it. Confounded independent fellow Firmin is. And so is the young one."

But when Twysden and his son (perhaps inspirited by Mrs. Twysden) tried once or twice to be independent in the presence of this lion, he roared, and he rushed at them, and he rent them, so that they fled from him howling. And this reminds me of an old story I have heard—quite an old, old story, such as kind old fellows at clubs love to remember—of my lord, when he was only Lord Cinquars, insulting a half-pay lieutenant, in his own country, who horsewhipped his lordship in the most private and ferocious manner. It was said Lord Cinquars had had a rencontre with poachers; but it was my lord who was poaching and the lieutenant who was defending his own dove-cot. I do not say that this was a model nobleman; but that, when his own

passions or interests did not mislead him, he was a nobleman of very considerable acuteness, humor, and good sense; and could give quite good advice on occasion. If men would kneel down and kiss his boots, well and good. There was the blacking, and you were welcome to embrace toe and heel. But those who would not were free to leave the operation alone. The Pope himself does not demand the ceremony from Protestants; and if they object to the slipper, no one thinks of forcing it into their mouths. Phil and his father probably declined to tremble before the old man, not because they knew he was a bully who might be put down, but because they were men of spirit, who cared not whether a man was bully or no.

I have told you I like Philip Firmin, though it must be confessed that the young fellow had many faults, and that his career, especially his early career, was by no means exemplary. Have I ever excused his conduct to his father, or said a word in apology of his brief and inglorious university career? I acknowledge his shortcomings with that candor which my friends exhibit in speaking of mine. Who does not see a friend's weaknesses, and is so blind that he can not perceive that enormous beam in his neighbor's eye? Only a woman or two, from time to time. And even they are undeceived some day. A man of the world, I write about my friends as mundane fellow-creatures. Do you suppose there are many angels here? I say again, perhaps a woman or two. But as for you and me, my good Sir, are there any signs of wings sprouting from our shoulder-blades? Be quiet. Don't pursue your snarling, cynical remarks, but go on with your story.

As you go through life, stumbling, and slipping, and staggering to your feet again, ruefully aware of your own wretched weakness, and praying, with a contrite heart let us trust, that you may not be led into temptation, have you not often looked at other fellow-sinners, and speculated with an awful interest on their career? Some there are on whom, quite in their early lives, dark Ahrimanes has seemed to lay his dread mark: children, yet corrupt, and wicked of tongue; tender of age, yet cruel; who should be truth-telling and generous yet (they were at their mothers' bosoms yesterday), but are false and cold and greedy before their time. Infants almost, they practice the art and selfishness of old men. Behind their candid faces are wiles and wickedness, and a hideous precocity of artifice. I can recall such, and in the vista of far-off, unforgotten boyhood, can see marching that sad little procession of *enfants perdus*. May they be saved, pray Heaven! Then there is the doubtful class, those who are still on trial; those who fall and rise again; those who are often worsted in life's battle; beaten down, wounded, imprisoned; but escape and conquer sometimes. And then there is the happy class about whom there seems no doubt at all: the spotless and white-robed ones, to whom virtue is easy; in whose pure bosoms faith nestles, and cold doubt

finds no entrance; who are children, and good; young men, and good; husbands and fathers, and yet good. Why could the captain of our school write his Greek Iambics without an effort, and without an error? Others of us blistered the page with unavailing tears and blots, and might toil ever so and come in lag last at the bottom of the form. Our friend Philip belongs to the middle class, in which you and I probably are, my dear Sir—not yet, I hope, irredeemably consigned to that awful third class, whereof mention has been made.

But, being *homo*, and liable to err, there is no doubt Mr. Philip exercised his privilege, and there was even no little fear at one time that he should overdraw his account. He went from school to the university, and there distinguished himself certainly, but in a way in which very few parents would choose that their sons should excel. That he should hunt, that he should give parties, that he should pull a good oar in one of the best boats on the river, that he should speak at the Union—all these were very well. But why should he speak such awful radicalism and republicanism—he with noble blood in his veins, and the son of a parent whose interest at least it was to keep well with people of high station?

“Why, Pendennis,” said Dr. Firmin to me with tears in his eyes, and much genuine grief exhibited on his handsome pale face—“why should it be said that Philip Firmin—both of whose grandfathers fought nobly for their king—should be forgetting the principles of his family, and—and, I haven’t words to tell you how deeply he disappoints me. Why, I actually heard of him at that horrible Union advocating the death of Charles the First! I was wild enough myself when I was at the university, but I was a gentleman.”

“Boys, Sir, are boys,” I urged. “They will advocate any thing for an argument; and Philip would have taken the other side quite as readily.”

“Lord Axminster and Lord St. Dennis told me of it at the club. I can tell you it has made a most painful impression,” cried the father. “That my son should be a radical and a republican, is a cruel thought for a father; and I, who had hoped for Lord Ringwood’s borough for him—who had hoped—who had hoped very much better things for him and from him. He is not a comfort to me. You saw how he treated me one night? A man might live on different terms, I think, with his only son!” And with a breaking voice, a pallid cheek, and a real grief at his heart, the unhappy physician moved away.

How had the doctor bred his son, that the young man should be thus unruly? Was the revolt the boy’s fault, or the father’s? Dr. Firmin’s horror seemed to be because his noble friends were horrified by Phil’s radical doctrine. At that time of my life, being young and very green, I had a little mischievous pleasure in infuriating Squaretoes, and causing him to pro-

nounce that I was “a dangerous man.” Now, I am ready to say that Nero was a monarch with many elegant accomplishments, and considerable natural amiability of disposition. I praise and admire success wherever I meet it. I make allowance for faults and short-comings, especially in my superiors; and feel that, did we know all, we should judge them very differently. People don’t believe me, perhaps, quite so much as formerly. But I don’t offend: I trust I don’t offend. Have I said any thing painful? Plague on my blunders! I recall the expression. I regret it. I contradict it flat.

As I am ready to find excuses for every body, let poor Philip come in for the benefit of this mild amnesty; and if he vexed his father, as he certainly did, let us trust—let us be thankfully sure—he was not so black as the old gentleman depicted him. Nay, if I have painted the Old Gentleman himself as rather black, who knows but that this was an error, not of his complexion, but of my vision? Phil was unruly because he was bold, and wild, and young. His father was hurt, naturally hurt, because of the boy’s extravagances and follies. They will come together again, as father and son should. These little differences of temper will be smoothed and equalized anon. The boy *has* led a wild life. He has been obliged to leave college. He has given his father hours of anxiety and nights of painful watching. But stay, father, what of you? Have you shown to the boy the practice of confidence, the example of love and honor? Did you accustom him to virtue, and teach truth to the child at your knee? “Honor your father and mother.” Amen. May his days be long who fulfills the command: but implied, though unwritten on the table, is there not the order, “Honor your son and daughter?” Pray Heaven that we, whose days are already not few in the land, may keep this ordinance too.

What had made Philip wild, extravagant, and insubordinate? Cured of that illness in which we saw him, he rose up, and from school went his way to the university, and there entered on a life such as wild young men will lead. From that day of illness his manner toward his father changed, and regarding the change the elder Firmin seemed afraid to question his son. He used the house as if his own, came and absented himself at will, ruled the servants, and was spoiled by them; spent the income which was settled on his mother and her children, and gave of it liberally to poor acquaintances. To the remonstrances of old friends he replied that he had a right to do as he chose with his own; that other men who were poor might work, but that he had enough to live on without grinding over classics and mathematics. He was implicated in more rows than one; his tutors saw him not, but he and the proctors became a great deal too well acquainted. If I were to give you a history of Mr. Philip Firmin at the university, it would be the story of an Idle Apprentice, of whom his pastors and masters were justified in prophesying evil. He was seen on lawless London excursions,



when his father and tutor supposed him unwell in his rooms in college. He made acquaintance with jolly companions, with whom his father grieved that he should be intimate. He cut the astonished Uncle Twysden in London Street, and blandly told him that he must be mistaken—he one Frenchman, he no speak English. He stared the master of his own college out of countenance, dashed back to college with a Turpin-like celerity, and was in rooms with a ready proved alibi when inquiries were made. I am afraid there is no doubt that Phil screwed up his tutor's door; Mr. Okes discovered him in the fact. He had to go down, the young prodigal. I wish I could say he was repentant. But he appeared before his father with the utmost nonchalance; said that he was doing no good at the university, and should be much better away, and then went abroad on a dashing tour to France and Italy, whither it is by no means our business to follow him. Something had poisoned the generous blood. The once kindly, honest lad was wild and reckless. He had money in sufficiency, his own horses and equipage, and free quarters in his father's house. But father and son scarce met, and seldom took a meal together. "I know his haunts, but I don't know his friends, Pendennis," the elder man said. "I don't think they are vicious, so much as low. I do not charge him with vice, mind you; but with idleness, and a fatal love of low company, and a frantic, suicidal determination to fling his chances in life away. Ah, think where he might be, and where he is!"

Where he was? Do not be alarmed. Philip was only idling. Philip might have been much more industriously, more profitably, and a great deal more wickedly employed. What is now called Bohemia had no name in Philip's young days, though many of us knew the country very well. A pleasant land, not fenced with drab stucco, like Tyburnia or Belgravia; not guarded by a huge standing army of footmen; not echoing with noble chariots; not replete with polite chintz drawing-rooms and neat tea-tables; a land over which hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco; a land of chambers, billiard-rooms, supper-rooms, oysters; a land of song; a land where soda-water flows freely in the morning; a land of tin-dish covers from taverns, and frothing porter; a land of lotos-eating (with lots of cayenne-pepper), of pulls on the river, of delicious reading of novels, magazines, and saunterings in many studios; a land where men call each other by their Christian names; where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits, and the delightful capacity to be idle. I have lost my way to Bohemia now, but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world.

Having long lived there, and indeed only lately quitted the Bohemian land at the time whereof I am writing, I could not quite participate in Dr. Firmin's indignation at his son persisting in

his bad courses and wild associates. When Firmin had been wild himself, he had fought, intrigued, and gambled in good company. Phil chose his friends among a banditti never heard of in fashionable quarters. Perhaps he liked to play the prince in the midst of these associates, and was not averse to the flattery which a full purse brought him among men most of whose pockets had a meagre lining. He had not emigrated to Bohemia, and settled there altogether. At school and in his brief university career he had made some friends who lived in the world, and with whom he was still familiar. "These come and knock at my front door, my father's door," he would say, with one of his old laughs; "the Bandits, who have the signal, enter only by the dissecting-room. I know which are the most honest, and that it is not always the poor Freebooters who best deserve to be hanged."

Like many a young gentleman who has no intention of pursuing legal studies seriously, Philip entered at an inn of court, and kept his terms duly, though he vowed that his conscience would not allow him to practice (I am not defending the opinions of this squeamish moralist—only stating them). His acquaintance here lay among the Temple Bohemians. He had part of a set of chambers in Parchment Buildings, to be sure, and you might read on a door, "Mr. Cassidy, Mr. P. Firmin, Mr. Vanjohn;" but were these gentlemen likely to advance Philip in life? Cassidy was a newspaper reporter, and young Vanjohn a betting man who was always attending races. Dr. Firmin had a horror of newspaper men, and considered they belonged to the dangerous classes, and treated them with a distant affability.

"Look at the governor, Pen," Philip would say to the present chronicler. "He always watches you with a secret suspicion, and has never got over his wonder at your being a gentleman. I like him when he does the Lord Chatham business, and condescends toward you, and gives you his hand to kiss. He considers he is your better, don't you see? Oh, he is a paragon of a *père noble*, the governor is! and I ought to be a young Sir Charles Grandison." And the young scape-grace would imitate his father's smile, and the doctor's manner of laying his hand to his breast and putting out his neat right leg, all of which movements or postures were, I own, rather pompous and affected.

Whatever the paternal faults were, you will say that Philip was not the man to criticise them; nor in this matter shall I attempt to defend him. My wife has a little pensioner whom she found wandering in the street, and singing a little artless song. The child could not speak yet—only warble its little song; and had thus strayed away from home, and never once knew of her danger. We kept her for a while, until the police found her parents. Our servants bathed her, and dressed her, and sent her home in such neat clothes as the poor little wretch had never seen until fortune sent her in the way of those good-natured folks. She pays

them frequent visits. When she goes away from us, she is always neat and clean; when she comes to us, she is in rags and dirty. A wicked little slattern! And, pray, whose duty is it to keep her clean? and has not the parent in this case forgotten to honor her daughter? Suppose there is some reason which prevents Philip from loving his father—that the doctor has neglected to cleanse the boy's heart, and by carelessness and indifference has sent him erring into the world. If so, woe be to that doctor! If I take my little son to the tavern to dinner, shall I not assuredly pay? If I suffer him in tender youth to go astray, and harm comes to him, whose is the fault?

Perhaps the very outrages and irregularities of which Phil's father complained were in some degree occasioned by the elder's own faults. He was so laboriously obsequious to great men that the son in a rage defied and avoided them. He was so grave, so polite, so complimentary, so artificial, that Phil, in revolt at such hypocrisy, chose to be frank, cynical, and familiar. The grave old bigwigs whom the doctor loved to assemble, bland and solemn men of the ancient school, who dined solemnly with each other at their solemn old houses—such men as old Lord Botley, Baron Bumpsher, Cricklade (who published "*Travels in Asia Minor*," 4to, 1804), the Bishop of St. Bees, and the like—wagged their old heads sadly when they colloqued in clubs, and talked of poor Firmin's scape-grace of a son. He would come to no good; he was giving his good father much pain; he had been in all sorts of rows and disturbances at the university, and the master of Boniface reported most unfavorably of him. And at the solemn dinners in Old Parr Street—the admirable, costly, silent dinners—he treated these old gentlemen with a familiarity which caused the old heads to shake with surprise and choking indignation. Lord Botley and Baron Bumpsher had proposed and seconded Firmin's boy at the Megatherium club. The pallid old boys toddled away in alarm when he made his appearance there. He brought a smell of tobacco-smoke with him. He was capable of smoking in the drawing-room itself. They trembled before Philip, who, for his part, used to relish their senile anger; and loved, as he called it, to tie all their pigtales together.

In no place was Philip seen or heard to so little advantage as in his father's house. "I feel like a humbug myself among those old humbugs," he would say to me. "Their old jokes, and their old compliments, and their virtuous old conversation sickened me. Are all old men humbugs, I wonder?" It is not pleasant to hear misanthropy from young lips, and to find eyes that are scarce twenty years old already looking out with distrust on the world.

In other houses than his own I am bound to say Philip was much more amiable, and he carried with him a splendor of gayety and cheerfulness which brought sunshine and welcome into many a room which he frequented. I have

said that many of his companions were artists and journalists, and their clubs and haunts were his own. Ridley the Academician had Mrs. Brandon's rooms in Thornhaugh Street, and Philip was often in J. J.'s studio, or in the widow's little room below. He had a very great tenderness and affection for her; her presence seemed to purify him; and in her company the boisterous, reckless young man was invariably gentle and respectful. Her eyes used to fill with tears when she spoke about him; and when he was present, followed and watched him with sweet motherly devotion. It was pleasant to see him at her homely little fireside, and hear his jokes and prattle, with a fatuous old father, who was one of Mrs. Brandon's lodgers. Philip would play cribbage for hours with this old man, frisk about him with a hundred harmless jokes, and walk out by his invalid chair, when the old captain went to sun himself in the New Road. He was an idle fellow, Philip, that's the truth. He had an agreeable perseverance in doing nothing, and would pass half a day in perfect contentment over his pipe, watching Ridley at his easel. J. J. painted that charming head of Philip which hangs in Mrs. Brandon's little room—with the fair hair, the tawny beard and whiskers, and the bold blue eye.

Phil had a certain after-supper song of "*Garryowen na Gloria*," which it did you good to hear, and which, when sung at his full pitch, you might hear for a mile round. One night I had been to dine in Russell Square, and was brought home in his carriage by Dr. Firmin, who was of the party. As we came through Soho the windows of a certain club-room called the "*Haunt*" were open, and we could hear Philip's song booming through the night, and especially a certain wild Irish war-whoop with which it concluded, amidst universal applause and enthusiastic battering of glasses.

The poor father sank back in the carriage as though a blow had struck him. "Do you hear his voice?" he groaned out. "Those are his haunts. My son, who might go any where, prefers to be captain in a pot-house, and sing songs in a tap-room!"

I tried to make the best of the case. I knew there was no harm in the place; that clever men of considerable note frequented it. But the wounded father was not to be consoled by such commonplaces; and a deep and natural grief oppressed him, in consequence of the faults of his son.

What ensued by no means surprised me. Among Dr. Firmin's patients was a maiden lady of suitable age and large fortune, who looked upon the accomplished doctor with favorable eyes. That he should take a companion to cheer him in his solitude was natural enough, and all his friends concurred in thinking that he should marry. Every one had cognizance of the quiet little courtship, except the doctor's son, between whom and his father there were only too many secrets.

Some man in a club asked Philip whether he should condole with him or congratulate him on his father's approaching marriage? His what? The younger Firmin exhibited the greatest surprise and agitation on hearing of this match. He ran home: he awaited his father's return. When Dr. Firmin came home and betook himself to his study, Philip confronted him there. "This must be a lie, Sir, which I have heard to-day," the young man said, fiercely.

"A lie! what lie, Philip?" asked the father. They were both very resolute and courageous men.

"That you are going to marry Miss Benson?"

"Do you make my house so happy that I don't need any other companion?" asked the father.

"That's not the question," said Philip, hotly. "You can't and mustn't marry that lady, Sir."

"And why not, Sir?"

"Because in the eyes of God and heaven you

are married already, Sir. And I swear I will tell Miss Benson the story to-morrow, if you persist in your plan."

"So you know that story?" groaned the father.

"Yes. God forgive you," said the son.

"It was a fault of my youth that has been bitterly repented."

"A fault!—a crime!" said Philip.

"Enough, Sir! Whatever my fault, it is not for you to charge me with it."

"If you won't guard your own honor, I must. I shall go to Miss Benson now."

"If you go out of this house you don't pretend to return to it?"

"Be it so. Let us settle our accounts, and part, Sir."

"Philip, Philip! you break my heart," cried the father.

"You don't suppose mine is very light, Sir?" said the son.

Philip never had Miss Benson for a mother-in-law. But father and son loved each other no better after their dispute.

## WOOL-GATHERING.

### I.

A PLEASANT golden light fills all the chamber where I sit,  
The amber curtains close are drawn, and shadows o'er them flit—  
The swaying, shifting shadows of the honey-suckle vine,  
Whose bare and leafless branches still about the porch entwine:  
In summer, fresh and fair they grow, with blossoms for the bees,  
But now in wintry nakedness they swing upon the breeze;  
Yet here, inside, 'tis warm and bright, and I am quite inclined  
To let this golden *demi-jour* make summer in my mind:  
I sit with JACK—my terrier-dog—upon my lap curled up,  
And, smoking thoughtfully, I seem to sip the classic cup  
The Ancients called *Nepenthe*—'tis a draught that brings repose  
When one has lived or loved too much—a balm for mental woes.  
Yet, in this same *Nepenthe* cup, I know that some will see  
Another name for laziness—a common fault with me!

### II.

Well, why not preach up laziness? I think it would be well  
If some who cry it down a sin could only feel its spell!  
The hard, ascetic natures—those who look for naught but Use  
In every thing one says or does—whose spirits are obtuse  
To all the glorious gains of Art, to all the joys of sense,  
And who cut their hard paths straightly by POOR RICHARD's eloquence!  
*Cui bono?* Is there not a Power above the human mind  
That works out all our problems, be they e'er so darkly blind?  
And, after all, does Man, the unit, when his life is done  
Ever look back upon its field to see the battle won?  
No; I think not: we lay our plans, but when our life-star pales  
We learn that human prescience inevitably fails;  
NAPOLEON on his island—COLUMBUS in his chains—  
Are these the proud successes, then, for which we take such pains?



III.

Ah, many a one has started forth with hope and purpose high;  
 Has fought throughout a weary life, and passed all pleasure by;  
 Has burst all flowery chains by which men aye have been enthralled;  
 Has been stone-deaf to voices sweet, that softly, sadly called;  
 Has scorned the flashing goblet with the bubbles on its brim;  
 Has turned his back on jeweled hands that madly beckoned him;  
 Has, in a word, condemned himself to follow out his plan  
 By stern and lonely labor—and has died, a conquered man!  
 Look back, ye men of lofty aims, who in your youth aspired  
 To win some prize—with love of gold or glory ye were fired;  
 But now? let those who count threescore-and-ten full circles past  
 Tell how much they have gained and lost—how much they hold at last!  
 NAPOLEON and COLUMBUS, and legions more, whose names  
 We never even heard of—these were men of lofty aims!

IV.

So, in this softened yellow light, with JACK upon my knees,  
 I find my good in being just as lazy as I please;  
 My pipe-smoke floats aspiringly, and that, I'm fain to say,  
 Is as much of aspiration as I care to see to-day;  
 Though JACK, disturbed by canine dreams, gives forth a sleepy cry,  
 And full of lofty aims prepares to conquer or to die;  
 No doubt some mighty spectral rat glares through his visions dim,  
 Which JACK is bound to vanquish, or the rat will vanquish him!  
 Well, well, my dog, be wise, and all these high ambitions keep,  
 Unlike poor man, indulge them only when you are asleep—  
 What's this? I find that while in praise of laziness I sang,  
 I've worked quite hard to write a metaphysical harangue!  
 Well, thus it is; consistency exists on earth no more—  
 My dog has waked, my pipe is out, my laziness is o'er!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

SAMPLES OF FINE ENGLISH.

MANY, no doubt, use "fine English" because they have never considered and never been told how foolish it is, and how much more expressive and beautiful is real Saxon-English. Others use "fine English" to be genteel. "The bastinado," says Bobadil, in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor," "how came he by that word, trow?" "Nay, indeed," answers Matthew, "he said cudgel; I termed it so for my more grace." Others, and these the most incurable, make circumlocutions of long words do duty for humor; as when a popular writer advises his hero "not to give vent to vociferations till he has emerged from the forest;" or an Edinburgh reviewer calls a dining-table "the prandial mahogany."

Of fine English the difficulty is not to find examples, but to choose them from those that so many books, newspapers, and sermons furnish. To begin with the critics. In the *Edinburgh Review* the writer wishes to tell us that Edgar Allan Poe was an example of the truth of the old proverb, *In vino veritas*. He says: "We lean rather to the ancient proverb, that truth is made manifest on convivial occasions."

Boys are generally called by the fine writers "the juvenile portion of the community;" but in the *Quarterly Review* they are spoken of as "the male progeny of human kind." A critic in the *Literary Gazette* says that Mr. Hollingshead spent some forty pounds among the workmen at the opera, "which reminds us of an ill-natured proverb about the speedy separation that arises between certain classes of men and their available resources." I suppose it is the same genius who a few pages after calls a father "a male parent," and an uncle "an avuncular guardian," and who winds up his criticism by saying that modern fiction "furnishes no intellectual nutrition whatever to the adolescent mind."

But no more flagrant instance of "fine writing" can be found than in "Proverbial Philosophy," which I have seen spoken of in a lady's magazine as "the immortal work of the poet Tupper." This book alone will prove the appetite of the public for finery. I think it is Archdeacon Hare who has said that if you would see how the noblest language may be spoiled, you must compare the prayer-book version with Tate and Brady's psalms: and he might surely have

added the Proverbs of Solomon with those of Tupper. Here are a few lines as examples of a book full of dull goodness, expressed in fine phrases. The "poet Tupper" says, the book that pleases him best has its

"Fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,  
The quaint Arabesque conceptions half cherub and half  
flowers."

He improves upon the language of the Bible:

"Godliness with contentment—these be the pillars of felicity."

He likes flowers to have simple names:

"Many a fair flower is burdened with preposterous appellatives."

He comforts the laboring classes:

"Thank God, ye toilers, for your bread; in that dally laboring,  
He hath suffered the bubbles of self-interest to float upon  
the stream of duty."

He explains what invention is:

"It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching likeness,  
And with energetic elasticity to leap the gulfs of contrast."

And what laws are:

"Laws are essential emanations from the self-poised character of God."

He asks a question:

"Doth Philosophy with sublimated skill, shred away the matter,  
Till rarefied intelligence exudeth even out of stocks and stones?"

He tells us that:

"Minds of nobler stamp, and chiefest the mint mark of heaven,  
Walk independent, by themselves freely manumitted of externals."

If I were to go to other writers less known than the "poet Tupper," I might fill page after page with their absurdities. In a little book for popular reading, washing the skin is called "the exercise of cutaneous ablution." In a tract written for village poor, a man with a drunken look is said to have "an ebriated aspect." In a dictionary of common things, professed to be written in the plainest way for the common people, the writer, in his article on gardening, in April, says: "This month is favorable to the development of that species of creation which is noxious to vegetation." Unfortunately, very many of those to whom our children's education is intrusted are themselves educated in schools where the pupils are taught to be genteel, and where the chief mark of gentility is counted to be the using of fine language. Very sensible was that dame who, doubtful, I suppose, of her patrons understanding the fine inscription, "Seminary for Young Ladies," added under it the translation, "A Girls' School."

Here is a letter of a farmer's daughter of 1798, I believe from Southey's "Commonplace Book:—"

"DEAR MISA,—The energy of the races prompts me to assure you that my request is forbidden, the idea of which I had awkwardly nourished, notwithstanding my propensity to reserve. Mr. T. will be there. Let me with confi-

dence assure you that him and brothers will be very happy to meet you and brothers. Us girls can not go, for reasons. The attention of cows claims our assistance in the evening.  
Unalterably yours."

There are certain writers, chiefly in newspapers or sermons, who always speak of fire as the "destructive or devastating element;" of letters, as "epistolary advices;" of money, as "pecuniary compensation;" of dancers, as "votaries of Terpsichore;" of ladies and gentlemen met together, as a "distinguished circle;" of people fishing, as "engaged in piscatorial pursuits." If a crime can not be found out, it is "enveloped in obscurity." A man who is the first to do a thing "assumes the initiative;" instead of being put in prison, he is "incarcerated;" instead of loving a woman, he is "attached to her;" instead of marrying her, he "leads her to the hymeneal altar;" instead of dying, he "expires;" instead of being buried, "his remains are deposited;" and he is probably finished up by his "disconsolate relict erecting to him a monumental memorial." A letter is a "communication," a house is a "residence," a church is a "sacred edifice," and a shop is an "establishment."

In *Punch* there is a parody, very little exaggerated, on this style of composition, called "Desultory Reflections:—"

"One individual may pilfer a quadruped where another may not cast his eyes over the boundary of a field.

"In the absence of the feline race the mice give themselves up to various pastimes.

"Feathered bipeds of advanced age are not to be entrapped with the outer husks of corn.

"More confectioners than are absolutely necessary are apt to ruin the *potage*."

Fine writers delight in affectedly using foreign words and phrases. The rule, I think, is, to use a foreign word or phrase only where English will not as well express what we wish to say; as, for instance, with the words *protégée*, *surveillance*, *prestige*, *menage*, *passée*, *ennui*, *outré*, *prononcé*, and the phrases *embarras de richesse*, *esprit de corps*, *tout ensemble*, *dolce far niente*. Why are certain entertainments always called by their French names, as, for instance, *matinée musicale*, *bal costumé*?

Complete letter-writers are mines of fine English. In one the editor, who recommends his book to those who "prefer an English diction to the vulgarity which care might avoid," thus advises us to write to invite a friend to stay with us in the country:

"Will you do us the favor of making our rural retreat your temporary abode?"

And when a mother sends a present to her boy at school, he is advised to answer her thus:

"Knowing as I do that your whole life is occupied in promoting my improvement and happiness, I can only feel that each fresh token of your affection lays an additional claim upon my gratitude."

Here is a capital instance of a man spoiling his mother-tongue by pedantry: Dr. Johnson, "the great lexicographer," as the fine writers call him, who did so much for the English language and who loved it so well, was speaking of some book—"Sir," he said, "it has not wit

enough to keep it sweet;" then, recollecting himself, "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." And on this latter version English literature was modeled for some fifty years! The great Earl of Chatham one day said to William Pitt, then a boy, "How did you enjoy your visit to London?" "Delectably, Sir," was the answer. "Never," said the earl, "let me hear that word again." Lord Chatham was very punctilious himself, I believe, in manner, and probably taught his son to be so too. But using the word "delectably" was not good manners, but vulgar finery. A mother took her sick child to a low-class surgeon. He said, "I see your young lady has premonitory symptoms of incipient rubeola." She took her to one of the most famous London physicians, who said, "The child is going to have the measles." An after-dinner speaker began his oration with—"Gentlemen, little did I think, and still less did I imagine," etc. At a public dinner in England the chairman, a clergyman, in proposing the Queen's health, said, "May the star of Brunswick never pale before the fire of an adversary, but shine on and on, brighter and brighter, until lost in the dark abyss of time." The following toast was given at a public dinner: "Henry Clay, the Star of the West—may he never set till he sets in the Presidential chair."

There is also fine writing of the heroic kind, full of murders, and gallant knights, and dark ruins, and such like, which we meet with chiefly in the cheap periodicals. The titles of these tales "of thrilling interest and mysterious horror" are quite terrific, and are generally double, as—"Sir Brabazon de Belcour, or the Haunted Castle;" "Isabel de Richelieu, or the Grave of Despair."

Then there is the sporting fine writing, where, if ever, fine writing seems in its proper place. The sportsman delights in epithets, as "rosy morn," "dewy eve," "echoing hills," "mother earth," "sylvan shades." A fox is Reynard, a cock Chanticleer. A shepherd with his dog is "the guardian of the flock with his canine assistant." Cricket is "the noble game;" racquet, "the manly exercise." The sportsman is fond of quotations from the Eton Latin Grammar. *Rara avis, caveat emptor, poëta nascitur, primus inter omnes*, and other such phrases easy to construe, are great cards with him. The quotations, too, are generally only repetitions of what had gone before: as, "We counsel a middle course—*Medio tutissimus ibis*." "We give something in return—a *quid pro quo*." The sportsman's love of fine writing, and his classical knowledge combined, make him call the sun "bright Phœbus," and the north wind "rude Boreas," and the sea "Neptune's watery domain," and a dog-breaker a "kunopædist." Now and then he is at fault, as, where wishing to use the word parallelogram adverbially, he says that he hunts his dogs "parallellogrammatically," but at least he has used a long word. The sportsman delights, too, in a simile, which he thinks sounds well,

however little sense there may be in it, as "the wine-cup of victory was snatched from his lips."

Akin to our subject is the love of affected finery in titles. You may see this announcement: "The lady of W. Smith, Esq., of a son." Mr. Smith, of course, can not use the word "wife." A friend of mine was asked in the pit of a theatre if there was any room for a lady? He replied, he had no doubt a *lady* would find room in the boxes; but if a *woman* really wanted to sit down, he would make room for her. The title of "esquire" too, which every body now gives to every body, and expects himself in return, is, I think, another sign of the love of the age for affected finery. Horace Smith defined "esquire," "a title very much in use among vulgar people." A horse doctor now calls himself a "veterinary surgeon." An author is a "literary gentleman;" a farmer, an "agricultural gentleman;" a thief, a "light-fingered gentleman;" and a merchant, "a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits." A man used to go to law, he now "institutes legal proceedings;" he used to go to the doctor, he now "consults his medical adviser." There is, too, the fine English of the shop-keeper, who styles himself "the proprietor of the establishment." He that used to "sell by auction," now "submits to public competition;" instead of "giving notice," he "intimates to the public;" instead of "raising his clerk's wages," he "augments his salary." Somebody going into a shop to buy half-mourning, was referred by the shopman to the "mitigated affliction department." A tradesman of whom I bought some lamp-oil sent it home "with Mr. Clark's compliments and solicitations." One man sells "unsophisticated gin," and another lets "gentlemanly apartments." They call floor-cloth, kamptulicon; and boots, antigropelos; and soap, rypophagon; and though last, not least, a sauce-pan, anheidrohepseteron.

I have tried to show by these examples how destructive of our beautiful language, and how foolish, it is to use fine words and expressions in common talk and writing upon common things. "To clothe," says Fuller, "low creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a wren to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings." We may consider it a general rule, that the best English is that in which Saxon-derived words are used the most freely; that it is better, for common purposes at least, to say "like" than "similar," "help" than "assist," "give" than "present," "beg" than "solicit," "kinsman" than "relation," "neighborhood" than "vicinity," "praise" than "encomium." That is good advice of the author of "Guesses at Truth:" "When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks." Let us then call a spade a spade. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meaning."



# Monthly Record of Current Events.

## UNITED STATES.

**DURING** the month of January five States—Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana—formally seceded from the Union.

The *Mississippi* Convention met at Jackson on the 7th of January. A Committee was appointed, with instructions to prepare and report as speedily as possible an ordinance providing for the immediate withdrawal of the State from the Federal Union, with a view of establishing a new Confederacy, to be composed of the seceding States. The ordinance passed on the 9th, by a vote of 84 to 15. The first section, which is substantially the form adopted by all the other seceding States, is as follows:

"The people of Mississippi, in Convention assembled, do ordain and declare, and it is hereby ordained and declared, as follows, to wit:

"That all the laws and ordinances by which the said State of Mississippi became a member of the Federal Union of the United States of America be, and the same are hereby repealed; and that all obligations on the part of said State or the people thereof to observe the same be withdrawn, and that the said State shall hereby resume the rights, functions, and powers which by any of said laws and ordinances were conveyed to the Government of the said United States, and is dissolved from all the obligations, restraints, and duties incurred to the said Federal Union, and shall henceforth be a free, sovereign, and independent State."

The second section abrogates the Article in the State Constitution requiring all public officers to swear to support the Constitution of the United States. The third section continues in force all State and Federal laws not inconsistent with the ordinance. The fourth section is as follows:

"The people of the State of Mississippi hereby consent to form a Federal Union with such of the States as have seceded or may secede from the Union of the United States of America, upon the basis of the present Constitution of the said United States, except such parts thereof as embrace other portions than such seceding States."

The *Florida* Convention met at Tallahassee on the 3d of January. Some days were occupied in preliminary arrangements. On the 7th resolutions were adopted, by a vote of 62 to 5, declaring that,

"Whereas all hope of preserving the Union upon terms consistent with the safety and honor of the slaveholding States has been finally dissipated, by the recent indications of the strength of the anti-slavery sentiment of the free States; therefore,

"Be it resolved by the people of Florida, in Convention assembled, that it is undoubtedly the right of the several States of the Union to withdraw from the said Union at such time and for such cause as, in the opinion of the people of each State, acting in their sovereign capacity, may be just and proper; and, in the opinion of this Convention, the existing causes are such as to compel Florida to proceed to exercise that right."

The ordinance of secession was passed, on the 11th, by a vote of 62 to 7.

The *Alabama* Convention met at Montgomery on the 7th of January. Resolutions were defeated deprecating separate State action, and recommending a Convention of the Southern States to frame a statement of grievances and consider "the manner of obtaining redress, whether in the Union or out of it." The ordinance of secession was passed, on the 11th, by a vote of 61 to 11. The preamble states that,

"The election of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin to the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States of America, by a sectional party, avowedly hostile to the domestic institutions and peace and security of the State of Alabama, following upon the heels of many and dangerous infractions of the Constitution of the United States by many of the States and people of the Northern section, is a political wrong of so insulting and menac-

ing a character as to justify the people of the State of Alabama in the adoption of prompt and decided measures for their future peace and security."

Then follow sections withdrawing the State from the Union, and vesting all the powers heretofore delegated to the Federal Government in the people of the State; and a resolution declaring it to be the wish of the people of Alabama to "meet the other slaveholding States of the South who approve of such a purpose, in order to frame a permanent Government upon the principles of the Government of the United States." These States are, accordingly, invited to send delegates to a Convention to meet at Montgomery on the 4th of February.

The *Georgia* Convention met at Milledgeville on the 16th of January. A resolution to appoint a Committee to draft an ordinance of secession was passed by a vote of 165 to 130. The ordinance was passed, on the 19th, by a vote of 208 to 89. A motion to postpone the operation of the ordinance to the 3d of March was lost by about 30 majority. A resolution prepared by Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, who voted against the ordinance, was passed, stating that the difference of opinion in the Convention related, not to the rights of Georgia or the wrongs of which she complains, but to the application of the remedy before resorting to other means of redress; and that as it was proper to sustain the State in the course she had taken, the ordinance should be signed by all the members, without regard to their individual approval or disapproval of the adoption of the ordinance. The ordinance was then signed by nearly all the members.

The *Louisiana* Convention met at Baton Rouge on the 23d of January. An Ordinance of Secession was presented on the following day by a Committee appointed for that purpose. It was passed on the 26th almost unanimously. It concludes by declaring that

"We, the people of Louisiana, recognize the right of free navigation of the Mississippi River and tributaries by all friendly States bordering thereon; we also recognize the right of the ingress and egress of the mouths of the Mississippi by all friendly States and Powers, and hereby declare our willingness to enter into stipulations to guarantee the exercise of those rights."

Nearly all of the fortifications lying within the seceding States, which had been left almost without garrisons, have been seized by the State authorities. The mint at New Orleans, which contained a considerable amount of public money, was seized on the 1st of February. The principal fortifications in the seceding States remaining in the possession of the General Government on the 1st of February were Fort Sumter, near Charleston, still held by Major Anderson, and Fort Pickens, near Pensacola, Florida, commanded by Lieutenant Slemmer. Large bodies of State troops were concentrated near these fortresses, and an assault upon them was threatened unless they were surrendered peaceably. On the 10th of January the steamer *Star of the West*, which had been dispatched from New York with reinforcements for Fort Sumter, appeared off the harbor of Charleston. The steamer was fired upon from batteries erected to command the entrance of the harbor. Little damage was done, but the steamer returned to New York without landing her reinforcements.—Major Anderson wrote to the Governor of South Carolina, asking him if this firing was done by his orders, and notifying him that, unless it was disclaimed, he should consider it an act of war, and

should not thereafter permit any vessel to pass the guns of Fort Sumter. Governor Pickens replied, justifying the act. Major Anderson replied that, after consideration, he had decided to refer the whole matter to the Government, and should defer stopping vessels until he received instructions from Washington.—These instructions, subsequently received, ordered him to undertake no hostile measures except for the absolute defense of the fort.—Forts in North Carolina were occupied by the State militia without direction of the Governor, who at once ordered them to be given up to the United States officers.

Various propositions for an adjustment of the pending questions have been offered. The essential points of these are embodied in the resolutions presented to the Senate by Mr. Crittenden. These provide for immediate measures being taken to submit to the people the following amendments to the Constitution: (1.) Slavery to be prohibited in all Territories north of 36 degrees and thirty minutes, but to be recognized and protected in all Territories south of that line; any Territory, when it has the requisite population, to be admitted as a State, either with or without slavery, as its Constitution may provide. (2.) Congress to have no power to abolish slavery in places under its exclusive jurisdiction within slaveholding States. (3.) Congress to have no power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, while it exists in Virginia or Maryland, nor without making just compensation to owners. (4.) Congress to have no power to hinder the transportation of slaves from one slave State to another. (5.) Congress to have power to provide that the United States shall pay the value of fugitive slaves, when their return is prevented by violence; the United States to recover the amount from the county where the violence was committed, and the county to recover it from the wrong-doers. (6.) No future amendment of the Constitution to affect the foregoing articles, nor to authorize Congress to interfere with slavery in States where it is permitted by law. Besides these amendments to the Constitution, resolutions are proposed to the effect that no change should be made in the Fugitive Slave Law which shall impair its efficiency; that it should be faithfully carried out and those punished who attempt to hinder its execution.—That all State laws which conflict with this law are null and void, and should be repealed.—That the Fugitive Slave Law should be so amended as to make the Commissioner's fee the same, whether he decides in favor of the fugitive or of the claimant; and the person who holds a warrant for the arrest of a fugitive can call in the *posse comitatus* only when there is actual or threatened resistance.—That effectual laws should be passed for the suppression of the African slave-trade.—A proposition framed by a Committee of the Border States, including Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and North Carolina, from the South; and New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, from the North, contains essentially the foregoing suggestions, with the addition of an amendment to the Constitution that "No Territory shall be acquired by the United States without the consent of three-fourths of the members of the Senate;" and a resolution that "an act be passed directing that the demand for the surrender of fugitives from justice or from service or labor be made to the United States District Judge of the State or District in which such fugitive may be found, thereby to make the right of surrender, in every case, a

judicial question, and thus secure justice and uniformity of decision."—This Border State Proposition was adopted by a large meeting in the city of New York, and a petition for its adoption was circulated, which was signed by nearly 40,000 voters, and was taken to Washington by a special committee of the most prominent citizens.

On the 8th of January the President sent to Congress a special Message upon the state of the country, reiterating the opinions expressed in his Message at the opening of the session against the right of secession, and reaffirming his opinions as to his own duty and that of Congress. He says: "The greatest aggravation of the evil, and that which would place us in the most unfavorable light, both before the world and posterity, is, as I am firmly convinced, that the secession movement has been chiefly based upon misapprehension at the South of the sentiments of the majority in several of the Northern States. Let the question be removed from the political assemblies to the ballot-box, and the people themselves would speedily redress the serious grievances which the South have suffered. But, in Heaven's name, let the trial be made before we plunge into an armed conflict upon the mere assumption that there is no other alternative. Time is a great conservative power. Let us pause at the momentous point, and afford the people, both of the North and South, an opportunity for reflection. . . . Prompt action is required. A delay in Congress to prescribe or recommend a distinct and practical proposition for conciliation may drive us to a point from which it will be almost impossible to recede. A common ground on which conciliation and harmony may be produced is surely not unattainable. The proposition to compromise by letting the North have exclusive control of the territory above a certain line, and to give Southern institutions protection below that line, ought to receive universal approbation. In itself, indeed, it may not be entirely satisfactory; but when the alternative is between reasonable concession on both sides and destruction of the Union, it is an imputation on the patriotism of Congress to assert that its members will hesitate a moment."—He also furnished copies of the correspondence between himself and the South Carolina Commissioners. It consists of three letters, the first dated December 29, from the Commissioners to the President, in which they demand, as a preliminary to all negotiations, a disapproval by the President of the act of Major Anderson in seizing Fort Sumter; the second, dated December 30, from the President, in which, while admitting that Major Anderson acted without express orders, he yet refuses to repudiate the act; and the third, dated January 1, in which the Commissioners attempt to refute the allegations of the President's letter in which he justifies Major Anderson's conduct. This last letter the President returned to the Commissioners with the following indorsement on its back: "This paper, just presented to the President, is of such a character that he declines to receive it."—On the 28th of January the President sent another special Message, inclosing resolutions passed by the Virginia Legislature on the 17th, expressing a determination on the part of that State to "make a final effort to restore the Union and the Constitution in the spirit in which they were established by the Fathers of the Republic." These resolutions invite all States, "whether slaveholding or non-slaveholding, who are willing to unite with Virginia in an earnest effort to adjust the present unhappy controversies,"

to appoint Commissioners to meet at Washington on the 4th of February. If these Commissioners agree upon any plan of adjustment requiring amendments to the Federal Constitution, they are requested to communicate the proposed amendments to Congress, for the purpose of having the same submitted by that body, according to the forms of the Constitution, to the several States of the Union. They say that "in the opinion of the General Assembly of Virginia, the propositions embraced in the resolutions presented to the Senate of the United States by the Hon. John J. Crittenden embrace the basis of such an adjustment as would be accepted by the people of this Commonwealth."—Ex-President Tyler was appointed by Virginia to act as a Commissioner to the President, and Judge John Robertson to South Carolina and other seceding States, with instructions to request both parties to abstain from all acts calculated to produce a collision while the proceedings of the proposed Convention are pending. The President hails this movement of Virginia with great satisfaction. It is not in his power to enter into any such agreement, that belonging wholly to Congress. He urges upon Congress to abstain from passing any law which shall tend to produce actual hostilities, and adds: "If the seceding States abstain from any and all acts calculated to produce a collision of arms, then the danger so much to be deprecated will no longer exist. . . . I am one of those who will never despair of the republic. I yet cherish the belief that the American people will perpetuate the Union of the States on some terms just and honorable for all sections of the country. I trust that the mediation of Virginia may be the destined means, under the providence of God, of accomplishing this inestimable benefit. Glorious as are the memories of her past history, such an achievement, both in relation to her own fame and welfare of the whole country, would surpass them all."—Commissioners to this Convention have been appointed by at least eighteen, and probably more, States.—The Legislature of South Carolina unanimously passed resolutions declaring that the "separation of South Carolina from the Federal Government is final, and that she has no further interests in the Constitution of the United States; and that the only appropriate negotiations between her and the Federal Government are as to their mutual relations as foreign States;" that it is "unadvisable to initiate negotiations when South Carolina has no desire or intention to promote the ultimate object in view;" and that she declines entering into the negotiations proposed by the Virginia Legislature.

On the 28th of January the bill for the admission of Kansas, as amended by the Senate, was passed in the House; and on the 30th it received the signature of the President. Mr. Conway, the representative elected to Congress, thereupon was admitted to a seat in the House. The following are the State officers of Kansas: *Governor*, Charles Robinson, formerly of Massachusetts; *Lieutenant-Governor*, J. P. Root, formerly of Connecticut; *Secretary of State*, J. W. Robinson, formerly of Maine; *Treasurer*, William Tholen, formerly of New York; *Auditor*, George W. Hillyer, formerly of Ohio; *Superintendent of Public Instruction*, W. R. Griffith, formerly of Illinois; *Chief Justice*, Thomas Ewing, Jun., formerly of Ohio; *Associate Justices*, Samuel D. Kingman, formerly of Kentucky, and Lawrence Bailey, formerly of New Hampshire.

Apart from financial measures—among which a bill passed in the House authorizing the President

to borrow, at any time before the 1st of July, the sum of twenty-five millions of dollars, to meet the accruing wants of the Government, and the draft of a new Tariff bill, which is under consideration; and the final passage in the Senate of the Pacific Railroad bill—the attention of Congress has been mainly devoted to discussions upon the present national crisis. The Committees appointed by both Houses arrived at no practical results. That of the Senate were unable to agree upon a report. Most of the Southern members belonging to the House Committee gradually withdrew from participation in its proceedings; majority and minority reports from those who remained were presented, but they afforded no ground for ultimate action. The delegations in both Houses from the seceding States, with one or two exceptions, formally withdrew from Congress upon being officially advised of the action of the Conventions of their States. This has given to the Republican party a clear majority in the House, and almost an equality in the Senate.—On the 24th of January Mr. Seward made an elaborate speech in the Senate. This was considered of special importance from the fact that it is understood that the Senator from New York will be the Secretary of State under the new Administration; his speech, therefore, was looked upon as the exponent of the policy of Mr. Lincoln's Government. After expatiating upon the benefits which the Union had conferred upon every section of the country, and detailing the evils which its dissolution would inflict, he said that he was prepared to admit concessions, which are in substance that each State should have the right to decide for itself upon the condition of those whom its laws made bondsmen; that all laws of any State which contravene the Constitution ought to be repealed; that while he held that Congress had the right to legislate for the Territories, and while he would not vote to sanction or establish slavery therein, he would vote for the formation of the Territories into two new States, with the ultimate power of subdividing them into other States, as should be advisable, without restrictions prohibiting slavery; that an amendment should be made to the Constitution providing that Congress should have no power to abolish or interfere with slavery in any State; that he would vote for any properly guarded laws which should be deemed necessary to prevent invasions of States by citizens of other States, and to punish those who may aid or abet them. He was also willing, after the disunion movement had come to an end—say in two or three years—to vote for a Convention to revise the Constitution, on the general principle that its excellence depends on its being a true embodiment of the sentiments and wishes of the people, and that amendments naturally become necessary from time to time for this purpose. He would, moreover, secure, if possible, the construction of two railways to the Pacific, one of which should connect the ports around the mouths of the Mississippi, and the other the towns on the Missouri and the lakes, with the harbors on our Western coasts.—In the House a resolution was passed, by a vote of 124 to 56, approving "the bold and patriotic act of Major Anderson in withdrawing from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, and the determination of the President to maintain that fearless officer in his present condition, and we will support the President in all constitutional measures to enforce the laws and preserve the Union."

Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, resigned on the 8th of January, in consequence of the action



of the President in attempting to reinforce Fort Sumter. His place has not been filled.—Mr. Thomas, who was appointed Secretary of the Treasury upon the resignation of Mr. Cobb, resigned on the 11th, because he disagreed with the Administration in reference to the measures to be adopted in regard to the condition of things in South Carolina; his place is supplied by Hon. John A. Dix, of New York.—Mr. Holt, late Postmaster-General, has been appointed Secretary of War, in place of Mr. Floyd, who had resigned.—Hon. Horatio King has been appointed Postmaster-General.

Judge Smalley, of New York, charged the Grand Jury of that city that it was an act of treason to supply arms and munitions of war to the seceding States; several shipments of arms, with that destination, have accordingly been seized by the police.—The commercial and postal status of the seceding States excites some inquiry. The British Minister, Lord Lyons, and other foreign ministers, having written to the State Department to inquire whether duties can be paid to, and clearances issued by, the Government of South Carolina, Mr. Black replied that he had laid Lord Lyons's communication before the President, who would deeply regret that any injury should happen to the commerce of foreign or friendly nations, and especially that the British subjects at Charleston should suffer by the anomalous state of things existing there. Secretary Black quotes from the law to show that the jurisdiction of the Federal Government to impose duties on goods imported into the United States and collect the duties is exclusive. Whether the state of things now existing at Charleston will or will not be regarded as a sufficient reason for not executing the penalties incurred by the British subjects, is a question Lord Lyons will see no necessity for raising until it practically arises. Each case will no doubt have its peculiarities. Secretary Black regrets that this consideration compels him to decline giving any assurances on the point presented. The Treasury Department, he says, will give public information as to the condition in which South Carolina has put the coast.—Mr. Ashmore, a member of Congress from South Carolina, inquired of the Post-office Department whether he had still a right to frank public documents in his possession. Mr. King replied that, according to the theory of the Administration, South Carolina was still in the Union, and hence he has a right to frank until the first Monday in December next. If, however, he regards South Carolina as out of the Union, it is a question with himself whether he can consistently exercise that privilege, the use of which would be an admission that he is still a member of the Congress of the United States.

#### MEXICO.

The Government of Miramon has been to all appearance finally overthrown. Shortly after his success at Toluca, he marched from the capital to meet the Constitutionals, under the command of General Ortega (almost a new name in Mexican affairs), who were concentrating upon the city. An action took place at San Miguel Calpulalpan on the 22d of December, commencing at 8 in the morning and lasting two hours. Miramon was totally defeated, and abandoning his artillery, ammunition, and prisoners, returned to Mexico, accompanied by only two or three adjutants. He abandoned the city at once, retiring toward Jalapa, near which place, a few days after, he narrowly escaped capture. The Constitutional forces took possession of the capital on Christ-

mas day; and on New-Year's day the whole army made a triumphal entry, amidst great rejoicings. On the 11th of January President Juarez and the other members of the Government made a formal entry, General Ortega resigning into their hands the extraordinary powers with which he had been invested. A new cabinet was organized, General Ortega being named Minister of War. Its first act was to expel the Spanish and Guatemalan ministers, and the Papal Nuncio, upon the charge of having intrigued with the Church party for the renewal of civil war. The British, French, and Prussian ministers have announced their readiness to recognize the Liberal Government as the only one in Mexico.

#### EUROPE.

An affair has recently come before the English courts which may grow into international importance. Some time since a slave, named Anderson, while running away from his master in Missouri, killed a man who was endeavoring to arrest him. He reached Canada, and his return was demanded, under the extradition treaty, upon a charge of murder. A majority of the Provincial bench decided that his surrender was required by the treaty between the United States and Great Britain. A writ of *habeas corpus* was demanded from the English Court of the Queen's Bench at Westminster. The Chief Justice, after consultation with his associates, decided that the writ must be issued. The effect of this decision is that the fugitive will probably be taken to England, from which, no matter what the ultimate decision may be, it is intimated by the English press, that he will never be suffered to be taken to Missouri.—The general aspect of European affairs is one of expectancy. No definite advance is made in the siege of Gaeta. Meanwhile all the great Powers are pushing on warlike preparations with vigor. England and France are vying with each other in the construction of iron-plated steamers, whose powers of offense and defense are to be almost without limit. France, it is said, will have by the 18th of March an army of 640,000 men, ready for the field, besides 400,000 reserved in garrison.—King Frederick William of Prussia is at last dead. His successor, in his speech to the Legislative Bodies, hints at struggles through which the kingdom may be obliged to pass, far more serious than the trifling dispute about the German Duchies subject to Denmark. The mobilization of the Prussian armies, which usually takes place in October, is this year to commence in April.—Austria, besides her Italian difficulties, continues to be menaced with disaffection in Hungary, which the recent concessions of the Emperor have not allayed.

#### CHINA.

A treaty, including a formal renewal and ratification of the treaty of Tien-tsin—was concluded on the 28th of October between the Emperor of China and the English and French Embassadors. In this new convention the following points are agreed upon: In Article 1 the Emperor regrets the misunderstanding at the Taku forts last year. Article 2 stipulates that a British Minister shall reside at Peking. Article 3 arranges the payment of the indemnity (which is fixed at 8,000,000 of taels—about \$12,000,000) by installments. Article 4 opens the port of Tien-tsin to trade. Article 5 removes the interdiction on emigration. Article 6 cedes Cowloon to the British Crown. Article 7 provides for the immediate operation of the treaty of Tien-tsin. Article 8 orders the promulgation of the treaty throughout China. Article 9 stipulates for the evacuation of Chusan by

the British force. An abundant provision is also stipulated for the families of the prisoners who were put to death.—The proceeds of the plunder of the Imperial palace falling to the share of the British army has been apportioned as follows: First-class field officers, £60; second-class field officers, £50; chaplains, £40; lieutenants, £30; ensigns, £20;

sergeants, etc., £7 10s.; privates, £5. The prize-money would have been much more had the French not had possession of the palace for two days prior to the British troops coming up to it. The French, it is supposed, had some private information. General Montauban is said to have realized £50,000 as his personal share.

## Literary Notices.

*History of the United Netherlands*, by JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was received as perhaps no book of the kind has been received in this century in both America and Europe. Taking rank at once among the standards of history, it was received in circles on both sides of the sea as a most valuable and welcome addition to the library and the table. It was translated into continental languages; the author was honored by the learned societies of Europe, and his fame might be considered as established. But Mr. Motley has not written for fame. He has worked for the sake of adding to the sum of knowledge, and perpetuating the stories of the past for the benefit of the future. Not content, therefore, with the achievement thus successful, he has produced another work, to take its place beside the former, and to add to the debt of gratitude which the world owes him.

The "History of the United Netherlands" is by no means an ordinary work. The sources of information were not easily accessible, nor when reached were they to be easily examined. History, too, has been manufactured in the Low Countries, and one can not always depend even on the evidence of contemporary writers, who have all the air of sincerity, and apparently had all necessary opportunities of knowledge. It was, therefore, a work which required ingenuity, perseverance, judgment, and caution. All these Mr. Motley has exercised in the highest degree. Patiently investigating, laboriously studying and compiling, he has written not alone a history of the United Netherlands during the few years that intervene from 1584 to 1590, but that history, involving the story of Europe in one of the most eventful periods, he has made a complete compendium of the whole; so that the reader has before him, in the two volumes, the entire drama, which ended in the complete organization of the Dutch Commonwealth. The two volumes which are to follow will bring the history down to the Thirty Years' War.

It is hardly necessary to remark that Mr. Motley's style is that same easy, admirable, spirited style which lent such a charm to the volumes of the "Dutch Republic." He enters into his work *con amore*. Mastering every minute incident of his subject, and having the story complete in his own mind, he gives it to us with fresh and brilliant interest. He does not content himself with the mere details of history, drawn out in words that record but do not add lustre to a story. He describes battles with the point of a sword, councils with the quill of an eagle. His ink sparkles on the page. No reader will lay down a volume unfinished, or, if he can help it, postpone its completion to another day. Once read, it remains in the mind. Mr. Motley has that rare faculty of so connecting his story, so linking cause with effect and events with their prime mov-

ers, that you seem to have one long, unbroken series of occurrences, one of which always brings the next with it. He understands, of all men, the philosophy of history. It is not to be doubted that the present volumes will meet with a hearty welcome at home and abroad, and will add to the well-merited fame of their accomplished author.

*Lyra Domestica*, translated from the *Psalter* and *Harp* of C. J. P. SPITTA by RICHARD MASSIE, with additional selections by Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D. (Published by E. P. Dutton and Co.) In all times, the songs of the Church have been more highly prized than perhaps any other portions of their worship; and this because, for some reason, they attach themselves to the memory, become linked with the most sacred associations, and are the immediate suggesters of hours of the most elevated emotion. He who said he would mould a nation by its songs, might well have said the same of a church. Dr. Spitta was a German Lutheran pastor, who has written some very touching and tender hymns that form the basis of this volume. Dr. Huntington has, however, made the book what it is by a selection from all the sources of his reading, and we have a collection of sacred poetry in the volume which is of rare deliciousness, and which will grow into the affection of every house where it shall be read. We recognize many of the selections as old favorites. Others are new to us, and welcome for their beauty, all uniting in evidence of the excellent taste and judgment which Dr. Huntington has evinced in the collection. The volume itself is small, compact, and admirably calculated for weak eyes in the clearness of its print.

*Herodotus*, in two volumes, 16mo. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This is the latest addition to the Harpers' series of Greek and Latin classics, in small and beautiful volumes for the pocket, and the most perfect editions for school and college textbooks that have hitherto appeared.

*Personal History of Lord Bacon*, by WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) A somewhat remarkable book. The history of Lord Bacon has been pretty thoroughly written heretofore, and some things have been said against him by all the writers, including Lord Campbell and Macaulay. But Mr. Dixon comes to the defense of the great chancellor—better late than never—and with some degree of success too. Mr. Dixon's style is rather attractive; not by any means on account of its correctness, but rather for a certain affectation that is odd, and therefore fresh. It tires, however, at times. His labor has been great. He produces a vast deal of gossip—little things that let us into many secrets of the life which men have been accustomed to regard more as that of a great statesman and sage than as it here appears, that of a man having many like passions with our own. It is curious to read the little minutiae of Bacon's wooing and

wedding; who were at the marriage feast, and how they rode to church, and how he and she were dressed. On the whole, this book is very readable, and as a historical contribution possesses undoubted value.

*The Wits and Beaux of Society*, by GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. Two volumes. Illustrated. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This is another gossip and pleasant book, by the authors of "The Queens of Society." It gives sketches of such men as George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, with numerous anecdotes of his adventures, the celebrated Grammont and Rochester, wherein the author introduces some incidents in the lives of such people as Hortense Mancini, the little Jermyn, La Belle Hamilton, and other noted beauties of France and England, Beau Nash, Lord Hervey, Scarron, and here again of his wife, and so on of numerous worthies or unworthies, each and all of whom are more or less known to fame. The authors have a happy faculty of making their sketches light and pleasant, interspersing history and anecdote, personalities and public events; so that the book is much more interesting than a novel, and much better worth reading than any fiction.

*Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle*. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) Dr. Carlyle was a well-known clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland in the last century. He was a man of remarkable knowledge of the world, in the common acceptance of that phrase—that is to say, his associations, companions, tastes, and friendships were more out of the Church than in it. He was especially noted for his advocacy of the theatre, and was himself the defendant in an ecclesiastical trial which made great noise in its day, the complaint against him being that he associated with actors and actresses, and attended a theatre in Edinburgh. He lived to be an old man, and when minister of Inveresk, in the year 1800, "having observed how carelessly, and consequently how falsely, history is written," he resolved to write facts within his own knowledge, which might serve the purposes of future historians. Hence came this book, which he did not complete, having died before the work was accomplished. The "facts" now first published are of comparatively little interest to American readers, although a sensation has been produced in Scotland by the publication. This might well be, since the book abounds in small anecdote of well-known Scotsmen, abundance of petty scandal and personality, and some interesting items about men of note. We find in one of his early associates a man afterward well known in America. When a boy in the college at Edinburgh, in 1735, he knew John Witherspoon, afterward patriot and clergyman in this country, who was also studying there. He says, "He was a good scholar, far advanced for his age, very sensible and shrewd, but of a disagreeable temper, which was irritated by a flat voice and awkward manner, which prevented his making an impression on his companions of either sex that was at all adequate to his ability." The editor of the volume adds a foot-note that, though Witherspoon is now "little remembered," an account of him may be found in "the ordinary biographical dictionaries." It is probable that few men of 1776 are better remembered in America than the learned Dr. Witherspoon. Dr. Carlyle saw the Porteus Mob in Edinburgh, in 1786, and gives a minute account of the escape of Robertson and the subsequent execution of Wilson, with all the attendant circumstances.

The customs of the times are well described by the old writer. He dined with the Presbytery in 1742, and in those days they had but one glass on the table, which went around with the bottle. Knives and forks had then been introduced; but ten or twelve years before his father used to carry a shagreen case with a knife, fork, and spoon, wherever he traveled. John Witherspoon, with whom he continued his friendship, took him sometimes home with him. His father, a clergyman, "sulky, tyrannical, much given to gluttony," fell asleep early, and John, who would go fishing all day to keep out of his father's way, especially enjoyed the evenings, when, the old gentleman being asleep, they could "amuse themselves with the daughters of the family, and their cousins, who resorted to them from the village. This John loved of all things!" Think of that, ye who know of President Witherspoon! Here follows some scandal too—to wit, that Dr. Nisbet, of Montrose, was Witherspoon's natural son—he who afterward was President of Carlisle College, Pennsylvania. We have no space to follow the venerable author through his long and eventful life. He was thrown into contact and communication with many eminent men of his period, and seems, at the date of his writing, to have retained a remarkably clear memory of them and of their personal habits and characteristics. His own share in the events which he records was by no means small. He was a man of great force of character and personal influence. He made his mark among the Scottish clergy; but whether he did much good in his profession remains more than doubtful to the reader after finishing this remarkable collection of scandal and anecdote. No book that we have met with gives as complete an idea of the state of morals and manners in the Church of Scotland during the last century, and we imagine that, to the descendants of the Scottish Church who are in America, this must prove a very amusing volume.

*The Children's Picture-book of Quadrupeds*, etc. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Here is a great book for small people. Here are pictures of the four-footed beasts, from bats to elephants, with descriptions to match. Here the small boy shall learn what are the habits of foxes and squirrels and dogs. The young girl may know who are the cousins and near relatives of her favorite kitten. Books on natural history, especially such as are suited to the comprehension of children, have been much too scarce, and the present volume is not only desirable in itself, but supplies a great want.

*Life in the Old World* (Switzerland and Italy), by FREDRIKA BREMER. (Published by Peterson and Brothers.) Miss Bremer's books of travel are characterized by a remarkable uniformity—a sort of dead-level style of thought and adventure. In the present volumes, however, we find much that is interesting; and even some of the most familiar subjects appear in a new light described in her gossip.

*One of Them*, by CHARLES LEVER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This, Mr. Lever's last novel, has a characteristic different from his former works, in that one of the principal characters is a live American. The scenery of the story is chiefly on the continent, and the characters are continental tourists, one of whom is Mr. Quackinboss, the American; another Sir William Heathcote, a broken-down English nobleman and speculator. The ladies are of all sorts, actresses and heiresses; and the story is Lever-like in incident and management.



## Editor's Table.

**THE END AND THE BEGINNING.**—If a fair beginning were enough to save us, this world would have a very different face, and the lives of most men would tell a very different story. Almost every man means at the outset, after a certain way, to do well—at least, to fare well—yet most lives have a thread of disappointment running through them; while many who started with bright hopes come to a most disastrous end. One great cause of the contrast between the beginning and the end undoubtedly lies in the human will; and he who resolves upon some worthy enterprise often gives it up from sheer weariness, the motive force being spent, and no new impulse given. In this case the proposed end is not reached, because the purpose itself first came to an end. Many public measures and institutions come to an end in this same way, because the public interest in them languishes; and, probably, of all the acts that are passed by our legislative bodies, comparatively few have any lasting influence, because the causes of their being enacted were temporary. Yet, if we think to explain the strange falling off of the end from the beginning wholly in this way we make a great mistake, and leave out of sight the most important factor in the result. The law that guides every movement of man is deeper far than his conscious intention, and often is directly opposed to it; so that, instead of doing what he wished, he does directly the reverse—as when he seeks pleasure and finds corruption, or abandons himself to ease and sinks into disease. The two factors of his future are himself and what is not himself; or the *me* and the *not me* of the metaphysicians. Now, in every thing that we undertake we employ these two factors; and of course we make a sad mistake if we count upon ourselves only, and forget what is not ourselves. If we make plans for a single hour, we are every moment subject to external conditions, and are in contact with positive laws of nature, institutions of society, moods of men, and decrees of Providence. If we say that we will take half an hour's stroll in the streets or parks, our career depends very much upon the state of the weather or the demeanor of friends, so that a chill wind or a cold look may send us home before our time disheartened and discomfited. Apply the same rule of contingency to our whole lifetime, and how vast is the amount of influence to be accorded to external circumstances and powers in shaping our welfare!

But we must remember that, while a force external to ourselves, and in a great measure unknown to us before we come into contact with it, is shaping our future, the force within us is partly an unknown quantity, and it is the highest and rarest wisdom for a man to know himself. We may say, I will do thus and thus: now what are the contents of that personality designated as *I*? It is easy to say what is its name, where it was born, how old it is according to the measure of time, and many other facts of the same kind. But what is it essentially, substantially? What capacities, powers, weakness, strength, falsity, truth, hate, love, worldliness, godliness, either actual or possible, are covered by that little monosyllable? We surely often read it right wrong; and when we say "I will," we may find our mood so changed on the morrow that the "I will" means "I will not." The cause may be not only in the decline of a rash purpose, but in the development of a more interior motive, that takes us by surprise,

and is no more the fruit of our own direct volition than is the glow of health which rises in our veins in the morning, or the tide of peaceful fancies that so often flows in upon us at the tranquil twilight hour. There is a wide margin of the unknown within us as well as without us; and while the *terra incognita* of the geography is yielding to exploration, the *terra incognita* of man, both in his individual and social nature, is constantly proving its mystery by sending out new and unexpected developments. Every man is sometimes better and sometimes worse than he meant to be; and, probably, in his best and his worst moments, he is taken off his feet by an afflatus that came to him from within or without, apart from any direct effort of his own. In our social and public relations, where many wills are brought together, the interior factor of conduct is still more complex and subtle, so that he must be a very wise man who can tell what a community or nation will do in a century, or even in a year.

However complex and indefinite may be the factors the end must nevertheless come, and whatever we do is sure to show its fruits in the course of time. It may be well to consider this law of consequence somewhat carefully, and point out some principles that are important to us in our private and public relations. Our subject, accordingly, is the *proper study of the end*. We do not intend, of course, to limit the meaning of the word to the idea of death, or extinction, or even of cessation; since the end of the most important movements is but a beginning; and the end of a year, with all its activities, calculations, and personages, instead of being a mortuary, is eminently a vital occasion, and is full of quickening thoughts and hopeful enterprises. We regard a movement as, in the most important sense, reaching its end when it fairly shows its nature and consequences. The story is usually regarded as told, and the book closes, when the hero has brought out his character by all his struggles with fortune, and won the fair lady, and the marriage-bells ring out their merry chimes at his joy. But the marriage is the beginning of the family; and even when death terminates the father's and husband's earthly career, a new form of influence comes from him, and being dead he yet speaketh. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as an end, in the sense of utter extinction; and nothing is annihilated. Practically, we had better regard an action as coming to its end when it bears its characteristic fruit, and so fairly develops itself. Thus a tree comes to its end far more significantly when it bears its fruit than when it dies; for the fruit, that is the end of one season of its activity, has the beginning of the next season in its seeds, and, moreover, tells the whole story of its worth and its habit. In this sense we may say that a man's end is fairly seen when he fixes himself in his characteristic mode of life, or enters upon his established orbit. So a nation shows its end when it develops its ideas and powers in settled institutions, and so orders its constituent elements and its habitual policy as to decide its peculiar type of national life. We should, of course, look to both kinds of consequences—the external and internal; or those that are measured by circumstances, and those that are measured by character: not forgetting, moreover, that the mutual play of circumstance and character is sure to develop peculiar modes of relation.

Apply then such a measure in our study of ends,

and thus judge of life and its interests, whether material, moral, or spiritual. The most obvious application of the measure is to time; and when we begin to do any thing, we at once ask how long shall we be at it, or how long before what we are doing will come to its point. If we throw a stone into the water, we watch to see how long it is in the air, and how far out into the water it goes. Yet we get at the true point of the movement when we ascertain the law of the projectile, or its characteristic habit, as determined by the impulse of the hand, the friction of the air, and the force of gravity. Indeed we reach the end, in one sense, when we hit the mark; but not in a sense so complete as when we master the principle that determines the course of all missiles, and fix in our mind the parabolic law. Things that have life are to be regarded in the same way: and when we plant a seed we ask how long will it be before it comes up; and if the first season does not bring out its flower or fruit, we ask when it will be in bearing. Actions that spring from more vital seeds, or from living thoughts and feelings, have, too, their periods that are to be measured in time. Every action that comes from a vital purpose has an orbit of its own, and tends not only to meet a specific object but to form a certain habit. It may be long before the movement defines itself and the recurrent tendency appears. Thus a man under a true purpose goes into business, and undertakes a specific work which takes time for its accomplishment. The question then becomes not only how long will it be before he reaches his point, and how much does he make by his enterprise; but what qualities is he showing, and what habits is he forming. It may be that some defect will appear in the man himself that makes its mark upon his work, and returns with something like regularity in all his ways. Even what are called irregular habits have a certain regularity about them, and some habits that are called irregular are regularly bad. Public life is subject to something of the same measure, and philosophers like Vico have tried to make it out that history, like the tides, has a certain recurrent drift, and throughout all its changes the same burden constantly returns.

Now in whatever plane of life we measure time, we are not to suppose that it depends wholly upon our will. When we throw a stone we may regulate its time of movement by our force; but when once out of our hand its motion depends upon a law wholly beyond our control. So, with our actions with powers more vital, we may say in a certain manner what we will begin to do; but the movement already begun is committed to forces little within our power. An honest man may do an honest deed; but what fruit shall come from it he can not wholly decide, and the best reward of its merit may be wholly a surprise to him. So too of a wicked deed: its consequences the doer's will can very little limit; and if he once plants the evil seed, it works by its own vitality in a marvelous way, and fills his own mind with its rank growth of nettles that waft their mischievous seed upon every wind. National actions follow the same law; and whatever we do as a people has a vital power that time only can develop. As we count the years of our republic, we are really counting the results of the American life that began with the first colonies, grew into a tree under the Constitution, and may yet surprise us with some new developments of vitality, or, as some forebode, some new signs of unsoundness and decay. We ought seriously to remember this principle in

all our public thought and legislation: that what we ourselves mean is one thing, and what the nature of things means may be quite another thing. In our kindness we may pet and indulge our child, and think ourselves and him safe because we mean well, while we may be sowing the seeds of his ruin, that will work out their fearful growth in the face of our sentimental tenderness. So a nation may be spoiled by indulgence; and the old Roman tyrants who ruined the empire corrupted the people by bribes and debauchery before they put their necks under the yoke. The body politic, like the natural body, has its positive laws, and the food taken into its stomach is food or poison according to its own nature, and not according to the giver's intention. The best abstract principle is not enough, therefore, to decide our conduct without the light of experience; for when we act we not only wish to put forth our active powers, but to do something—and how can we do that thing without knowing the way? A theory is not enough; for even if our theory is right we need experience to apply it, and in all matters concerning human welfare we can not be sure without experience that our theory is right. Chemical analysis may tell us what substances are good for food; yet we are never settled as to the diet of our child until we make up our minds as to what food best agrees with his constitution, which may languish under the very treatment that builds another up. So, too, nations have their constitution—not merely that which is embodied in the statute-book, but that which is incorporated into the continuous and associated life of the people. The statesman must ask what this constitution is; and if he undertakes to feed and manage it according to his own theory, he may find himself as much surprised at the result of his nostrums as would the novice in medicine, who, because sure that his drugs were of good quality, should apply them with a free hand to his master's patients without the diagnosis that tells him what ails them, and what is their habit and temperament.

A right intention is of course always laudable, and will do some good, even if it be only to diffuse its own spirit. Yet we can not regard an action as absolutely right because well meant. Right depends not upon human opinions, but upon the nature of things; and all the votes in the world, however honestly given, do not make a wrong to be right. In interrogating the nature of things we are to study not only beginnings, or what we call principles, but ends, or the developments of principles in time. To assert this may seem a mere truism; yet it is sometimes strangely overlooked, and many scholarly men seem to think that principles are certain magical abstractions that free a man from the yoke of experience, and give him not only his private duty but his public code in a nut-shell. Thus the French Liberals of the last century thought themselves safe under their motto of universal liberty and equality, and utterly scorned all the traditional usages of the nation. They soon learned their fatal error, and paid, many of them, the price of their own heads for the solemn lesson that brotherhood and equality may be watch-words in the mouths of tyrants and murderers, and to assail an old dynasty is not building up a new republic. They learned the great truth that it is one thing in an ideal way to affirm certain rights, and quite another thing to substantiate them in actual society; for while nature tells us of many things desirable to us, and all our best instincts promise us a brighter future, we must remember that ideal rights become

actual only in civilized society, and that purely natural liberty, or secession from all civil government, is no liberty at all, but the most oppressive exposure.

It seems to us that certain extremists in our own country may ponder this thought carefully, alike for their own edification and for the general good. One class speak and act as if there were no light but that of each man's mind, and the individual were justified in acting out his convictions in spite of all laws, constitutions, and associations. The champion of this school makes nothing of being his own judge, juror, governor, and general. He quotes all the eulogiums of poetry and literature upon liberty and patriotism in honor of the fanatic who, by his own right, claimed autocratic power, and with muskets and pikes sought to kindle a servile insurrection in a neighboring State. Philosopher of history, is this the way to do right? What would be the consequence if all, even of well-meaning men, were at liberty thus to wreak their own convictions not only upon the ears but upon the lives and fortunes of others? The very end set forth, that of individual liberty, would be wholly lost sight of, and there could be no more grinding despotism than that which leaves every man free to manage his neighbor at will. We do not deny a man's right to think according to his own conscience, or to speak his thought in a proper way, but we do utterly deny his right to act according to his conscience so as to invade his neighbor's rights. The public conscience is to be respected in all public affairs; and he who violently assails the laws that the public conscience establishes for the community is at heart more of a tyrant than a liberator, and ought to be known as such. We have long been convinced that there are no greater tyrants in this country than certain of our ultra reformers, and that if their hands had as much power as their tongues and pens have rancor, it would be a relief for us to go to Russia or Turkey for freedom. They who abolish the very idea of authoritative law, for the benefit of their private conscience, play the tyrant in their starting principle, by asserting the sovereignty of the individual over the State. The doctrine has not yet borne its seed and developed its end practically, for the local customs and traditional sobriety of our people prevent such absurdity. How far the thriving and refined theorists, who preach up their individual egoism as the supreme rule, would modify their ideas, if these were turned against them by the more consistent and thorough-going egoists who might in times of distress and anarchy set up the law of private plunder and exaction, we hope we shall never have occasion to record.

While we utterly reject the radicalism that sets State law at defiance, we must not forget that there is another kind of radicalism that sets sectional egoism against National law, and plays the same destructive game in a different way. Individualism may show itself in State autocracy as well as personal autocracy; and we are likely to suffer harm from the abstractionists who insist upon carrying out their ideas of local sovereignty, in defiance of National law. They are right in what they affirm, but wrong in what they deny—right in affirming the State, but wrong in denying the nation; and time, if not sounder statesmanship, will reveal the consequences of their error. If one State of a nation is wholly independent, why not a county? And if a county, why not a town? And if a town, why not an individual? Surely the dismembering

process, if carried out, would leave no civil bond unbroken. Men are not, indeed, strictly logical in their thoughts and actions, but are very much under the influence of their feelings and interests. Now, precisely on this very account, we are to be cautious of dealing in abstractions that may be readily applied, with a show of rigid logic, to the service of popular passion and selfishness. Men like to have method in their madness, and like to carry at the head of an insurgent band a pointed abstraction more dearly than a pointed pike; and the cut-throats of the *Mountain* go to their horrible work under the inspiration of the mottoes and songs made ready for them by the philosophers of the *Gironde*. When the upper classes set forth destructive theories, or tempt insurgent movements in their own behalf, they must look well to the end, and ask how likely their own weapons are to be turned against them by a populace that may owe them no good-will, and may be swift to justify violence by the show of principle.

For ourselves, we are very suspicious of all abstractions in practical affairs, and we look upon the science of government as more inductive than deductive—more a matter of fact and experience than of speculation and conjecture. The study of social and civil ends of necessity embraces so many and such complicated data, and deals with a popular life that is so very positive, yet indefinable, as to make it very difficult to bring all the facts under any generalizations, or to apply any abstract principles without limit to its jurisdiction. The most solid government of the Old World—the English—is eminently a complex historic fact; the growth of centuries of life and experience; so complex that, instead of being based upon an abstract philosophy, even its laws are not codified, but are, in great part, to be gathered from legal and historical precedents. At the same time, England is one nation, and its national life is as strongly marked as that of any nation in Christendom. Our nationality has not so remote an origin, nor so complex a tradition; yet it is by no means built upon abstractions; and our Constitution and laws, instead of growing out of any peculiar philosophy, have been framed so as best to express the continuous and associate life of the States thus united. We deprecate, therefore, most seriously all attempts to overlook the traditional facts and vital characteristics of the several States and the united nation, and apply a rigid theory to our institutions. Our doctrinaires, at two extremes, persist in treating us as if we were got up by some chemical formula, and could be made and unmade at pleasure, instead of being a living body, with living antecedents and consequents, and, as such, to be studied and fed and exercised. We are surprised to find so many well-informed men making this monstrous mistake, and regarding our Constitution and laws rather as personal opinions than as vital facts. The sectarianism that has so divided the Church as to make many think that the body of Christ is a nonentity, and Christianity is only a personal opinion, has also divided the nation; and we know very capable men who seem to think that our nationality is little more than a bundle of ideas; and the great question should be with us, which of the conflicting ideas is right. As well say that a man's family is a bundle of opinions, and, instead of cherishing the welfare of the household as a solid, vital fact, the great thing were to agitate it with discussions on the rights of parents and children, and let love starve itself out in the eternal war of



words. The best philosophy develops itself from the other course. Let the family stand by each other, using their diversity of gifts in unity of spirit—forbearing with each other and helping each other—and they will learn in the life school far more of domestic economy and social science than from any of the discussions of socialists or free-lovers, who profess to study a subject by simply ignoring its vital facts and practical experience.

We of course believe that there is a science of society, and therefore of government; but we regard it as eminently one of induction. The art of government, in like manner, is inductive, and therefore one of experience instead of experiment. It does not do to experiment on living men or a nation, and we must therefore use the experience of the past under the best light of the present. So we shall wisely study consequences, and shun the monstrous rashness that dares to test food and poison by trying them upon the living. Taking this course, we at once find ourselves asking a few questions that shed a world of light upon the conduct of private as well as of public life.

The first question looks to what may be called the *circumstantial* consequences of any measure. We ask what goods, in the usual sense of the term, or what gains come from it? These goods are of two kinds, according as they are received or produced, and make what we call our wealth. A man personally is successful by the goods that he receives from other men, and by what he is able to produce or give in return, whether of labor or money or both. A man is rich not only by his income but by his expenses, for if his expenses are judicious they bring him what is more valuable than his income; and he is independent when the income from his labor or property is sufficient to command all that he reasonably desires. He is poor precisely in the ratio in which his expenses exceed his income, or what he needs is beyond what he can produce. He, consequently, is little better than a pauper who pampers every dainty appetite and neglects every productive energy, for such imbecility will soon exhaust the richest hoards and bring beggary to the house. The same rule applies to a nation, and we are to estimate the effect of measures and institutions upon the national wealth by the quantity of goods that the people receive and produce. The wealth of each State is measured by the amount produced and the amount received in exchange for its productions. The wealth of the nation is to be estimated in the same way, relatively, by its exports and imports; and it is enriched, instead of being impoverished, by exchanging its spare productions for commodities more valuable to our people; while, of course, it is impoverished by importing luxuries which it can not pay for, or which tend to injure the industrial energy or resources of its own people. It is very important that in all our national measures we should remember this two-fold aspect of wealth, and so keep each State true to its own resources and to the national policy as to stimulate all local industry, prevent all sectional disturbances, and give such unity to our foreign relations as to make the products of foreign lands and labor more incentives to our own enterprise than interruptions to our plans, and lures to indolence and self-indulgence. Practically, it is a great problem to settle, and opinions differ as to the true system of international economy. The more reason, therefore, for being very wary, and not allowing any sectional abstractions to disintegrate the nation, and disturb present prosperity by rash ex-

periment. We are quite ready enough to enjoy luxury without labor, and we are not to be so sure of boundless prosperity as to depend upon our soil of itself to enrich us, and to forget that labor is the only security of wealth, and vigilant thought the only safeguard of labor. Whatever disturbs industry, either by the enervating influence of luxury or the madness of sectional jealousies and feuds, strikes at the productive force of the nation, and lessening its power to *make*, of course lessens its right to *take*, its share of goods. Much of this view of the subject is within the sphere of political economy, and depends upon tables of statistics. Yet the mental element is not to be neglected; and with a nation as with a man, the appetite and digestion depend not merely upon what is in the market or on the table, but upon the spirits, and ill news or hard words may take the relish away from a rich banquet, and send master and guests no longer friends, but aliens, from the feast.

The second question relates to what may be called *characteristic* consequences, and asks not what *goods*, but what *good*, is likely to come from a given measure. The *wealth* of a man or a nation is important; but *worth* is far more important, and character is a mightier factor even of fortune than capital. Actions, therefore, should be considered in their bearing on character. He who abandons his principles to make money may lose his money, and is sure to lose something far better. Now we are quite sure that national life is a great element in character, and that our manhood, instead of being less, is more, when schooled and enlarged and strengthened by patriotism. Personal egoism invariably belittles the individual, by shutting up the social affections in a poor self-conceit and self-will. Sectional egoism works in a similar manner, and pampers a captious local pride at the sacrifice of a large nationality. True worth is at once kindly and brave, genial and strong, as earnest to receive and enjoy all good fellowship as to do its own work and mend its own fortune; and most of our pleasure, and much of our motive, comes from sympathy with friends and countrymen. A true nationality gives each citizen the heart of the whole people, and its flag is his coat-of-arms. How dangerous to our comfort, and perhaps even to our sanity, it would be to cut off this great fellowship, and to change the family of confederate States into a cluster of jealous sections or tribes! Separation, while it stops the old co-operation, will not stop the old jealousies, for they who have lived together never forget each other, and an angry divorce fastens husband and wife together by ties of mutual hatred that are as strong and enduring as bonds of mutual love. Let us then look well to it, and beware of doing violence to our national worth by taking away its kindness. The emulation of association is far more effective, as well as blessed, than that of antagonism, and kindly affinities are full of brave incentives. We tremble to think of what America might become if all the points of contact between the States were points of collision, and sharp animosities lacerate the very nerves and muscles of the corporate members of the body politic. Our moralists, historians, philosophers, and divines should look well to this, and teach the people to study the end of all public measures upon the worth as well as the wealth of the nation.

Nor should we forget our relative position, nor slight the fact that consequences are to be measured by *relation*, as well as by *quantity* and *quality*. As

time goes on every man finds himself forming definite relations with other men and with God's Providence. A nation is subject to the same law, and when we are meditating any great public measure we must consider its bearing in this light: How will it affect our relation to the great empires of the world, and to the present and future leaders of civilization? How will it affect us as subjects of the divine kingdom, and called to live under the divine law and grace? Surely God has blessed us abundantly, and in spite of our faults and strifes we have been growing in wealth, intelligence, and energy; and, more or less consciously, we have a deepening sense of our having a Providential mission to fulfill. Experience, in its sober lessons, is full of auspicious hopes, and we sin against God and man if we enter upon any course of public action or policy without looking well to the end. The true end is the *evolution* of our capacity of wealth and worth, and of a noble relation to humanity and to God. Let *evolution*, not *revolution*, be our aim.

### Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was a shrewd wit who proposed as a toast, at the dinner of the New-England Society, several years ago, "*Plymouth Rock, the Blarney-stone of New England.*" The Puritans have had their praise in many mouths, and the masterly history of Mr. Palfrey makes up their final account for posterity. But they were a grim, gloomy, severe race of men. The details, tender of liberty, of our best civilization, may have sprung out of their principles, but only as the hickory-tree, that unfolds its delicate green leaves and perfumes the spring air, springs out of the hard nut. The sweet kernel of the Puritan principle was hardly suspected by the old settlers themselves. Men who had been sharply dealt with at home, and who clung to their own opinion so strongly that they would willingly suffer exile to Holland for the Lord's sake—who then, beset by further troubles, embarked upon a pitiless sea to land upon a pitiless shore, and planted their State among the rocks and bare woods of an unkindly climate and soil, would be more tenacious of their own views than tolerant of those of others; and the liberty they would defend at all hazards would be the liberty of thinking as they did.

The Puritans dealt quite as sharply with recusants as Laud dealt with nonconformists. Brown himself, the leader of the Brownists, would have fared better with Archbishop Laud than poor George Burroughs did with the Reverend Doctor Cotton Mather, one of the dreadfulest of men. In fact it is hard, as you roam about in the earlier chronicles of New England, not to conceive a personal hatred of the Mathers, father and son, and to rejoice in that absurd story of the Reverend Cotton, that when he was once going to Lynn to preach he lost his sermon upon the road, and when he got into the pulpit fumbled in vain for his manuscript, and, not finding it, said to the brethren that doubtless Satan had stolen it upon the way, but that the Old Enemy would get enough of it, for it was a special blast against the Devil and his doings; and thereupon the excellent Doctor blew up the Devil sky-high for the space of two hours, to the immense edification of the Church of Lynn. Two or three days afterward a traveler, who had found the manuscript upon the road, returned it to the seraphic Doctor in his study. The paper was soiled and worn by exposure. "Aha!"

said the Doctor, delightedly, "'tis as I supposed. Satan could not stomach it, and threw it up again!"

On the other hand, however, in this present Anno Domini, it would seem that *only* Satan could stomach the prolusions and idiotisms of Cotton Mather.

If some one says, "Don't bear upon him so hardly—'twas the fault of the times," our reply is that every sinner can be excused by the same plea. 'Twas the fault of the times that Torquemada burned heretics; and if it were the fault of the times that the Quakers and Baptists were hung in New England, it was equally the fault of the times that Nonconformists were persecuted in Old England. Is it the fault of the times that political prisoners are so savagely treated in Austria to-day? What are the times but people? And what are faulty times but tyrannical persons?

The truth is that the Easy Chair has been lately turning over the History of the Salem Witchcraft, as it is set forth in a quaint volume lately published in Salem, which includes Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," and a pamphlet in several parts, "More Wonders of the Invisible World, collected by Robert Calef, Merchant, of Boston, in New England." It was first printed in London in 1700, and then in 1796; reprinted in Salem in 1823; and in Boston in 1828.

Now if every epoch had not follies enough, it would be difficult to believe that so lamentable a folly as that of the Salem witchcraft was rife less than two hundred years ago. It has doubtless given a bad name to the town. It is a quaint, pleasant place, completed and decaying. It has the unmistakable air of past prosperity, when things have not yet become seedy but are only old-fashioned and respectable. But curiously enough, as witchcraft was manifestly the delusion of an extremely gossiping neighborhood, Salem, to this day, can not shake off the reputation. It seems a very hard name to bear. There is such hospitality and friendliness there, that a stranger, like the Easy Chair, indignantly denies that the reputation is deserved. For the ill effects of an evil name are perennial. Nothing is so difficult to correct as the details of public opinion. Tell a witty story of a man, and it will stick to him forever. Boston chastises Salem for having once been commercially prosperous. It declares that people can't live in Salem, because other people talk about them, and know what they have for dinner. It insinuates that witchcraft is an ineradicable habit in Salem, and that people stick pins into each other's reputations there, as the old witches did into the bodies of their victims.

Oh, Boston, Boston! Is it not enough that thou hast seen thy neighbor decline by slow degrees, until its shipping turns aside and pours its treasure into thy lap, but must thou malign? The story of the pin-sticking is just as true in the one case as in the other, notwithstanding that Judicus declares that being invited to dine in Salem, the mistress of the inn or boarding-house at which he stopped told him, upon his arrival, that he was the last of the guests, that they were to have oyster-soup, and venison-pie, and other things (which proved to be so), and that he was to hand out Mrs. Melchisedec Rum-toddy, which all happened exactly as she foretold. Go to, says Judicus, if a man arrives in the forenoon and passes up — Street, all the heads at the window follow him from the moment he enters the street until he leaves it, and when he has turned the corner, if he will but peep, he will see one dame in

a hood and another dame in a shawl lightly tripping about to confer with other dames upon the probable object of his visit to the town.

Judicus is the Cotton Mather of this era. The man who does not like Salem does not appreciate the most curiously romantic of New England towns.

And yet what a hard fate it has! First famous for hanging innocent and helpless people, calling them witches—then famous for fortunes which now seek activity elsewhere—and finally noted for a deplorable murder! It is a lesser evil that Boston should call it a gossip.

Yet let not Salem forget that it was a Boston merchant, Richard Calef, who did persistent justice upon Cotton Mather; and his book is a rod in perpetual pickle held over that gentleman, making his memory smart and tingle. Once or twice Mather tries to escape; but "yours to the utmost of my power," and "yours to command in what I may," R. C. is down upon him relentlessly. The victory is the greater that "yours to the utmost," R. C. can not deny that there is such a thing as a witch. That was agreed by every body. The English law provided a punishment for witchcraft, and a famous case, tried by Sir Matthew Hale ("than whom," says Mather, quoting the venerable Baxter, "no man was more backward to condemn a witch without full evidence"), was a weighty precedent with the New England Judges. The witches were condemned and executed.

This whole matter seems to us only a hideous nightmare as we look at it in our lights of to-day—as many of our doings, let us hope, will seem to our posterity. But while it is common enough to talk about witchcraft, perhaps you do not know exactly what a witch was supposed to be.

Cotton Mather believed, and he is the great authority upon witches:

1. That the devils have in their natures a power to work wonders.
2. That to assert this power makes most for the glory of God in preserving man from its effects.
3. That this power is restrained by the Almighty as he pleases.
4. That a witch is one that makes a covenant with the devil.
5. That by virtue of such a covenant she has a power to commission him.
6. That when the devil is called upon by the witch, though he were before restrained by the Almighty, the desired mischief shall be performed.
7. That to have a familiar spirit is to be able to cause the devil to take bodily shapes.

This is the account which R. C. gives us of the doctrines of Mather, as laid down in a manuscript which he allowed R. C. to read but not to copy. R. C.'s strong point in all his comments and replies is, that, although witches may be possible, since they are mentioned in the Bible, yet that no sufficient means of determining who is a witch are indicated; and he sees and states very clearly that the course of the Reverend Cotton Mather tends to bring Christianity and pure religion into extreme disrepute.

The whole business is so shallow and sad, that a man at this day can only pity and be humble. In all the accounts of wonders, and all the evidence upon the trials, nothing appears that is not susceptible of the most obvious interpretation. For instance: upon the trial of Susanna Martin, June 29, 1692, Robert Douver testified that this person being some years ago prosecuted at court for a witch, he then said unto her *he believed she was a witch*.

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Whereat she being dissatisfied said, *that some she-devil would shortly fetch him away*; which words were heard by others as well as himself. The night following, as he lay in his bed, there came in at the window the likeness of a cat, which flew upon him, and took fast hold of his throat, lay on him a considerable while, and almost killed him; at length he remembered what Susanna Martin had threatened the day before, and with much striving he cried out, *Avoid, thou she-devil, in the name of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, avoid!* Whereupon it left him, leaped on the floor, and flew out at the window.

Poor Susanna was executed; and upon such grounds as these the lives of the friendless old women in New England were taken, while the Reverend Cotton Mather cried, Amen. The burnings and tortures of the Inquisition were tolerable in the comparison, for an ecclesiastical was very likely to prove a political heretic. But the forlorn old women of Salem could be dangerous to nobody in the world. Men also were accused, and children; but the complete list of persons charged with witchcraft includes thirty-five men and two boys, ninety women and seven girls. Of these, twenty were put to death, thirteen women and seven men; and eleven were condemned, but did not suffer, all of whom were women.

These are the chapters of history that should teach us charity. Possibly old Mather, and Noyes, and the Salem magistrates, thought they were doing God service; and they shall have the credit which belongs to honest intention. But the whole history shows us, as we are constantly shown, that the man who invades the sacred natural rights of other people, however honestly he may do it, must pay the penalty of actual punishment, if he is living, and of a public reprobation of his memory, if he be dead, before his guilt is understood. The name of Cotton Mather will be always clouded with the shame of the witchcraft massacres, as the fame of Isabella is disfigured by the Inquisition. To respect the rights of others just as firmly as we insist upon our own, is the only path of peace.

In the good old days of wall-paper and tiles around the generous wood-fire place, what wisdom was displayed and inculcated, unwittingly, to the young eyes that gazed upon them and saw only pretty pictures! Lately, in an old mansion, long since perverted from its purpose of family residence, the Easy Chair was amused to see that the paper upon the wall represented the bloodiest scenes in the French Revolution. There was the Tuileries, with the platoons of the royal soldiers, and the mob of Paris, in the fore-ground, firing upon them from behind doors and chimneys, and from windows and house-tops. The gaunt wretchedness and woe of the people were not unskillfully depicted. The horrible carnage, the smeared pavement, the agonies of the dying, and the rigidity of the dead, were faithfully presented. Death and terror, in every ghastly form, decorated the room; and you could not help wondering at the extraordinary taste that would so paper a parlor.

But the tiles around the fire-place in the few old houses in which they yet remain are yet remembered, probably, as long and fondly as any nursery impression. Their quaint morals and figures are burned into the memory like the gay colors into the stone. Longfellow, in his poem "To a Child," speaks of them:



"Thou gazest at the painted tiles  
Where figures grace,  
With many a grotesque form and face,  
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!  
The lady with the gay macaw,  
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin;  
And leaning idly o'er his gate,  
Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
The Chinese Mandarin."

But of all the quaint pictures upon tiles those which illustrate Dr. Franklin's Poor Richard's wisdom are the drollest and most interesting. You may sometimes see them hanging upon an old-fashioned nursery wall, printed upon a chart; and you may study the homely wisdom and the Yankee gospel until you begin to feel yourself agreeing to the first and great law—a penny saved is a penny earned.

These Poor Richard sermons are not very often quoted or remembered now. I should like to see the chimney of Mrs. Cræsus's nursery adorned with these tiles. But they are worth lingering over for a moment, and we will draw up the old Easy Chair and study them a little. There are fourteen of the pictures, with the proverb each illustrates printed around it. Sometimes the picture warns, sometimes it cheers.

For instance, this is the first: *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright.* And underneath is written, *God helps them that help themselves. Lost time is never found again.* With this there is the funniest and awkwardest picture. In front a dapper gentleman, in the full wig and long coat of a century and a half ago, and with the complacent air of the virtuous apprentice, holds a couple of keys as long as his boots, and with his hand and arm raised as if calling attention to the fact of his triumphant goodness, he is moving toward the door of a mill. *The used key is always bright.* Beyond him there is a bridge across a stream, over which a man is driving an ass with full panniers. *God helps them that help themselves.* Between the bridge and the miller is a stream, in which another man is swimming, and in the guilty act of enjoying himself. A boat just behind him betrays the extent of his iniquity. He is not only so sinful as to swim, but he has been rowing for pleasure! *Lost time is never found again.* Upon the bank in front of this misguided swimmer, and evidently belonging to him, is a house of three stories, with enormous gate-posts, from which the gates are falling away and tumbling down for want of care. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.*

Here is another: above is written, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.* Below, *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.* Upon the right is a shop, with the extraordinary sign over the door, "Fig tea." Through the open door you see a lady in a "short gown" and limp skirts, with a full-bottomed wig, surmounted by a black cap or low hat, buying of a comely shop-keeper, in a white wig and ruffled shirt. Along the road a man or woman—it is not easy to say which—is riding his own horse and carrying his own produce to market. But now for the other side of the proverb. *If not, send.* At the corner of the shop, in which virtue and thrift in full-bottomed wigs are amicably trading, lies a messenger, evidently drunk, who has dropped the letters he was sent to deliver. Two pretty, rather than "proud," young porters have deposited their baskets and bundles a little way beyond. One sits

upon them comfortably, and the other leans seductively upon a post, and flirts insinuatingly with a market young woman, of ample dimensions, carrying a basket of garden-sauce upon her head.

One more: *Women and wine, game and deceit, make the wealth small and the want great; and beneath: What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* Here we have two droll little gentlemen in the usual wig and knee-breeches—one wearing his hat in the most depraved manner, and the other with an utterly lavish and abandoned *queue*—sitting at a table playing cards. A broad, rosy-checked, most substantial and moral boon companion, with a long waistcoat buttoned close up to the chin, and as benignant and patriarchal as William Penn, stands at the end of the table, conniving at the wickedness. Beside these three there are two ladies, one taller than William Penn, in a full wig, and of most placid countenance and proper demeanor, and the other, somewhat shorter, wearing a small train and a hat, like a tall general's "chapeau," with two plumes flaunting from the top. These are evidently accomplices in dissipation. At the other end of a room is a billiard-table, upon which two rakes are playing billiards. But such innocent and venerable rakes! There is a sofa behind them, and upon the wall of the room above the sofa hang three pictures—a pair of racing horses, of fighting cocks, and of boxers.

All the other pictures are of the same kind; and what harmless sin and innocent sinners they represent! The bad people are all dressed like the good ones. They have the same wigs, short clothes, and long stockings; but their garments are generally a little lighter in hue, and their hats a little higher; also the virtuous citizens wear coats like our frocks, leaving the tail-coat to their dissolute and lost fellow-creatures. Did our ancestors of the last century really look at these pictures without laughing? Did they not see as plainly as we the absurdity of them? Did they suppose vice is as simple and candid as this, and imagine that Satan always comes with a clap of thunder and smell of sulphur? If we should judge the age by these pictures we should find it to be of the most pastoral and childlike artlessness. Yet it was the eighteenth century—so bad that Carlyle thinks there is hardly a man or event worth remembering in the whole of it. And it is Poor Richard who is the moralist! But Poor Richard possibly knew and did more than Mr. Everett tells us in his excellent lecture.

If I were a clergyman, instead of an Easy Chair, I should be strongly tempted to have a word with the people who don't go to church in the afternoon. It would be a new kind of oratory, the addressing an absent audience, but it might be tried.

It happened that the Easy Chair went, upon a recent Sunday afternoon, to a church in the neighborhood of a large city. It was one of those comfortable, spacious, half old-fashioned houses modernized into perfect ease, which seem to take the key-note of comfort from the huge fat cushion upon the pulpit desk, and invite the weary sinner to a more literal repose than is good for a hearer who is to be stirred by pointed exhortation and remonstrance. A hundred years ago the people who came to worship on the same spot, if not in the same building, entered no soft tropic as they turned the door, and sank into no downy luxury as they seated themselves. Their breaths made vapor in the best house of the village, as their guest's breath would have done in the best chamber of their houses. The

high, barn-like building—the echoing aisles as the heavy-booted congregation came stamping off the snow upon the bare boards—the many windows frosted deep—and the array of muffled and coated hearers, were all strictly of the northern part of the Temperate Zone. It was uncompromising winter within and without, and he was a wise preacher who wore an overcoat beneath his black gown, or had the gown itself made of substantial woolen.

In those days sleeping was neither easy nor proper, and as for staying away in the afternoon, we must agree that it is a purely modern luxury. The beans and the pork and the Indian pudding were baked the night before. At noon on Sunday those who lived near the church went home for an hour and took a *snack*, but those who came from a little distance went out to see that the horse was comfortable, as he stood in the wagon under the shed, and then returned to the meeting-house and took a snack in the pew, or, in less rigorous regions, around the huge iron stove in the corner by the door, a stove whose roaring turbulently called attention to the fact that the great barn of a building was freezing cold.

It is changed now. Alas, Posthumus, the light-winged years fly by! If you present yourself at the door in winter weather, you shall find it upon smooth hinges turning, opening upon a neat vestibule, which again, by soft doors, opens into the outer hall of the church. Through that you enter. There is no shriek or squeak of hinge, no rattling of balancing weights, but only a low and positive *pat* as the door is drawn to. The aisle is carpeted, and you turn into a commodious pew, stuffed all around with elbow bolsters and devices of delightful ease. The air is that which exotics love, and you instinctively smell about for blossoming geraniums and palm-trees, and anticipate birds of Paradise to float among the frescoed arches of the ceiling. Harmonious colors touch your eye and brain with the satisfaction of music. The figures that follow the low *pat* of the doors and glide up the aisles are decorous and appropriate. If a hapless worshiper should squeak as to his boots, your state of mind would fully justify the sexton in removing him instantly—if he could somehow contrive to shove him out, as the skillful shove new-fallen snow, noiselessly, and without wrangling and twitching. How peaceful looks the great congregation—how comfortable, how warm!

Lo! the murmur of music! It is subdued and rich and solemn, apparently proceeding from no single spot, but pervading the air like the light, which falls mellowed through shaded windows. Is the "musing organist" building a bridge from dream-land for his lay, as Lowell sings?—so far away it sounds, so pensive, so infinitely sweet. If substance could be sound, this should be Keats's "lucent sirops tinct with cinnamon." But now more grandly swelling, Milton's "rich steam of distilled perfumes." In the days of the banging and noisy doors, and the huge roaring iron stove, and the clouds of vapor curling from the mouths in the pews, there was a bass-viol which growled and groaned in yonder "music loft," and striking a nasal octave, the thin sharp voices quavered off into a tune. Posthumus, Posthumus, shall we cry alas! for those days?

But "the great congregation" is only of the morning. There is more than the snack at noon, and the cold baked dinner after the afternoon service. There is no lunching in the pews nor in the corners. But in the middle of the afternoon, about the time

when, in other days, the *sixthly* had been fairly reached and all ears were stretched for the "lastly," the bell calls again from the high belfry, melodious Christian muezzin, vibrant and penetrating over all mundane sounds; but the faithful, where are they? Here is the hushed, dim, warm conservatory in which this morning, under the tender radiance of Christian truth, their hearts bloomed out into fragrant promises, and ripened resolutions, and drooped in mild contrition, and felt that they were not exotics but native plants in the divine garden; but where are they? In fact, where are people usually on Sunday afternoon?

Let an Easy Chair say a reasonable word. The clergy are the hardest worked and the poorest paid of all the professions. They are as much at every body's mercy and whim as editors. They are required to maintain an appearance and general style of living like their parishioners, and they are subject to incessant criticism and inspection. They are to conduct innumerable meetings of all kinds during the week, by day and night; they are to go willingly to the afflicted, the destitute, the suffering; to marry the living, to baptize the new-born, and to bury the dead. They are to have a general knowledge of current affairs, of literature, and art, and science. Their ear is a general confessional, their hand an ever-active engine, their heart a perennial fountain of sympathy, and their tongue a harp set to the music of consolation.

But besides all this, which is a social view of the clergyman's duties, he is also by the understanding to prepare certainly two discourses every week to be preached on Sunday. Now to a discourse there are two parties—the speaker and the hearer. If a congregation, under our system, engage a man to be their minister, they virtually contract to be ministered unto. The same understanding which binds him upon his part to speak, binds them upon theirs to hear. Or is this an unfair statement, and is the case really one in which he is to speak twice or thrice every Sunday, anyhow, and they are to listen, if they choose?

Well, take that view, and we shall come to the point. When a congregation has discovered, by the uniform experience of years, that they do not want to hear the clergyman in the afternoon, but had rather stay at home and do something else, why compel a man, who is overworked already, to do useless work? What, for instance, will a thoughtful child suppose, if he sees that every body goes only in the morning? Evidently he will suppose that what is said in the afternoon is not of equal importance. In other words, if you tell him that people ought to go to church on Sundays, he will retort that, if that be so, they ought to go twice a day, if service is to be held twice a day, and you will find it a little difficult to put him down.

The great church on the afternoon in question was dotted with a few stragglers, and an earnest, thoughtful sermon was preached. It may have touched some heart and done great good. Yes; but so you may sit at the window and read aloud and do great good. That is not the question. Here is a man who, like other speakers, can not help being quickened or saddened by his audience. Do you seriously think a human being can address himself to pews stuffed with red cushions, and an occasional human being somewhere among them half asleep, and not suffer in his mind and heart and soul? If he be, by some enchantment, a machine wound up to grind out two sermons a week, he may do it.

But a living man, with palpitating heart and longing soul, can not do it. He must be gradually disappointed, hardened, ossified. The light in him will fade for want of pure air—it will flicker—and if it goes out, whose fault is it? Why don't clergymen themselves stand against this imposition? They are sometimes ready to complain of the Lyceum lecture-system as carrying away the audience, and disinclining people for Sunday sermons. But if the Lyceum should subject the speakers to the same discipline which the clergyman is so unfairly made to endure, the clergy would soon see the benches of the lecture-room as deserted as the pews on Sunday afternoon. Is it not true, as a general rule, that our clergymen suffer themselves to be "put upon" by the congregation? The fundamental condition of the relation is, of course, that they shall like each other. But when that is fully acknowledged, then there are duties upon both sides.

The Easy Chair was wonderfully refreshed lately by hearing a bishop say to an immense congregation, "There will be a collection in this church next Sunday morning for the benefit of the Home Missions. There is complaint upon the part of some brethren that collections are very frequent in this church. They are so: and they are so because the contributions are so small. We are pledged to a certain sum to this purpose, and I shall be sorely ashamed if we fail to fulfill our promise. I therefore hope that all who are in the habit of absenting themselves when collections are taken up will come next Sunday morning, prepared to give liberally; and that those who have hitherto contributed will cheerfully give more. Let us sing the two hundredth hymn."

There is a clergyman, my dear Posthumus, who understands the reciprocal obligation of the relation. And what comes of it? Just this: that a languishing society is now the most flourishing in the place, that old debts are paid off, new buildings erected, universal interest aroused, and every body feels more pleasantly toward his neighbor and toward himself. Do you suppose if he had been content to have people stay at home in the afternoon and leave him to preach to red cushions that all this would have been done? Not at all. He has no intention of wasting himself upon cushions: his business, as a Christian clergyman, is to influence men; and he does it, Posthumus—he does it.

Just as I am ending my talk I find clerical authority for what I say. At the recent meeting of the Congregational Union at Aberdeen, Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, said: "I am ready, without any beating about the bush, to say that we are all underpaid for what we do. I was talking lately with a London business-man—a successful merchant. It was about the time bishops were getting made, and we were talking about their incomes. He said to me, 'And if it is a fair question, what do you get?' I told him. 'Well,' he answered, 'is that all you get?' 'Yes, and compared with what many of my brethren get, it is pretty fair.' 'And what do you do for that?' I said I would enlighten him upon this: 'In the first place, I compose and write what would be fully two pretty thick octavo volumes; about as much as any literary man bending over his pen thinks of doing, and more than some do, in a year. In the next place, I have to do as much speaking every week as a lawyer at the bar in good practice. Then, in the third place, to do as much visiting as a surgeon in average practice would do. And, in the next place, I think I write as many letters as many of you great merchants do.' 'Well,'

he said, 'is yours an extraordinary case?' I said, 'Not at all; a man's duties correspond with his sphere; but many of my brethren do as much, some of them, perhaps, a little more.' 'Well,' he said, again, 'they may say as much as they please about ministers getting too much for their work, but none of us would do half your work for four times your pay.'"

### Our Foreign Bureau.

"HER Majesty Desideria, dowager Queen of Sweden, died suddenly last night, while listening to the play of 'Calderon.' Life is a dream."

This is only a copy of a telegram received from Stockholm in later December—only a telegram.

"PEACE declared.—Brabazon murdered.—Bowlby [Times writer] ditto.—Emigration of Coolies authorized.—Indemnity agreed upon.—The churches, cemeteries, and their dependencies, belonging in former times to Christians, to be restored all over the empire.—A *Te Deum* and the *Domine Salvum* have been chanted in the Cathedral of Peking, after the raising of the cross."

Another telegram from China, *via* Petersburg. What a happy *coup* for Louis Napoleon, who, while pocketing sixty millions of indemnity, can say to his amiable friend of the Vatican, My dear but ungracious master, I have the honor to present to you again a hundred of your lost churches: they were thousands of miles away, but my armies have found them; the crosses which once rose over them had been torn down and insulted by barbarians, but my armies have conquered the barbarians, my Generals have lifted up the crosses again; the chants which your Holiness commands are chanted once more in the most populous empire of the world. Wishing you long life and prosperity, and such speedy establishment of home quietude as may enable me to withdraw my Roman army and the amiable General Goyon, I am the devoted servant of your Holiness, LOUIS NAPOLEON.

And yet the Church organs of France are ominously silent. They do not recognize this splendid mission service of the army. The Pope, it is to be feared, is too resentful of the losses from the home larder to be regaled by the gains in China. His appetite is of that present sharpness that it prefers a Bologna sausage even to a China pig.

Poor Bowlby was born in Sunderland, served an apprenticeship at law, became occasional reporter, represented the *Times* in Prussia during the revolutionary days of 1848, became involved financially by certain business engagements which he assumed on his return to England, passed into a rather involuntary exile upon the Continent—acting there a while as business manager for the concerts of Jullien; and finally re-engaging himself to the *Times*, at £1500 per annum (extraordinary expenses excepted), to report the story of the new China war, died miserably, as you know, before Peking. Through his eyes all Europe and all America had been looking upon the Pei-ho, and the waving fields of millet, and the long reaches of Imperial roads, until suddenly the hand that made the pictures was bound, and the eyes closed forever. The magnates of Printing-house Square have granted his widow a pension, in addition to her share in the special indemnity claimed by Lord Elgin for the benefit of the sufferers.

But the largest interest of the Chinese telegram does not lie in its relations to the Romish Church



and Louis Napoleon, or in its mournful burden for the friends of the murdered men. It is most significant as carrying the news that civilization, as represented by a few thousand soldiers and a few rifled cannon, has at length cut its way to the heart of the most populous and ancient empire of the globe. The porcelain towers, and the muddy ditches, and the armies counting by millions, and the traditions of the flowery Celestials, will challenge our awe no longer.

It will not have escaped your notice that, while the treaty grants certain territorial privileges to England, it gives no harbor or island to France; and it is urged in favor of the French Emperor that, while he has made so bold a claim for the Holy Church, he has generously abstained from any territorial bargaining.

BUT China, as we have mentioned in previous papers, has comparatively little interest for Frenchmen. Paris has looked quietly upon the combat with the Celestials. The Coolie ships will take up their cargoes; the Empress will receive her share of the Peking spoils; and the campaign will be forgotten in the more important question of Syria.

Syria is nearer home; Syria has had its history of French campaigns and French conquests; Syria, too, hinges upon Egypt and upon Turkey. Syria and its political relations attach to every shape which French ambition has taken on the Oriental question. The French army of occupation is not making ready for departure. Its stay is demanded by the still helpless and terror-stricken Christians. The swift justice of Fuad Pacha, which promised so much in the beginning, has brought no assurance of tranquillity. His recent demand for the disarmament of the followers of Abd-el-Kader has excited the worst apprehensions of the Christians. Abd-el-Kader is known not only as the protector of the weaker party, but as the *protégé* of the French Government. He chafes madly at the indignities which Fuad Pacha would put upon him, and avows his determination to leave the country rather than submit. He further expresses the conviction that the Christians of Syria will never be safe again under any other than a European and a Christian Government.

THE hero of Algiers has latterly received a gratulatory Oriental epistle from a great brother in his faith—Schamyl, the prisoner of Russia. The old Caucasian warrior says, alluding to the butcheries of Damascus:

"Why have they swam in crimes? Why have they forgotten those words of the Prophet, 'He who shall commit injustice toward a Christian; he who shall refuse him his rights; shall compel him to do what is beyond his strength, and rob him of his property, I, says the Prophet, will be his accuser at the day of resurrection?' How fine is that expression! When I heard that you had spread out the wings of mercy and of kindness to protect the Christians, and that you had stopped those who sought to violate the divine laws, I was not surprised that you gained the victory in the arena of praises. I was well pleased with you. May God be so also in the supreme day when neither money nor children will avail you in any way! You have caused the revival of the words of the Prophet sent among mankind by the mercy of God, and you have placed a bridle on those who violated his decrees. May God preserve us from him who crosses the limits which he has traced out! This is why I express to you my joy

and my satisfaction in this letter, a bouquet of flowers taken from the garden of the poor prisoner among the infidels, by the decree of the Almighty God!

"SCHAMYL, the Stranger."

And Abd-el-Kader replies with Oriental exuberance:

"Glory to God! Praise and salutation to the Prophet Mohammed and to all the Prophets! The poor before the rich; Abd-el-Kader, son of Moutried-Din-el-Hossaim, to the brother in God and dear Ulema Schamyl. May God protect us, him, and me, in the time of repose and in the hour of departure! May peace and divine mercy be given to you! I have received your letter and your amiable praises. What we have done for the Christians was a religious duty and one of humanity. Our faith is the perfection of good qualities; it comprises all that is praiseworthy and all that ought to be done. All these good things must be with us like a collar round the neck. Injustice is blamed in all nations, and its dwelling is sullied. The poet has said, 'When the day of temptation comes, man so loses his head that what is ugly he finds handsome.' We come from God, and we shall return to him. We live in a time when a few of the faithful cause justice to triumph, and people have believed that Islamism inculcates cruelty, injustice, and exclusiveness. May God grant us patience! We knew that you were with the Emperor of Russia, and that he gave you a reception worthy of you. We know that you requested him to allow you to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. Let us pray God that he may grant it. The Emperor of Russia is a great king, and he merits all the praises which have been lavished on him. I hope that the Sultan of Russia will shower down his benefits on you as the Sultan of France has done on me. Let us hope in God, who is alone to be adored.

"ABD-EL-KADER."

THE French occupation of Syria has been latterly popularized by an effective dramatic *spectacle* upon one of the lesser theatres of the Boulevard. We speak of the Cirque Imperial; and the name of the play is the *Massacres de Syrie*. It is credited to the same hand which gave us, a year ago (at the Porte St. Martin), an effective political melodrama, based upon the story of the Jewish boy Mortara. Of that piece and its triumphs we gave due record. The present stab at poor Turkey (last year's being a stab at the Pope) is even more effective than the old one. The Emperor, and very many of the diplomatic corps, gave *éclat* to the "first night" by their presence; and a roar of bravuras welcomed every allusion to Imperial France as the guardian of Christian peoples and rights in the East. In short, it was a brilliant apology for continued occupation, and a very lively hint to Turkey of the state of Western feeling. An English critic, writing from Paris, says:

"The author, whoever he may be, has a poor opinion of the Turks, who, with the Jesuits, are set down as the real fomentors of the massacres. The main subject of the piece, stripped of the embroidery of drums, trumpets, and guns, with charges of cavalry, and all the other paraphernalia of 'fierce and bloody war,' resolves itself into the adventures and dangers of a French Christian family, who have been long established among the Maronites, and who, pursued by the terrible Druses, owe their safety to the humanity of the great Arab chief, Abd-el-Kader, and finally to the intervention of the French.

The 'hair-breadth 'scapes' and calamities of these unfortunate fugitives—with, of course, a little love intrigue between the daughter of the family and a young Christian convert—furnish the materials of the plot, which is really of the most commonplace description. The bustle of war, however, coupled with numberless complimentary allusions to the bravery and generosity of the French nation, and its timely and efficacious intervention, seemed to excite the fervent enthusiasm of the spectators; and seldom has any piece of the kind been received with more vehement demonstrations of popular favor. We should remark that the eulogiums upon France are of the warmest complexion, and are reiterated in a manner reflecting more credit upon the writer's patriotism than his taste. The piece is fairly acted, and splendidly got up. Dumaine made a noble Abd-el-Kader, and Mademoiselle Page, as the persecuted Christian maiden, was very pathetic."

So much for Syria.

WE still watch the growth of Italy into a national unity with an interest which all the sad news of disintegration from beyond the Atlantic will not abate. It is not a growth without its labors and its perils. We hinted at those of Naples in our last month's record; and have now, unfortunately, to add to them the doubtful auspices under which a new and young diplomat, the Chevalier Nigra, comes to undertake the administration of the Neapolitan Government.

For a time the guns of Gaeta are silent; and as we write the ships of Louis Napoleon are withdrawn from the offing.

The Romans, forgetful of political complications, are lamenting the limited influx of foreigners: in place of thirty thousand strangers, which is the usual winter's number, we hear this winter of only ten thousand; and the profits of the lodging-house keepers, and artists, are falling off in proportion. Yet order, under the regimen of the French garrison, is represented as perfect, and a visitor may walk unmolested, at what hour of the night he pleases, from St. Peter's to the Piazza d'Espagna.

In Piedmont itself interest is turning upon the elections to the new Parliament, which, by certain recent changes in the electoral law, will occasion new jealousies, and possibly angry complications. That, in any event, the Count Cavour will be confirmed in his moderate action, there can hardly be a doubt: and yet none venture to predict what may be the result of elections in the South of Italy. It is suggested that Garibaldi is to nominate proper persons to be returned: if the Liberator determines upon this, his men will be returned. But above all questions of elections, and of Parliamentary strategy, comes up discussion of the return of Garibaldi to the battle-field, and his summons to Italy to rally for the recovery of Venice. Will King Emanuel be ready for the rally? Or if not, will the thousands, and hundreds of thousands, who will throng to the war-cry of Garibaldi be strong enough, and well enough provided with military material, to throw themselves, with any hope of success, against the ramparts of Mantua and of Verona?

Or will the great drama of 1861 open with a quiet naval descent upon the shores of Dalmatia; and the first war-cry be lifted by Hungarian voices?

The late liberalism of the young Emperor of Austria, it is argued on all hands, is too late—too late to keep down the unrest of the proud Magyars—too late to stifle the rising tide of feeling along the Dan-

ube; and by great odds, too late, to win back Venetia to an acquiescent servitude. Will the unfortunate young monarch risk all upon the strength of the ramparts of Verona, or will he make diplomatic sale of his share of Italy? Peace or war hang upon his decision. The closest interpretation of the Emperor Napoleon's speech (of New-Year's Day) looks to a peaceful *dénouement* of the negotiations now on foot; but the experience of the few years past shows that the Emperor's speeches are not always susceptible of literal interpretation.

The last advices from Turin are to the effect that Cavour is sure of an effective working majority in the new Parliament; and that the influence of Garibaldi will not be exerted in opposition to the administrative action of the distinguished *premier* of Sardinia.

As for France, it remains, as it has been these three years past, the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. And there is no gainsaying the fact that the Emperor has never been so thoroughly the master of French service, and the master of the immense power which France has in its control, as to-day. We mean by this, not that his despotism is the more potent or decided, but that French pride in his strategy and energy, and French confidence in his ambitious intention, has never been more marked and cordial. The British papers, and the *Times* chiefest among them, by their half-ironical, and half-deprecatory sallies upon the Emperor, have contributed largely to plant a love for him, and a pride in him, in the hearts of the French people. And now, his magnificent Imperial Guard, his rifled guns, his iron-clad ships, his completed docks (in exciting the cavils of English publicists), have fastened his popularity at home. We do not believe there was ever a French monarch, at least within a century past, stronger in the pride (if not in the affections) of the French people than the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

The other day—it was during the festivities of the New Year—the monarch and the Empress walked in a rain-storm, half-concealed by a huge family umbrella, up and down the Boulevard, purchasing scores of trifles at the stalls which at this season encumber the street. They were recognized only by a few; but the papers have made a merit of the unostentatious adventure, and detail it with an unction which characterized the relation of such stories of Napoleon the First. He can carry France, if he wishes, into a new war with Austria next spring. He can carry nine men in ten into a war with Prussia for the Rhine boundary—if he wishes it. And it would not be hazarding much to say, that he can carry France into a war with England for the avengement of Waterloo—if he wishes it.

But it is easier to believe that he does not wish it than that he wishes it.

MEANTIME, while we think of such things here; while we see peace promising grander victories, even to generals, than war; while liberalism is shaking from Italy all its fetters, and waking a great nation from the death-trance of centuries; while progress is stealing its grasp upon the action of such despotic monarch as that of Hapsburg, and opening to freedom the legislative debates of France; while the last shackle is struck from the great Russian serfdom (as it will be this coming month); while even the death of the old paralytic King of Prussia is in some sort a protest against harsh prerogative, and a proun-

ise of healthier growth; only news of retrogression, and of a stayed civilization, comes to us from west of the Atlantic. The great almoner and exemplar of Democratic privilege halts. Call the South right, or call the North right, as you will, and the larger fact is patent, that the greatest nation which was ever organized on democratic principles is convulsed, disordered, broken asunder. The democratic panacea—a great popular vote—has not cured the ailment. There is no acceptance of the result of the legal ballot as the final arbiter; once refuse this acceptance, and it is as if the king were beheaded.

It seems like sacrilege; but already we talk of the United States, on this side the Atlantic, as of a sun-drenched nation.

What shall become henceforth of the valiant "Monroe doctrine?" Where all that boastfulness of a nationality which protected its adopted citizens, and which, in European waters, snatched a victim from the grasp of Austria? Will we abandon tamely this prestige? Will we quietly grant to European despotism what it most covets, a frank confession of our lack of coherency, of vitality, of power?

Of course the revolutionary aspect of American affairs has its full meed of discussion in the Continental journals. It irks us not a little to find the two dissolving powers of Austria and the American Union classed together. It reminds unpleasantly of the boastful joyousness of noisy "Independence days;" but our foreign critics are kindly in their mention of our mishaps. Even the journals of Vienna are not captiously mindful of the heroism of Captain Ingraham—whose heroism even the weakest of the Mediterranean States will dread no longer. And, while there is kindness, there is also an absolutely unbroken agreement of opinion in censuring the hasty and inconsiderate action of our seceding States. Can it possibly be true that all the world besides is utterly wrong, and only our Southern friends utterly right? It would be very odd if so.

ANOTHER British statesman (it is part of the month's news) has latterly slipped away out of life; we mean Lord Aberdeen, a heavy-faced, white-haired Scotchman, with something about his countenance that reminded strongly of Walter Scott.

The papers agree in saying he was a good man, though surely not a very great one; nor has England great reason to be thankful for the service he rendered apropos of the last Russian war. Aberdeen bore the same relation to the grand Crimean series of murders which our premier, Buchanan, is likely to bear to any possible civil war in America. In fact, he loved peace so dearly that he floundered into war. So humane, and good, and timid, and doubtful, and vacillating, that the great Russian had no choice, as a man of action and energy, but to push matters to the arbitration of the sword. Energy can not deal with timidity without angry effervescence: there is better chance for calm where decision meets decision.

Yet it was more the misfortune than the fault of Aberdeen: he could not rise, if he would, to the level of great, unshrinking purpose. He could lament, and temporize, and devise expedients, and set on foot secret negotiations, and write tender letters, and make humane appeals; and be very courtly, and gentlemanly, and scholar-like; and to all this the great Russian gave a courtly eye and hearing, but not one jot of respect. Mr. Buchanan's piety, and tameness, and doubt will be treated by the South

precisely as Russia treated Aberdeen. God grant that we have no illustrative Crimea! Perhaps there has never been a British statesman who, with so large a share of responsibility upon his shoulders, so trembled with the weight of it. In great crises we do not much admire the tremblers.

THEN the old King of Prussia has dropped away: he will never hear the Champagne pop any more, unless the Mumms be *fournisseurs* in the silent land where he is gone. There is nothing grand to be written of the poor dead William, except that he lived in the rooms where the great Frederic lived. If Prussia has grown during his life, it has grown in spite of him. A few artists or literary men may regret his going; a few books, or pictures, or bits of statuary may carry his name and memory on the catalogues; but no larger and more buoyant life in either art or letters has found a spring or any accession of force from the blood or brain of the dead King.

The new King William, who had already entered upon his career as Regent, enters upon Royalty, with this bit of fatherly proclamation. In these times, when States are disbanding, and calculating the efficacy of new forms, it may be worth while to measure a kingly promise:

"My hand shall protect the welfare and the right of all in every class of the population. It shall be extended to protect and support the precious life of the nation. It is the destiny of Prussia not to devote her life to the enjoyment of acquired good. The conditions of her power are founded in the exertion of her spiritual and moral forces; in the seriousness and the truthfulness of her religious feelings; in the combination of obedience with freedom; and in the strengthening of her military force. In this manner alone can she take her rank among the States of Europe. I remain faithful to the tradition of my house in proposing to myself the mission of elevating and of strengthening the patriotic spirit of my people. . . . Confidence in the peace of Europe is shaken, but I shall endeavor to preserve the blessings of peace. Dangers may nevertheless arise for Prussia and Germany. May the courage which trusts in God, and which has animated Prussia in her great periods, then manifest itself in me and in my people, and may the latter then stand firm by my side, and follow me with faithfulness, obedience, and perseverance! May the blessings of God rest on the mission which His will has intrusted to me!"

THE phenomena of the weather have attracted latterly an usual share of public attention. In England sledges have appeared; the turnips are frosted; the Thames is frozen over; the Serpentine has its booths and fairs; the railway carriages are breaking in every direction. In France and Spain there are floods; the Prince Napoleon's pretty Pompeian Palace has taken a dirty swell of the Seine into its cellars; the quays are overflowed; wood rafts and wash-houses are lying on a level with the Tuileries; the wine barges go crashing against the arches of Pont Neuf. In Spain the losses and suffering are described as fearful. Meanwhile Richard Cobden writes from Algeria that the air is as balmy as May, that the grape-vines are blossoming on the walls, and that "his cough is easier." Farmer Garibaldi still looks after his kids on Caprera, listening to the murmur of that blue sea which beats on the shores of his homestead, and which waits only the stir of an April wind to lift him again to the red harvest of Venetia.



## Editor's Drawer.

DEAN RAMSAY has made an amusing volume of "Reminiscences of Life and Manners in Scotland." He takes it quite to heart that Sydney Smith and others of the wits of England deny there is any wit north of the Tweed. The Dean's book is made to prove the contrary, and he makes the very best of a bad case. But the best of it is that he gathers a lot of smart speeches made by half-witted fellows, the parish idiots, and these are just the wittiest things in the book. As for example:

The parson was preaching to a congregation the most of whom were sound asleep. Jamie Fraser, a poor fool, was sitting wide awake in the front gallery, and the preacher thought to make a deep impression by rousing his people and exclaiming, "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep as you do." Jamie not liking to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' if I hadna been an idiot I wad ha' been sleeping too."

That was very well for a fool. Take a capital one from the bar. John Clerk, afterward a judge by the title of Lord Eldin, was arguing a Scotch appeal case before the House of Lords. It was about a mill privilege and the right to a stream of water. The Scotch lawyer talked about the *watter*, the *watter*, the *watter*, till the chancellor, much amused by his peculiar pronunciation of the word, asked him in a bantering tone, "Mr. Clerk, do you spell *watter* in Scotland with two t's?" Clerk was nettled by this hit at his national tongue, and answered, "Na, my Lord, we dinna spell *watter* wi' twa t's, but we spell *manners* with twa n's."

A MASSACHUSETTS divine writes thus to the Drawer:

"Not long since I had occasion to pass the Roman Catholic church in Medford early on a Sabbath morning. Seeing the door ajar and a son of the Emerald Isle standing in front of it with a barrow of coals, I felt an inclination to enter the church, never having seen its interior. I accosted him with the question if there would be any objection to my entering.

"'Not in the laste, Sir,' said he. 'There is a lady, in from the priest's house: she will show you the whole intirely.'

"I entered. The lady met me near the altar, and dropping a courtesy there, proposed to show me the various apartments and fixtures, which she did with much politeness. The church had been enlarged since its erection by adding considerably to one end, which made it appear quite long. Observing this, I remarked, as I was about to retire, 'Your church is very neat, but from its appearance on the outside I had no idea that it was so long as it is.'

"'Oh, indade, Sir,' said she, with the utmost simplicity and prettiness; 'oh, indade, Sir, the church is much longer *inside* than it is outside.'

"That was a neat one!"

A FRIEND in Maryland writes of the times, and adds:

"My cousin, Mrs. M—, being a smart woman, and hearing one morning (after her husband had left for business) that the banks had suspended specie payment, she gathered up the eight or ten dollars in halves and quarters from the drawer, and started full tilt for a store, jingling her money all the while to see if the clerk had heard the news. She asked

the price of this and that until she matched the amount. Supposing her money to be good, which Mr. Clerk concurred in most heartily as he fingered the nice plump half dollars, she gathered up her bundles and went home in the greatest fidget of delight a little woman ever enjoyed. Mr. M— came home to dinner. Wanting a half dollar, and finding none in the place where his shiners ought to be, he inquired of Mrs. M— what had become of the money. Mrs. M—, in a soft, sweet voice, said, 'Hush, my dear—don't say a word! I heard this morning that the banks had stopped paying specie, and so I ran out and passed it off on the store-keeper before he heard the news.'

ANOTHER smart woman was "come up to" on this wise by her excellent son. She kept a small store and a sort of tavern on a public thoroughfare between two sea-port towns (which are now dignified by the title of cities), and had a most successful way of realizing a profit. Her son, a jolly sailor boy, who had just returned from a voyage, was one day left by his mother in charge of the shop for a short time while she went out to keep her place good in the village gossip society. Jack "took the helm," and told the old woman not to hurry, and he would keep a sharp look-out. During her absence an old soldier, worn and scarred in his country's service, came along, and halted a moment to rest and refresh himself. Jack put his foot into it by asking him if he would like something to eat, for upon looking around in the pantry behind the bar, and in every place where he thought there was a likelihood of any thing eatable being stowed away, all he could find was the remnants of the dinner the day before. This he placed before the old hero, and bade him fall to, which he did quite readily. When he had finished and gone on his way, there remained of what Jack had set before him only a few well-picked bones. When his mother returned he asked her what it was worth to pick those old bones.

"Well, Jack," she replied, quite elated at what she supposed was the shrewdness of the lad, "a shilling would be about right."

"So I thought," said Jack; "and that is what I gave him."

THE following is on a beautiful marble slab placed at the head of a grave in Marlborough, Massachusetts, by a young man of a poetic temperament, to perpetuate the memory of a deceased young lady to whom he had been betrothed and about to be married:

"Death is the road that leads to bliss divine,  
That thou hast trod, O hapless Caroline!"

"'STOP, Charlie! you have my hat.'

"'Well, I'll be back with it in a moment—just going out-doors.'

"'Well, I only want to remind you,' said Bob; 'if it is a slouch, the loss of it would be *felt*!'

"WE have in our county a drunken fellow, known as Billy C—. On one occasion Billy wished to get the services of a certain idiotic pauper, then in the county infirmary. To do this it was necessary for him to have a certificate, signed by a specified number of freeholders, that he was competent to provide for the pauper. As Billy could neither read nor write, he went to one of our magistrates to get the certificate written. The Justice, being adverse

to his petition, and a bit of a wag, wrote the certificate about thus :

"We, the undersigned, certify that Billy C—— is an idle, drunken, worthless fellow, unfit to take care of himself, much less of a pauper."

"Billy, unconscious of the trick, circulated it very industriously, and obtained a large number of signatures."

FROM the oil diggings a correspondent writes, under date of Oleana :

"The world is full of good things. You also are in a similar state of repletion, and yet the half is not told. There are many good things yet unknown, and, let us hope, many more yet to happen. We live in the midst of a good thing—oil; good for every thing under the sun but to smell; it is not good for that. Three friends were discussing 'THE SUBJECT' (oil, of course).

"Says A: 'Old Billy G—— has bought a good claim.'

"What does he give?" says B.

"One thousand dollars, and a quarter of the oil for a quarter of the claim," replied A.

"Then," says C, 'as a matter of course, had he bought the whole claim, he would have had to pay four thousand dollars and *all the oil*.'

"That is an opinion as is an opinion."

"OLD Sid C—— is one of the few that can keep a hotel. He is a double-distilled (40 per cent. above proof) Democrat. The present politico-financial troubles don't suit him, not a bit. He predicts great trouble, and bases his opinion on the fact that Lincoln was burned 'in jeopardy' some time since in South Carolina.

"THE daughter of the blacksmith who 'struck ile' has recently become one of our fashionables. She called on one of our druggists some time since. Hear them :

"DAUGHTER. 'Mister, say, have you got any scents?'

"URBANE DRUGGIST. 'Yes, ma'am, we have quite a number of the old copper coin, which we would be glad to get rid of.'

"DAUGHTER. 'Oh, you dry! I don't mean bungtums. I want some scents for the hankercher.'

"URBANE DRUGGIST. 'Ah, I comprehend. You wish for some perfume.'

"DAUGHTER. 'Yes, that's it. What kind you got?'

"URBANE DRUGGIST. 'All kinds, madam. Lubin's, Harrison's, Phalon's, and all the best makes.'

"DAUGHTER. 'Oh, I don't want none o' them. Gimme some *essence o' Jack o' Clubs*, if you got it. That's the kind I like.'

"OUR city," says a Philadelphia friend, "has some divines whose sermons are more noted for their length than depth. One of them, Dr. Bull, happening, some eighteen months since, to pass the Sabbath in a small town in New Jersey, not far distant from this city, was invited to preach. He accepted the invitation, and spoke for an hour and a half from the text, 'Remember Lot's wife.' It is said that the church bell had to be rung, at the conclusion of the sermon, to rouse the hearers. This report, however, needs confirmation.

"Last month the Doctor was in the same town,

and was again invited to preach. He announced his text, 'Remember Lot's wife.' At this juncture a staid old Jersey farmer, sitting half-way down the middle aisle, was observed picking up his hat and things, and as the injunction, 'Remember Lot's wife,' was a second time sounded in his ears, he rose, and in a voice distinctly audible throughout the church, exclaimed, 'Haven't forgot her since you were here last time;' and immediately executed a rapid movement toward the door.

"MRS. B——, the wife of a well-known druggist in this city, has been for some time past very active in soliciting donations in behalf of a new church enterprise in the western part of the city. In the store of her husband is a young man, John W—— by name, who is somewhat of a wag, and does not hesitate to play practical jokes whenever the opportunity for so doing presents itself. Knowing him to be in the receipt of a good salary, Mrs. B—— has for some months been dunning him for a donation of five dollars, which, under one pretense or another, he always avoided giving. At last he said, one day, 'Well, Mrs. B——, I'll give you that V just to get rid of you;' and accordingly planked it down in the form of a bank-bill. Attempting to pass this bill, a day or two subsequently, Mrs. B—— was astonished to learn that it was a counterfeit. Hastening to the store, and handing him the bill, she demanded of John 'what he meant by giving her a counterfeit note?' John was the picture of injured innocence, and protested his nonintention of doing such an action—was not aware of having such a bill in his possession, etc., etc. Mrs. B—— then asked him to replace it. After waiting on a customer, he came back, and said,

"Mrs. B——, as I have my board bill to pay to-night, and am rather short of money, I can only give you four dollars to-day."

"Very well," she replied, 'that will do.'

"Whereupon he handed her a five-dollar bank-bill, received a one-dollar gold-piece in change, and bowed her out of the store. Imagine her surprise, upon arriving home, to find that she was in possession of the identical bill which had raised her ire that morning. She has not been able to see John since, but vows vengeance upon him when she is so fortunate as to get him in her power."

ONE of the Drawer's readers in Texas tells us of a novel mode of getting somebody else to treat :

"Some time since Spears, the bridge-builder, wanted a drink, and concluded he'd go over to Jack M'Kim's grocery and take a smile. On the way he met a friend, and as he only had one dime he did not know how to get a drink for both of them, under the present state of his finances. He therefore sat down on some timbers and began a long-winded story. After talking some time, being rather prosy, his friend became dry, and proposed to treat, so they walked over to Jack's. As there was no one in the grocery, Spears went behind the counter and helped himself and friend, who, after drinking, laid two dimes on the counter, which Spears very coolly put in his pocket. As he went out of the house he met the proprietor, and Spears remarked to him, 'Just charge those two drinks to me.'"

In the "game-cock county" of Alabama there lives and 'vegetates' Brother J——, as queer a specimen as can be met with in a fortnight's travel. Being long suspected by his devout congregation of certain *spirit-*

ual inclinations, indulged in secret, a worthy "brother" undertook to tell him one day, while on their way to church, of the surmises of various members of his little flock, and to caution him against the evident manifestations and too palpable displays of unsteadiness of gait sometimes witnessed by them with mortification and sorrow. The good man defended himself against the charge with much warmth; and as they neared the church they saw a knot of members in the porch engaged in an earnest conversation, and, supposing that he was the subject of their consultation, he proposed to his companion a little scheme, by which he was to show the folly of too hastily coming to a conclusion founded merely on suspicion. He was to act as though he was inebriated—was to approach the group in a "traverse-sailing" manner—and, on reaching them, was immediately to dismiss them, with a kind of stupid leer, on the pretext of being indisposed; and when arraigned, as he supposed he would be, his friend was to be a witness in his behalf, and to detail "the plot."

Every thing was effected as per programme: and on the following day "Brother J——" was duly notified to appear before a council of his church, to answer to the charge of drunkenness preferred by several members who had seen him the day before.

The council met; the evidence against the accused was clear, direct, and satisfactory; and when asked what defense he had to make, introduced "Brother Smith" to prove the utter worthlessness of the charge.

"Brother Smith" faithfully detailed "the plot," and closed his testimony by saying that, so effectually had it been carried out, that even he himself was deceived by it; and that "Brother J——" had played his part so well that he had actually made his breath smell like whisky!

"A story of the President-elect may not be out of place in your receptacle of 'good things.'"

"In 1854, during the high 'Know-Nothing' excitement of that year, Mr. Lincoln was elected to the Legislature, and, much to the surprise of the opponents of the Democracy, they had a majority of one in the Legislature. Here was a chance for Mr. Lincoln to secure a seat in the United States Senate, and his friends persuaded him to decline qualifying, as the Illinois Constitution barred the election of a member of the Legislature to the United States Senate. Mr. Lincoln complied, and a new election was called, he being confident that an anti-Democrat could be chosen in his place. But the Democrats availed themselves of this confidence, brought out no candidate publicly, seemingly being willing to let the election go by default. But, lo! when the votes were counted, one M'Daniel, a Democrat, was discovered to have been voted for—and, worse yet, he had a majority of the votes! This was a terrible blow to Mr. Lincoln's friends, who 'took on' terribly; but 'Old Abe,' when he heard the result, *te-hee'd* one of his peculiar laughs, and, of course, 'told a story.' He said, the result reminded him of one of the camp-followers of General Taylor's army, who had secured a barrel of cider, erected a tent, and commenced dealing it out to the thirsty soldiers at twenty-five cents a drink; but he had sold but little before another sharp one set up another tent at his back, and tapped the barrel so as to flow on his side, and peddled out No. 1 cider at *five cents a drink!* of course getting the latter's trade entire on the borrowed capital. The

Democrats, said Mr. L., had played 'know-nothing' on a cheaper scale than had the real devotees of 'Sam,' and had 'raked down his pile' with his own cider!"

"I HAVE never seen the following in print," says a correspondent, who sends this and two or three more:

"A number of old salts had collected in the fo'castle of a cod-fisherman, smoking and drinking, to while away the time until the next ebb, some of them very sagely discussing the times, and all the ups-and-downs of a fisherman's life, when one remarked that we must all use our best efforts, and then trust in Providence. This remark aroused one old dreamy salt, who replied that *they* might do as they liked; but, for his part, he had lost enough by trusting in Providence: he was going to take his next cargo to Newport!

"SENATOR C——, in one of his first efforts at the bar, undertook to compare his client to a ship; and in his argument went on to illustrate her getting under way, heaving up anchor, unfurling sails, hauling in, belaying, etc., and after using up what few sea-phrases he understood, he found he had got his ship where he could not handle her, and himself in nearly the same predicament.

"The Court and bar saw the dilemma he was in, his friends anxious through fear, and his opponents inwardly chuckling at his evident embarrassment and probable defeat. At this critical juncture in the fortunes of both himself and his ship, he turned to the Judge with, 'If it please the Court to let me come back into port, I will never go to sea again!' He then started his argument anew, and succeeded, and from that time 'never went to sea again;' and to this early lesson may, no doubt, be attributed his present eminent standing.

"C. B——, a well-known and successful merchant on White River, and withal something of a wag, was standing, with a group of his townsmen around him, when the clergyman of his parish came along, and inquired the cause of the gathering.

"MR. B——. 'That horse' (pointing to one nearby) 'is mine, and I have told these men that the one that could tell the biggest lie should have the horse, and you may have a chance in if you like.'

"The minister, with holy horror, replied, 'Why, Mr. B——, I never told a lie in my life.'

"'The horse is yours!' said Mr. B——; and the crowd coincided, if one could judge by the laugh."

"I AM sorry," says a learned contributor, "that some one spoiled a good story in your Number for December. It should read as below:

"The celebrated Mr. Curran, the distinguished Irish lawyer, was once pleading a case before a very facetious Judge, who never allowed an opportunity to escape him in making a joke. While Mr. Curran was speaking a jackass was tied near the Court-house door and commenced a most awful braying, when the Judge observed, 'One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please;' and the joke passed off very quietly.

"On another occasion, not long after, Mr. Curran had an opportunity of paying the Judge in his own coin in the following manner:

"The Judge was occasionally rather irritable, and any noise while he was charging a jury annoyed him very much. On such an occasion he was sadly interrupted by the braying of the aforesaid ass, and



turned to the sheriff, ordering him to stop that noise. Mr. Curran being present, and recollecting the former braying, observed, 'May it please your Honor, it is merely an echo!'

WE have had more of such notices as the following than we care to print. Ignorance is not always willful, and when a man does as well as he knows how, why should he be laughed at? We will give one more specimen, and beg that the literature of the "Notusses" may hereafter be suffered to remain on the door-posts. The following is taken down from a church-door in South Carolina:

"December 1th 1860 NOTIS

"the grin stone that belong to the subscribers that was to stay at Masy Spencore is gon wee wish that hoo took hit would bring hit back again to the plao again the subscribers is vary mutch displeas about hit

"ROBERT NELSON."

MANY years ago Jefferson County, Indiana, boasted of having the politest sheriff in the State. The sheriff—Mr. Jones, in lieu of a better name—treated the prisoners under his charge with all the deference due to the aristocracy of the land.

During Jones's term of office the criminals were kept in an old brick building in Madison, so insecure that one day they attempted an escape, and came well-nigh succeeding in their endeavors. Jones, discovering their attempt, rushed into the room, and with drawn revolver exclaimed: "Gentlemen, gentlemen! desist from the further prosecution of your designs, or, by the power invested in me by the State of Indiana, I'll shoot you dead!"

A RING of the door-bell, and a simultaneous and unusually furious bark of his dog, informed the Rev. Mr. T—— one day that a stranger stood at his door. He opened the door himself, and a gentleman bowed and said, "The Rev. Mr. T——, I presume."

"Yes, Sir."

"My name is Jones, and I am an agent of the Moral Reform Society, or, as some are pleased to call me, a Moral Agent."

"Will you walk in, Mr. Jones?" said the hospitable Mr. T——, leading the way.

"Thank you, Sir," said the man, walking in. "I was rather roughly greeted by your dog here just now, and there is a certain passage of Scripture, Brother T——, that I shall have to recommend to your attention—'Beware of dogs.'"

"Oh, Sir," said Mr. T——, turning round, and speaking with earnest simplicity, "you mistake the meaning. That passage was not intended to apply to brute beasts, but to Moral Agents!"

A CORRESPONDENT in Utah tells the following story in a letter to the Drawer. It shows the Mormon spirit:

"A Mormon Elder from Salt Lake, by the name of Randall, not many years ago, while on a visit at his friends in the State of Ohio, was requested to attend a Campbellite meeting—a Society to which his relatives belonged. He went, and listened to an eloquent discourse. The preacher was more charitable than many of the clergy of other denominations, and in the course of his remarks said that each denomination or branch of the Church formed a link in the chain with which Satan would be bound, and thus usher in the reign of Peace. After the sermon was ended, many of the brethren expressed their approbation of the discourse, and bore testimony to the

truth of what the preacher had said. Finally, the friends of the Mormon Elder requested him to speak. He hesitated; but after much solicitation he arose and said, 'I believe what your preacher has said in regard to the different denominations—that they each form a link in the chain with which Satan will be bound; and when bound both Satan and chain will be cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, according to the testimony of John the Revelator,' and sat down. He was not called on again."

THE worst side of human nature is shown out in the following incident related by a correspondent of the Drawer:

"An old gentleman residing in one of the counties of Maryland, a widower, having married a maiden lady of a very uncertain age, was shortly thereafter stricken down with typhoid fever, which disease was immediately communicated to his wife. From the first the faculty declared that, in their opinion, they must both die.

"Now if the old man died first, his wife's relations would get the third of his immense personal estate; and if the old woman, why then his children would get it. Accordingly it became a matter of prime importance for the latter to 'lengthen out' their father's life, and of quite as much importance for the wife's family to lengthen out hers; though it was not cared a fig by either of these parties how soon 'poor dear pa' or 'poor dear aunt' respectively would follow, provided he or she, as the case might be, just managed to outlive the other. And to enable the husband to live the longer, his *sorrowing* children employed two eminent physicians, with instructions to remain by him, and by every possible means known to the faculty to endeavor to prolong his existence beyond that of his wife. For a like reason, the equally sorrowing nephews and nieces of the wife secured the services of two other eminent physicians to stay by her, and if possible, by galvanism or what not, to keep her alive, if but a moment, longer than her husband—the much-doctored couple meanwhile being in the same room, and both of them alarmingly near the point of departure! What a spectacle!

"Just imagine it, Mr. Drawer! The medical men, Jones and Smith, *liquoring* 'pa,' and Brown and Johnson *galvanizing* 'aunt!' The frequent consultations, too, of the medical firms, each *inter-se*, and with their respective employers outside! And the hurriedly anxious question, 'How's pa?' or 'How's aunt now?' And then the 'Thank God!' of the children, and the 'O God!' of the nephews, when Dr. Jones opens the door and announces, 'She's gone!'"

A SCENE in the Crimea is thus portrayed by a correspondent in Oswego:

"One afternoon, previous to a proposed attack upon a Russian outwork, some British officers were sitting at table in the tent of Captain B——, of the Artillery, who was then lying sick. While they were smoking their cigars, and discussing a bottle of wine and the various topics which naturally arise on such occasions, Lieutenant L—— entered and joined the party. Captain B—— and himself occupied the same quarters, and he had returned from a stroll among the neighboring tents. In the course of conversation the projected attack being referred to, the Lieutenant warmly exclaimed that 'he hoped there would be no *volunteering* for the forlorn hope,'

as those who had the good fortune to return from similar expeditions never received any thing for the special hazard incurred, while, in fact, it was a duty in common to all the artillery.'

"For the benefit of non-military readers, we ought to say that the duty of a portion of the forlorn hope in an attack upon a fortification is to lie concealed in the nearest trench until a signal is given announcing that the breach is sufficient, when they spring up, rush into the place, and a party prepared endeavor to seize and spike the guns, that they may not be directed upon them in case the attack prove unsuccessful. This particular duty is only intrusted to artillerymen—they being alone conversant with the management of large guns. It is therefore necessary that the forlorn hope, on such occasions, comprise a party of the latter arm of the service.

"Lieutenant L—— had hardly finished speaking, when a sergeant came to the door of the tent and inquired if Lieutenant L—— was there.

"'That is my name,' responded the Lieutenant, immediately.

"'I am sent to inform,' continued the sergeant, 'that the officers of your regiment have volunteered for the forlorn hope of to-morrow. The drawing will take place at the Colonel's tent. I am also directed to hand you this paper, which contains the signatures of the officers who have volunteered, and to say that the signing of it is entirely voluntary.'

"Not a word was spoken by the party. Lieutenant L——, however, quietly taking a pen from the stand upon the table, signed the paper, and returning it to the sergeant, remarked, in the most imperturbable manner,

"'Sergeant, if you will have the goodness to let me know when the drawing commences, I will be there.'

"The sergeant bowed and retired, and the conversation was resumed, without any further allusion to the forlorn hope.

"After a short interval the sergeant returned, saying,

"'The drawing is upon the point of taking place, at the Colonel's tent.'

"Lieutenant L—— instantly arose and accompanied him.

"During the absence of the young officer the residue of the party remained anxious and almost silent. A gloom appeared to spread itself over the faces of all; for Lieutenant L—— was a great favorite, and certain death was considered the fate of all who should be chosen for the forlorn hope. Time seemed to pass slowly, so nervous were they about the result. Hardly half an hour, however, had expired when the Lieutenant bounded into the tent, exclaiming,

"'I have drawn a fortunate number! I am one of those who are to go!'

"Of course a deep feeling of regret and disappointment pervaded the recipients of the unwelcome news, but no expression was given to it. Probably they did not concur in thinking the number particularly 'fortunate;' but brave men, especially officers, are not accustomed to repine in the face of duty, however disagreeable, and the best front was put upon the matter. Cheering words, no doubt, sprang gayly from the lips of some whose hearts were sad.

"Lieutenant L—— did not remain long. His mind was engaged with the prospect before him, and he soon withdrew to the adjoining tent to prepare for what the morrow might bring forth. Apparently this did not occupy much time, for he shortly returned, saying,

"'I have arranged every thing. There is a note on my table for —— in case of my death.' Then, pausing a moment, he added, 'Well, as there is nothing more to be done, and as I shall have to be up very early, I will go and take a good sleep, so as to be ready. Sergeant, have me called at five o'clock, and see that my coffee is ready, with some hard-boiled eggs to take with me. Good-by!'

"In explanation of the latter part of the Lieutenant's direction, we should say that the English officers were quite in the habit of taking hard-boiled eggs in their pockets whenever they went on any duty which might interfere with their regular grub. John Bull always looks out for his stomach.

"But what was the result—what the fate of the forlorn hope?—are questions which our readers will naturally ask.

"They sallied forth the next day before light, and the party of artillery took their position in the appointed trench, as near as possible to the enemy's work, and waited for the signal of assault. Fortunately, however, for them it was ascertained in time that the breach was not practicable, and that the scaling-ladders were too short. Hence the attack was abandoned, and the party returned, no doubt extremely thankful to the artillery for having failed in their wall-practice.

"Lieutenant L—— afterward, in giving an account of the scene he witnessed while lying in the trench, said it was fearful, shocking to behold. The ground for some distance having been sown by the Russians with caipoons (pockets of powder, so placed in the earth that they explode when touched); men and horses belonging to an advancing party, not informed of the insufficiency of the breach, were frequently seen blown high into the air and torn to fragments; while an incessant fire from the enemy's guns, of every description, spread desolation round. Such are the scenes of horror incident to a well-conducted defense during a siege. We need not enlarge upon them.

"It will readily be believed that Lieutenant L—— was glad to rejoin the circle of his brother officers and tell his story, instead of getting honor and a bullet together, and having his traps knocked down to the highest bidder, after the manner of the Crimea, as soon as his friends heard that 'poor L—— was done for.' But he remarked, somewhat pithily, on finishing his account, that 'he should not volunteer any more.'

"As the Drawer is somewhat partial toward legal anecdotes, I take the liberty to send one or two from Vermont:

"At the January Term of the Orange County Court, at Chelsea, in 1859, the clear-headed Judge B—— presiding, the jury came into court 'not agreed,' as two or three juries had before, on a case where the ownership of a colt was in dispute. The jury wished for some further special instruction in the case; and the learned Judge, in his remarks, took occasion to say that it was the duty of jurors to agree, and that they should never come into court otherwise than 'agreed,' as that was what they were at court for, etc. Just as the jury were again going out, the Judge remarked that it was of but very little consequence how they agreed, for the colt was all used-up long ago. The jury agreed in quick time.

"In the early settlement of Washington County,

Vermont, a young farmer from Connecticut 'located' a farm near the south line, and commenced labor. He had an amiable sister, just leaving her teens, that accompanied the family to their forest home. She was the pride of the new settlement; and soon two young men, named Adams and Kingsbury, began to visit her, with hopes of gaining her hand in marriage. She was undecided which to prefer, both being faultless in character. It so happened that both started to visit her the same Sunday evening—one around the road on horseback, and the other across the woods on foot, but coming into the road before reaching the settlement. It happened that as Adams struck out into the highway, along came Kingsbury on horseback. They at once guessed each other's business, and well knew that one or the other would have to stand back.

"Now," said Adams to Kingsbury, 'this matter must be settled by us, and we may as well do it here and now as ever;' and taking off his coat and hat, laid them down, and told Kingsbury to dismount and face the music, and the one that could do the best at 'dry knocks' should have the maiden without opposition from the other.

"Kingsbury sat a few minutes and looked the thing in the face, and not having much 'fight' in him, concluded to retrace his steps. He left the battle unfought, returned home, and for more than forty years lived a solitary bachelor; while the victor afterward married his lady-love, and to this day enjoys his home and the blessings of a very numerous family."

"THE sketch in *Harper* for December of Thomas Olivers, Cobbler, Poet, and Methodist Hero, reminds me of another of the glorious band of itinerants to whom Methodism owes so much of its first successes. This man was Samuel Bradburn. And I propose to furnish for the Drawer, to which all of your readers are so much indebted, one or two anecdotes I often heard my father relate respecting Bradburn.

"Bradburn, like Olivers, was originally a country shoemaker, and had been converted by the preaching of one of the earlier apostles of that faith. Like many others, having a fluent tongue and a gift in prayer, he soon rendered himself a useful member of the Society by exhorting in the neighboring villages, where he made so good an impression upon his audiences as to draw attention to him from the older members. It was not long before Mr. Bradburn was requested to give an exhortation in the regular meeting-house; but his diffidence was such that he invariably excused himself, and all they could say was unavailing to overcome his want of faith in his own powers. Resolved, however, that he should not hide his light under a bushel, but should set it upon a candlestick, a plan was concocted by the preacher on the circuit to bring him out in spite of himself. Accordingly he one morning dropped into Brother Bradburn's cobbler's-shop, and announced to him that he was obliged to be absent from the town on that day, and as there was meeting to be held in the evening, he would take it as a great favor if Brother Bradburn would supply his pulpit for him. Brother Bradburn, however, could not think of such a thing; but suggested that there was Brother Jones and also Brother Barnes, who were abundantly capable and no doubt willing.

"Well, Brother Bradburn, I must leave it in your hands. I have not time to call on them; but if you will do so for me, and explain matters, I shall be much obliged."

"To this Bradburn willingly consented. So after dinner he doffed his apron, put on his black coat, and called first upon Brother Barnes and afterward on Brother Jones, who both, very much to his surprise and chagrin, refused point-blank to preach that evening. Bradburn walked home rather dejected, and the light gradually dawned into his mind that he had been trapped, and he naturally felt as indignant as a good Christian might be allowed to feel; but the emergency brought with it the determination to do his duty. The evening came on, and Brother Bradburn solemnly walked up the aisle of the meeting-house, and into that unaccustomed place the pulpit, not without some little tremors, but also with that earnest faith 'that removes mountains.'

"The meeting was unusually full, and after the preliminary prayer and singing the speaker arose, and stating in few words the absence of the regular preacher, and his ineffectual efforts to induce others more worthy than himself to supply the place, he astonished the audience by announcing as his text the 14th verse of the 5th chapter of Joshua: 'Nay, but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come.' By that sermon he convinced them that he was indeed a captain of the host of the Lord, fit and worthy to battle against the great enemy of souls.

"ANOTHER anecdote of the same Bradburn runs as follows:

"The early preachers among the Methodists had no more inveterate enemies to contend with than certain parsons of the Established Church, who, having received a college education themselves, professed to despise the self-educated but God-inspired preachers who marched into their neglected folds and brought many a wandering sheep into the fold of the true Shepherd. Bradburn encountered one of them, and the parson expatiated at great length on the ignorance and impudence of the tailors, cobblers, masons, and carpenters who dared to set up for preachers and expounders of the Word of God, and wound up by saying that he would give the cobbler a text to preach from.

"I have no objection," said Bradburn, 'to preach from any text taken out of the Bible, and will agree to do so providing you will also preach in your church a sermon from a text of my choosing.'

"Agreed!" said the parson. 'So, Mr. Cobbler, you can take for your text the 9th chapter of Joshua, first part of the 5th verse: 'Old shoes and clouted.'

"Certainly," said Bradburn; 'I am satisfied. Now, Mr. Parson, you will please take for your text the 22d chapter of Numbers, part of the 30th verse: 'Am not I thine ass?'"

In Lanarkshire, Scotland, there lived, about fifty years ago, a poor crazy man, by name Will Schooler. Will was a regular attendant of the parish church in his town, on the ceiling of which there was for ornament a dove with outstretched wings. One Sabbath day, Will growing rather tired of the sermon, and throwing his arms and head back, and seeing the dove, exclaimed, "O Lord! what a big hen!"

"Up here in the Alleghanies," writes a Pennsylvania reader, "we sometimes get a good thing. The late political excitement furnishes us with the following:

"In one of our villages lives a squat, bull-headed Dutchman, Stephen G—— by name. Steve has



been a Democrat. One of our Republican friends called on him, with the hope that he could make a vote for Uncle Abe. He began with the usual arguments: the conflict between free and slave labor, the poor negro, free farms, etc. Steve listened with civility for a long time; but at last grew weary, and told the fellow he was a Democrat, and wouldn't swop. The 'Pub' stuck to him, and, as a clincher and final argument, he said that no Christian could belong to the Democratic party, for they were slave propagandists. This was too much for Steve; it 'riled' him all over; he rolled his fat Dutch head; his little black eyes sparkled; he shook his fists; and, with true Dutch volubility, he rattled out:

"I was born a Luteran; I been a Demokraat all my life. I bees a Demokraat and a Luteran till I goes dead. If dat don't take me to heaven, why den—den—den—chust let er-rip!"

COLONEL S—, of Louisiana, was in Jackson, Mississippi, several weeks ago, and while on the stand advocating the claims of his favorite candidates, was asked by one of the opposition speakers what the people of his State would do in case Mississippi seceded.

"Do?" said the Colonel; "we would stand by and see Old England make you pay your debts!"

"THE 'exact copy of an epitaph' in the September Number reminds me of a couple that I saw a few weeks since, while on a visit to a town in the southern part of Worcester County, Massachusetts. The author of the first was a very respectable citizen, well to do in the world, and a deacon of the church. It seems he had had three wives, and that he had selected his burial-lot next the road on one side of the cemetery. He made one tomb-stone answer for the three 'loved ones,' and concentrated his regard for them in the following epitaph:

"As I pass by,  
With grief I see  
Three loving mates  
As took from me."

"The author of the following is a younger man; but, emulating the example of the worthy deacon, selected his burial-lot as near to the road as he could get it, and having had only one 'loving mate' he had less restraint upon his 'feelinks,' and they, breaking loose, soared away in the following flight:

"As I pass by, with grief I see  
My loving mate, was took from me;  
Tho' took by him who has a right  
To call for me when he sees fit."

A WISCONSIN contributor sends greeting:

"Deacon E— lived out West. He was a 'queer fish,' as you will see. He had a son John. The 'sovereigns' of that section met in caucus to appoint delegates to a County Convention. Now the Convention would meet many miles from that, and how to get carried there without expense was a subject of the gravest importance to the aforesaid sovereigns in conclave. Finally it was agreed to appoint John, the Deacon's son, a delegate, thus giving him an opportunity to display his patriotism by taking his father's horses and wagon to transport the whole delegation to the county seat. The thing was done.

"It so happened that the Deacon had 'changed works' with a neighbor in threshing, only the Deacon had got the neighbor's help and hadn't paid it back. The day before the Convention the neighbor notified him that he should want him next day.

"'But we can't come.'

"'Why not?'

"'Why, you see John he's pinted.'

"'Pinted? how? what do you mean?'

"'You see John he's *pinted* a—a—a—*renegade* to the County Conception!'"

THE Supreme Bench of Mississippi has long been distinguished both for its ability and urbanity; and at the time of which I write the occupants were not a whit behind either their predecessors or successors in both these qualities. One of them, however, was comparatively new, having been elected two or three years subsequent to his distinguished associates. He was a dignified as well as an able man, and for several months after he took his seat he made vigorous efforts to reform the manners of the court, and maintain the "dignity of the bench." So earnest was he in his work, that he carried his reformatory practices into the street and the social circle, treating the "commons" with a silent and dignified letting-alone, and extending to the "lords" the coldest and stiffest courtesies of rank; maintaining that it was beneath the dignity of the bench to meet any one on equal and familiar terms. This might have been tolerated by his associates had he been content to practice without preaching, but he was as eager to induct them into his system of court etiquette as he was ready to act upon it himself. This, of course, was annoying to them; for, trained in the chivalric school of the South, they imagined that courtesy was not incompatible with dignity, and that in order to be judges it was by no means necessary that they should cease to be gentlemen. In order, however, to understand my story it is necessary to name the parties, and designate the complexion of their politics. Judge S— was a Democrat. He was the oldest man on the bench, and acted as Chief Justice. Judge F— was the youngest man, and a Whig; but being as old in office as the Chief Justice, he always presided in his absence. Judge H— (the new Judge) was a Democrat. He carried a gold-headed cane, wore gold spectacles, and sat erect in his seat, showing no courtesies to any but his associates, to whom he was always most gracious.

It so happened that a great Democratic Convention was held at Jackson about this time, and John Doe, Esq., a lawyer of Natchez, was a delegate, and in attendance. Now John, though a good lawyer and something of a man, was quite young, and a little green. He had never been at the capital before, nor had he seen any of the notables that throng its streets. Especially had he never seen any of the Chief Justices nor entered the hall of the High Court; but having professional business to transact with their Honors, he came into their presence fully impressed with their dignity, and trembling with the excitement of his novitiation. Judge S— was sick on that day, and Judge F— presided; and, with his accustomed kindness, courtesy, and frankness, soon made John feel easy, and put him into the best possible humor with himself, the Court, and every body else, and his business was satisfactorily and summarily dispatched.

Thus pleased with himself, and feeling peculiarly Democratic on this great Democratic occasion, John imagined that every thing pleasing was also Democratic, and left the court-room fully impressed with the idea that the affable presiding Judge, who had shown him so much kindness and consideration, was none other than the new Democratic incumbent. Accordingly, the next morning, when he met Judge

F—— in the State House yard, in company with Judge S——, and surrounded by many distinguished personages, he shook him very cordially by the hand, and introduced his friend, Richard Roe, to him as Judge H——, of the High Court. But Richard was not quite so new as his friend John, and hinted to him that he had made a slight mistake—that it was Judge F——, and not Judge H——, who stood before them. John was perfectly indignant at this, and asseverated stoutly that he had made no mistake. Indeed he could not be mistaken. He could not possibly be so dull as to mistake a Whig for a Democrat. He had done business in the court yesterday, and this gentleman presided. He was affable, courteous, considerate, gentlemanly—in short, Democratic all over; and acted just like a Democrat should and would act; while Judge F—— sat there, with his gold cane in his hand and his gold spectacles astraddle of his nose, as stiff as a lord, looking the very impersonation of Whiggery.

But Richard was too good a lawyer to be bluffed off in this way, and referred the matter to the gentleman himself. Judge F—— replied that it was unfortunately too true. He had not the honor to be either Judge H—— or a Democrat; but was simply Judge F——, a true Whig, and a plain, blunt man, that loved his friends, and treated every gentleman courteously.

The laugh was against John Doe, Esq., and he was soon numbered among the missing. But before the grin was off the faces of those who had enjoyed the discomfiture of the delegate from Natchez Judge H—— entered, and bowing very stiffly to Governor Foote and other distinguished men present, and very graciously saluting his associates, he was passing on toward the court-room when Judge F—— called to him, informing him that he had something to communicate. Judge H—— stopped, and putting himself into a listening posture, expressed his readiness to hear. Judge F—— then, with a face and voice as grave as death, and with the exaggerations and glosses which none knew better how to put on than himself, related the whole story of John Doe's mistake and discomfiture. The effect was electrical, and roars of laughter, like a thousand thunder-storms, filled the whole city, echoed in the broad aisles and vaulted rotunda of the Capitol, and reverberated from the dense forests away off on the other side of Pearl. If John Doe was driven away by his blunder, Judge H—— was annihilated by it. Ample retaliation was taken, and "satisfied in full" was written upon the docket; but Judges S—— and F—— were never more annoyed by lectures on maintaining the dignity of the bench.

Mr. W——, an attorney in one of the central counties of Pennsylvania, many years ago, when that part of the State was "backwoods," was a genuine Irishman, possessed of little learning, professional, scientific, or literary, and always went at business in a manner peculiarly his own. On one occasion, when the courts were in session in his county, a client of his had been induced to execute a judgment bond, by some trick or fraud, for which he had received no consideration; and, on reflection, having become alarmed, applied to Mr. W—— for advice. Mr. W—— examined the records, and finding that no judgment had been entered on the bond, suspected that the party to whom the bond had been given would not enter judgment until the court had risen and the Judge gone to another county, when he might enter judgment, issue execution, make the

money, and pocket it before the defendant could obtain any relief. Mr. W—— determined to head the villain; and accordingly prepared a motion, and an affidavit of the facts to support it, and coming into court in a great hurry, said,

"May it please yer Honors, I jest want to move the Co-r-r-rt to strike off a judgment that hasn't been entered at all at all."

The Judge pleasantly said, "I think you are a little premature, Mr. W——. Hadn't you better wait till the judgment is entered?"

"And, may it please the Co-r-r-rt," said W——, "I'm jest fearing they'll never enter it, and that's why I want it struck off!"

#### MOSAIC WORK.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit

Westward the course of empire takes its way.

To teach the young idea how to shoot

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind

Faith, hope, and love—bless'd boons to mortals given

'Tis Nature's last, best lesson to mankind

Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

There was a sound of revelry by night

In fair, round belly, with good capon lined

This truth shall stand: whatever is, is right,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Oh! that those lips had language! life has passed

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Go—wondrous creature! mount where science guides

The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call

The bounding steed he pompously bestrides,

Nor this a good, nor that a bad, we call.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day

Alone, unfriended, melancholy slow

And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.

Here rests his head, upon a lap of earth

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world,

All matter quick and bursting into birth

Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,

From poisonous herbs bees suck the healing dew,

For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still

That one small head could carry all he knew.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll

And light on lids unsullied with a tear

Through this opaque of nature and of soul

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,

Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,

See man for mine, replies the pampered goose

Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien

Let not ambition mock his useful toil,

Preserve him, social, cheerful, and serene,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil.

DEACON PENNY, of Danton, Maine, keeps store and also keeps house—a very nice one, by-the-way—and the Deacon likewise has in said house a goodly quantity of valuables. On the evening of Wednesday, August 24, Anno Domini 1859, the Deacon read a terrific account of the doings of the burglars in the charming little town of Loveland, a short distance from Danton. At his accustomed hour he retired to his downy bed, and committed himself to the arms of Morpheus. At the usually silent hour of midnight, when all nature is supposed to be hushed in deep repose, save now and then a peep from a

frog-pond, the Deacon awoke and fancied that he heard burglars below. He roused up the wife of his bosom, and imparted to her the awful intelligence. They dressed themselves and went cautiously down stairs. While Mrs. P. stood at the entrance of the parlor, the Deacon went around it upon a voyage of discovery, bearing in his hand his "go-to-meeting" cane. The Deacon looked under the sofa, behind the window-curtains, and, in fact, every where that he could think of. Lastly, he approached the closet, and—dreadful to relate—found that it was locked, and that the key was on the inside. Here, then, the robber was concealed, and, of course, they must get him out. The Deacon and the Deaconess held a council *de guerre*. The latter officer thought that the attacking force was not large enough, and therefore sent the former to procure reinforcements. He called upon his right-hand neighbor, Captain Norwood of the Mountaineers, and requested him to bring his pistols and sword. He called also upon Mr. Cushing and Mr. Bachelder, who were to act as constables for the occasion. All were speedily assembled in the parlor of the Deacon's house. The Deacon was armed with a cane; Mrs. Deacon was fortified with a lamp; Captain Norwood had, like Caesar, "in his hand a sword;" and the two *aids* stood by, lookers-on in Vienna.

The Deacon struck a dramatic attitude, and advanced to the door of the closet as bravely as Bob Acres went to meet his adversary. He listened for a moment, and then said, in thunder tones:

"In the name of the State of Maine, I command you to come forth!"

No sound was heard from the closet in compliance with the Deacon's request.

"Here is Captain Norwood, of the Mountaineers, with his sword. Will you come out now?"

No reply.

"Here are Mr. Cushing and Squire Bachelder, constables of Camden. Won't you come out now?"

Still no answer, and the Deacon drew back to consult with the rest of the besieging force. The Deacon and Mrs. P. wanted to smash the door, but the others advised opening it in the usual manner. On looking through the key-hole it was discovered that the key was not in the lock. Mrs. P. said that she had a key up stairs that would fit the lock; but she was very unwilling to get it. "For," said she, "when you open the door, he will sartain shoot some of us." But she was finally persuaded to get the key, and the door was opened. The burglar was discovered, coiled up under the lower shelf, and the Deacon went at him with a cane, and—horrible to think of—*broke a large pot of preserves!* Deacon Penny looked terrified; Mrs. Penny screamed at the loss of her preserves; Captain Norwood laughed; Squire Bachelder lay down upon the floor and rolled, and Mr. Cushing "went and did likewise." Just then the Deacon remembered that he had locked the door and concealed the key under the edge of the carpet, in order to keep his youngest boy from the preserves.

The Deacon asked his aids to *keep mum*; but the joke was too good to retain, and whenever burglars are mentioned before him he blushes modestly and endeavors to *change the subject*.

On the day after the incident the boys presented Captain Norwood with a "decoration," made from the cover of a salve-box, on which the "Good Samaritan" stands out *en relief*, and the Captain takes especial pride in wearing the decoration in presence

of the Deacon. The joke is hugely enjoyed by all but Mr. and Mrs. Penny.

LITTLE SIDNEY went to live with his grandparents. One day while with another playmate they managed to break about fifty panes of glass from some windows. Sidney's uncle coming up, asked him what that operation was for.

"Oh, just to hear the glass chink!" says Sid.

After using him rather roughly, his uncle sent him home, saying, "If your grandma don't whip you I will."

Forthwith the youngster proceeded to the house and "took his dose." Shortly after he spied his uncle riding by in a carriage, and running to the door, he screamed, at the top of his voice,

"Uncle, may I ride? I've been licked!"

OUR little Bessie, who has attained the sage maturity of five years, was the innocent originator of the following:

The other night she was repeating the Lord's Prayer. With some hesitancy and questioning, as the words to her were of doubtful import, she proceeded as far as "Give us this day our daily bread," when an obvious improvement suggested itself to her mind. "No," she said, "not give us the bread; give us the *yeast*—we make the bread!"

A LITTLE four-year-old of our acquaintance seeing his mother making strawberry-pie, took one of the berries from the dish, but seeing another that he preferred, was about putting it back again when his mother said, "Ambrose, if you put that back, you shall have no other." Ambrose immediately put the berry in his mouth, and said, "Ma, I did not put it back, now give me the other!"

OUR little Alice, who is a wee bit of a philosopher, amuses us sometimes by her attempts to account for the secret workings of Providence in a way quite satisfactory to herself. We overheard her the other day attempting to explain to her little brother the difficulties that God has to overcome in creation:

"Now, Willie," she said, "I dare say *you* think that God comes down from heaven and puts all the seeds in the ground Himself; but He doesn't. It would be very easy for Him to do it; for you know He only has to say, 'Let there be light,' and light comes. But now I'll 'splain to you what He does: when He wants to make the flowers, and 'specially the roses, He gets all the little leaves and all the little stems ready first, and then, Willie, He just sticks them all together with His *holy glue!*'"

THE custodian of the Drawer would intimate to the numerous friends and contributors to that peculiar institution that there are few of them who may not obtain the Magazine free of cost. This is the way to do it: Find eight of your neighbors who will form a club. Send on the names with sixteen dollars—two dollars for each—to the Publishers; and on the receipt of the money they will forward the Magazine to each, with an extra copy to yourself. Ladies will find this a pleasant and profitable morning's work. Let them intimate to their smoking friends that a Number of the Magazine—Drawer and all—will cost them less than three tolerable cigars; few will need any argument to convince them that the Magazine is the more profitable investment. Try it, and see how easily it may be done.



# The Career of a Politician.



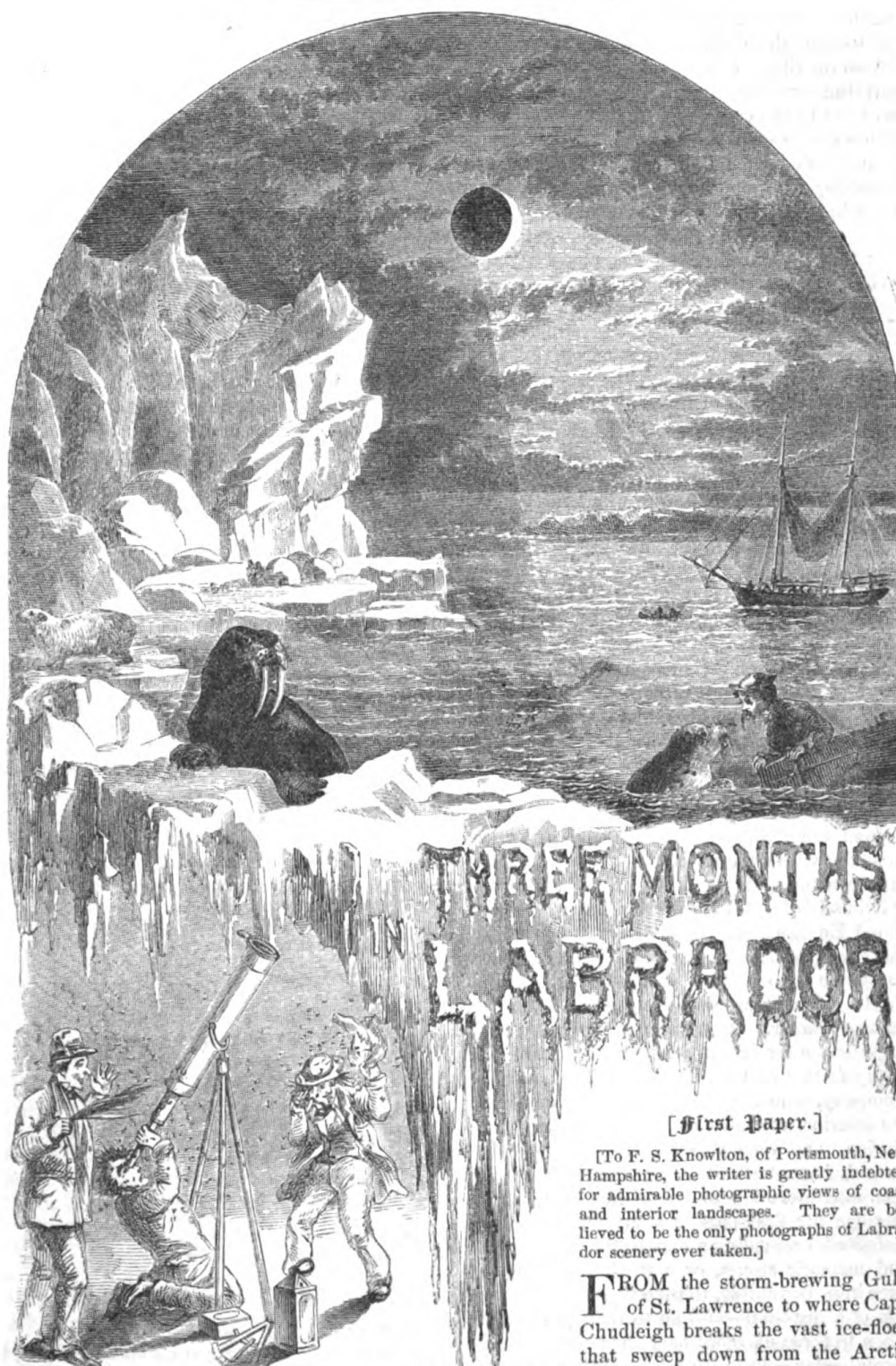






# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXI.—APRIL, 1861.—VOL. XXII.



[First Paper.]

[To F. S. Knowlton, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the writer is greatly indebted for admirable photographic views of coast and interior landscapes. They are believed to be the only photographs of Labrador scenery ever taken.]

**F**ROM the storm-brewing Gulf of St. Lawrence to where Cape Chudleigh breaks the vast ice-floes that sweep down from the Arctic

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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seas, released by summer thaws, three hundred leagues of granite beat back the ocean surf. Rigid billows of rock, gnarled crags, and jagged cliffs lift their black outlines against the sky, flanked by sterile islands and misshapen hummocks, among which the gloomy waves surge with sullen sough. Throughout this vast Plutonic waste vegetation finds no root. Neither tree nor shrub delights the eye. There is no soil to nourish them; for scathing blasts sweep it from the slippery rocks, as frozen sleet is driven flurrying over glaring ice. Only tenacious lichens cling to the crags, and in sheltered rifts and gullies coarse grass coaxes a scanty nourishment from Earth by nestling deep into her bosom. Dense fogs shut out the sunlight, and shroud the waste in gloom. Animals shun the inhospitable place, for it yields no food. Verily, as old Peter Cartright (the trader, not the preacher) said, "God created that country last of all, and threw together there the refuse of his materials, as of no use to mankind!"

It now becomes a question of chronological interest whether *green* spectacles were invented before the discovery of Labrador by Gaspar Cortereal, the Portuguese, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is a charitable inference that through the medium of colored glass was produced the optical illusion which caused him to apply the misnomer of "Cultivable Land" (*Terra Labrador*) to the most sterile region on the continent. Equally absurd was the appellation of "Le Bras d'Or," afterward given by the French, for that country is eminently innocent of gold. The ore does not exist, except orally. Yet the early explorers must have imagined that they had made valuable discoveries, for Bradore, Petit Bras d'Or, and Grand Bras d'Or, are local names, not only in Labrador but in the adjacent provinces.

Now, during the long three centuries and a half that this "cultivable land" has been known to man, not a village population has been enticed to settle within its delectable precincts, excepting upon the southern coast. A few exiles from "Erin's Isle" and the "Land o' Cakes," an occasional Englishman, Canadian, or "Blue-nose," the Moravians, and a few semi-bred half-breeds, constitute the sum total of the foreign element. Yankees could never whittle their way there for lack of timber. Tourists have never ventured to penetrate far into its inhospitable wilds. The hardy factors and traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, who are the only whites inhabiting the interior, stoically endure their term of reclusion, and then flee like escaped prisoners from their confinement. Yet, peradventure, an infatuated devotion to science may lead one to sacrifice the flesh-pots of home for the painful vicissitudes attending a search after strange bugs and meteoric stones, or a morbid curiosity induce him, Bruin-like, to investigate the mechanism of a dead-fall—and go to Labrador! And when to these extraordinary incentives is added a total solar eclipse, to be consummated at the *ultima Thule*, without postponement on account

of weather—spiced by the blissful uncertainty which time, distance, and mischance involve—what zealot would hesitate to go up to Mecca, or undertake a pilgrimage to the Temple of the Sun? Great is Science!

Under such considerations the Scientific Expeditions of 1860 were organized. To one of these the enthusiastic Quilldriver became an eager adjunct—not so much from an insane love of science as a passion for adventure and wilderness exploration.

Quilldriver had a wife. Now, whoso loveth his wife, of him it may be said that he loveth himself, and *vice versa*. He may likewise be fond of cabbage, codfish, beans, or a day's shooting, yet detracting nothing from the other love. Since love best manifests itself by works, he that worketh for himself worketh for his wife, and thereby promoteth love. *Corollary*: Q.'s proposed trip to Labrador would be a labor of love. To his own mind, at least, this was a satisfactory deduction, though not so accepted by his partner. The connubial sky, erst so gorgeously radiant with mock suns, parhelia, and beaming nimbi, but too surely presaged the storm that burst upon his head when he announced his purpose. Then said Madame Q., more in sorrow than in anger:

MRS. QUILLDRIVER.

What serves me married life when you are gone,  
Always roving in outlandish places?  
While I am left to shift as best I may  
You are sporting—glad to slip the traces.  
Better be single far.

QUILLDRIVER.

I think, my dear,  
You are uncharitable. You have friends  
To visit, who will welcome you with joy:  
Watering-places and rare sights to see;  
And many of the other sex, who in  
My absence will gladly act your pleasure—

MRS. QUILLDRIVER.

I did not marry other men, but *you*!

QUILLDRIVER.

While I am suffering hardships and hard fare,  
Fighting fierce mosquitoes, enduring cold,  
Famishing, perhaps—and all for Science!  
Not for pleasure, I assure you.

MRS. QUILLDRIVER.

Science!  
'Tis but a subterfuge! Ah, selfishness  
You are. You love me *in*.

QUILLDRIVER.

You do me wrong.  
Affection, dear, must suffer sacrifice.  
As 'distance lends enchantment to the view,'  
So separation much enhances love.  
'Twill be the sweeter all when I return  
To you. Besides, this is a business  
Affair; and so I pray consider well  
The benefits involved. Then, there's my health.  
Close confinement affects me ill.

MRS. QUILLDRIVER.

Your health!  
If that be delicate, I pray you go.  
Don't let me stand 'twixt you and health. But stay!  
May joy go with you, and my kindest wish!  
Heaven guard you, and return you safe to me.

Yet ponder well my parting words. Before  
Yon crescent moon shall wax to round and full,  
You will repent you of your trip, and wish  
You were safe home again!

And so Quilldriver departed under a cloud—shadows behind him, shadows around him, and undefined shadows before. Spectral icebergs loomed out of the mist, grim walruses stared him full in the face, scurvy grass waved at his feet, seals bobbed their bullet heads before him, and Mrs. Q.'s pale, reproachful face and tearful eyes looked out from the gloom behind. Gradually the long blue line of coast melted into thin air, and when it had altogether faded from sight, the ocean swells thumping under the schooner's bows aroused him from his reverie.

This expedition was not blessed with that official importance which invested the one sent out by Government. Gold-bowed spectacles, bald craniums, and other professional characteristics, did not enter largely into its composition, though there was sufficient of that leaven to leaven the lump. Had the original purpose of its projector, Captain Squid, been accomplished, there would probably have been enough to have made it quite a *light* affair, Hudibrastically speaking. But those savans who were to have been of the party went in the *Bibb* ("bib and tucker"). The majority, consequently, were mere pleasure-seekers or valetudinarians, who had faith in the curative properties of salt, and hope for complete and permanent health after the "troubling of the waters." The scientific ingredient comprised Captain BILBO, retired navigator, star-gazer, and seer plenipotentiary to the Eclipse; Professor BUHL, naturalist and taxidermist, deputed by the Smithsonian Institute; KENYON, botanist, geologist, and enticer of fish; ETCHING, photographer; Dr. SEIDLITZ, anatomist; SMIDT, a vegetarian; and black DAN, steward, galley-slave, and general mixer and dispenser of viands. The propriety of including the two last-named in the corps is obvious. These were to have every facility afforded them for scientific research; and, as had been publicly announced by the newspapers, would visit the northern coast of Labrador, the Moravian stations, and penetrate far into the interior. Important results were therefore anticipated. The *Charmer* was an uncommon craft, too, and rightly named—long, low, and rakish, and jaunty as a coquette; her sides shining black, decks clean and smoothly polished, standing-rigging taut, and fresh tarred, sails flat as boards, and every thing snug aloft and aloft. Few pleasure-yachts could boast a finer model or superior sailing qualities. Four large boats, snugly stowed on deck, to be used by the party when they should get "there," were regarded with marked satisfaction. In short, all things were most auspicious, and every one's spirits in high tone up to the time that they were diluted by the rough water outside the bar. All then became strangely taciturn, and ranging themselves along the rail like a row of decanters, as they were, began their unhappy novitiate and their elementary studies of navigation.

It is unnecessary to state how they regarded the phenomena of sea-sickness from a scientific point of view, or what mathematical conclusions they arrived at in casting up their accounts. Neither is it material to the narrative to detail their first experience of "swell life at sea." Poor Dr. Seidlitz was the greatest sufferer. All the ills and pains of bled, blistered, and drugged patients returned upon him with vengeful force, and he solemnly affirmed that he would never again recommend a sea voyage for *health*. Quilldriver himself was exempt from paying the customary tribute to Neptune. He suffered no loss of appetite. He turned up his nose at the gruel the steward daily brought to the sick, and devoured his salt pork, corned beef, and hard bread without compunction of stomach, and much to the disgust of his vegetarian friend, Smidt. The dull monotony of the voyage was endured with a philosophy that won the admiration of his comrades. He was systematic too. Of the twenty-four hours of the day twelve were appropriated to sleep and refreshment, and twelve to smoking and mending old clothes. At sea there is no luxury like that of old clothes. *First*, they afford constant and useful occupation; and thereby (*secondly*) inculcate the practice of placing a check upon loose habits. *Thirdly*, and particularly, to sit or lie down regardless of dirt; to lounge *ad libitum* around deck; lean on the tarred rigging; rub against the slush-bucket; wipe one's hands, nose, and dinner-knife upon his sleeve; sleep in them—these are the comforts of old clothes! Then he can mend dark colors with light thread, patch woolen with linen or cotton, cut strips from superfluous portions to clean guns with, extemporize pocket-handkerchiefs, and, when worn out, throw them overboard. As to smoking, its influence is benign. It dissipates hypochondria and induces pleasant reveries. Quilldriver was fond of his pipe; but often, when the blue smoke wreaths curled up from the bowl, tearful eyes seemed to gaze through the cloud.

The vision haunted him at other times. Once he was startled from a post-prandial snooze, and found himself sprawling upon the floor of the cabin. There was a row among the tables and stools. The crockery in the cuddy had had a falling-out, and rolled with intermittent clatter athwart-ships. The rafters overhead mingled and deployed, and reeled in fitful spasms, until Q.'s eyes and brain grew dizzy from sympathy. There was loud tramping and confusion overhead, and Q., with desperate effort, tumbled up the companion-way to the deck. He found the crew lashing loose casks, hastily securing movables, and reefing sails. The schooner was lurching and tumbling in a delirium of fever—now rising on the summits of huge glassy swells, and then settling into the hollows broadside on. Not a breath of air filled the canvas nor ruffled the waves in their tumultuous upheaving. The sun was shining with full brilliancy overhead, yet an unnatural gloom prevailed. Low down on the horizon, on the starboard bow, gleamed an arc





"I TOLD YOU SO."

of dull portentous light ; and from its edge battalions of black cumulus clouds came wheeling up the sky, like the smoke from a volcano ; and as they rapidly advanced to the zenith, driven by the unseen force behind, dark fragments became detached from the main body and scudded swiftly across the vault. Then the masses in the rear became ragged and broken, and streamed out in tatters and filigrees of every conceivable shape, that constantly shifted as they scurried on. As Quilldriver gazed at the fleeting phantasms, with dread apprehension of the coming storm, the crests in the van seemed to assume the form of a human face, the vapory fleece

streamed out into dark flowing locks, and as the phantom swept swiftly on, a spectral hand appeared through a rift in the clouds, pointing ominously toward him. For an instant the shadow seemed to gaze upon him with sad, reproachful look, and then it melted into cloud again. Quilldriver shuddered at the fearful horoscope, and remembered the warning. Barely time had he to telegraph his repentance home when the first gust of the hurricane fell upon the vessel, striking her, broadside on, with a force that buried her under the waves. But she struggled, and soon righted again ; and gathering headway as the sails filled, plunged on like a



race-horse, dashing the foam-crests right and left. However, the first gust proved the severest, and soon the force of the blow was so far spent that the reefs were shaken out of the fore-sail. In this instance the tremendous bluster and display of fury amounted to nothing, as is frequently the case. So when Quilldriver found himself safe he exultingly thumbed his nose at the phantom, and went below; for a driving rain-storm had set in, and the night promised to be (in nautical parlance) "dirty."

When the deepening gloom of evening settles upon the watery waste the man at the wheel sings out cheerily for a "light in the binnacle." Out in the darkness only the white foam-crests are dimly seen, flitting like ghosts, as they pass, seething and hissing, under the stern; the wind prattles in the rigging; the stanch timbers creak and complain as the schooner labors in the seas; and the driving rain patters upon his oil suit and glazed sou'wester, running off in rivulets. But the little lamp burns steadily in its box, and gleams out brightly upon the old salt's face, and he whistles and sings as he watches the compass; for, off soundings and with plenty of sea-room, he cares not for the blast and the gloom while the light burns in the binnacle. In such weather who can describe the sense of security and comfort one feels in a snug, cozy cabin, with its cheerful fire-light dancing upon the walls and upon the merry group within?

The next morning Nature smiled as sweetly as a young girl after a pet. The rippling waves sparkled with the rosy hue of the early sunlight, and the *Charmer* glided easily along, wing and wing, with a light, warm breeze from the southward. Quilldriver is up betimes, and, emerging from the companion-way, snuffs the fresh air, and takes a general survey. Then he hails the man at the wheel.

"How does she head now? Which way is the wind? How far have we run since evening? How many miles to the Gut? Will the wind hold fair to-day?"

Scarcely has the seaman granted the required information before the Professor's head appears to view.

"Well, skipper, how is the wind? Did we make a good run last night? Where are we now? Likely to reach the Gut to-day? Think we are going to have fair weather? How does she head?"

These are stereotyped questions, and will be asked by the entire complement of passengers successively before the victim at the helm is relieved. They are a sort of nautical Shorter Catechism, and two to one they will receive a shorter answer. During the whole ordeal the old tar works the wheel nervously, shifts his quid rapidly from cheek to cheek, and silently invokes anathemas upon all passengers, but spits his displeasure over the rail.

All this is preliminary to the morning's ablutions. The essential part of the toilet is made in a tin basin filled from the water-casks, and the finishing touches by hatcheling the hair with

the fingers. Yet even this primitive fashion receives comment from the crew and the contempt of old Captain Warpinchock, who growls, as he turns on his heel, about "wasting water in that way." "You won't mind putting it onto your faces when you come to short allowance on a half-gill a day! Dirt won't kill any body; and it's time enough to wait till you can take a land wash."

Afterward comes breakfast, announced by the steward, as he emerges from the galley with platters of daily hard bread, and salt junk, and coffee. Three days of rocking in the "cradle of the deep" have brought the sick back to their muttons, with the exception of the Doctor. Smidt don't eat meat, but is content with soaking his bread in his coffee, superadding molasses; though, being a vegetarian, he says he might eat the beef, if pressed by hunger, for the sake of the *corn*. The ordeal that day was a severe one to all, for the light wind fell to a calm, which continued until evening. Occasionally little aggravating puffs would come, but they lasted only for a few precious moments, and then sped away, leaving the schooner heaving and pitching on a long, uncomfortable swell, that caused half the sailors to succumb; the huge sails slatting, and blocks and running rigging rattling with unceasing clamor, as she rolled with each sluggish surge. There are unsolved theories of the laws of motion, and this undulation is one of them. It is not regular, like a running sea—a see-saw, perpendicular motion—but a combination of that and the gyroscopic movement. The old salt can endure it, though even *he* often feels a sensation as if his stomach were a bowling-alley, down whose dizzy length balls come whirling unceasingly to knock him off his pins. In these periods of calm those mysterious little birds, the petrels, or Mother Cary's chickens, are always hovering and flitting near, occasionally pausing for an instant to pick stray crumbs floating by. Sometimes they come on board, but no sailor's hand will do *them* harm, not even when red with human blood. Down in the clear blue depth of water sluggish lump-fish, with large, uncouth heads and disproportioned tails, are slowly wriggling, and parti-colored sun-fish float lazily by, contracting and expanding with each undulation. Then a stiff rectangular fin, black and suspicious, cleaves the glassy surface of a swell, a harpoon's throw from the vessel, leaving a little wake behind, and then disappears from sight. Huge leaves of kelp, with stems two fathoms long, and rafts of sea-weed, drift by with the current; the rudder clanks restlessly in its irons, and the vessel, without a helm to guide, swings broadside on, and heaves nauseously to leeward, then veers entirely around, and rolls with her head pointed homeward. But at last comes a breath of wind that fills the sails. Gathering headway, she presently obeys her helm, and stands away upon her course again, and the ripple of her wake babbles and chuckles merrily under the stern, imparting joy to all on board.

Now an easy run to the Little Gut of Canso—500 miles from home, and through the little strait, so narrow that one might toss a biscuit from the vessel's deck to either shore. From off the land comes the sweet breath of early morning, redolent with the aroma of fresh flowers and budding vegetation; the musical lowing of cows, suggestive of milk; and the first stir of labor, enrapturing the senses made more susceptible by the long voyage at sea. Then twenty miles' sail across Manchester Bay and a short hitch into the Gut of Canso proper, with its high wooded bluffs, and little hamlets nestling in peaceful valleys. Here the wind failed, and left the *Charmer* creeping slowly through the narrow channel, in company with some hundred other vessels, that looked double with their canvas reflected in the almost placid water—the whole fleet moving slowly hither and thither, as they tacked and stayed, like partners in a contradance. While yet midway a long black boat, with many oars well manned, and a suspicious flag flying at the stern, was observed pulling hastily from vessel to vessel, boarding some and merely hailing others, and dodging about in a manner most unaccountable. At length it pulled straight for the *Charmer*, and the passengers watched its progress with unfeigned curiosity, until, rounding-to alongside, a grapple was thrown into the main rigging, and a burly fellow, with unkempt hair and doubtful physiognomy, clambered on deck and called for the captain. His mission was soon explained. He was the light-collector, and demanded the customary tax on all American vessels passing through the Gut. This was of necessity paid, and the official then departed in search of other victims. The berth is a lucrative one, and brings him a handsome revenue when the weather is calm; but when there is a stiff breeze blowing, his dollars are by no means easily earned, for vessels quietly walk off at the rate of eight knots an hour, and leave him to whistle for his dues. Four years since the collector had, by dint of extraordinary rowing, succeeded in getting alongside of a Yankee schooner; but no sooner had he thrown his grapple into the rigging than the rope was cut with an axe, and the hook tossed contemptuously into his boat, which left the little craft spinning and dancing on the waves, while the schooner bowled steadily on her way.

Strange stories are told of the achievements of one Pattelly, a fisherman, some twenty years ago. He was a Hercules in strength—a bold, defiant, reckless fellow, and a worthy representative of his class. Darby was collector then, whose overbearing swagger had provoked the resentment of the whole fishing fleet, and Pattelly's most of all. Nevertheless Darby made bold to board the fisherman. "Where is your authority?" demanded P. "This is my authority," answered the other, leveling a pistol at his head. Whereupon the giant picked the official up as he would a dog, and tossed him, without ceremony, over the side of the vessel into his boat. There was a large fleet of vessels

present, and Darby knew that any attempt to take Pattelly then would prove abortive. But he watched his opportunity; and finally, in the course of the same season, found him anchored in Port Hood harbor. Engaging the services of a revenue cutter, he succeeded, by adroit management, in surprising the old fisherman in his berth. But Pattelly was shrewd. He quietly waited until the cutter had dropped her anchor, and the moment her boats set out to board him, slipped his cable, hoisted sail, and sending his crew below, gallantly took the helm himself, and stood out of the harbor with a fair wind. Shot after shot came flying after him, until his little craft was completely riddled; but he escaped with his vessel nevertheless. The veteran now resides at Cape Ann, Massachusetts, in the enjoyment of a quiet and peaceful old age, and that Christian belief which, most of all, contributes to make life happy.

All that evening the *Charmer* lay becalmed in the broad bay of St. George, and the full moon shone out brilliantly upon a hundred shadowy sails that were pictured upon the "painted ocean." But at midnight a little breath came from the southward, and when morning dawned the *Charmer* had left the whole fleet behind, and scarcely a dozen of them all remained in sight. Then she logged off good sixty miles into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and balked again, out of wind, and lay for hours under a sun whose rays were almost scorching. At last she plunged on once more, spurred by a spiteful gust which tautened the weather rigging, and made her career to her rail as she drove the water hissing from under her bows. Five minutes afterward the atmosphere was filled with a dense driving mist that penetrated to the skin, and made the day almost as dark as the fabled stack of black cats. The barometer got low-spirited, and the quicksilver in the Fahrenheit dropped twenty degrees. This was the first hint from Labrador! Whereupon all hands donned an extra shirt and a thick woolen pea-jacket, superadding an oil suit. Five hours later the weather had blustered itself into good-humor, and the fog rolled away, revealing the moon just rising from her hydropathic bed in the East.

Then came twelve hours of fog and storm, and then fair weather again. And thus, through intermittent chills and fever, the *Charmer* made her voyage through the Gulf, passing the beautiful Magdalen Islands, whose isolated cliffs of variegated hues rise 600 feet above the sea, contrasting splendidly with the golden yellow of the sand bars at their base, the green pastures of the intervalles, the darker green of the spruce forests, the deep blue of sky and sea, and the white foam breaking upon the outer reefs; Deadman's Island, a grim Titan, stark and stiff, laid out for burial, with every outline of body and limb distinctly drawn upon the sky; the beetling limestone cliffs of dreaded Anticosti, bleached to snowy whiteness by winter storms, and in the distance, when the sun shines upon them, resembling icebergs drifting.





ON DECK.

It was the extraordinary fortune of the vessel to have four captains—Captain Squid, chiefcommandant; Captain

Warpinchock, sailing-master; Captain French, pilot; and Captain Bilbo, passenger, who, by virtue of his wisdom and experience, was always consulted in cases of doubt or perplexity.

Three of this worthy quartette were leaning over the rail, scanning the distant horizon with their glasses, and the other was in the main rigging similarly employed.

"I think there's land there," at length sung out the man aloft.

"Where away?"

"On the weather bow."

"Well, yaas, that may be land," said French, "but I should want long boots to stand on't."

"If it taint land it's something else. It looks more like a sail now."

"No; it's an ice cake," said Warpinchock.

"Yes," said Bilbo, "that's plain enough."

"Don't you think we had better come about?" asked Squid. "We must be in the Straits."

The tide is setting strong out to the westward."

"Perhaps so," replied French. "Just as you like. What's *your* notion now, Captain Bilbo?"

"If Warpinchock thinks best, I'm agreed."

"That's just as Captain Squid says. He's skipper."

"Well, I guess we'd better come about. Captain Warpinchock, take the helm. Captain French, tell the men to stand by for stays."

"By for stays! Ready about! Draw your jib! Steady!"

And so at last the *Charmer* fills away and stands upon the opposite tack. An hour later, and the cry of "Iceberg!" brings all hands tumbling up the companion-way. The great wonder is now in full view, looming up in majestic proportions, yet by no means a structure of fantastic frost-work, but a huge misshapen mass of ice two hundred feet long. This was the *avant-courier* from the Straits of Belle Isle, through whose raceway icebergs are wont to drift in battalions during the early summer. Soon another berg hove in view, and then another. But at last came a more welcome cry from the look-out, "Land ho!" This time there was no mistake. The low dark line that rested upon the horizon, like the denser stratum of a fog-bank, gradually became distinct, and at length the deep blue swale resolved itself into black and forbidding hummocks of rock. Huge gulls and nameless birds flapped out from shore, wheeled rapidly



about the vessel, screaming defiantly, and then sped back again. An old right whale swam leisurely across her bows, spouting silvery jets, now dipping below the surface, now rising on the swell; and on either side a whelp kept company, leaving parallel wakes behind. Then a school of grampuses passed by in single file, rising above the waves in long undulations, and to all appearances the veritable sea-serpent.

Excitement now ran high. Every man was on deck looking anxiously landward.

"Are you certain that is Labrador, Captain French?" asked Quilldriver.

"Yes, Sir, I am pretty sure that land is Labrador."

"Then, gentlemen," shouted Quilldriver, "three cheers for the promised land! To be sure, it looks not like a 'land flowing with milk and honey,' and stones are apparently more plenty than bread. Nevertheless, hurrah for Labrador and Science!"

Now came hasty preparations for a raid on shore. Guns underwent a speedy examination and cleansing. Kenyon got out his port-folio and satchel, and Quilldriver his sketch-book; Etching arranged his lenses and chemicals, and the Professor prepared to stuff his bag with "specimens." Empty water-casks were overhauled and put in readiness to fill, and boats were slung from the davits. Closely hugging the shore, the *Charmer* passed island after island, single and in clusters, and groups of rocks, all barren of vegetation; and inland, as far as the eye could reach, was the same silent desolation. But for the surf breaking upon the shore, and the birds that every where filled the air, the deadness and impassibility of the landscape would have been oppressive. At length said Captain French to Squid,

"Do you see that longish point of land just yonder, and where that little bight makes in? That's called Whale Head. It's a good harbor and fair holding ground. I think we'd best run in there for the night. I don't like the running ice, and fog is always making in this here place. But that's just as you like, Captain Squid."

"Oh, its safer to make a harbor at night, I suppose. What do you say, Mr. Warpinchock?"

"Well, you and French ought to know. If you two and Captain Bilbo agree, I'm of the same mind."

"I think it's about as well to run in," said Bilbo.

"All right. Ease off that main-sheet, and keep her away a trifle more! Stand by to lower the foresail!"

Presently the little craft glided into a narrow channel flanked by bold bare rocks on either side. Down came the flying jib and foresail, then the mainsail, and under her present headway and a single jib she slipped into a little inlet scarcely wide enough to wear ship in, and gliding by a bold high rock, rounded to under its lee in a little land-locked harbor, and anchored hardly a length from shore in twelve fathoms of water. Auks, gulls, and other water-fowl greeted her

entry with angry screams, hovering overhead or waddling upon the rocks quite disconcerted. Not a tree, shrub, or blade of grass was visible; but the adjacent hill was carpeted with parti-colored moss, and here and there little white and purple flowers peered out into the sunlight. In hollows and on shelving rocks were patches of snow, from which little rivulets trickled down to the water's edge. The anchor chain had scarcely ceased to rattle before the eager Professor and his comrades took possession of the yawl. Ten sportsmen were immediately landed upon the rocks, and then commenced havoc and destruction among the birds. Quilldriver with another party proceeded to ascend the hill for exploration. Smidt, who had been kept on low diet for ten days, became hilarious as a colt in clover at the sight of vegetation, scanty as it was, and instantly improvised a race on his own account; but the moss was soft and springy as a sponge, and well saturated with the drainings of last winter's snow, and he had hardly taken a dozen leaps before he sank to his knees and stuck fast. Leaving him to extricate himself, the rest of the party succeeded with much labor in reaching the summit. There a little rivulet gushed out from a crevice in the rock, and though strongly tinctured with vegetable matter, proved a delicious nectar to the palate after its long use of the stale cask-water of the vessel. From thence, inboard, as far as the eye could reach, a succession of rocky islands was presented to view. Over the summit of one of the nearest the topmasts of a schooner were seen, which until now had been concealed from sight. Just then a shout was heard from Kenyon, who had strolled on to the top of a neighboring hill, and turning, they barely caught a glimpse of his figure as it disappeared on the other side. All then hastened to the spot, and were greatly surprised to discover a small hamlet at the foot and a little land-locked cove. There were half a dozen buildings in all, mere cabins perched upon boulders, as if left there by the subsidence of a flood. Before them a number of boats were moored, and others were just coming in laden with fish, the proceeds of the day's labor.

As the party descended the hill to the hamlet, a huge dog, with a wooden clog dangling between his fore legs, came shuffling toward them, and directly a troop of a dozen more came out from behind the buildings, and forming a body-guard, persistently nosed the calves of their legs, or walked sullenly beside them, preserving an ominous silence the while. Occasionally they would snap at each other's heels and ears. Whereupon the whole party turned front and backed cautiously toward the premises. At this critical juncture an old fisherman, in fur cap and seal-skin boots, came to their rescue and clubbed the dogs away.

"What's this?" said Kenyon, with some show of resentment. "Have you so much company in this populous cuntry that you keep a gang of dogs to drive strangers away? or have you gold that you fear being robbed?"

"Faith, it's little of goold ye'll find here," answered the man, civilly. "As to the dogs, bad luck to 'em, it's not for their good character I keep 'em; but they are my horses. It's a trifle of strangers ever visits this place. But ye seem not to be fishermen, and it's little else ever comes this way."

"No," replied Quilldriver. "We are reporters for the *Labrador Weekly Press*, in search of local items, and would like to see the chief objects of interest about town."

The old fellow cocked his eye quizzically at the speaker, and after a physiognomical study said, "Ye are Yankees, I believe. However, come with me. It's little I have to show you, if that is what you wish."

There was a fishing-stage at the edge of the water, where half a dozen men were busily dressing codfish which others were throwing up from the boats, a room for curing the fish, and a vat for trying cod-liver oil. This vat was filled with livers in every stage of decomposition, from which arose an effluvium such as would astonish the senses of those consumptive victims who use the oleaginous specific.

"Bah!" cried Smidt, clutching his nose; "what is this used for?"

"They sell it mostly to tanners and curriers."

"Is it the same that's used for medicine?"

"It is much the same."

"Ugh! who would swallow the stuff! It doesn't seem like very pure oil."

"Indeed, it's the best of oil," said the man, thrusting his skinny arm to the bottom of the mass, and giving it a practiced twirl. Then he brought up his finger from the bottom, with the fluid dripping therefrom, and drew it glibly across

his tongue. "Sure there's nothing purer nor that!"

Nets were drying upon pickets near by, and bones of seals, whales, and fish were scattered in all directions. In one place a little plot of ground, neatly fenced, with two rude crosses in the centre, indicated a burial lot. On one was cut the date 1842.

"You appear to have lived here a considerable time," remarked Smidt.

"Forty-two years, summer and winter, have I lived in this place," he replied; "and there, in yonder lot, I mean to leave my bones."

The old man's house was well constructed, and his family seemed contented.

Upon returning to the vessel the party were again dogged by the canine vigilance committee, in spite of the most persistent hostilities. When upon the summit of the hill, where there was a shelving declivity of some fifty feet, the gang paused to divert themselves by a general onslaught upon the big dog with the clog, and in the melee they all went over the cliff to the bottom, amidst a storm of shrieks and yells. Whereupon the party shouted exultingly.

The next day was the glorious Fourth of July. At early dawn the national bird hobbled on deck with doleful visage and bedraggled wings. Rain fell copiously. Nevertheless the *Charmer's* bunting fluttered from the fore and main, and a grand volley of gun and pistol shots did homage to the anniversary. Two hours later the pluvial gates were temporarily closed, and a party of sixteen departed in the long-boat for a day's shooting. How the best gunning of the States dwindles into insignificance in comparison with that day's sport! Threading the labyrinth of islands with



▲ DAY'S SHOOTING.

measured stroke of oars, they knocked over shell-drakes, auks, and eiders as they flew, never turning from their course to pick them up; or landing at places where game was most abundant, waged war with oars and boat-hooks, despoiled the nests of eggs, or bagged the fledgelings as they ran, hiding to escape. On some islands there was a scanty growth of spruce and juniper bushes, and there the eiders chiefly built their nests, lining them with that silky down whose value is five dollars per pound, and which constitutes one of the few articles of export from Labrador. Other islands—the resort of more vulgar birds—were shelving, and covered with nests from top to bottom, rising tier upon tier like the seats of an amphitheatre; and at every nest a parent bird stood sentry. The Professor was in ecstasies. He gathered pecks of eggs of every size and hue, fought the old birds as they battled for their rights until he obtained pecks from them, and ferreted the young ones from their skulking-places. His game-bag was replete with “specimens.”

What a feast for an epicure was that day's dinner, and how toothsome the juicy viands after the long regimen of salt junk on shipboard! Birds after birds were spitted on ramrods, and held over the glowing coals until they became unctuous with their own richness, and then disappeared, *ab ova usque ad malo*, in the receptacles which Nature has so wisely adapted for such dainties. When every appetite was cloyed the party sought for nobler game.

“Hallo!” cried the Professor, as he reached the long-boat with his spoils. “Who's that in swimming near yonder rock? Good Heavens! are you going to shoot, Captain Squid?”

At the instant a rifle-ball glanced over the very spot where the creature had been; but he dove at the flash.

“Was that a *seal*, Captain Squid?” light just breaking.

“Well, it was. We shall see more soon.”

The Captain was not mistaken. As they pulled farther in toward the main land numbers of these animals bobbed their human-looking heads above water, stared for an instant with their goggle eyes, and then dove with a flip-flap and a somersault. Once a huge sea-cow lifted its black gutta percha carcass above water, full 800 pounds avoirdupois, snorted his *bon jour*, and then sank below the surface. Shot after shot was fired at these marines, but seldom with effect. Occasionally the balls drew oil; but those that were fatally wounded sank almost instantly, as seals always do. At length, surfeited with sport, the party returned to the vessel. Smidt stood in the waist awaiting them with eager curiosity.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “what luck? Show your game. Noodles, boobies, and gulls, eh?”

“Save your slurs, Mynheer Smidt. We have here black and eider ducks—”

“Dido dux—that's Virgil.”

“Sheldrakes—”

“Shelled rakes! nonsense!”

“Sandpipers, gulls, and auks.”

“An ox! and pray where do you find oxen in this country? But, indeed, you have a fair load of game. What do you propose to do with it all.”

“Oh, never fear. The Professor appropriates a share to skin and stuff, and the remainder go for the table.”

“Faugh! who would devour flesh, and wild flesh least of all—the unclean food! Throw physic and flesh to the dogs. I'll have none of it.”

Two hours later black Dan appeared in the cabin with two steaming platters of bird-pie, and the attack at once commenced. As the savory vapor was wafted toward Smidt's nostrils he looked wistfully from his boiled rice to the dishes.

“Do you know,” said he, with solemn tone, “why your present occupation is like a celebrated battle in the East?”

“No. Tell us.”

“Because it is an attack upon *Pie-ho* in China.”

“Bah! Don't you wish you had some?”

“I was about to inquire if those fowls were piscivorous or graminivorous?”

“Oh, graminivorous of course—feed principally upon ground willow, spruce buds, lichens, etc.”

“Ah! Then perhaps I might be enticed to taste a morsel of it, for the sake of the *yarb* ingredient, you know. But, really, it is contrary to my habit.”

Quilldriver and Etching were not idle that day. At one time the sun struggled through the clouds, giving such promise of fair weather that they were encouraged to attempt a photograph of the quaint little fishing-hamlet with its characteristic scenery. Smidt and two others accompanied them. For the sake of convenience in carrying the apparatus, and the more especially to avoid the attentions of the dog committee, they took the yawl-boat and landed upon the little point of land opposite the settlement. A dark tent was immediately constructed, and the chemicals arranged therein convenient for use. One moment it took to prepare the plate, and then Etching hastily thrust his head under the thick woollen screen, to obtain the proper focus. But to his dismay he saw in the inverted picture a long line of dusky objects sculling rapidly toward him, feet uppermost, and directly after a vision suddenly appeared before the object-glass like the double shaft of a coal mine; at the same instant Quilldriver cried out “Dogs!” Now there is a sagacious bird called the ostrich, whose last resource in extremity has become proverbial. Etching being already *in situ* deemed it the better part of valor to remain so. His predicament at this crisis is best explained by the engraving. Meanwhile, other dogs proceeded to explore the penetralia of the tent; but a dexterous application of the ether bottle to the olfactories of the foremost one dispersed the marauders, and Etching then cau-





AN ARTIST'S TRIALS.

tiously withdrew his head from its shelter, took a hasty survey of the premises, shook his fist at the mongrel crew now squatting on the rocks near by, and hurried to the tent. By this time the collodion had become insensitive, and the sun having withdrawn his regal presence, the artists were compelled to account it all a bad job and return.

An hour later, the rain, which had been held in abeyance all day, came down in douches; the weather-glasses fell fearfully; and a north-easterly gale swooped through the islands, increasing in violence momentarily, until, even in the sheltered roadstead where the *Charmer* lay, the water was lashed into seething foam, and the two anchor-chains, with their thirty fathoms' scope, were strained taut as fiddle-strings. One could have almost jumped from the vessel's stern to the black threatening rocks beneath; and if the anchors had dragged one rod, or a link of cable parted, the ardor of the scientific expedition would have received a sudden check. Twenty hours afterward the gale ceased, and the *Charmer*, after a three-days' sojourn in the Whale's Head, during which she came near being thrown up on shore, continued her journey northward.

Away beyond the rugged island of Meccatina, with its surf-worn cliffs, are the famous "Murre Rocks"—barren masses of granite upheaved from mid-ocean, in whose isolated precincts the seabirds credulously fancied they had found a secure and secret retreat from every foe, man especial-

ly. Thither the party made its way. The air above and around the islands was filled with myriads constantly hovering, and the whirr of their rapid circling flight was like the noise of a factory. To and from their feeding-grounds in the far-off sea, foraging parties constantly winged their pathless way; keen-eyed sentries patrolled the topmost crags, and scouting parties and videttes, ever on the alert, wheeled and hovered about the vessel as she approached. The Professor was in ecstasies, and, had his faith equaled his impatience, would have gone ashore on foot. Soon the schooner's head was hove up into the wind, a few cable-lengths from the rocks, and a boat sent ashore. Just then half a dozen figures were seen dodging among the rocks, and presently disappeared. Where the boat landed a skiff was found concealed in a rift loaded with eggs, and up among the ledges eggs were heaped together in various places.

"Ha!" cried French. "The eggers are here. They will take good care to keep out of our way, I expect. If they have a vessel hereabouts, we can make a handsome speck by taking her into St. Johns."

The party asked for an explanation.

"Why, you see, it's agin the law to take eggs off the islands; and if the Government catches 'em, they confiscates the vessel and cargo, and fines 'em besides—and half the money goes to the informer. There's a cutter always cruising about in these waters, and very likely these chaps think we are the cutter. The *Charmer* is a



saucy-looking craft, and twenty-nine blue shirts over the rail is suspicious-looking anyhow."

"But why are they not allowed to take the eggs?"

"Why not? Because eggs hatches birds, and if folks eat the eggs there won't be no birds; and if there's no birds there won't be no eggs, et cetera. They used to bring cargoes of 'em to market every year, until, finally, there got to be scarce any birds at all to what there was once. The law goes off after a time; but those that get eggs now steal 'em."

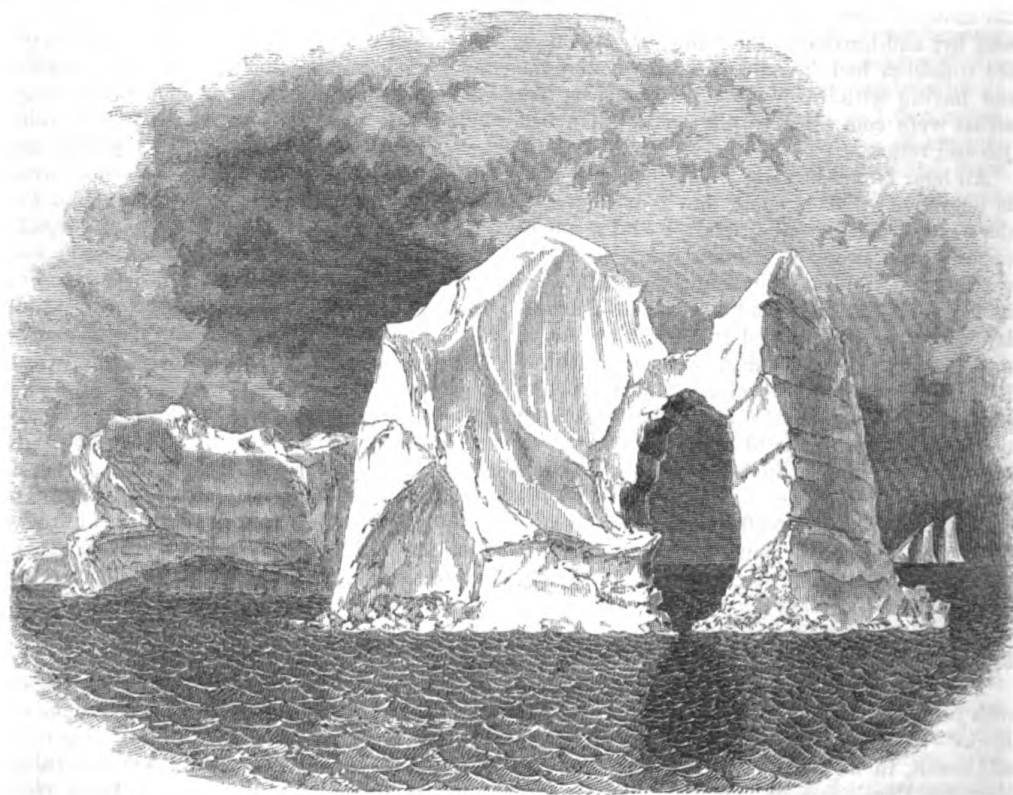
"Then," said Smidt, "they are all *poached* eggs, of course."

Although but two kinds of birds inhabit these rocks—the tinker and murre—the eggs are of an infinite variety of shade and color: white, brown, cream, pink, yellow, blue, and green, dappled with streaks and spots of black, brown, and purple, and it is utterly impossible to find two precisely alike. They are a little larger than a goose-egg. A barrel of these was soon collected, a portion being obtained from the eggers, who were vastly gratified that they were not to be molested, and cheerfully contributed from their store.

For days thereafter the expedition feasted on omelets and various toothsome preparations; and Dan, the steward, swelled with egotism from the fulsome praise he received.

Passing now through the Straits of Belle Isle, with the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts plainly visible on either side, icebergs multiplied rapidly. At times a score of them could be

counted from the deck, floating motionless upon the placid sea, in full splendor of color and fantastic frost-work, and burnished to dazzling brightness by the refracted rays of the unclouded sun. The ideal domain of fairy enchantment here became a reality, and palpable minarets, castles, grottoes, and palaces of shining metal and precious stones, were reflected in the polished surface of plazas and courts of emerald and amethyst. Here was a ruined fortress perched upon a mountain of marble two hundred feet high; there a castle with minarets and spires, from every one of which gleamed countless rays of light; an ancient façade, with columns standing and broken; single monumental shafts; a massive triumphal arch, through and under whose lofty portal the vessel might have sailed with ease; and, grandest of all, a colossal temple with two lofty pinnacles, changing as it passed to a schooner under sail; then one point glided by the other like two vessels passing; next, the points met, and it became a mammoth tent; and at last, simply an old marble ruin. Some of the bergs were of translucent emerald incrustated with frost-work; others of intensest blue; and one a huge block of whitest marble, seamed in every direction by veins of deepest crimson. In some, deep caverns are worn by the action of the water, and when a sea is running, the waves chase each other madly around the circuit; and there is then a doleful cavernous sound, and an incessant seething and cracking, fearfully ominous to the vessel passing near. When the air is still, sharp cracks like pistol-



ICEBERGS.





BLANC SABLON.

shots, and deep intonations, are heard at intervals—certain premonitions of the speedy dissolution of some of the mighty bergs; and at times fields of broken ice drift by, indicating that one of the doomed has already fallen. On all the larger ones water-lines running in every direction are distinctly marked, where the ice, melting and worn away at their bases, causes them to lose their centre of gravity and tumble over. The waves upheaved by one of these thus “fluking” would capsize and sink the largest vessel, if exposed to their full force. Once, heeding the warnings from a neighboring berg, the passengers saw fragments of ice dropping like rain from its overhanging crest, and directly the huge mass fell with a terrific crash and surge, strewing the water with its ruins. In calm weather a mysterious current seems to set toward the bergs; and in one instance the *Charmer* was drifted by its influence so near one of them that the chill of its arctic breath could almost be felt on board. In the emergency the boats were manned, and by dint of laborious pulling the vessel was gradually towed from its dangerous situation.

Now cruising along the Labrador coast, through the Straits of Belle Isle, fleets of fishing vessels were seen moored in every little harbor, and every where along the shore hundreds of boats were busily engaged in catching cod. At Blanc Sablon is one of the largest “rooms” on the coast, employing several hundred men and a large number of vessels. The harbor is inclosed by an amphitheatre of remarkable terraced hills, formed by what is known to geolo-

gists as the process of denudation, and similar to the beaches of calcareous shingle found at the Mingan Islands 150 miles to the westward. At Green Island, near by, thirty-two fishing-vessels were driven ashore by a gale and wrecked on the night of July 2, 1856. At Forteau Bay, another station, is a Catholic chapel and a cluster of neatly whitewashed houses. Here is a remarkable rocky island, resembling a shallop under full sail, and a beautiful cascade 100 feet high, leaping down the broad side of the barren bluff, and affording a delightful relief to the long monotony of bare hills and rocky headlands. Forteau Light is a picturesque locality, the asperity of the rocky promontory being relieved by rank waving grass and a stunted growth of bushes. Just beyond is a range of perpendicular cliffs of red sandstone, with huge buttresses extending from top to bottom. Upon the summit a carpet of moss and sward of brilliant green sloped gently to the verge, mottled with patches of snow, from whose melting numerous little cascades leaped to the ocean below.

It was moonlight when the *Charmer* entered the little land-locked basin of Henley Harbor, passing under the shadow of a huge basaltic cliff that commanded its narrow entrance, frowning like a grim fortress. A fleet of fishing vessels, that almost filled the little nook, lay quietly at their moorings, some of them so near the shelving rocks that they almost grazed their sides, so deep was the water. Fishing stages, with moss-thatched roofs, clung to the rocks on every side, supported on piles. Not a sound broke the still-



ness of the night; but the bustle on the deck of the new-comer, and the rattle of her anchor-chain as it ran through the hawse-hole, awoke a chorus of yells from a bevy of dogs on shore that never ceased until the last weary adventurer was wrapped in slumber. As Quilldriver's eyelids grew heavy he heard Smidt sentimentally repeating: "The canines are holding carnival on shore, but 'our bark is on the sea.'"

At early morning the *Charmer* glided out of the harbor with a fair wind, and leaving the Straits of Belle Isle, steered toward the region of perpetual ice. Quilldriver had become interested in the codfishery. From the little he had already seen he felt desirous of acquiring more practical information relative to the chief export product of Labrador.

"Do you think," he innocently asked of Captain Squid, "that we shall have an opportunity of seeing how the business is conducted in all its parts?"

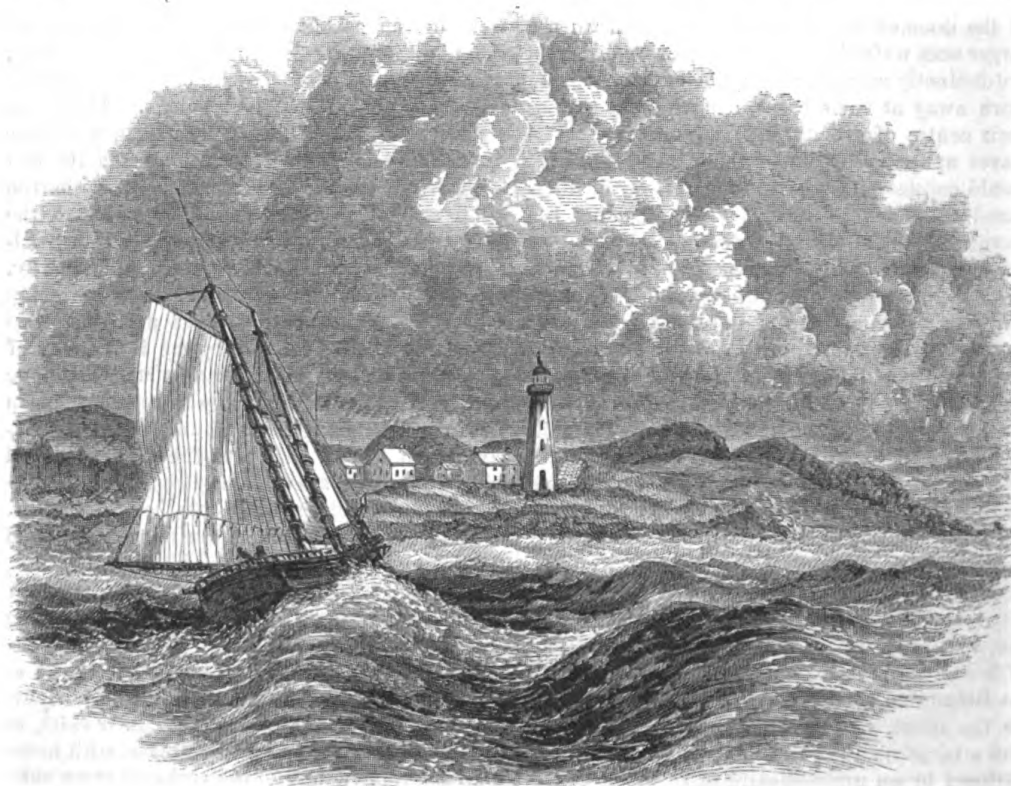
"Most probably," replied the complaisant Squid. "Indeed, we may try our own hand at it by way of variety. We fortunately have lines, nets, boats, and all the necessary apparatus. I have nearly determined to leave a portion of the crew at Tub Harbor, with three of the boats, to fish, while we continue our voyage with the vessel. The catch, you know, will help defray the expenses of the trip."

"Truly. And to this Tub Harbor, how far is it?"

"About three hundred miles to the northward. It's a fine locality, and a famous place for sport."

Quilldriver was satisfied.

And now came intermittent fogs and sunshine, baffling squalls and sudden changes of temperature; the wind ahead, astern, abeam—now a ten-knot breeze, then a calm. Strange caprices has the old god Æolus. Away up in the interior, or upon some invisible headland, he squats with his wind-bag, and amuses himself experimenting. From its nozzle, raking the long, island-girted coast, he playfully squelches intermittent flaws, which, whisking through the interminable labyrinth, meet and divide in spiteful counter-currents, each the parent of countless squalls; and he watches and laughs at the mariner, astonished at this violation of natural laws. Then the wind fails suddenly, and the ocean lapses into a treacherous calm. The sky is cloudless, and the atmosphere warm and clear. Ten minutes after the vessel is muffled in mist, that hangs in festoons from the spars, and rolls up from the troughs of the waves in clouds. But the fog seldom comes quietly and insensibly. More frequently it is borne on a blast that drives the vessel through a sea of foam, and compels her to shorten sail for safety. Yet, above all this commotion the sun may still be shining brightly! Perchance the flurry lasts but a single hour. Such caprices of the weather make it necessary to run into harbor at night; for what vessel could then run the gauntlet of hidden rocks, icebergs, and drifting ice? For these exigencies the Labrador coast is well provided. The shores are every where bold, and under the lee of every island is a harbor. But the securest harbors are invariably indicated by



FORTEAU LIGHT-HOUSE.





HENLEY HARBOR.

a tall pyramid of stones, piled upon the highest point of land at their entrance. These beacons are called "American men," from their having been erected by the Yankee fishermen, and are exceedingly useful to mariners, since the uniformity of the coast presents few features sufficiently marked to serve as reliable guides.

One of these was conspicuous upon a lofty promontory which the *Charmer* was heading for when evening came. It was regarded with marked interest by the scientific corps. Smidt conjectured it to be a monument commemorative of some great battle between the Esquimaux and Micmacs; Etching believed it to be a Runic relic; while Kenyon insisted that it was a natural formation.

Rounding the headland the schooner glided into a little inlet, hitherto concealed from view; and as she passed on to her anchorage in the little sheltered nook beyond, high upon the topmost crag, two hundred feet above, a little group of figures were seen curiously watching; and presently other groups were discovered upon the summits of the neighboring hills. These clambered, helter-skelter, over the rocks as she ad-

vanced, and ran hastily down to the shore; and hardly had her anchor-chain ceased to rattle before she was surrounded by a fleet of boats eager to learn the character of the strange craft. These fishermen, too, supposed she was the cutter. This was Square Island Harbor—a romantic basin, scarcely three ship lengths across, nestling at the foot of high hills, abrupt and conical, rising one above the other, and extending far back in a splendid perspective of shadowy outlines. Fishing-stages and filthy cabins lined the shores. Here the doctor obtained a "case," and received a fresh salmon as his fee; whereupon Smidt casually suggested that, as the doctor proposed to cure his patient by administering salts, it would be well to try the same experiment upon the salmon by way of practice. This impertinence was treated with merited contempt.

A few miles beyond Square Harbor, and near Petty Harbor, is a remarkable stratified cliff, at whose base is a cavern worn by the action of the waves. Detached masses of rock, falling from above, have formed a rostrum before the entrance, upon which a single stone is perched. To this the party gave the name of "Pulpit



Cave." Here, all the year round, "exempt from public haunt," the petrean auditory within the little chamber finds "sermons in stones," and the thundering surf rolls up hoarse music from the sea.

Snug Harbor was the next berth—a little cove in the main land, possessing much the same characteristics as those already visited. On some of the hills was a stunted growth of spruce. Here Kenyon and Quilldriver were for the first time permitted to indulge in the "gentle art." There were little lakes and ponds embosomed among the hills, which emptied, in delicious falls of foam, into the salt basin below; and the anglers

knew that the most fastidious trout would seek no choicer haunts than the glassy depths of the one and the dark pools and eddies of the other afforded. They fairly trembled with excitement at the first delicate cast of the flies, confidently expecting an instant rise; but, to their amazement, they were disappointed. Not a ripple broke the surface. Then they whipped the pond for a full hour, casting stealthily under overhanging rocks, and out into the deep black water; tried the quick water of the stream and the fall at its debouchure; but all to no purpose. Much chagrined, they were about abandoning the field in despair, when they heard a shout,



PULPIT CAVE.



and turning, saw a stout figure in a blue kersey overshirt, and a ruddy, good-natured face, to which two hands were applied, to give force and direction to the voice; and high above the noise of the tumbling water they heard,

"Wait till flood tide, gentlemen, and then try them in the ripples and in the slack-water below, and all along shore here under these jags of rocks."

"In the salt-water, do you mean?" asked Kenyon, approaching.

"Ay."

"And are there none in the fresh?"

"Didn't ye discover that yeselves? Sure, the season is too early yet. They'll go up to spawn by-and-by."

"They are salmon-trout, then?"

"Not a bit of it. They're the real speckled, Simon pure, brook, fresh-water trout. Whist! Hand me your rod—there's one of 'em now. I'll show you what they are."

There was a dancing of the hackle for an instant and a delicate cast; a dull "plump," like a pebble dropping into the water; a short, sharp whiz of the reel; and then a medium-sized fish came gracefully to hand.

"There you have him, gentlemen—a mere bit of a thing, and hardly worth the catching; but you can see what he is."

The fish weighed a good half-pound, and was as handsome a trout as ever broke water—glossy, olive-green back, and silvery sides, dotted with spangles of azure and crimson, small head, and full, plump shoulders.

"You'll have larger ones, gentlemen, when the tide flows. But come aboard my brig, and splice the main brace. I believe you came passengers in yonder dandy schooner. How many of you are there?"

"Eighteen passengers; twenty-nine all told."

"And what brought you to this desolate place? Indeed this is a queer country to come to for pleasure. Well, when you've been here as often as I have you won't wish to come any more."

A few hours later the twain had sport that anglers might have envied—the trout snatching the fly the instant it touched the water, or leaping clear of the surface while it was yet in air. It was more exciting, because so strange, to take them from the salt-water; and just from under the stern of the brig the most were caught. Few weighed less than half a pound, some two and three pounds, and one four pounds and a half! Of such kind are Labrador trout. Upon their return the fishermen were greeted with open arms, the fish with open mouths. On the festive occasion that followed, Captain Warpinchcock became the victim of base legerdemain. The Captain was wont to indulge in what he styled a "down-haul" to his food, the habit being quite excusable, since the water found in Labrador is chiefly the drainage of snow and frozen earth, which, percolating through the moss, becomes a rank decoction of vegetable matter, much the color of whisky. He had decanted a half-tum-

bler of "rye" from a plethoric demijohn, which, with spoon inserted, was placed unsuspectingly upon a shelf, but, unfortunately, in close proximity to another tumbler partly filled with the water aforesaid, while he returned the demijohn to its privacy. Smidt meanwhile had transferred the spoon to the other tumbler. Now seating himself at the table, the Captain gloated upon the yellow liquid for an instant, holding it to the light and nursing it tenderly; then dosed it with sugar, added an equal part of warm water, and stirred the mixture properly. These preliminaries satisfactorily completed, he drained one-half the beverage at a breath, and paused to enjoy the supervening delights of sense. Like a black scud athwart the moon was the shadow that then instantly darkened his face, and like thunder the explosion of laughter that followed! Presently a bitter smile curled the corners of his mouth, and he quietly said, as he replaced the glass, "Very nicely done, gentlemen. Any thing to amuse the children."

For four days the *Charmer* lay in Snug Harbor, and during all that time not a breath of air ruffled the glassy sea, and not a ray of sun struggled through the impenetrable pall of fog that filled the air. Nevertheless the time was profitably employed. The Professor added many land-birds to his collection. Kenyon and his friends gathered plants and minerals among the rocks, and kept the table bountifully supplied with trout; they visited the fishing-rooms on shore, and once made fruitless search after a bear that had been seen in the vicinity at times within the week. In many gullies and ravines deep banks of snow still remained, and the discovery of these resulted in a grand snow-balling match. The novelty of that winter sport in mid-summer gave spirit to the contest; but in the heat of battle the combatants were suddenly assailed by a common foe, which drove them vanquished from the field. Out from their ambush in the low, marshy ground came countless hosts of *mosquitoes*, which fairly darkened the air, and the sound of their war-cry was like unto the hum of steam saw-mills. With vengeful ferocity they pursued the retreating foe, even to the vessel, drawing blood at every charge. Once the Professor, astonished at their size and venom, paused to ascertain the species of these rare specimens; but his zeal found small reward for his pains, and he, too, fled ignominiously—a martyr to Science.

In his strolls on shore Quilldriver had occasion to renew his acquaintance with his piscatorial mentor of the previous day. He ascertained that he was no less a person than Captain Thomay, of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland—the most extensive sealer on the coast, employing in his annual voyages a crew of seventy-five men, with sixteen boats.

The seal-fishery of Labrador is valued at \$1,500,000 per annum, and is wholly prosecuted by Newfoundland vessels, with the exception of perhaps a dozen that sail from Canada and other Provinces. The hunting-ground lies between

the 49th and 52d parallels of latitude, and the season of catching extends from March to May, inclusive. The average fare of successful vessels is two thousand seals, though as many as eight thousand have been taken; but of upward of four hundred vessels that yearly engage in sealing not more than sixty make remunerative voyages, and many suffer heavy losses. Hence the business is altogether a lottery. Nevertheless the chances of large gains are so seductive that sealers' berths, in vessels "up for the ice," command a premium of from \$8 to \$20. The men so engaged obtain their outfit (which includes clothing, guns, ammunition, etc.) on credit, the cost of which is deducted from their earnings at the end of their voyage; and they not unfrequently find a balance of \$125 in their favor at the close of the season. Yet they are fortunate if, after their accounts are squared, they do not find themselves in debt to the vessel, or at least with empty pockets. The expense of the outfit is borne by the owners of the vessel. The captain receives no wages, but is allowed a tare of ten cents on every seal caught. When this is deducted, one-half the fare is divided among the crew, and the other half falls to the owners. The average price per seal is \$3.50. Consequently, a fare of two thousand seals, worth \$7000, yields to the owners and crew \$3325 each, and to the captain \$350.

Sealing vessels are sheathed with iron, and extra planked about the bows to protect them from the ice. On reaching the ground they are warped into channels cut through the ice, where they lie snugly moored until warm weather breaks it up. Then the sealers, singly and in small parties, each man armed with a heavy iron-spiked bat and muffled to his eyes in furs, go forth in quest of victims. These lie, quietly sunning themselves near their breathing-holes, often a hundred together, uttering doleful cries and frog-like croaks. Upon some hummock a sentinel is ever on the alert to warn of approaching danger. But the hunters, creeping stealthily, and taking advantage of the wind and inequalities of surface, rush upon them at the first alarm, dealing death-blows right and left among the affrighted herd, who wriggle hurriedly over the ice, and tumble floundering into their holes. The old seals generally escape, as their movements are wonderfully quick; but many of the young are killed. These are now dexterously "sculped," stripped of their blubber and pelts, which come off entire; the bloody carcasses are left to glut the starveling bears and arctic foxes, and the pelts rolled up and dragged away to the vessel. After the ice breaks up, the seals are shot from boats in the open water, where they are found disporting.

The Indians have other modes of catching seals. Harpooning is a favorite one. They also watch their holes in the ice and strike them as they rise to breathe. Where the water is shoal they conceal themselves on shore at full tide, and by imitating the cries of seals call large numbers about them; then waiting for the

tide to fall, that the seals may have further to travel to reach the water, they rush upon them with clubs and hatchets and kill them by the score.

There are various kinds of seals, among which are the harbor, ranger, jar, hood, doter, bed-lamer, harpe, blue, and square flipper; differing as greatly in size and physiognomy as members of the human family. There are canine and feline looking seals; seals with round smooth heads cropped like a prize fighter's, and seals with patriarchal beards and long flowing locks; meek, pensive-looking seals, and seals fierce and long-tusked; little seals three feet long, and monsters upward of eight feet in length, weighing a thousand pounds. Selah! The hood seal when attacked throws up a thick bullet-proof hood or shield before its face, and whichever way a gun is presented this defense is always opposed, the animal moving dexterously from side to side with every movement of his assailant. An effective wound must be given directly under the ear, and it requires an expert marksman to hit him there. The harpe is most esteemed, and commands a market-price of \$7 to \$8. He is a first-class pugilist, and always shows fight; rising on his hind flippers, dodging the bat skillfully, and often seizing it from his assailant's hand. He is very tenacious of life, and when worsted frequently feigns death. At such times the unsuspecting sealer, stooping over to "sculp" him, is liable to serious injury. Sometimes they have been completely disemboweled.

Seals whelp in March, and suckle their young. They are in good condition at all seasons, but are seldom taken after July, as they migrate to more northern regions, returning in December. In early summer they are caught in strong, large-meshed nets. They constitute an important article of food to the settlers and Esquimaux, and to the latter are indispensable. The blubber is exceedingly fat, and being cut into strips and thrown into vats, a large quantity of oil is obtained by natural drainage. The residue is tried out by heat. It is extensively used for machinery, both in Europe and the United States, but is sold under a different name. Its value is about fifty cents per gallon.

After their sealing voyages vessels commonly pass the summer in codfishing. This fishery is perhaps about equally divided between the Provinces and the States, though the number of men and vessels employed by the former is much the largest in proportion to population. The outfit of a fishing vessel comprises a cargo of salt, cod and bait seines, a supply of lines and hooks, several empty puncheons for oil, and from two to eight boats. The crew is either hired for the voyage, or go on shares; the fare in such cases being divided between them and the vessel, after deducting one-twelfth tare for curing. Little idea has the world of the populous community to be found on the Labrador coast from the first of June to the end of September. Every little harbor, as far up as latitude 56°, is filled with vessels, and fleets are constantly moving



from place to place, following the vagaries of the fish. The number may be safely estimated at five thousand, and the average number of men to a vessel is ten. Many parties have salting-rooms and dressing-stages on shore, but the majority of vessels cure their fish on board.



DRESSING FISH.

When the fish bite sharp all is activity and bustle throughout the fleet. Boats are constantly leaving for the fishing-grounds, or returning loaded to the "gunnel;" and all day long is heard the cheery song of the dressing-gang on deck, and the splash of the offal as it falls from the "splitting-table" over the side to the water below. At early evening, after the labors of the day, the seine boats go in quest of caplin (bait), carefully searching the little coves and inlets, and creeping along the shores; three men pulling in the usual way, an oarsman in the stern standing up and pushing, while he scans the surface of the water for the ripple of passing schools, and a look-out in the bows, motionless as a figure-head, resting upon his elbows, and peering into the depths before him. Now one gives warning, and over goes the seine smoothly and noiselessly, and with a rapid circuit the bait is impounded and quickly hauled on board. One cast is generally sufficient, for the caplin swarm in millions, swimming so densely that often a dip net can be filled from a passing school. They keep near the shore to avoid their finny pursuers, and are left floundering upon the rocks by every reflux wave. The cod often leap clear of the water in their pursuit, and at such times may be taken by the hook almost the instant it touches the water. The caplin is a delicate fish, about six inches in length, and not unlike a smelt; his back a dark olive green, sides of changing rainbow hues, and belly silvery white. We give an accurate portrait of him, for Frank Forester, in his admirable work on fishes, regrets that he has never seen him.

Later in the season, after this bait fish disappears, lance are used for bait, and herring in their turn.

Returning to the vessel the seines are hung to dry, and from every mast-head flaunt like gossamer veils swayed by the evening breeze.

The boats float alongside, moored to outriggers, and with their vessel seem like fledgelings nestling beside the parent bird. From many a deck lurid fires flash and flicker in the gathering darkness, revealing dusky figures grouped around—the fishermen preparing their hasty supper. They use no stoves, but build their fires in halves of hogsheads filled with sand. Then follows a night of refreshing slumber, and at earliest dawn they start for the ground again.

At the stages on shore work goes briskly on. From the loaded boats the cod are thrown upon the platform with pitchforks. There they pass respectively through the hands of the "cut-throat" and "header," who remove the livers, tongues, and sounds; thence to the "splitter," who takes out the back-bone; and thence, divested of the entrails, which are shoveled into the water below, to the "salter," who piles them in "kenches," head and tail, salting profusely between the layers. After remaining thus for three weeks the water and "gurry" are absorbed, and they are then placed upon "flakes" to dry. At the end of three days they are said to be "made." After this they are piled in "kenches" again for a day to "sweat" them—that is, to remove remaining moisture—and are again thrown upon "flakes" for a day. They are then ready to be stowed in bulk in the vessel. Thus cured they bring from \$2 to \$3 50 per quintal. Now, whosoever hath been initiated into the mysteries of this process, if he be fond of salt cod-fish, let him, when he eateth it, banish all remembrance thereof, even as the wine-drinker is oblivious of the treading of the grapes; bearing in mind that salt is a purifier, and that the rankest odors, even the nameless ones of Cologne, are dissipated by time and exposure to the pure air of heaven.

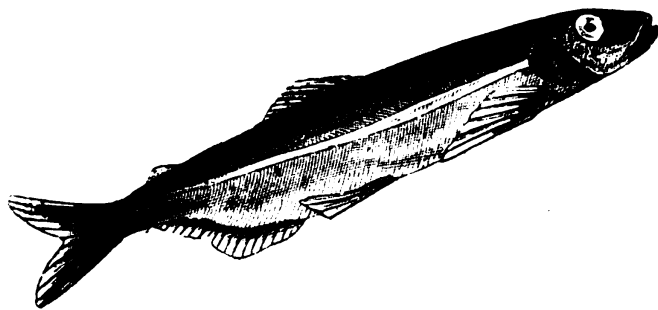
Woman, too, hath a part in this business, and in the recesses of the moss-roofed hovels her voice may be often heard singing gayly as she "heads," while the unceasing splash of the water beneath fitly chimes in unison. These are wont to stand in tubs while at work, protected from the filth and offal by long gowns—cod-liveries—of oil-cloth extending to the floor; and when their task is done they emerge from these, like butterflies from their chrysalides, clean and intact, *in statu quo*. An expert will split eight thousand fish per day, or head twice that number. The lodging shanties are constructed of spruce poles or studs, after the fashion of the "stages," generally boasting but a single apartment, and here both sexes occupy in common—the only partition being that mathematical one which excludes all objects not within the line of



vision. Sunday is always a day of rest. The mornings are generally spent by Catholics in humble devotion and prayer, and the afternoons in ball and card playing, drinking and dancing. Other denominations observe the day in like manner, save that the morning services are generally omitted.

Thus much Quilldriver learned of sealing and codfishing.

After a four-days' siege by fog and calms, the *Charmer* at last escaped from Snug Harbor, and ran down to Seal Island Harbor, fifteen miles, when the fog again drove them in for refuge. Here, with the wind dead ahead, they worked in through a long narrow strait called "Whiffle Tickle"—the name *tickle* being vernacular to Labrador, and applied to all similar channels. Other names of localities are peculiarly *sui generis*—to wit: Greedy Island, Stink Island, Black-guard Bay, Pinchgut Point, Fillbelly Tickle, etc. Many places derive their names from game now, or formerly, found there; such as Hare, Hawk, Otter, Partridge, Porcupine, Venison, Seal, Caribou, Caplin, Wolf, Ferret, Gannet, Murre, Eagle, Whale, Curlew, and Goose Islands, Harbors, Bays, etc., from which an accurate catalogue of the animals and birds common to the country can be obtained.



CAPLIN.

It was now the 13th of July, and the party had strong misgivings that they would fail to reach Cape Chudleigh in time to witness the total eclipse of the 18th; the great desire of their hearts, and the chief object of most of those who composed the expedition. These fears were communicated to Captain Squid.

"I have my doubts," said he, "that we shall be able to reach that point. Unfavorable weather has seriously detained us. My design now is to put into Tub Harbor, where I propose to leave the boats and fishermen. I shall be obliged to stop there at all events, and I have no doubt you will be able to see the eclipse to your satisfaction."

"What latitude is that?" asked Quilldriver.

"About fifty-five."

"How is that, Captain Bilbo? Do not your diagrams show the belt of total observation to be but seventy miles wide, and the cape nearly in its centre? And that is five degrees north of Tub Harbor."

"Certainly they do; but if we fail, we must swallow our disappointment. I see no help for it."

"At any rate, it is best to go as far north as we can," suggested Q.

"We will see about it," said Squid.

But the winds did not seem disposed to favor. A light breeze sprung up, though fair, and wafted the *Charmer* to "Domino Run," where a fleet of vessels had accumulated during the calm foggy weather. Gliding easily through the entire number, to their evident astonishment, she passed Indian Island, once a rendezvous of the Micmacs, the Devil's Den (a natural cave), and the Devil's Look Out, without interruption from his infernal majesty, and ran down to Sandwich Bay, once the dépôt of old Peter Cartwright, and now occupied by his descendants. Here, for the first time since reaching the Labrador coast, forests of spruce and tamarack relieved the drear monotony of rock and barren waste; and a limpid lake, teeming with salmon-trout and pike, reflected the green foliage of its wooded banks. From its charming contrast to the surrounding country it has received the name of Paradise! On the following morning she was off Tub Island Harbor, with a clear sky and a ten-knot breeze following after.

"Hurrah!" was the general shout. "If this holds it will carry us to the Cape."

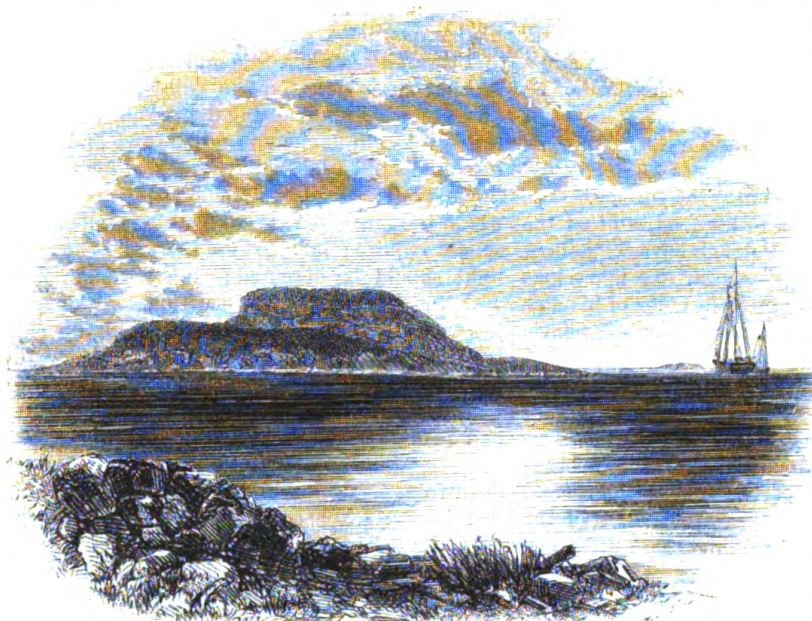
But the *Charmer* hauled her wind and stood into harbor—*Tub Island Harbor*—that delectable locality where all were to enjoy the fruition of their most ardent hopes!

And is *this* Tub Harbor?

Out in the distance, alone in its solitude, reposed the tub from which the place receives its name—an inverted tub, whose bleak and storm-worn sides might tell the tale of many a washing for centuries past. The coast was low and rocky, without a shrub or sign of vegetation, excepting dim

patches of moss and long coarse grass which grew in favored spots. Not a living creature could be seen save a solitary gull, and he flapped away seaward, screaming as he flew. But one oasis cheered the dreary waste, and that was a settler's cabin of weather-worn studs, scarcely distinguishable from the cold gray rocks on which it stood, and near it was another, deserted and tumbling to pieces. Here was ample field for exploration, scientific study, health, pleasure, and sporting, as per Squid's seductive programme. Geologists might revel here, and naturalists, botanists, and historians find rich reward for research. Once more Quilldriver's vision appeared to him; and this time it wore a faint smile of triumph, yet tempered with a sign of sadness, and winningly beckoned him away.

In the evening the wind fell, and then from the land came overwhelming hosts of mosquitoes—immense fur-capped insects, with ring-streaked bodies and needle-pointed bills. They filled the cabin, swarmed on deck, invested the berths, banished sleep from weary eyelids, defied the



TUB ISLAND.

from the cloud they found themselves fairly caught.—Alas, what a fall for science! What a coming down from the higher spheres to the plain, practical, matter-of-fact business of catching cod! Smidt said that this was “not the first occasion that men had looked in fishes’ mouths for money; and as for the astronomers, they might now find in the 12th sign of the Zodiac an astronomical chowder worthy their investigation.”

doctor’s pennyroyal protectorate, distracted the Professor, and drove him high up the rigging for refuge. Such a combination of vexations provoked the wrath of the scientific corps, and when morning dawned they approached the Captain with mutinous intent. Now Captain Squid was a model of self-complacence, assurance, and urbanity. His equanimity was never ruffled. Courted, flattered, or abused, his manney was all the same. For an aggravated assault and battery he would doubtless have graciously tendered his sincere thanks. Accordingly, when the aggrieved and exasperated delegation presented themselves, he quietly informed them that he “should remain in the harbor for a few days, or as long as the fishing continued good. He had determined to take a fare of fish—say 400 quintals; had his men, boats, and apparatus with him, and could not afford to forego his projects. Indeed it had been his design, ever since the adverse decision of the Washington scientific corps, to make his voyage a fishing cruise, and he was surprised that the party had so strangely misconceived his objects!” Here was a staggering dénouement that fanned the fires of indignation to a white heat. But threats, expostulations, accusations, and arguments alike fell from his buckler of impassibility like feathered shafts from a rock. He was studiously courteous. An hour after he opened a box of choice Falkirk ale for general division among his passengers.

Captain Squid, like the strange fish which bears his name, had so completely befogged his prey with inky representations that when they emerged

The *Charmer* was now speedily converted into a fishing vessel. The barrels of salt were brought forth from their concealment in the hold; splitting tables were arranged on deck, and boats and men were soon in active service. The fish had unexpectedly “set in” at this point, and vessel after vessel came crowding in until at the end of twenty-four hours there was a fleet of more than fifty in the harbor.

Abe Soutter—honest old Abe, the fish-splitter—was an expert among the fishermen. He



ABE SOUTTER.

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



could sail a boat or do any thing else in his line as well as the best. He always fishes on "sheers," and if fish are to be caught, can catch as fair a "jag" as any man. He predicts the weather by the moaning of the sea, or by the "loam" or "glin" in the atmosphere, and never mistakes a "cat's-paw" that ruffles the water for a "skull" of fish "briching" (breaking) the surface. His labor always gives zest to his food, and at the end of his day's work "dough-boys," "jo-floggers," and "lobscouse" disappear to a marvelous amount. His hair is much the color of his new oil sou'wester, and his carotey "brush" blends harmoniously with it. He is civil himself, and likes civility in turn, and any impropriety of speech or disrespect is checked by an order to "hold yer yaup." For lack of other pastime Quilldriver accompanied Abe to the fishing-grounds. Hundreds of boats were there, and the codfish fairly swarmed, leaping clear of the water in pursuit of the caplin. Fish after fish came floundering over the sides of the boats, were dexterously "slatted" off upon the "crotch irons," and the hooks, quickly baited, were tossed into the water again, to be seized the instant they sank below the surface. Although Quilldriver, as a scientific angler, hardly deemed it sport, yet for a time it was really exciting to haul in the big soggy fish hand over hand. But soon the novelty wore off; and it was then like pulling up dead weights with a bed-cord. His fingers became sore and water-soaked, the arms and shoulders painfully lame, while the thick lines drew up streams of water, which ran down the sleeves of his "ile sute," and drenched him to the skin. Abe handled two lines, and drew in his booty with a swiftness that made the line whiz and hum like a top—doubtless sweet music to him who was thus coining money at every pull, but to Quilldriver it was *music on the bones*. Once Q. struck his hook deep into his finger. "Here!" cried Abe. "Hand it to me;" and with mysterious movement stuck it into the thwart.

"What's that for?" asked Q., with surprise.

"Wait a minute," said Abe, seriously, and then added: "Some folks thinks it's a whim, but I've tried it often, and never knew it to fail. There! you may take your hook. Does your finger hurt now?"

Three times the *Charmer's* boats went out that day, and took 6000 fish in all. The fifty other vessels did as well or better. There were therefore not less than 300,000 fish taken in that harbor in a single day! Who can estimate, in numbers, the quantity taken on the coast each year?

The evening before the great event was most unpropitious—the wind blowing a gale from the northeast, with force enough to drag the vessels at their anchorage; but, strange to say, the morning dawned warm, bright, and cloudless, with the wind blowing gently from the westward. All were in ecstasies, and a hope still lingered that the eclipse might yet be seen there in all its sublimity of totality—that they, as wit-

nesses, might be able to assert that the moon did, as predicted, actually cross the sun's disc, and throw his effulgence completely in the shade. At the proper time Captain Bilbo and his party of observation proceeded to the "Tub" with their telescopes, chronometers, quadrants, and other instruments. Blanks were provided for making the records; extra woolen clothing to put on when the anticipated change in temperature should require; lanterns for use when the sun's light should be obscured; and a magic flask with which to honor the occasion. Other parties were stationed at different points on the mainland, and in boats upon the water, to note the effect of the unnatural obscuration of the great luminary upon the animal creation; for they had read how, on the occasion of former total eclipses, dogs had howled and birds dropped dead from fright, cocks had crowed lustily, and fish in the sea become torpid. Kenyon was therefore delegated to keep watch over a solitary cock and half a dozen mongrel dogs belonging to the settler on shore; the fishermen were charged to notice whether the cod declined to bite; and another party were dispatched to various points in the back country, where a few stunted juniper bushes might perchance allure a few individuals of the feathered tribe.

For a long hour did Captain Bilbo apply his visual orb at frequent intervals to the glass of his telescope. At that time the air became still and even sultry, and the observer then fancied he saw a nebulous appearance before the object-glass oscillating gently as aspen leaves. At the same instant minutest particles filled his mouth and ears, blinded his eyes, and invested his person every where. "Contact!" he gasped, with suffocating voice. "To—tal ob—scu—ra—tion h—e—r—e!" and then came cries and execrations and furious tramping from the party beside him. He presently realized the true condition of affairs. The air was filled with dense clouds of minutest gnats. Mosquitoes, too, joined forces with them, assailing furiously. Nevertheless he returned heroically to his task, his assistants gallantly fighting the insects that tormented him. At last a faint shadow was observed upon the sun's right limb, denoting the moon's first contact. The time, altitude, and temperature were duly noted, and then followed a happy respite for an hour, during which no perceptible change took place in the appearance of the sky and surrounding objects. At the expiration of that time, however, about ten digits of the sun's diameter were eclipsed, and then the water assumed a dull leaden hue, like the distant ocean in a storm; hills and islands an indigo blue; and a few clouds, now drifting up from the west, became silvery and fleecy, especially upon their edges nearest the sun. The sky wore a spectral greenish hue, and the air became perceptibly colder. A few sea-birds circled rapidly about the island, screaming wildly.

Thus far, even under grievous difficulties, the eclipse was highly satisfactory, and the party congratulated themselves upon their good for-



tune. Fiercer and more numerous became the mosquitoes, but still they patiently awaited more impressive phenomena. For a few moments the gloom continued to increase. Surrounding objects began to assume that supernatural appearance which had been anticipated, and the shadow had crept down to a dark spot near the sun's lower limb, when, after a few moments of anxious suspense, it became evident that it was growing lighter! The eclipse had reached its greatest magnitude, and the shadow was slowly passing off! Still they watched and doubted until the truth was too palpable for dispute. Then a penumbra, dark and portentous, fell upon every face, and their features became in-

digo blue. At that moment the total solar eclipse seemed to wear an aspect very similar to that shown in the annexed diagram. What an aggravation to the scientific corps! But there was now no remedy, and they could only growl their bitter disappointment. Smidt quietly fortified himself from the contents of the flask, which holding in his hand, he mounted a boulder, and spoke:

"Brother dupes! we have been egregiously humbugged. In this dilemma what is to be done? In the language of the immortal Shakespeare,

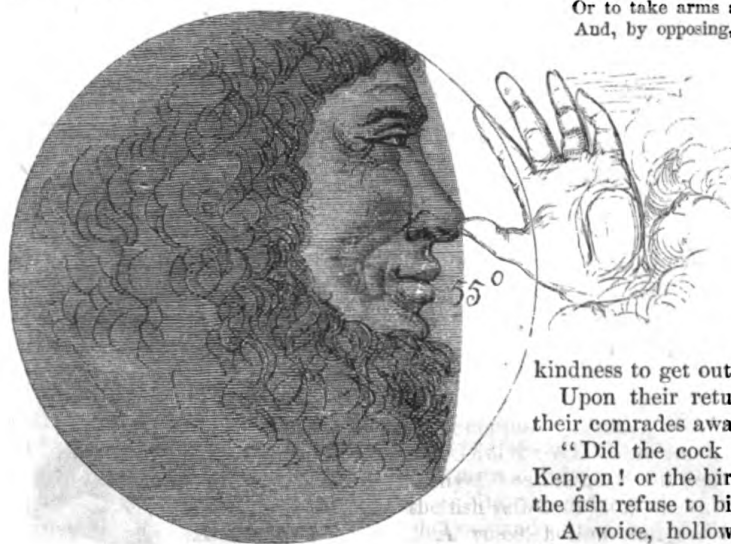
'Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?"

That is the question. For myself, I incline to the slings. I have a weakness for slings. As for us collectively, let us, like that great philosopher Diogenes, withdraw to our 'Tub, politely requesting, as a special favor, that all intervening objects will have the kindness to get out of our sunshine."

Upon their return to the vessel they found their comrades awaiting them.

"Did the cock crow and the dogs howl, O Kenyon! or the birds fall dead, O Professor! or the fish refuse to bite, ye fishermen?"

A voice, hollow and sepulchral, answered, "Nary time!"



TOTAL ECLIPSE.

## MUSIC AT NIGHT.

I HEARD strange music in the dead of night  
Passing the house I slept in. First it fell  
On Slumber's ear like some faint, far-off sound—  
The silvery purr of rivulets in the woods,  
A bird's note lessening in the languid noon;  
And all the drowsy senses of my brain  
Struggled against it; but the sound drew near.  
Pass on, said Slumber; but the music grew,  
And so my sleep was broken. Then it came  
As if four gods had taken the four winds,  
Changed them to trumpets, and blown such a blast  
That a white terror shook the sails of ships,  
And worlds of snow slid down from awful heights,  
And glittering icebergs splintered at the Pole  
In the weird moonlight—so it seemed to me,  
Just newly brought from out the chrism of dreams  
Into the shadowy darkness of my room.  
The tumult ceased; and then, as when the wind  
Moans up in the heavens of an autumn night,  
And, swooping suddenly, takes the poplar-tops,  
Shrieking, and falters, and then drops down dead—

So seemed the music, coming to an end  
With a shrill cry of bugles. The night air  
Ached with the sudden silence: then there rose  
A wild ærial melody of harps,  
Bassoons, and flutes, and fairy instruments—  
A dirge with tears in't for a broken heart,  
A pæan for a Soul just touched on heaven!  
When that grew faint there came a merrier strain,  
Still in the distance, a delirious air  
For elastic feet to dance to—a divine  
Breath of the summer, full of coquetry,  
Happy and light and loving as a kiss  
Upon the eyelids from the woman you love!  
'Twas as a wind that wafts the delicate scent  
Of violets to your nostrils: so it passed.  
And through the rosy heaven there stole a strain  
Soft as the airs that fanned the silken sails  
Of Cleopatra's barge, when the dark queen  
Swept down to Tarsus to Mark Antony!  
And with my ears stuffed with this golden sound  
The world slipped from me, and I sunk in sleep.





CAPON SPRINGS.

### A DISH OF CAPON.

OF the many rivers that wind among the ravines of the Alleghanies few offer a greater variety of the picturesque than the Great Capon, or Cacapehon, as the Indians called it. It threads the rugged country in the northeastern corner of Virginia, and adds its tide to the Potomac. To the charms of its scenery, now in the vein of the pastoral Claude, now in that of the savage Salvator, a certain degree of historical association is added. On its banks were "patriot battles won of old." In these figured some of the foremost men of the Revolution. Between 1754 and 1759 Washington, Morgan, and Braddock here commanded, more or less directly,

against the French and Indians. The sites of many skirmishes, single combats, and Indian forays are yet pointed out. So is the scene of Daniel Morgan's narrow escape, with a desperate wound, from an ambuscade. Balls and guns yet mark the localities of the little frontier forts which, a hundred years ago, held the van of Anglo-Saxon progress. On one of these spots, where the intrenchments have long been obliterated by the plow, some dozens of rifle-balls were last year picked up in the furrow. The lead, said our informant, was harder than that now used.

But it is not in the light of the past that we now propose to view this beautiful region. The pages of the *Monthly* are required for things of the passing day. And we shall just give its



readers the pen-and-pencil-izings of three spring days in the Capon Valley.

And first, for a glance at the metropolis of said valley. This is the widely known and fashionable summer resort, Capon Springs. Nestled at the head of a ravine running up from the river into the heart of the North Mountain, it forms an oasis of artificial beauty in the midst of the wildest freaks of Nature. The propylæ of the amphitheatre are two white cliffs which shoot up two hundred feet sheer from a foil of forest. From base to base they are hardly fifty feet apart. From the summit of one of these rocks we have made our sketch of the "Mountain House," its five stories and four hundred and twenty-two feet of front dwarfed by the older architecture around it. In front of this fine building, and separated from it by rich grass-plats, graveled walks, and avenues of shade trees, is the colonnade of baths, only the rear of which appears in our view. It is two hundred and eighty feet long, of brick, and was built by the State of Virginia. The baths are of every variety. The completest structure of the kind in the Union, Sir Henry Bulwer pronounced it unsurpassed in Europe, so far as his wide observation extended. The revenue from these baths is required to be perpetually

expended by the State trustees in improving and beautifying the place.

The chief spring flows from the base of the rock. There are half a dozen others, however, alum, chalybeate, sulphur, etc., said, by those who know and care more about mineral waters than we do, to be adapted to all diseases accessible to that class of physic. The reputation of the waters dates from the Revolution. The wealthier families of the county, Hampshire, in which the place is situated, and of the counties adjacent, established private cabins, and gradually those of Eastern Virginia found their way along the then narrow, rocky, and precipitous mountain tracks in old-fashioned gigs and postillion-carriages or on horseback. Now three or four good turnpikes lead the wayfarer smoothly into the jaws of the mountain, twenty-four hours from New York or Richmond. Two railways bring him to Winchester and Strasburg, twenty-three and fifteen miles distant.

Notwithstanding the vast changes and improvements made within the last few years, it so happens that the same family now manages which has had possession for half a century. Colonel Davy Waddle, brother of the present landlord, has been a presiding genius for near



COLONEL DAVY WADDLE.



that length of time, and is still the life and soul of the yearly-increasing hundreds who flock to Capon. The Colonel, or "Uncle Davy," as he is numerous and humorously called, is not unknown to fame, in a certain sense. His repertory of experience and anecdote is overflowing, and brings in such men as Clay, Randolph, Webster, Rufus King, etc. It is in connection with the last-named statesman that the Colonel tells his story of having accepted an offer of the post of body-servant, on condition that when master and man crossed the Potomac situations were to be reversed, and King was to take his turn to brush Davy's coat. This closed the negotiation.

Aunt Leah, the head-cook of Capon from primeval times, still plies her calling, though in a more limited sphere. Her prejudices, compacted by a century, are doubtless unfavorable to the feeding of eight hundred guests with

French or modern hotel cookery, in place of the solid "fixings" of old—the days of waffles, mountain-honey, and shoat. The degeneracy of roast ham and Champagne sauce she leaves to her great-grandchildren. But the mountain mutton and venison are as luscious as ever, and need not shock the centenarian's philosophy.

An institution, said to be peculiar to these Springs, is the I.O.T.T. We were told that the order made a number of converts last summer, and the applicants for admission are legion. Its principles, as we understand them, vary somewhat from those of the Sons of Temperance. The chief component of its insignia is a penny-whistle, "two toots" on which are among the farewell rites when a member leaves. The hall of the order is in "Bottle Row." We are fortunate in being able to present an accurate likeness of the Janitor, Bob Myers.

The local lions of this mountain capital include the non-felines of deer, pheasant, and trout in plenty. More inanimate ones are the Rocking Stone, weighing forty tons, and so delicately poised as to be moved by a strong man; the Rattle-snake Den; and the Cave of Gobin, a departed Indian fighter—all nearly within gun-shot of the Springs. More distant, there are many



AUNT LEAH—100 YEARS OLD.

points of scenic interest, as we have indicated. The Pinnacle, with its view of three thousand square miles; the giant Paddy Mountain; the fall and cascades of three hundred feet in all; and the *Ice Mountain*, are among them. To the unique formation last named let us make our present jaunt.

Down the river lies our course. Now fording where the bare, rocky face of the Capon Mountain sweeps down to the water's edge, leaving barely room for the wheels, then coming out suddenly on a projecting bluff, and looking down through the tops of the sycamores on wide and level pastures and corn-fields; at one time shut in from the world by dense woods, where the ruffed grouse scarcely deigns to strut out of our path; and anon skirting the populous steading, or the newly-plowed corn-field, with its troop of planters of all ages and colors; descending once more to ford; and so on till we leave the valley to the east, and climb a lofty ridge—we come, after a while, to a cluster of two or three ancient houses, yclept North River Mills. Here we dismount. A walk of three hundred paces brings us to the summit of a hill. At our feet, two hundred feet below, flows the North River—an affluent of the Great Capon—and from its



right bank, on the same side on which we stand, shoots up the ICE MOUNTAIN.

The height of the Ice Mountain we should state at six hundred feet, judging by the eye; but as the hills around are all high, we may be misled and under-estimate the altitude. Its base is perhaps twelve hundred feet above tide. The length of the ridge is about a mile, and its direction that of nearly all the Appalachian range—northeast and southwest. The side on which the ice is found fronts west by north. The slope is the natural angle of the loose fragments of sandstone which compose the whole face of the mountain, and which, at some points covered with trees, are generally bare. Through this "shingle" the snow and rain percolate and form ice beneath. On the occasion of our visit, April 30, 1860, ice was visible in great abundance at the foot of the mountain wherever the rocks were removed to the depth of a couple of feet. In these little excavations, which we found made, the large blocks of ice, though exposed to the warm spring air, gave not the least sign of melting. So in the dairy—a rude structure of logs built into the hill—not a drop exuded from the ice which filled the crevices of the

wall. A little spring, which forces its way through the gravel at the edge of the river, is the only drain from this vast refrigerator. That the congelation often, if not constantly, lasts from year to year there can be little doubt. Mr. Devier, the old gentleman who has owned the place for many years, says he never looked for ice later than the 15th of September. He found it on that day. The more advanced the season the deeper must be the excavation. It thus becomes troublesome. Rain, he added, affected the deposit more than did the sun.

The coldness and humidity of the spot have attracted plants scarcely known elsewhere in the neighborhood. The *Rhododendron maximum*, confined in this latitude to the summit plateau of the Alleghany proper, we found in profusion. And—perhaps the most extraordinary feature of this extraordinary place—the space at the foot of the mountain, a hundred yards by twenty, where the ice is chiefly met with, is clad with silver and yellow pines, maples, and undergrowth, of considerable size. Remove the stones among their roots, and you find, instead of a warm and life-giving soil, a layer of solid ice.

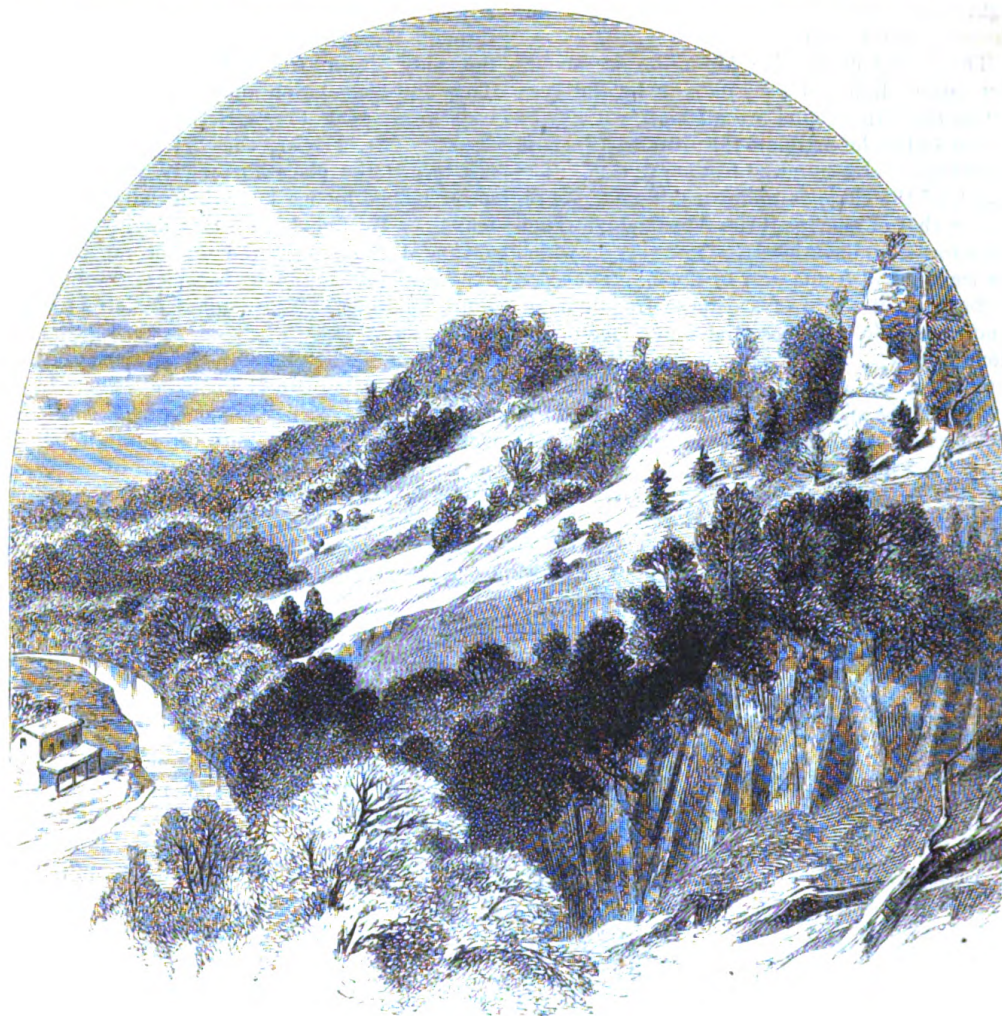
The young people of the vicinity make pleasure-parties to the place. On the narrow bench between the foot of the mountain and the river an area is railed off and planked for dancing. By its side stood the rustic torch—a bed of earth raised on posts five feet high; but the grass was sprouting on it among the embers of the past. Fine chestnuts, just breaking into leaf, overarched the festal spot. The little river murmured merrily below; and beyond, velvety meadows and apple-blossoms led the eye toward the setting sun. It was hard to realize that winter held full sway among the rocks on which we stood, and that ice as perpetual as that of the summit of Mont Blanc lay in full view at our feet.

Of the various scientific theories put forth to account for the phenomenon none are very satisfactory.



FOR MYES.





ICE MOUNTAIN.

Science, indeed, has not bestowed on it the attention demanded by a thing so remarkable. Mr. Forbes, the Champollion of the Glaciers, would, perhaps, term it an underground glacier, modified by situation and climate. But why no more underground glaciers?

In an opposite direction from our headquarters, Capon Springs, half an hour's ride will bring you into a region as wild as the Adirondack. A narrow basin, surrounded by lofty mountains entirely untouched by "improvement," is termed the Cove. Deer roam through it undisturbed, and no one who glances up at the hills will wonder at being told that there was the scene of

#### THE LAST OF THE PANTHER FIGHTS.

Let us tell the story as we had it from the lips of the chief actor, Adam Rudolph, on May-day of the year of grace 1860. We don't pretend to give his exact words. And it can not be justly rendered without the aid of the Teutonic twang of the old hunter—for Adam is of German descent, and that tongue is spoken around him, as it is in many less secluded parts of Shenandoah County. Six feet high and over, hard on threescore and ten, but his natural force little

abated, clad in a blue jean hunting-shirt and shod with moccasins of his own handiwork, he is a well-preserved specimen of the pioneer. But to his narrative.

"William and Henry Rudolph and myself started in the winter of 1851 on a deer hunt, the snow more than knee-deep. We started up different ridges, all leading to the top of Paddy Mountain. After I had gone a short distance I got upon a very large bear-track (as I supposed). It seemed to plow through the snow just like a horse. I halloed for the boys; and when they came up they agreed it was a bear. We followed on the track. Did not go far before we saw where it had torn up a deer. We thought it was one the bear had found dead, but soon discovered we were mistaken. It had eaten all the flesh. We saw several smaller tracks around the spot—as we afterward concluded those of the female panther. We kept along the top of the mountain, and could see where it would go into den after den of rocks, in and out. Followed on till near dark, when we "denned" it. It was a desperate-looking place—oh, most terrible!

"We concluded we had better go home and





THE DAIRY.—ICE MOUNTAIN.

next morning get some dogs, when we would have some fine sport. We had a fatiguing time getting home, tired enough, and after night. Early next morning we started with five dogs, and got to the top of the mountain by sunrise (six or seven miles). When we reached the place we found the animal had come out and the small one with it. We followed their track. They entered and left several dens. As you may guess, it was tiresome work to us. They seemed to travel on the very roughest and most rocky places. We still thought them bear. The track turned and seemed to come back another way. At last it stopped and went in the rocks.

"We were awfully tired and the sun nearly down. We made an examination. Desperate looking place! the rocks very high and straight as the wall of a house. The track went around at the base of the cliff, then came to a lower point and got on top. Then it jumped down into a hole between the rocks six feet deep and perpendicular. I lay down and peeped over. At the bottom I could see a crack in the side where the beast had gone in.

"Operations began by letting one dog down. He barked, and a growl answered that seemed

like the loudest thunder beneath us. Then all the dogs jumped down; and such a growling and such a barking you never heard! We could hear the claws against the rocks. One small dog got well at him and had four holes bitten into him you could put your finger in. We still thought it was a bear and would come out, and kept our guns cocked and pointed. It became clear that we must get the dogs out. So we helped William down. He handed up the dogs. They out, all was quiet and nothing to be seen. We pulled William out, but let him down again to look in the crack at the animal. We had to let him down head foremost and hold by the ends of his trowsers. William reports: 'I see his eyes. They are wide apart and big as a silver dollar.' 'Oh,' says I, 'you are scared.' 'No, I ain't; I can see his head, but can't tell its shape. Take me up; I am sick'—his position throwing the blood to his head.

"So I was put down. Saw his eyes; saw a little light from the crack; saw it was no bear. My head soon suffered like William's, and I had to be drawn up. Rested a little, I was again put down with a stick to move away the loose rock and widen the crevice. I did so, and



made out the color, the short head, and great width between the eyes—head like a tiger and color of a doe. I could only stay long enough to note this, and was again drawn up. Late as it was, and almost broken down as we were, we had short time to parley. There was but one plan. Two must be let down with one gun—one to hold it and the other to aim and pull trigger.

"William and I went down together, our weight partly supported by the sides of the well-like opening and partly by Henry's hold of our trowsers. I had to hold the gun upside down and sight under instead of along the top of it, being inverted myself. All this passed in less time than it takes me to tell you, as it was impossible to endure the position long. We got the gun pointed. 'A little higher, a little more to the right! A little higher yet! Pull!' The echoes of the cavern made the report like that of a cannon.

"We didn't stay down longer than we could help after firing. Henry pulled vigorously, and with the aid of our hands on the rock we were soon up. For a little while we could hear the panther struggling in his blood. We let down a dog. No noise followed. Then I was lowered. I saw the game was dead. I crawled in as far as I could. A barrier of rock obstructed me. Over this I reached my arm and got my forefinger in his mouth, but could not move him. Drawn up again, I took my tomahawk and cut some pieces of wood to clear away the snow. This done, we succeeded in finding a place where the rock could be to some extent moved. A pole with a hook at the end was prepared. This we managed to fasten in his hind legs, and pulled him out.

"It proved to be a male panther of immense size, *nine feet and one inch* from nose to end of tail, fat, and very heavy. Late as it was, worn-out and far from home as we were, we wished to carry him home bodily. Tried to shoulder it, but failed. We took off the skin with the paws and scalp, and hung the carcass on a tree.



ADAM RUDOLPH.

Henry said he had seen the small one escape through the rocks beyond.

"The following spring some Government man came along, and said he would give me five dollars to show him the frame of the panther. We went. He found all the bones, put them in a bag, and took them away. And that's the end of my panther-hunt."

Thus simply and modestly did the old rifleman relate an exploit which, considering the snow, absence of all preparation, comparative want of aid, remoteness of the spot, more difficult access to the animal's lair, and, finally, the double size and ferocity of the animal itself, throws Putnam's achievement entirely in the shade. The dimensions of the panther may seem extraordinary. The writer of this at first thought there must be some mistake; but others who had heard the tale from Rudolph assured him that the same measurement, of nine feet and an inch, was stated to them, and the established and obvious truthfulness of the man removed his doubts.

It is worth a longer ride than we and our friend took to hear the narrative from the mountaineer himself, and to take a stirrup-cup of home-made wine from the wild grape—clear as

a bell, looking like Madeira, and incomparably better than the villainous decoction which, under that name, delectates the palates of American connoisseurs, who probably never saw a drop of the genuine article in their lives. Then for the homeward canter through the gorge of Paddy Run, the cliffs vertical on either hand five hundred feet; and towering above and beyond the south wall, the great peak where the panther was killed, and the impression is complete.

## A CHAPTER ON MITES.

GLORIOUS William Tyndale, in his translation of the New Testament, gives us this version in his quaint old English: "Ananyas went his waye and entryd into the house and putt his hondes on hym and sayde, brother Saul, the lorde that apperyd vnto the in the way as thou camst, sent me vnto the that thou myghtest receve thy sight and be filled with the holy ghost. And immediately there fell from his eyes as ytt had bene *scales* and he receaved his sight."

How often, when seated before the microscope, this sentence rises up in memory; and how fervently I thank the God of all that "*scales*" are yet upon our eyes; that science can not lay her hands upon us and bid us receive our sight: the sight of the world as it *really* is—the world of space where the Invisible is enthroned! Some, here and there, are allowed to wander on the outskirts, and like the Peri at the gates of Paradise, catch a glimpse, as invisible spirits come and go, of the wonderful mysteries beyond. Finite beings as we are, we tremble even at this faint glimpse, and ask in our secret souls if Ignorance is not a bliss. If we could see what is around us; if we could put out our hands and grasp the atmosphere we breathe; if we could look into the water we drink, the food we eat, the fruit so luscious and so tempting to the taste, the flowers so enchanting to sight and smell, the very earth so magnificent and gorgeous in its beauty—if we could see all these as they really are, we should loathe this very life to which we cling with such tenacious love, and call to the mountains to cover us.

But not only on the outside are invisible phenomena to be found. Man, the last and most wonderful of all the Creator's works, is but a tissue of living matter acting independently, in its decay and reproduction, of the breath he received from Heaven. Invisible beings live unknown and unfelt upon the very throne of intellect and reason; crawl in the muscles, swim like leviathans in the clear, soft liquid of the infant's eyes, and remain unscathed by the fiery glow of those of the warrior on the field of battle. We are surrounded day and night by a world of invisible active beings. He points His finger and then they hasten to fulfill his mandate. Disease and death come creeping on, and places are found vacant at the hearth and at the board. When the mission is fulfilled the heavens clear

and all is tranquil and peaceful as before, save the bleeding hearts which cling to Time for resignation at least. The cup of water dipped from the moss-covered bucket at the old well may be the medium through which His inscrutable will may be exhibited toward His creatures. The grains of the fields, the cattle that crowd upon the hills and in the valleys, may be the instruments of enforcing those mandates which man alone is required to suffer and obey.

There is not a living creature that is not a prey to something greater or smaller. The bird that lives poised on the wind, where you would think nothing material could touch it, is a prey to a thousand parasitical insects forcing it to descend to earth for ease and relief. The fish that swims the briny ocean, where one would think nothing so fragile and minute could exist, rushes through the waves driven to madness by unseen creatures who find sustenance in its cold blood, and live and breed upon its scales. The hard, endurable hide of the whale is a home for colonies of myriads of minute creatures; and even the shark forgets his love of human flesh as he cleaves the waves to flee from the enemies he bears with him wherever he goes. Nay, as Andrew Crosse, the great electrician, tells us, members of this invisible sphere live and have their being in solutions which science has hitherto considered incompatible with life: in hydrochloric acid, in fluo-silicic acid. Even two inches under the electrified fluid they come into existence, and have lived and multiplied.

If some of us have been permitted to stray nearer the boundaries connecting the visible with the invisible world, there can be no feelings awakened but those of awe and wonder, of gratitude and praise, that omnipresence and omniscience are about and around us to keep in check forces whose barriers appear so slight that a puff of wind might annihilate them, and man, in all his strength, be thrown prostrate, or perhaps be entirely destroyed, by creatures, thousands of which can find standing-room on a grain of sand.

I have been wandering near these precincts for many a year, and propose to describe a few of the *monsters* of this invisible world—so minute that they can be barely detected by the best vision unaided by a glass, but which, when magnified, exhibit their fair proportions as true and perfect as the elephant of the jungle or the buffalo of the prairie.

*Mites* find their place in Natural History, in the third family of the *Thrachean Arachnida*, the *Holetra* of Hermann, the second tribe of *Acarides*. They swarm to such a degree throughout nature that it would be beyond the power of any man to class or arrange them systematically. Some authors have collected many particulars, by which a few types comparatively have been proposed, which serve as outlines to the immensity of a kingdom having no end—whose limits are known alone to the Infinite.

Mites are oviparous and prolific beyond computation. Some are born with six legs, and



have two more developed after the first moulting; some have eight, and lose two as they advance in age. Some have eyes, and many have none. Some are scaly, some hairy, and some clear and transparent as bits of glass. Others, again, are brilliant with vivid colors—as some garden mites, one of which I will show you as we proceed. The best known of these large mites is the *Trombidium cinctarium*, so well estimated in the East Indies for producing a splendid red dye.

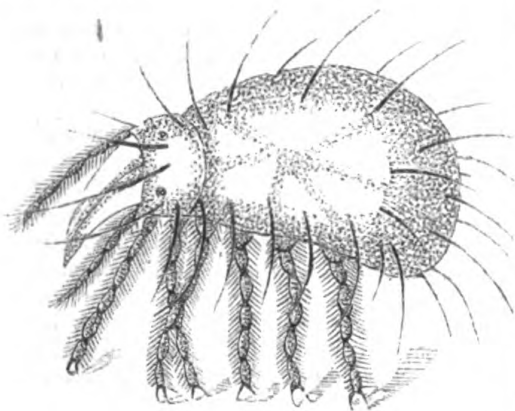


FIGURE 1.—ACARUS DOMESTICUS.

The first on my list, as the most universal, is the *Acarus domesticus* (Figure 1), a most un-

couth, frightful little creature. As for size, you must judge of it relatively—a mustard seed would make six of it in bulk. It is every where, I conceive, from its habits and its habitat. It is found in all putrid animal matter, in out-houses, and among the debris of negligent housekeepers. It is clear and transparent, except a shade near the edges of the body. It appears to have two eyes, but they are so sunk in the punctures that I dare not assert that they are such. The sucker is stout and strong, and fitted for imbibing the liquids of decayed matter. If they are numerous (and they are sure to be in twelve hours), they suck up the moisture, and thereby lessen the effluvia which would render the atmosphere offensive. The hairs on its body look as if they were composed of spun glass; and its legs, like little beads strung on wire, bend here, bend there, when it walks—which is not often—rendering it very unsteady and toppling in its gait. Authors say that this *Domesticus* is the same as the Cheese mite; but I differ from them. Cheese, in its decay, is never putrid or offensive, and this insect is certainly found in these latter quarters in abundance. I have never detected the *Domesticus* in cheese, although I have searched year after year for it in all the varieties produced in this country. Probably it does not like impoverished quarters, and “skim milk” is proverbial for the want of nourishing qualities; nor have I

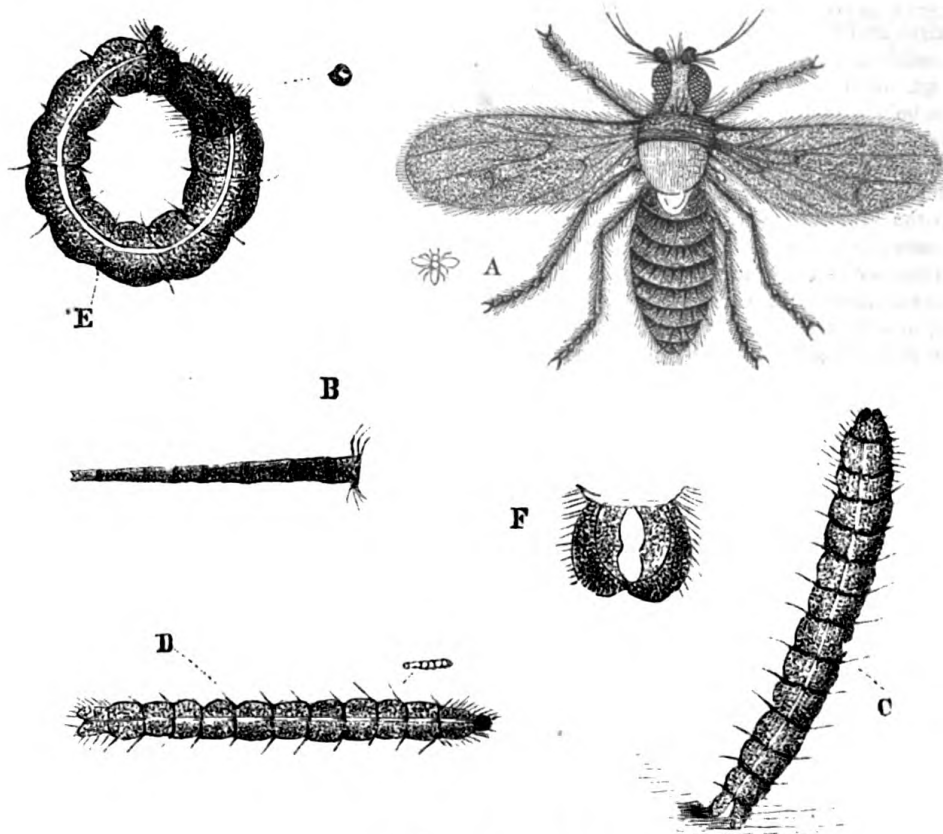


FIGURE 2.—THE CHEESE MITE.

A The Mite.—B. Ovipositor.—C Larva preparing to Leap.—D. Larva after the Leap.—E. Larva taking the Leap.—F. Mandibles.

found it in the foreign article brought to this country.

The dark-blue spots seen in cheese are made by the ejecta of the larva of a small fly, the *Prophila casei*, cheese-fly (Figure 2), a very tiny black fly, with white wings margined with black. This little creature is a wonder of itself. She has a retractile ovipositor double the length of herself; and it is amusing to see her go tapping about over the cheese as the searchers for water, with their magical willow wands, feel on the earth for a well or a stream. When she finds a crack she goes to work industriously, depositing without delay nearly three hundred eggs, glued together with a liquid exuding at the same time when the deposit is being made. In a few days these hatch, and thin small maggots commence their repast, devouring the milky parts of the cheese, and ejecting the curd, which becomes blue, composing the delightful *bonne bouche* of epicures in this delicacy. This little maggot is a masterpiece. With very few exceptions the larvæ belonging to the Lepidoptera, and other divisions, have breathing pores along the sides; but this little creature is furnished with two at the head and two at the tail. A piece of skin folds over those of the head when it is burrowing in the cheese, to preserve them from injury; then it breathes through those of the tail. When this is under, those of the head are uncovered and serve their turn. Does it not proclaim the omniscience of a Divinity, the adaptability of this tiny thing to its residence? It is said that the studying of this little fly retrieved Redi from the materialistic tendencies which beset all the philosophers of his day. The locomotive power of this maggot is as singular as the other part of its formation. It has no legs, and drags itself along by the hooks on the mouth. These two mandibles are shaped like claws, with which it burrows into the cheese. Its power of leaping is more astonishing than that of the flea, every leap being very nearly thirty times its own length. Six inches is no uncommon stretch. To make

this leap it erects itself upon two wart-like projections at its tail, catches them between the claw-like mandibles, contracts itself from a circle to an oblong, and with a jerk throws itself headlong in a straight line. Conceive, if you can, the strength of the muscles of this apparently insignificant atom. Well may Swammerdam exclaim, "Surprising miracles of God's power and wisdom in this abject creature!" When it has fed sufficiently it emits a few threads of silk, and contracts its rings into a *pupa*; remaining a few weeks thus, then coming forth an *imago*. This little fly has an Ichneumon. Very minute it is, but it serves to keep the fly very much in check during the summer. The illustration will explain more fully than the pen.

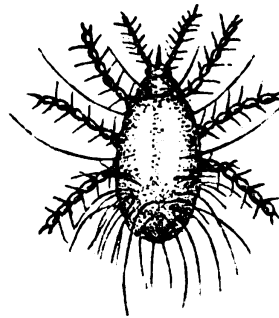


FIGURE 3.—MILK MITE.

Figure 3 is the *Acarus luteus*—(Milk-Mite). It is very small and transparent. The hairs and body are purely white. It is found in milk after its evaporation, particularly if much acidity existed in it previously. In dairies it is found on neglected milk-pails

and strainers, and can be detected by observing the bubbles on the milk remaining stationary, which is formed by this little creature floating in a vacuum. But its most distinctive place is on the edges and crevices of milk utensils, when not attended to with extreme care.

The *Acarus roseæ* (Figure 4) is found on rose-leaves. It is not the famous "red spider" of the hot-house, but is only found in gardens in the open air. It is a most brilliant little creature, having a ruby red body as transparent as Bohemian glass, legs and hairs as if newly spun. It subsists on the juice of the leaf, causing those

small yellow punctures seen on rose-leaves. You may, if you know it, find it with the eye, unaided by a glass; but it is difficult. Toward autumn it spins a silken thread round and round, until an apex is reached, when it is fastened off in a neat knot. Under this pyramid I found yesterday no less than six of these red dots hibernating for the winter. I felt very sorry to disturb such a pleasant party, but a naturalist is a Nemesis, inexorable to all sentimental appeals.

The *Acarus canna mellifera* (Sugar-cane Mite)—Figure 5—is a monster of ugliness, if not of size; an amazing contrast to its confrère of the rose. It is found at the South, on sugar

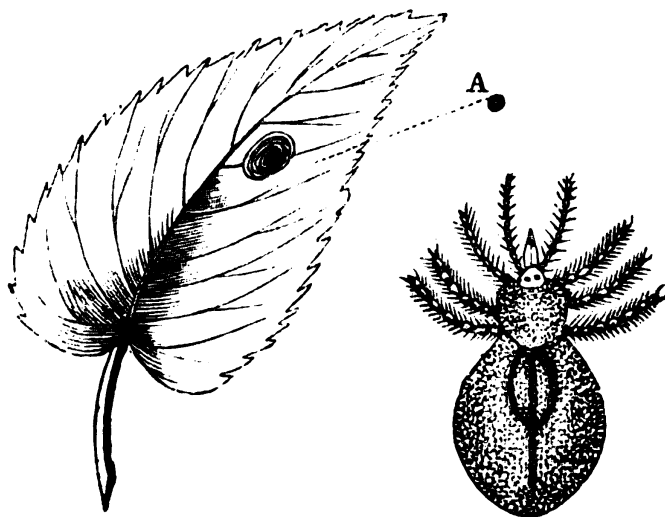


FIGURE 4.—ROSE-MITE.

A. Leaf, with Insect of Natural Size

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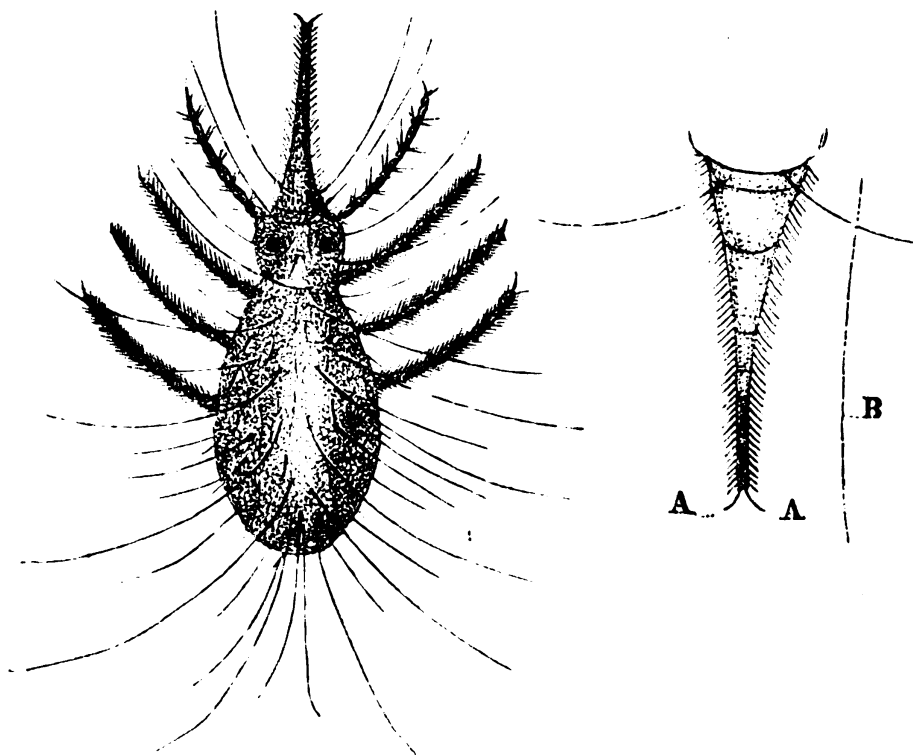


FIGURE 5.—ACARUS CANNA MELLIFERA.

A A. Hooks.—B. Bristle.

plantations, luxuriating around troughs, barrels, and the utensils belonging to the sugar-house. Sometimes you may skim it from your tea or coffee if you can detect it floating on either, particularly if the white sugar called by grocers "Havana" is used. It is as black as it can be, and covered with strong black hairs. It looks like a dainty morsel for a person to imbibe—does it not? If they are numerous, and one is in a hurry, conceive his solace to know that a dozen or two may be holding high revel in that sacred place of delights, his stomach: for no heat will kill them, and they have been known to come forth alive from alcohol, after having been bottled up a whole year. I do not know what effect cold may have on them. I have been told by a su-

gar planter that they become torpid, "but refuse to die outright." They are the natural food of a spider belonging to the subgenus *Storena*. Observe the tube or sucker. How admirably it is fitted for its vocation! Horny outside, a strong seta, or bristle, descends for imbibing, protected from injury by two hooks. These serve likewise to vary its performances. It may often be found hanging along the edges of boards or barrels by these hooks alone.

A year ago I was very anxiously watching the forthcoming of some mosquitoes from their pupa-cases, belonging to the subgenus *Megarhina*, which I had bred through all their transformations in a bowl of water. When they first emerge they are exceedingly pretty—green and

transparent — their thread-like legs as fairy-like as is possible to be imagined, and the plumes nodding from the head of the male are princely in the extreme. I perceived one — a very fine specimen — labored with more than usual exertion to escape from the pupa-case. Very minute bright spots were arranged along the rings of the abdomen. Upon trying to remove one

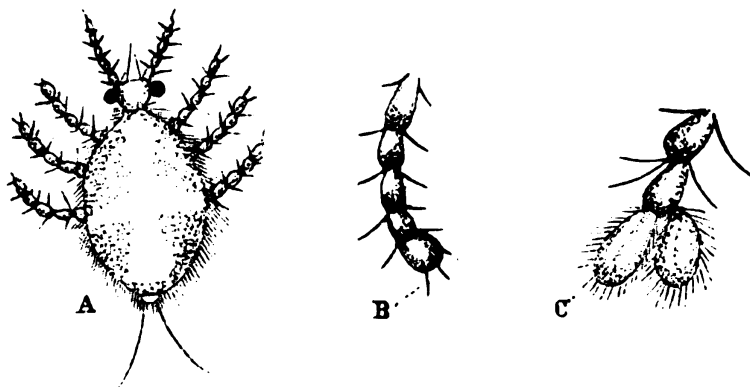


FIGURE 6.—ACARUS MEGARHINA.

A. The Mite.—B. Palpus.—C. Foot.



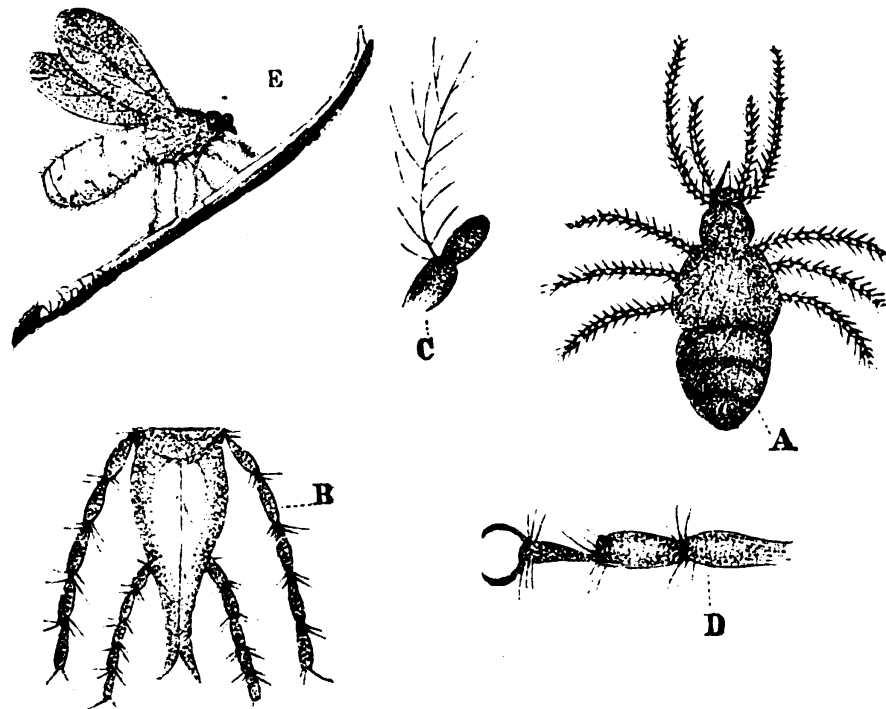


FIGURE 7.—ACARUS MUSCIDA.

A The Mite.—B. Sucker.—C Antenna of the Fly.—D. Leg and Hooks of Mite.—E. The Fly.

with a needle I found it came off easily, and submitting it to a magnifier of high power, conceive my astonishment to find this little mosquito had come into the world burdened with the torments depicted in Figure 6. I could not count them. While I was occupied in getting at one the others escaped into the water, and were lost to eyes and glass. Observe the last joints of the foot. You perceive that those paddles are well calculated to send them rejoicing on their way, disporting in such an immense watery world as half a pint of water. This *Acarus* is like a gem; and if the vanity of the mosquito sufficed, it might find some consolation for the puncturing endured from being hung round with such brilliant jewels. Humanity finds great comfort often in the exhibition of precious stones; why should we suppose a mosquito devoid of this ennobling enjoyment? To deny this would be selfish in the extreme. The eyes are black and lustrous; the legs transparent and bead-like, as well as the antennæ. Where you perceive the white in the illustration the insect was of a brilliant red; and where the dots are it was of a most superb green; and the water could be seen, like veins of silver, circulating through and about the whole of the minute abdomen. It was a sight never to be effaced from the mind's eye; and I often wish that I may once more enjoy four such hours of study over so much beauty in so small a space.

About the latter part of September and through October you may, if you listen, hear the flies around you thumping themselves furiously against the window-panes, upon your

book or paper, or even against your face. This is done to shake off the mites that gather upon them, and fasten themselves by their beaks deep in the rings of the abdomen. A poor, forlorn creature (Figure 7, E), traveling slowly over my hand and paper as I was writing about a week ago, was submitted to the magnifier, and drawing down the abdomen, there between the rings, where you see the dots, these little torments were fastened, sucking the life-blood of the unoffending fly. This *Acarus muscida*, likewise, is a very pretty mite, being of a bright reddish-brown, with transparent legs and antennæ. Its beak is peculiar, having, as you perceive, palpi. They hold very firmly with it and the hooks appended to the feet, and no fly can succeed in shaking them off when once they get hold. When the fly is dead and all its substance extracted they crawl off to some other, or live on in the interior of the carcass for months, with no sustenance; finally depositing their eggs and dying themselves.

That time when

"Life went a-Maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young,"

years ago, in the beautiful city of Savannah, near its eastern boundaries, there was a garden, not very spacious, but thickly planted with all that was rare and beautiful in flowers and shrubbery. Its owner thought, in a land where the sun has such intense power, that to shield one's self from its rays no shade could be too impervious, no shrubbery too dense. So the trees were left unpruned above, and year after year

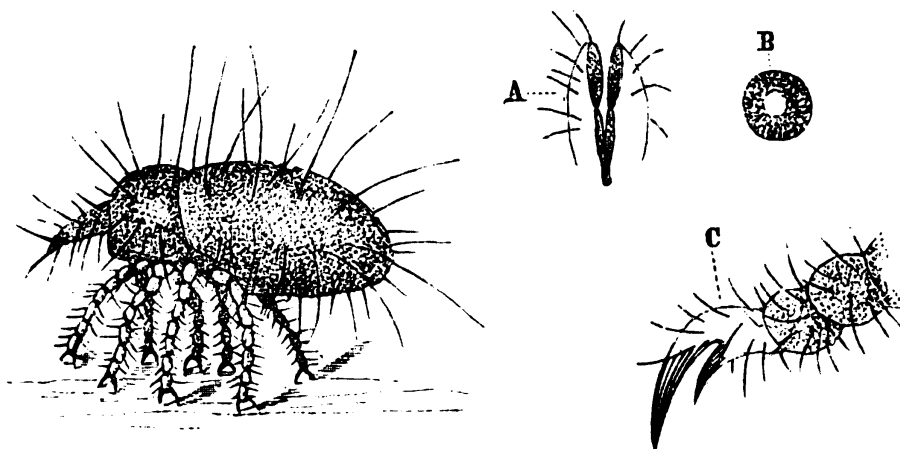


FIGURE 8.—ACARUS CONTAGIOSUS.

A. Mouth-piece.—B. Egg.—C. Foot.

added to the density of shade. Even at noon-time there was only a golden pavement checkered on the paths by the shadow of the leaves quivering above. It was beautiful to behold, delightful to enjoy; but, alas, there lurked sorrow and death among those beautiful flowers, creeping under the shade of the almond, the citron, and the orange. Well do I remember how we two wandered through that garden, and wondered why almost every leaf we touched was covered with a dozen or more of the little mites here illustrated (*Acarus contagiosus*, Figure 8). What could cause them? He was a man deeply read and scientific in taste. He was familiar with the microscope, and showed me the strange proportions of this little mite, and we followed it from day to day trying to understand its mission. Time went on. It was a summer of unremitting rain; scarcely a fair day intervened; and when the sun shone forth it was with an intensity never supposed to have been experienced before.

"And hour by hour, when the air was still,  
The vapors arose which have strength to kill;  
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,  
At night they were darkness no star could melt."

At last came that dread sound which strikes such terror to a Southern heart—"A case of yellow fever." A mother, full of health and strength, a few steps from this garden—it was deep in shade all around this locality—was carried to her last home. Then this good and excellent man bade an everlasting adieu to earth, and the beautiful flowers and trees he loved so well and had cultivated so fondly. He too slept the last sleep. That fearful disease reigned triumphant for weeks in a circle of which this garden seemed the centre, and hearths were made desolate, and hearts so wounded that Time could find no cure. At last the heavens cleared, and the direful spell passed away; and men began to hope once more. Years, as I have said, have passed, but the memory of that mite has never passed away. Last March a friend came and said,

"Come up to my hot-house; I wish you to see some insects."

The ground was nearly a foot deep with snow, and a keen biting wind went searching through the veins and muscles, devouring all vital heat. I was almost frozen when we opened the hot-house door and entered. What a sight! I stood appalled at the moving mass before me, and the ammonia ascending in clouds absolutely took my breath away. My friend had been up to a tannery, and had brought down several cart-loads of what he supposed to be the bark thrown away at these places, in order to make a compost bed. Large quantities of decayed vegetable matter—bark and sumach—were mingled, and as soon as placed under the effects of a heated atmosphere ranging from 45° to 60° Fahrenheit, the mass began to "work." A large box, nearly four feet deep by five in length and three in breadth, was filled with a living, moving mass from the bottom to the top. Like the waves of the sea, the creatures rolled up and down, over and under. The mass was of the consistency of the mortar used by builders, and similar in color. Nearly two hundred jars filled with plants were literally incrustated with living creatures. The glass, the shelves, the crevices, the bricks, the floor, every inch was covered, four or five deep, with these moving, restless atoms. You could feel you were inhaling them, although you could not see them; and you were sensible that they were scrambling over the skin where it was exposed. Amidst all this movement streams of ammonia went whirling overhead and around this heated hot-house, stifling us human beings, but giving life momentarily to myriads of these little creatures.

Scraping my finger along the edge of a flower-pot, I gathered some hundreds, and submitting them to the glass, lo! the sad memory came back—the mite of that garden, with its sorrowful reminiscences was once more revealed to my sight after such a lapse of time. It was at least twelve days before the ammonia was exhausted. Then they began to die off, and at the end of three weeks

a white powder or dust remained—all that was left of such a mass of what but a few days previous was moving living matter. I have some hundreds of these mites floating before me now in alcohol, and they exhibit no difference in shade or color from what they did when alive—if they are not still existent.

In June last I was at the South, and had occasion to cross from one residence to another. The path led through a dell or gorge covered with a deep, impervious shade. A little brook crept along, rendering the ground marshy and damp. It was in the cool of the afternoon, and the ammonia on the air under this dense foliage was very perceptible. Crossing over on a plank, I perceived lower down the stream many of those gorgeous and beautiful flowers—the offsprings of these damp low places. An attendant went after them for me, and a charming bouquet of these wild beauties was taken home by me. As usual, I spent the greater part of the night examining every leaf and bud for insects, and there—active and full of life, though not so numerous as they would be later in the summer—I found these mites again.

Now what lesson can we learn from these coincidences—from these facts? We know that decayed vegetable matter generates ammonia in immense quantities. We know, likewise, that this in time assists into life numberless insects, particularly mites, which are imperceptible, but which must be injurious to the human system when inhaled. We know that this system is subject to several diseases which arise from the ova of other insects; and, as Dr. Galet affirms, from his experiments, become inoculation, as in the case of *Psora* (itch). Who can challenge

the theory, as being improbable or impossible, that if the air we breathe becomes densely populated with these mites, aided by an over-quantity of ammonia, which not being able to escape into the atmosphere from its weight, that the yellow fever may not be generated from the effluvia of ammonia filled with these mites floating in it, and at last ending in the “vomito?” The subject in all its bearings is far from being exhausted, but it is not here that it can be discussed. The medical faculty of the South have these few suggestions placed before them for future investigation. So assured do I feel of the instrumentality of these little creatures in pro-

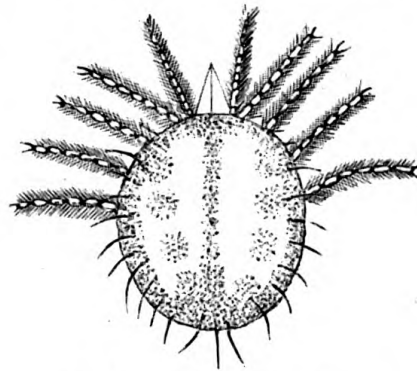


FIGURE 9.—HYDRACHNA GEOGRAPHICA.

moting, if not causing this terrible visitation, that I repeat Sydney Smith's advice, “Glorify your rooms.” Let the sun enter freely into house, garden, and street. Let no spot be dense with shade—no ammonia can then be generated. The sun, the regenerator, the puri-

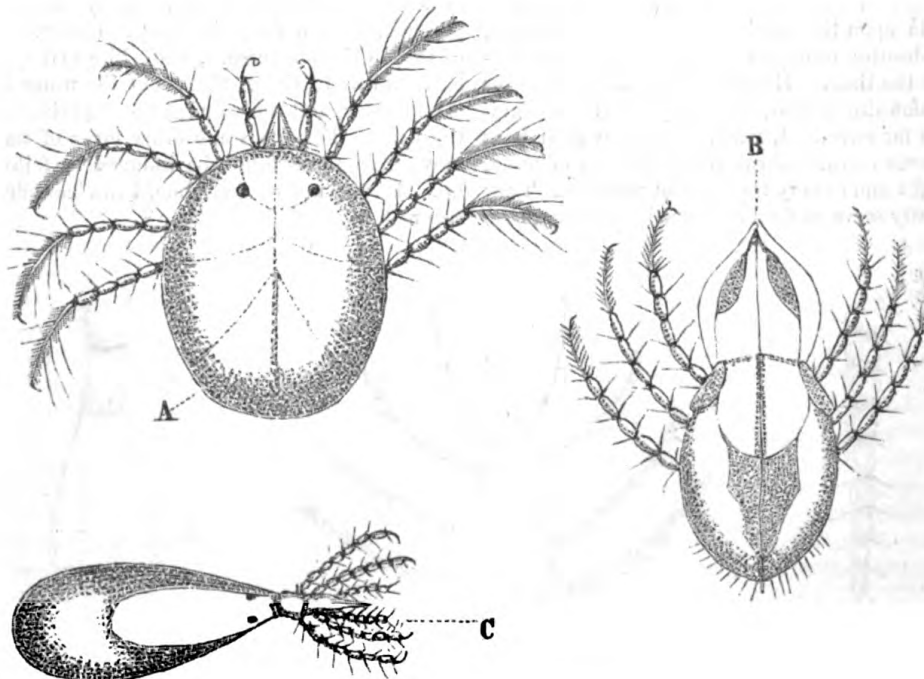


FIGURE 10.—HYDRACHNA GLOBUM.

A. The Mite.—B. Under side of Larva.—C. Pupa-Case.



fier, the absorbing spirit of earth—will perform his part, and life in those lovely lands will be freed from one of its greatest terrors.

The succeeding are strictly water mites. This mite (Figure 9), which is so similar to Müller's *Hydrachna geographica* that I have retained its name, is so called, I presume, from its being so universal. It may often be seen, in June and July, pacing along in a most stately manner on the edges of clear brooks and ponds, particularly if the bottom is gravelly. It is a very pretty mite under water, it being magnified of course by the medium through which it is seen, and its colors rendered more brilliant by the light being reflected. It is bright red in some lights; then, again, golden-green. You may find it generally in the intestines of the little Frost-fish, which is considered such a delicacy in the spring. We may, therefore, conclude that it is a portion of the sustenance of this little fish during the time when the rivers and streams are ice-bound.

The *Hydrachna globum* (Figure 10), as its name implies, is a round mite. It is sometimes transparent, at other times tinged by its food. The larvæ of this mite abound during some seasons in the Croton water, but the perfect insect is less often seen. It corresponds very closely with the description of Mr. Dugès' *Globulus* and Mr. Andonin's *Acarus dytice*, and no doubt it is the same, its color varying from difference of climate. It has two very distinct eyes, and its legs, in the water, look feathery, from the extremities being so thickly covered with long hairs. The larva has an enormous head. It has at first but six legs, but gains two more after the last moulting. It moults three times, and then goes into pupa. The pupa-case is simply a bag with a narrow neck, from which extend two pairs of legs having hooks with which they grapple upon the fins of fresh-water fish, newts, water-beetles, or any other aquatic creature offering at the time. Here they remain inactive for an indefinite period, generally until the summer is far advanced, when they burst their bags and come forth, looking like little bits of mica, so slight and so very transparent are they. They evidently serve as food for some larger creatures.

I can not refrain from presenting one more mite, which to me is one of the greatest wonders among the many I have seen and studied—the *Hydrachna puteus*, Well Mite (Figure 11). It is a little mite found in pure well-water throughout the country. You may see them in the water by watching very closely. They are very small—mere tiny dots. They float a while, then shoot off to a distance, and then float again. They are of a bright transparent reddish brown, having a yellow sucker, and legs with hooks at the feet, which are black. But the sucker is the wonder. It is a regular forcing pump. You perceive on the outside of the main tube two bent tubes. These contract, and swell back, forcing the water up the main tube into the abdomen, which is so very transparent that I could see it evolving and swelling through its body; but how it escaped I could not possibly discover. I magnified one of these mites on a drop of water falling from the tip of the finger—this it would pump up in three strokes of the bent tubes, evidently feeding on mites smaller than itself. Twenty drops were thus exhausted in succession. Where the water went I am puzzled now to conceive, unless it was reduced by this little creature into gas which passed off in the atmosphere. I kept it in a tumbler half full of water for three weeks, being obliged, when I changed the water every second day, to pour it through fine clear muslin, and then to hunt out my guest with the magnifier, putting it back on the point of a hair-pencil into the fresh supply of its native element. I placed a leaf of a small aquatic weed at the bottom of the tumbler, which became in a week's time covered with very minute white dots, which I am sure were eggs, and which exhibited the phenomena presented by the eggs of some insects, of increasing in size daily. They were very pellucid, with a dark dot in the centre. One of those officious persons, who, like evil spirits, surround us at times, threw out the water from the tumbler, and there ended the experiment for the time. Perhaps some other lover of nature may, from these hints, be induced to follow it up. It will not be lost time, I can confidently assure him.

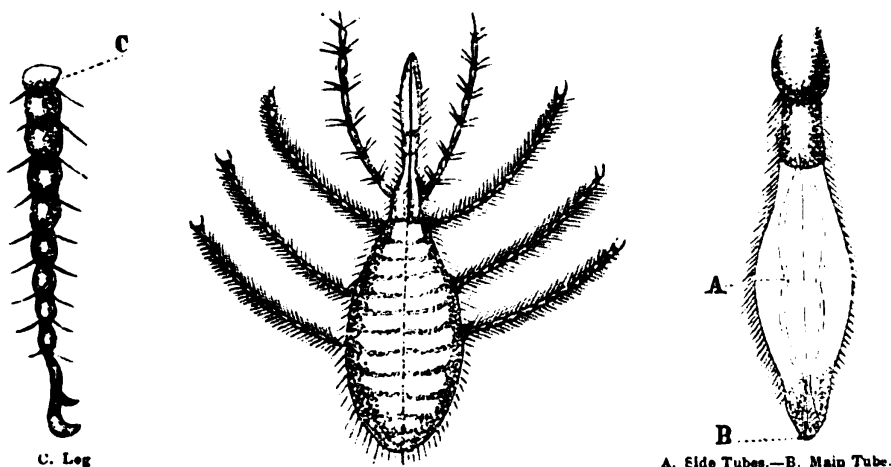


FIGURE 11.—HYDRACHNA PUTEUS.



ORUISER UNTAMED.

## RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.

BY T. B. THORPE.

THE world is indebted to Mr. Rarey, not only for applying old experiences and making new discoveries with regard to the manner of breaking horses, but also for the greater discovery, that kindness is a universal and imperative law for their successful management; that the horse is constituted by the Creator an intellectual being, with no malignant spirit to control; but being too ignorant to reason, and learning nothing except from experience, he becomes in the hands of his master precisely what he is made—kindly and intelligent, or savage and intractable, by example. That kindness and intelligent treatment, almost as much so as is demanded by our children, operate in harmony with the original design of his existence; and for this Mr. Rarey justly ranks among the benefactors of his race, and deserves the wonderful consideration he has received among the representatives of the enlightened Christianized nations of Europe and this country.

The key to his entire method is given in his

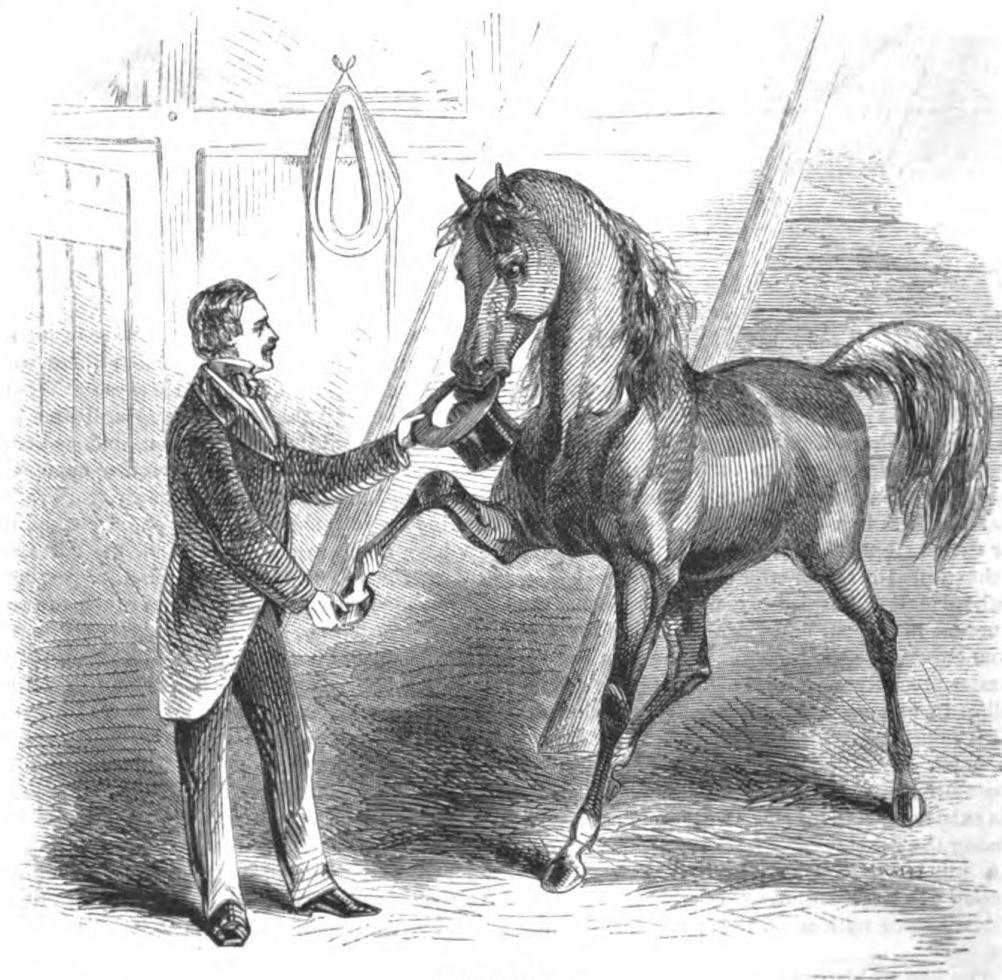
simple directions as to the best manner of introducing yourself to the horse, so that there will spring up mutual confidence. He says: "When you have entered the stable, stand still and let your horse carefully examine you, and as soon as he seems reconciled to your presence, approach him slowly with both arms stationary, your right hand hanging by your side, the point of your whip, if you have one, toward the ground, the left arm bent at the elbow with your hand projecting. As you approach him, go not too much toward the head or croup, else he will probably move either forward or backward. If with this precaution he is restive or suspicious, move yourself to the right or left cautiously, and this will keep the horse in one place. Once very close, stand near his shoulder and stop a few seconds; if you are within his reach he will turn and smell your hand—not that he has any preference for your hand, but that is already projecting, and the nearest portion of your body toward him. As soon as he touches your hand, and finds it harmless, and probably agreeable to his sensitive touch, you can then delicately caress him, being always careful to move your hand the way the



hair lies. As you continue, rub his neck, the side of his head, and, if possible, his forehead, and be careful to favor every inclination of the horse to touch you with his nose. Meantime follow every touch and communication of your hand in this with kindly looks, and accompany all your tender caresses with affectionately expressed words, such as 'Ho, my little boy—pretty boy!' 'Ah, my beauty—nice lady!' with similar expressions constantly repeated, with the same even and steady tone of voice. From all this the horse soon learns to read your expression—and they are all good physiognomists—becomes acquainted with your voice, and will know at once when fear, love, or anger inspire your actions—two emotions of which, *fear and anger*, a true horseman *should never feel*." To the true friend and admirer of the noble animal those few words are as expressive as a volume: to such no more need be said.

Mr. Rarey, now thirty-three years of age, is an honored son of the great West—a native of Franklin County, Ohio. His father was a pioneer in the rich wilderness, where, surrounded by the comforts of a substantial home, he was isolated from neighbors who, in the times alluded to, were few and far between. John was the youngest child, and being the only one at

home, had no youthful playmates; decidedly of a sociable disposition, he naturally made companions of the living occupants of the farm, prominent among which were the horses and colts. This feeling was rather encouraged than otherwise by his father—to whom it was a source of pleasure to take the child with him into the fields, where, at the early age of three years, he was set astride the plow horse, and in this (to him) exalted position had his natural fondness for the animal encouraged. When four years of age his father excited his ambition by giving him control of a pony, which he fondled, and actually became such an intimate friend that the animal willingly let the child mount his back and direct him as he saw fit. As a result, young Rarey soon became famous in the neighborhood, visiting the farmers' houses, the nearest of which was several miles away; his consequence was also much increased by being employed in carrying messages and doing errands. Before he was ten he became the hero of some remarkable adventures, and the recipient of some severe falls, the moral effect of which was only to make him more ambitious. When about nine, an unruly animal upon which he was mounted became unmanageable, and in his unrestrained career crossed a narrow bridge, ran through a village.



CRUISER TAMED.





TAMING A GROOM.

swam a deep ditch, and finally reached home, young Rarey meantime, with great presence of mind, keeping his seat—a feat which gave him an unrivaled reputation for horsemanship in his neighborhood.

At twelve his father formally presented him with an unbroken colt, which he undertook to train according to his own notions (for Rarey was already possessed of the idea that there was something wrong in their education). The result was, that the colt became one of the most remarkable “trick horses” at that time ever known; nothing seemed impossible to the intelligent quadruped; but the idea among the people who witnessed the animal’s performances was, that the creature was by nature a phenomenon, and nothing was accorded to young Rarey’s tact for teaching. Encouraged by his success, young Rarey soon had the means to purchase undistinguished colts, and also took his neighbors’ horses to educate, and soon found himself doing a prosperous and most attractive business, for he seemed to constantly improve, frequently, as a reward, obtaining high prices for his trained steeds, not only from professional exhibitors, but from wealthy and intelligent gentlemen. In

fact, he had pupils at last sent from the distance of several hundred miles.

It was at this time that he first had the glimmering idea that the horse was, after all, an animal of higher intelligence than usually supposed; and, looking back, he recalled to mind the fact that his greatest successes were invariably the result of *kind treatment*, joined with firmness and perseverance. It now occurred to him that, as the Creator intended the horse as the companion of human beings, he must necessarily have intellectual endowments in harmony with his destined purposes.

With this rapidly developing idea, he, for the first time, practically noticed that colts, however wild, allowed cows, sheep, and other domestic animals to associate with them with impunity. He therefore argued that the colt was not by nature indifferent to society; but, on the contrary, was friendly with those beings who offered no harm. With this idea predominating, young Rarey made it a business to get upon intimacy with the wild colts, and was soon gratified to find his friendly-disposed advances were not repulsed; but, on the contrary, rewarded in many instances with positive demonstrations of

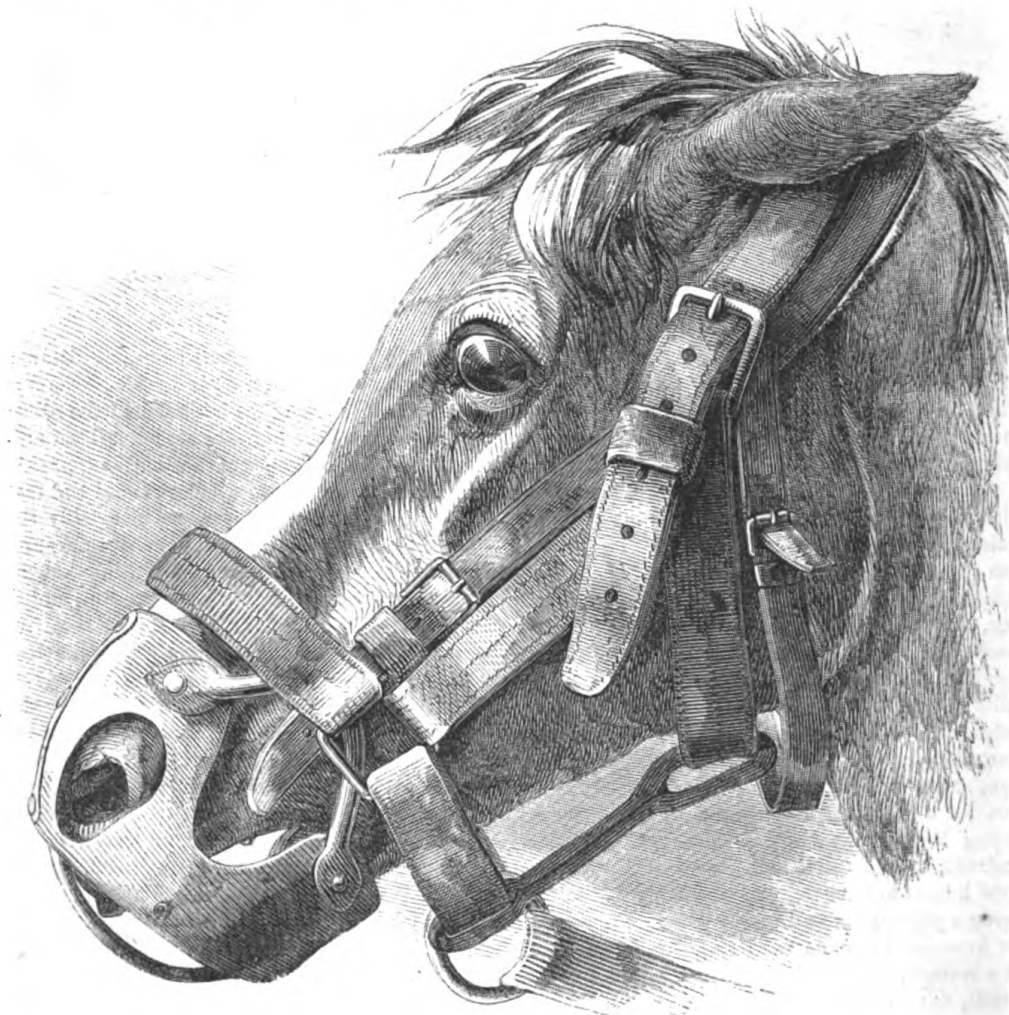


affection. The result was, that he could catch and halter any of the "younglings," while others could not get within their reach by many rods. Now was confirmed clearly in his mind the omnipotence of the law of kind treatment, which is the entire foundation of his system, and the secret of his wonderful success.

His fame having now spread far and wide, he was invited to try his skill on ungovernable animals, which were sent to him from considerable distances. Always successful in producing the required result, gentlemen who could not always command his services desired the key to his seemingly mysterious power, and for which they expressed themselves willing to pay. This naturally originated the idea of instructing people in the art of horse-taming. In 1855 his success was so positive that the true magnitude of the field before him opened on his view; and now he felt that he must in turn become a student. With this modest idea he left Ohio for the distant plains of Texas, where upon the wild inhabitants of the prairies he found his law of kindness operated "as a charm." On his return he gave his first public exhibition at Columbus, the capital of his native State; and to increase his

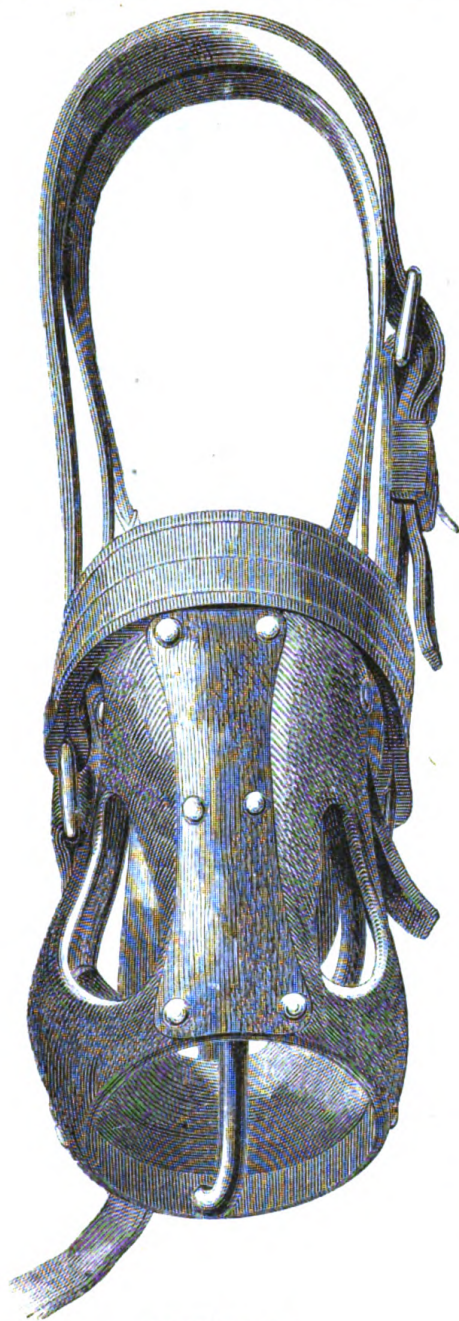
usefulness as a teacher, he wrote and printed a little book of instructions for the use of his pupils, which was soon reproduced and sold by the unscrupulous, and so overladen with trash that he did not recognize the work—a fact that caused much misrepresentation of his purposes to other than his personal friends. His past experiences finally determined him to adopt, as a permanent business, a course of action that was originally entered upon without any thought of the future; and correctly conceiving that England, where the horse is more respected than in any other country, was the true field to make his first professional entrance into public life, he at once set to work to carry out his design. Without difficulty he procured letters from the then chief magistrate of his native State, which secured him a favorable reception at Toronto, the capital of the united British Provinces of Canada, where a single exhibition of his remarkable powers before the Governor-General and the principal officers of the army there stationed secured letters which cordially indorsed him as a person worthy of the notice of the proper officials in Great Britain.

Upon Mr. Rarey's arrival in England he



CRUISER BRIDLED.





CRUISER'S BRIDLE.

found no difficulty with his introductions in eliciting the active support of the best persons to aid him in carrying out his designs. Sir Richard Airey, Lieutenant-General of the army, at once became deeply interested in the fortunes of the adventurous American, and not only offered to attend a private exhibition himself, but to see that other influential persons were present. A proper place was obtained, his audience assembled, but its members were skeptical and suspicious; but to remove all doubt, and secure a fair hearing, Mr. Rarey entered the arena with the full knowledge, on the part of those present, that the horses to be submitted to his manipulation were unmanageable in the hands of their

owners, and in some instances positively vicious, and never before seen by Mr. Rarey. His triumph created the most unbounded astonishment, which sentiment was more particularly expressed by the cavalry officers. The way was at once opened to him to visit Prince Albert's farm near Windsor, where Colonel Hood, the Prince's equerry, and Lady May Hood paid him every possible attention, expressed themselves in advance delighted with the object of his visit, and took the first possible occasion to mention his wishes to the Queen. Her Majesty, of whom Mr. Rarey speaks with the most hearty enthusiasm as a kind and noble lady, at once expressed a desire to witness an exhibition of Mr. Rarey's skill. The arrangements were made, and the result exceeded the most sanguine expectations, not only of the royal spectators, but of Mr. Rarey himself, for from that moment he entered upon a career of success, commanding the attention of the great and enthroned of the world to an extent in many respects without a parallel in history, for Mr. Rarey can truthfully say that he has had more social and intimate intercourse with the sovereigns of the world than any other man living, he proving literally an American sovereign himself.

Mr. Rarey's permanent success, however, was not achieved without the usual opposition which falls to the lot of all new discoverers, for it requires an immense manipulation and kind treatment, to say nothing of straps and firmness, to conquer the obstinacy of prejudiced Englishmen, an attempt that Mr. Rarey was probably more successful in than any other man. His first triumphs were therefore looked upon with no kindly eye by the professed knowing ones who were up to "'osses;" and the consequence was, there was a challenge to Mr. Rarey, from a most respectable quarter, which read as follows:

"Mr. Rarey is a public man, and of course exposed to criticism. Some of his experiments have been successful, but there has not been time enough to develop whether the docility of these horses upon whom he has operated is as durable as he alleges. If, however, he would 'walk over the course,' and set criticism at defiance, let him go down some morning to Murrell's Green, with a few of his aristocratic friends, and try 'Cruiser,' and if he can ride him as a hack I guarantee him immortality, and an amount of ready money that would make a British Bank director's mouth water. The 'initiated' will not be surprised at my selecting Cruiser; but as the public may be ignorant of him, I will append some particulars of his history: Cruiser was the property of Lord Dorchester, and was a favorite of the Derby in Wild Daynell's year, but broke down about a month before the race. Like all horses of Venison blood, his temper was not of the mildest kind, and his owner was glad to get rid of him. When started for Rawcliffe, the man who had him in charge was told on no account to put him in a stable, as he would never get him out. This injunction was of course disregarded, for when the man wanted some re-





UNTAMED GROOM.

freshment he put Cruiser in the public stable and left him. To get him out the roof of the building had to be ripped off. At Rawcliffe Cruiser was always exhibited by a groom with a ticket-of-leave bludgeon in his hand, and few were bold enough to venture into the animal's inclosure, the cordial wish of every visitor being 'that



GENTLEMANLY HORSE.

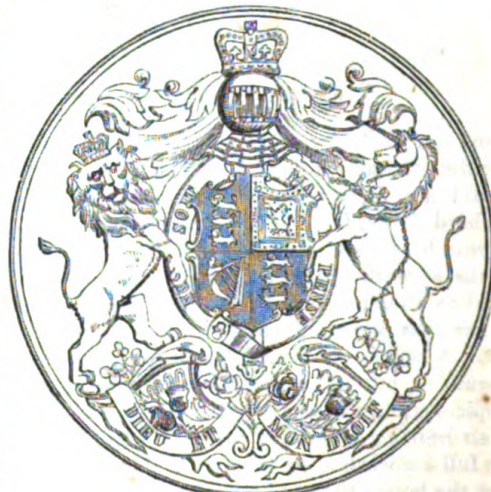
some friendly bullet would lay him low.' This animal, then, whose temper has depreciated his value perhaps a thousand pounds, I think would be 'the right horse in the right place' to try Mr. Rarey's skill; and as the *locale* is so near London, the sooner the experiment is made the better."

This, as it proved to be, opportune challenge was at once accepted by Mr. Rarey, and he applied promptly to Lord Dorchester for the permission to try his skill on Cruiser, which request was readily granted.

To understand, even in a partial degree, the character of the horse thus most unexpectedly brought to Mr. Rarey's notice, it should be remembered that at this time the horse, loaded



THE SWEDISH MEDAL.



THE ENGLISH MEDAL.

down with a heavy muzzle of iron and thongs, had been otherwise abandoned to himself; his water and food were deposited by stealth in his stable, no one daring to approach him. The long months of oppression and cruelty required to thus make a demon of an animal full of kindly feelings—a creature, indeed, far superior to most of the ignorant beings who had direct charge of his keeping—can scarcely be realized or thought of except with pain. It is indeed almost repulsive and harrowing to contemplate Cruiser standing year after year upon his dignity, and demanding a respect due to his kingly lineage, determining never to yield, conceiving it better to die by blows than to submit to force. It is almost pitiful to contemplate the noble animal tormented with huge bits, loaded with chains, his head incased in a complication of iron ribs and plates, so that he had to procure his sustenance by licking it up with his tongue, to overcome the huge bar which was necessary to protect his teeth from the ignoble flesh of his misguided keepers. It is no wonder that the English people, with their natural fondness for horses, and their generous impulses, looked upon Cruiser with a kind of superstitious veneration, their imagination conceiving him possessed of the spirit of some savage and captive monarch, who, too hardy to die, lived only to spit on and defy his jailers.

Lord Dorchester, the owner of Cruiser, after giving his pedigree, which justly entitles him to the rank of the best blood stock in England, and of course inferior to none in the world, continues to say that he considered the horse vicious from a foal; he was always difficult to handle, and showed temper on every opportunity. He was known often to lean against the side of his stall and kick and scream as if insane for ten minutes together. In 1855, when he was three years old, a half interest in this valuable animal was sold to a stock-raising company, but notwithstanding the purchasers were desirous of being satisfied with their bargain, Lord Dorchester was obliged finally to take him back, the savage propensities of the horse rendering the care of him too dangerous for any of the men in the employ of the Company, for he finally would allow no one to enter his stall, and having, in one of his furious moments, absolutely torn an iron bar, an inch in diameter, in two pieces with his teeth, Cruiser was now returned to his original owner, and without a redeeming trait of character, but with a spirit unsubdued, he lived a sullen and ferocious savage, ever plotting vengeance upon his tormentors. Improving, as he grew older, in the power of resistance, he finally resented the approach of any one by fearful screams and yells of fear and fury, at the same time attempting to destroy every enemy within his reach, besides frequently kicking the heavy planks that formed his prison into splinters.

Mr. Rarey, with entire confidence on his own part, undertook the task of taming this formidable stallion, and in three hours' time Lord Dorchester mounted Cruiser's back—a thing not before done in three long years—and Mr. Rarey

rode him as a hack. The prophetically graphic consequences of a triumph over Cruiser was realized—Mr. Rarey from that time "walked over the course," and set criticism at defiance; gained immortality, and secured an amount of money even greater than many sums that have made the mouth of a British Bank director water.

After Cruiser was reformed, and under control of his better nature, he was an object of never-failing interest to the English people, her Majesty Victoria herself caressing his head, at the same time expressing joy at his regeneration, and regret at the hard usage through which he had passed. The horse himself, under the ameliorating influences of his new position, rapidly improved in his appearance. Gradually the rough haggard grew plump and attractive; his eye "gleamed with a tranquil Christian brightness," instead of the malignant flash that was wont to extinguish grooms and stable-boys; his coat assumed a silky smoothness, showing that his old prejudices against the solicitations of the curry-comb had passed away. In short, Cruiser became, and is now, a tractable, useful, peaceful member of society, warranted to carry a Bishop without risking the interests of the Church, and a lady without taxing her courage or her hand.

The popularity of Mr. Rarey now became world wide. The exhibitions of his horse-taming powers, and of Cruiser, were attended by crowds of every class of people; but the ladies of the nobility and gentry were Mr. Rarey's most intelligent, most numerous, and most enthusiastic patrons—they not only filling the portions of the exhibitions allotted to them, but overflowing into every excellent place. Whether it was the admiration the sex is known to feel for the horse or some vague and undefined but still ever-present notion that the art of horse-taming could be applied to domestic uses, is not evident. Certain it is they formed a clear moiety of the audience.

The triumph of Mr. Rarey over a zebra was, in many respects, one of his most remarkable achievements. This beautiful but wild creature has not, at least in modern times, been looked upon any more as a beast of burden than is the lion; its nature was supposed to be essentially unmanageable—partaking, indeed, of the worst qualities of the lowest representatives of its species, and really not possessed, it has always seemed, of intelligence enough to be subdued. That Mr. Rarey, therefore, found in this "child of the desert" enough of the horse nature to control and inspire with confidence in the friendly intentions of man is indeed remarkable.

The zebra's mode of proceeding before he was tamed, if any one entered his stable, was, first to spring to the top of the rack, seize the cross-beam with his teeth, and absolutely hang in that position, which extraordinary proceeding enabled him to keep all his feet freely kicking in the air, ready to destroy any one who should approach him.

On the zebra's first appearance in the arena



he was firmly lashed and held by his keepers, and while thus restrained he crunched upon his immense gag, or hard wooden bit, screamed like an infuriated hyena, and flung his heels wildly about, as if desirous of demolishing innumerable keepers' heads. Mr. Rarey consumed four hours in giving the creature its first lesson of subordination to kindly meant authority; and he afterward stated that it gave him more trouble and anxiety than would four hundred horses. Once fairly conquered, the zebra walked, trotted, and ambled in the ring as if trained from his infancy; and Mr. Rarey further gratified his admiring audience by—the first time in the world, perhaps—riding a zebra. Naturalists have, from the time of Aristotle to Cuvier, pronounced the zebra untamable; yet Mr. Rarey has put the learned philosophers in science to shame, vindicating the power of kindness, the spell through which man should have dominion over the beasts of the field, the law that was ordained in the very beginning of time.

The social attentions which Mr. Rarey now received were among the greatest rewards ever bestowed upon any benefactor. Not only the good and the great vied with each other in doing him honor, but also the active members of the different humane societies of London took an active interest in Mr. Rarey's fortunes, and gentlemen who were admirers of the horse and of his successful treatment frequently testified their pleasure by letters and substantial acknowledgments. One gentleman, as Mr. Rarey was about leaving London, introduced himself, said that he had attended all Mr. Rarey's lectures, and was so impressed with the novelty and beneficence of his system that he desired to show his appreciation by presenting Mr. Rarey with a watch, on the case of which was a most complimentary inscription. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals testified their regard by a splendid gold medal, of wonderfully fine workmanship, on the reverse of which, after the title of the Society, is engraved:

\*        TO  
JOHN S. RAREY,  
FOR INTRODUCING TO THE PUBLIC HIS HUMANE METHOD OF  
TRAINING AND MANAGING ANIMALS.  
1858.

The last, and possibly the most marked compliment Mr. Rarey received while in England, was from the Queen. It is one that will be fully appreciated by our American readers, for it was the royal hostess of the most magnificent and august assemblage ever called together to celebrate a wedding, complimenting Mr. Rarey with the acknowledgment that of all England's resources to amuse England's guests, Mr. Rarey's exhibitions were deemed the most worthy and acceptable. On the night before the morning appointed for the marriage of the Princess Royal her Majesty sent a command to Mr. Rarey to give an exhibition in the magnificent riding-school of Buckingham Palace. Among the spectators present were the Prince Regent, now the King of Prussia, and Prince William Fred-

erick, the King of Belgium, and all the high dignitaries invited from abroad to witness the royal marriage. The horse on this memorable occasion submitted to Mr. Rarey was owned by Queen Victoria—a powerful cream-colored horse of state, that had, from his vicious nature, and possibly his pampered life, been long discarded as too dangerous for use. Mr. Rarey's entire exhibition was watched throughout with the most intense interest—the Queen, in the enthusiasm of the moment, herself applauding with her hands. After Mr. Rarey's exhibition ended, Lord Alfred Paget, equerry to the Queen, caused another noble and restive steed to be brought in, and went through most of the performance himself, exciting much surprise and merriment by placing a plank on the side of the prostrate horse and wheeling a barrow up and down its plane. Among the noble acknowledgments received by Mr. Rarey on this occasion was the unexpected compliment of an invitation to witness the marriage of the royal couple on the following morning, and for this purpose Mr. Rarey had a favorable place assigned him at St. James's Palace.

In accordance with Mr. Rarey's original intention when he went abroad, and encouraged by the cordial invitations he received, he arranged his plans to visit the several capitals on the continent of Europe; and then, passing on, made a study of the horse in his native wilds of the Steppes and Arabia; and neglecting no locality, indeed, where the animal could be seen and studied under favorable circumstances. We have space only for an epitome of his most prominent movements.

Mr. Rarey's visit to Stockholm was characterized by an unusually warm reception from the Prince Regent, now King, who took occasion to say, on Mr. Rarey's presentation, that he had been attentively reading the different accounts of his performances, and that he had already in his mind selected a subject for reformation—a remarkably spirited animal, of Arabian and English thorough-bred stock, which, though four years old, had never been broken, except to lead, if gently treated, by the halter. The Prince Regent even went further, and appointed the time for the exhibition. The royal riding-school was especially prepared by the addition of splendid carpets and sofas to the already magnificent furniture. As Mr. Rarey proceeded with his performance the members of the royal family, from excitement, all rose to their feet. At the conclusion his Royal Highness called Mr. Rarey to him, put many questions regarding his treatment of horses, and finally took from his pocket a medal and presented it to Mr. Rarey as a token of special regard. This medal has a peculiar significance. It is not the sign of an order, nor does it confer a title: it is a social distinction, conferring upon the wearer especial privileges in visiting the Royal palaces and arsenals, commanding every where regard from the servants of the King, being one of the most coveted and gratifying notices that can be received by the



Swede; the motto is, *ILLIS QUORUM MERUERE LABORES*.

The Prince Regent of Prussia, now King, received Mr. Rarey with great cordiality, and of his own accord alluded to the exhibition that took place in London on the night previous to the marriage of the Princess Royal. The riding-school which was used by Mr. Rarey was fitted up with all the exquisite taste of a drawing-room; there were present the high dignitaries of the Court; but most prominent of all was Baron Humboldt, who, just before the exhibition commenced, spoke to Mr. Rarey and expressed his pleasure at meeting him. Subsequently, on receipt of an invitation to dine with the American minister, he remarked to Mr. Rarey that he hoped he would be polite enough to live to be present. His desire was gratified; and upon one of the guests giving the toast "Humboldt, the King of Science, whose shoe-latchet other kings are not worthy to unloose," the venerable scholar replied with intense feeling, declaring, among other things, his great admiration and love of this country, and that he had always considered himself at least half American.

Mr. Rarey's visit to Russia was exceedingly characteristic of the popular idea of that gigantic empire. His introductions, which were now from crowned heads, joined with his extended fame, brought him at once to the notice of the men most likely to further his wishes; consequently, after arriving in St. Petersburg, he repaired promptly to the residence of Baron Meyendorff, equerry of the Emperor: which distinguished personage Mr. Rarey met at his palace door, on the point of going to the Neva to witness some national sports, the day not only being Sunday but also the anniversary of some festival. Without ceremony Mr. Rarey was invited to take a seat in the splendid sleigh, and was at once hurried away as fast as three spirited horses abreast could carry him. Arriving at the place of sport, Mr. Rarey was surprised to find himself in a crowd of thousands of the nobility and common people all bent upon amusement. Upon the solid surface of the ice were erected gigantic buildings, which, for strength and durability, seemed intended to last for centuries rather than to serve a temporary purpose of the winter season. Thousands of gay turnouts, filled with beautiful ladies half-buried among costly furs, showed the presence of the wealthy classes, while the prominent stands, filled with people, designated the nobility. The race-track was a circle marked out on the ice by the location of green boughs, and round the entire ring congregated the peasantry in sleighs or on foot, all, however, scrupulously regarding the conventional line marked out by the sprigs of fir and cedar. Here Mr. Rarey observed that trotting was the favorite national pastime, and he saw horses many of which approached a speed that would have commanded applause from an American audience. The style was three abreast, the centre horse ornamented with a towering yoke, decorated with gay streamers and a tinkling bell. After

the grave amusements had been indulged in, and the stiffness of etiquette gave way, a number of scrub races were extemporized, which afforded most unexpected amusement, the hilarity being brought to a climax by an obscure peasant entering three half-wild horses from the Steppes, beating the best blood and most renowned steeds on the Neva. This feat was hailed by the most genuine demonstrations of pleasure: the young sprigs of nobility crowded round the fortunate victor, carried him about on their shoulders, and at last bore him off in triumph to St. Petersburg, probably to present him to the Emperor.

The horses having performed their part, much to Mr. Rarey's surprise and gratification, a number of Laplanders, who, like our Indians, were tented in the distance, and were enjoying the festivities, came into the field with their rude sleighs fastened to the rein-deer, and for a small sum would give those desiring to do so a wheel round the circle. Loads of jolly pedestrians crowded in, and a group of sleds would move away almost dim with speed. The deer were perfectly trained, and seemed to enter into the sport with all the spirit of their masters. Mr. Rarey was so much astonished with these people that he visited their encampment; he found their tents pitched on the ice, their floors covered with furs, between the folds or visible in the openings were little children with bright black eyes playing or asleep, most of them never having felt the warmth of a fire, yet contented, healthy, and happy. Beside the tents were reposing the rein-deer and sheep—a most patriarchal scene, indeed, done up in ice.

A few days after this pleasant introduction into Russian life Mr. Rarey received "an order" from the Emperor to go to one of the imperial preserves and bring in a wild horse of the Steppes that some years previously had been presented to the Emperor by the Cossacks; but the animal proving so wild, he had been suffered to roam at large in a deer-park almost as untamed as if he had never seen the face of man. Accompanied by Colonel Lefler, at the head of the horse department of the government, and two other distinguished officers, Mr. Rarey proceeded to the designated inclosure, and, by the aid of servants, had the horse, with some difficulty, driven into an inclosure that served as a protection in inclement weather. This accomplished, the door was barricaded, the officers remained outside, and Mr. Rarey entered by himself. The horse was absolutely wild, and the contest was long and fearful; but Mr. Rarey, after two hours of intensely hard work, the animal biting at him, striking at him with his fore-feet, and at times screaming with anger and rage, succeeded in putting on the bridle, and, to the astonishment of the gentlemen accompanying him, saddled the horse and rode him to St. Petersburg, where he was soon trained to follow Mr. Rarey, and when this was accomplished the horse was presented to the notice of the Emperor.

The surprise which this created can scarcely be realized. The Emperor expressed his aston-

ishment and pleasure without the slightest reservation. An audience was granted, and Mr. Rarey was complimented with the announcement that it would be a private one, no person being present not personally related to the imperial household; the consequence was, that when the exhibition did take place all courtly etiquette was laid aside, and the utmost familiarity prevailed, the Emperor, the Empress, and all present entering into the humors of the evening with a hearty abandonment, not only deeply gratified at the novelty of the proposed entertainment, but also with the privilege of giving vent to their natural feelings.

That nothing might occur to mar the interest, the Emperor had brought all his vast resources as far as they were necessary, to procure such an animal as would test Mr. Rarey's powers to the greatest extent; and it can readily be imagined that the Russian wilds, one of the native homes of the horse, afforded fearful specimens of untutored and savage life. At a signal a perfectly wild brute from the Steppes was brought into the arena, and for the first time introduced to Mr. Rarey's notice. Two peasants, themselves semi-barbarous, awed by the presence of the Emperor, and filled with intense fear by the plunging and rearing of the horse in their charge, with difficulty restrained him from breaking away, biting their flesh, or knocking their brains out with his heels, which at times cleaved the air with fearful velocity, for the infuriated animal, in the insanity of his captivity, absolutely bit at interposing objects as if he were a tiger. Mr. Rarey, perfectly self-possessed, and to the surprise of all present, boldly laid his hand upon his neck, and then passed it gently over the ears, and in a few moments ordered the peasants to unloose their rigorous hold on the ropes, when Mr. Rarey proceeded to further pacify the creature. The Emperor and the imperial family looked on with amazement, which was quite equal to the comical mixture of awe and wonder of the two peasants, and the effect was heightened when the Emperor, half sternly and half playfully asked them, why they could not thus handle the horse?

The poor creatures, thoroughly convinced of the fact, told the Emperor in their native tongue that Mr. Rarey was in league with the devil; and not in the least relieved of the intense fear of the horse, at last seemed speechless with astonishment, only competent to wonder whether they would be stricken down by the orders of the Emperor, the necromancy of Mr. Rarey, or the still, at times, active heels of the horse.

The reforms inaugurated by Mr. Rarey for the treatment of unbroken and intractable horses involuntarily recall the once common torments of the demented of our own kind. But comparatively a few years ago the insane were confined in damp cells and chained to the floor. Light, air, and food, in pure and proper quantities, were deemed unnecessary. Strait-jackets, manacles, and stocks were in constant requisition. The most ungovernable were deemed to be possessed

of a devil, or to be under the influence of the moon, and they were scourged and tortured to effect a cure. The "maniacal and melancholic" were sometimes even bound on wheels, and revolved round a hundred times a minute; but now all is changed, and the law of kindness, in all well-regulated institutions, alone prevails. The horse, next to man, the most usefully intelligent of created beings, has entered upon a new era for the treatment of his infirmities, and the horrors which once characterized the associations of the insane retreat and Cruiser's den, will, we trust, not again, in this enlightened age, be repeated.

Mr. Rarey personally presents none of the qualities of the gigantic gladiator we are wont to picture the horse-tamer, entering the lists with a defiant look, and appealing to brute force and physical courage alone for his triumphs. On the contrary, he is a delicately-made, light-haired, self-possessed, good-humored person; but just such a one as the keen observer of true bravery knows will grow more calm in the face of real danger—the type, indeed, of cool courage and great decision. Abroad, Mr. Rarey has been every where admired for his gentlemanly manners and quiet bearing. In these respects the highest arbiters of good taste truthfully and spontaneously testify, that "few men have been so little spoiled by prosperity, and none ever carried away more completely the general respect and esteem of those with whom he has been connected during his eventful English career."

## TWELVE YEARS OF MY LIFE.

"We all are changed. God judges for us best.  
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,  
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest."

I SAT alone in the room whence my mother, my sole remaining earthly friend, had been that day borne forth to her burial. It was a large, comfortable apartment, up two flights of stairs, in a New York boarding-house. The bed was shut up in a wardrobe; a few engravings which we had brought there with us hung upon the wall; a canary in the window sang all day to a red rose and a white rose blooming below him; in the centre of the room was a table flanked by two easy chairs, in one of which I was listlessly swaying to and fro—in the other *she* had been wont to sit, but, alas! she could never sit there again, save in the fancy, by means of which I seemed to see her slight, wasted figure, her pure, patient face, in the accustomed seat.

A bright fire burned in the grate, and, lit up by its glow, the room looked quite like a parlor. I had congratulated myself on this six months before when I engaged it, and rejoiced that it would not seem to my mother quite devoid of the comforts to which she had been accustomed in her old home. She was gone now, and I sat there alone, a homeless, friendless, I had almost said hopeless orphan, not quite eighteen.

Outside it was a wild October night. The rain fell heavily, and upon the long, lamenting

blast seemed borne the wail of anguished spirits, seeking rest and finding none. I shuddered as I heard the rain-drops plash upon the pavement, for only the cold sod was between *her* and the pitiless storm. Does not every one who has lost a dear friend feel it harder to leave them under a relentless sky, a sobbing blast, a driving rain, than if moon-beam and star-beam shone on the new-made grave like the visible promise of a Father's love?

It would have been a luxury to abandon myself to my sorrow; to walk, in thought, through the beloved and memory-haunted past, and gather up every word which had fallen, like scattered pearls unheeded at the time, from the dear lips which Death had frozen into eternal silence. But even in that hour which should have been consecrate to love and sorrow, the Future confronted me. Stern and unsparing she looked into my eyes and bade me talk with her. "Wait a little, only a little!" I cried out, trembling before her; but the storm was not more pitiless than she.

In March, after a long illness, my father had died. He left us poor. He had been a literary man, diligent, studious, and illy paid. Perhaps the delicacy of his fancies, the subtlety of his thoughts, failed to appeal to the comprehension of those on whom he depended for his fortune. We, at least—his wife and his daughter—believed his writings above the times and the market; but we may have been too partial judges. At all events the pecuniary rewards of his efforts were never abundant, and we were in no danger of being led into temptation by superfluity of riches.

He had the refined and *exigeante* tastes peculiar to such sensitive organizations, and we lived, though entirely aloof from society and the world, much more expensively than the bare law of necessity demanded. His last hours were saddened by the knowledge that he was leaving us lonely and destitute; but he did not feel this so keenly as it would have been his nature to feel it, because God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, mercifully sent upon him that sort of lethargy, that prostration of the reasoning faculties, which so often follows their too constant and severe exercise. Sometimes a terrible dread of the future for us two helpless women would rack his heart, but, as a whole, he possessed the most thorough and childlike faith in the Almighty and Eternal Father which I have ever seen. His very last words, as he held our hands in his, and sought our faces with his loving, longing eyes, were,

"The widow's God—a Father to the fatherless—the Bible says so! Trust, my darlings, trust."

And he lapsed into death peacefully, as one might drowse away into sleep, with a smile upon his lips born of that serene trust in God. It was there still when we buried him—we shall know him by it in the resurrection.

It is not needful that I should say how we two—wife and daughter—had worshiped him;

how we had revered his genius, found rest in his strong heart, and loved back his love. When we had left him in the village church-yard and returned to our desolate home, we felt that for us the sun of life had set forever. Stars might indeed arise and make our night holy; but no matter how bright the stars shine, when the sun is gone neither bird nor blossom has ever forgot that it was night still, or been deluded into song or bloom.

Perhaps it was well that the stern necessities of life were upon us. The inevitable fact that we must *do* something gave tone and stimulus to our lives. By the expenses of my father's illness and burial, and the mourning habiliments which we had purchased, our little hoard in the bank was more than half exhausted. There remained to us now not quite three hundred dollars, besides the small sum likely to accrue from the sale of our simple household furniture. The lease of the cottage which we occupied would expire on the first of April, and in the two weeks intervening we must settle upon some plan for the future.

It seemed to me that my mother could never endure to remain in Woodstock. To keep house where we had been living was simply impossible. We had no means of paying the rent; besides, we could no longer afford a servant, and neither of us had ever been used to household labor. As for boarding there, I could see no way of obtaining any employment for our support; and even if I could, I thought it would kill my mother to live on where he had died—where they had passed so many happy years. In this extremity my thoughts turned to New York. We had occasionally passed a winter there with my father, and I knew more about it than about any other city. It seemed probable there would be something in that vast industrial hive which my hands could do; besides—and this reason had great weight with me—I should there be able to procure for my mother the best of medical advice. I had already begun to see in her the same symptoms which heralded my father's decay; and a terrible fear haunted me, which I strove in vain to banish, that she had not watched over him so long and so lovingly without inhaling from his lips the breath of the Destroyer.

So I went to New York. I engaged there the room I have described, and returned to Woodstock to superintend the dissolution of our household, and the sale of our belongings. I retained the engravings which my father had collected from time to time, and his small but well-chosen library. For things like these there was no sale at Woodstock; besides, they were endeared to us by too many memories to be parted with willingly.

In two weeks we were domesticated in our new place of abode. At first the entire change, the removal from all early associations, seemed to do my mother good. I made strenuous efforts to find an occupation that I could pursue at home. I did not think of teaching, that frequent



resource of decayed gentlewomen. I feared I had neither the patience nor the tact to be successful in that employment; besides, I possessed no accomplishments, technically so called. My education had been chiefly imparted by my father, and was not only desultory but of a very unusual kind for a girl. I knew some Greek and a good deal of Latin, was thoroughly familiar with English literature, and a more than tolerable mathematician; but these are not what most parents wish to have chiefly taught to their daughters, and they stood me in poor stead of showier knowledge.

I succeeded, after a time, in procuring some embroidery to do. I worked upon it early and late, and managed to earn about half enough to pay our expenses. I soon, however, discontinued this attempt. As the warm weather came on my mother began to fail rapidly, and the physician whom I called to attend her took me aside and told me there was no hope. He said her constitution was thoroughly broken—that consumption had already seized upon her, and in an organization like hers its progress could not be slow. She could not live longer than till the falling of the leaves, perhaps not so long. In the mean time all that could be done was to keep her as quiet and as happy as possible.

When I went again into our room she saw the trouble upon my face—she, who from childhood had been able to read my every thought. A person older and more discreet than I might have evaded her inquiries—I could not. I had never kept even a momentary secret from her. I threw myself on my knees beside her and sobbed out all that the doctor had said. Her lips moved. I knew she was murmuring an inaudible prayer. Then she bent over me and folded me in her arms.

"Oh, darling, darling, how can I be sorry that I am going to *Him*? And yet, if it were God's pleasure, I would gladly stay with you, my poor, helpless girl. Do not weep at our Father's will, Gertrude. It becomes His children to submit to it—no, not to submit—to receive it thankfully; for we know that beyond all our asking or thinking He is good."

From that day I gave up all employment for the one duty of waiting on my mother. I nursed her; I read to her; I talked to her; I guarded her from every pang which love could ward off. I knew we had money enough to last us while she would be spared to me; farther than that I did not think or question.

That summer, with all its pain and sorrow, was a blessed one. I went down with her into the night, but looking up out of its darkness I caught glimpses of the eternal morning, fairer than any morning of earth, which was to break for her *there*. From afar its glory shone even on me. I almost saw the waving of the heavenly trees, the gleam of the heavenly waters—almost heard the eternal new song which the hundred and forty and four thousand are singing forever before the throne of God.

Late in October she left me. Was it death, or was it translation?

During the three days in which her dead body lay in the room which her living presence had consecrated I sat beside it in a sort of trance. I shed not a tear. I think I scarcely experienced a pang of anguish. All selfish sorrow was subdued by a strange feeling of nearness to the infinite world—a profound sense of the glory and majesty of that change which we call Death.

But this state of exaltation passed entirely away from me, leaving me hopeless and almost helpless, like a child alone in a boundless desert, when I had left her in a grave at Greenwood and come back to the room where I could no longer see the glory of the strong angel's presence, but only remember the darkness of the shadow of his wing.

Now I would fain have sat down and indulged in the luxury of grief. But, as I said, the Future was stern and inexorable. She rose up and would have speech with me. Long enough, she said, had I forgotten the cares of this world. How much had I left now in that purse which had never been the purse of Fortunatus—how much between me and starvation? This last word goaded me into listening. I took out my purse and counted its contents. When the expenses attending my mother's funeral had been paid I should have but twelve dollars in the world, and, at the end of the week, half that would be due to my landlady. What should I do? I was slow at my needle, and, save in fancy work, little accustomed to use it. I had already tried the experiment of embroidery, and I knew I could not depend on it. I might teach young children, but then I had no means of obtaining such a situation, and my necessities were immediate. I took up an evening paper and ran over the column of wants. I could see only one opening at all adapted to my needs. A well-known fancy goods' dealer advertised for a saleswoman—the salary, at first, to be five dollars a week.

Of course this occupation would be most unsuited to my previous habits of life, and ungenial to my taste, but I could not afford to be too particular. Any thing was better than the horrors of destitution. On the sum thus offered I could *live*. I had clothes enough to last me for some time. At my father's death both my mother and myself had been supplied with mourning garments, not only plentiful, but even rich and handsome—we deemed this but a suitable respect to his memory. In this regard, therefore, I was provided for. The situation as saleswoman seemed, if I could obtain it, to promise well. I believe I scarcely thought of the improbability that I should succeed in my application, with no experience and no references. I satisfied myself with the resolve to make the attempt on the coming morning, and then I shut out of my thoughts all future worldly troubles, and abandoned myself to the present reality of my loss.

Oh, with what homesick longing my heart

cried out for the mother whom I had so loved. God grant that few who read these pages may be able to realize the intensity of my despair! I was alone in all the world. Not one human being lived to whom my life was precious, or my death could bring sorrow. I forgot the glory of the heavenly morning, the angels, and the new song. I only remembered that over my last friend blew the unquiet winds and fell the lonesome rain of this wild October night, and neither God nor man said any "Peace, be still!" to the tempest of my grief.

Balmily and bright, after that night of storm, rose the October sun. It shone as gladly as if there had been no trouble in all the world. It will shine so on your grave and mine; for Nature has for her lost children no Rachel voice of lamentation. The brave, joyful morning seemed a mockery to my grief. I dressed myself carefully in my deep mourning garments, and strove to look as well as I could, for the impression I should make was all I had to depend upon. The aspect which confronted me, as I tied on my bonnet before the mirror, was neither plain nor actually handsome. Dark and abundant hair was brushed away from a pale face, youthful in outline, but worn not a little with grief and watching. The eyes were like my father's, large and dark, brown rather than black—the features were regular, and the mouth, my mother used to say, both proud and loving. My figure was tall; slender without being thin. I had not much vanity, but a year ago I had cherished dearly whatever charms I might chance to possess for my father's sake, who, like all persons of a poetical organization, placed a high value on loveliness of person. I remembered this as I stood there, and thought, with an added sense of desolation, that no one cared for my looks now—I had no one left for whose sake I need strive to be pretty.

And yet, despite my burden of sorrow, as I walked rapidly through the streets which led to Broadway, a hope or a wish stirred in my heart which was perhaps akin to desperation—a longing to live in this world, only to *live*; no matter what troubles were in store for me: to live till I should be old—to see my game of life played out—to meet all that had been written for me in the book of Fate. It seemed to me then that I could accept joy or pain with equal fortitude, as only the accidents incident to being, laying them up as memories at which, in the long Hereafter, I could look back and smile. I consoled myself as did Æneas his old Trojans, .

"—*forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

By the time I had reached my destination, however, a little of my courage had deserted me. I went into the store and asked for Mr. Emerson. I was shown at once into a small counting-room, and a gentleman rose to meet me with an air of polite attention. With a rapid glance I searched his face. His expression was kind, and his countenance by no means destitute of refinement. In his eyes a look of

habitual friendliness and real warmth of heart disputed the territory with the sagacious twinkle of the shrewd man of business. Now that I had reached the Rubicon I felt a strange hesitation about crossing it.

"Mr. Emerson, I believe?" I said, half falteringly.

"The same, Miss—?"

"Hamilton," I replied, answering his intonation of inquiry. "I have called, Sir, in reference to your advertisement for a saleswoman."

"For whom did you wish the situation?"

"For myself."

A thousand exclamation points and notes of interrogation twinkled in his eyes. I suppose neither my attire nor my manner had prepared him for such a disclosure. He looked at me a moment; then he said, still very politely,

"For yourself? Have you ever served in such a capacity?"

"Never, Sir."

"Have you any references?"

"No, Sir, none."

I seemed to see a dismissal hovering upon his lips and waiting for utterance. My last hope for food and shelter was slipping away from me. I grew desperate. Before he had time to speak I interrupted him. In quiet, restrained tones, in few and simple words, I told him all my story. I did not dwell upon my grief; perhaps for that very reason he understood and sympathized with it the more. God bless his noble heart! He did not doubt for a moment the truth of my narration. When I remember him and all his kindness, I rejoice that human nature, even when seared by the cares and disappointments of the world and of business, is not so bad as it has been painted. When I had finished my story, I saw that his eyes were misty. He reached forward and shook my hand.

"Young lady," he said, "I have a daughter at home just about your age. Heaven save her from sorrow like yours, and Heaven send her a friend if such sorrow should come upon her! This situation is not good enough for you—you should have one very different—but, if you choose to take it until something better offers, you can come on Monday."

I tried to express my thanks—to tell him that I hoped to prove worthy of his trust and kindness; but he interrupted me—

"Good-morning now; you are weary and excited. If you will give me your address I will send my wife to see you to-morrow."

He glanced at the card which I handed to him, and as I was going out he said,

"Would you not wish, Miss Hamilton, to change your boarding-place for one nearer the store?"

"I should, and it will be necessary for me to seek one less expensive."

"Very well. Mrs. Emerson shall manage that. Good-morning!"

I went home with my heart lightened of one heavy care; but perhaps my sense of desolation was all the more bitter when there was no other

emotion to contend with it in my thoughts. I will not linger upon my own feelings. I have dwelt on them too much already.

The next day Mrs. Emerson called. She was a kind, friendly woman—a worthy helpmeet for her husband. She took me with her to see about a new boarding-place. In a by-street, not very far from Mr. Emerson's store, a widow, poor but worthy, occupied part of a respectable house, and supported herself by plain-sewing. She would be glad, Mrs. Emerson said, to eke out her scanty income by receiving a pleasant boarder. We went to see this Mrs. Niles, and I was much pleased with her quiet, civil manners and the neatness of her humble home. It seemed to me, in prospect, like a haven of rest. Before I left I had engaged to reside with her for the winter. That week I effected the removal of all my possessions. There was space in Mrs. Niles's sitting-room for the book-case containing my father's library, and she seemed to take real pleasure in helping me to ornament the walls with the engravings I had brought. When we sat down to our toast and tea the apartment already wore quite a look of home.

I said I would dwell no more on my own feelings. I must also pass lightly over the outward trials of that period of my life. And yet, for the next two weeks, they were by no means trifling. Besides the one great loss, which deadened the force of all after-blows, I had to give up so much. I was living far more humbly than I had ever lived before. Every superfluous luxury, of which habit had made almost a necessity, was abandoned. Mrs. Niles, good, kind woman though she was, had no interest in my favorite pursuits, no sympathy with my tastes. Often, had she been absent, I should have felt less alone. Added to this were the trials incident to learning a new business. My occupation was even more painful and disagreeable than I had supposed. My life had been hitherto very quiet and retired. Though not diffident, I had an instinctive shrinking from contact with strangers. However, I struggled with my distaste for putting myself forward. I conscientiously strove to sell all the goods I could; and I had the satisfaction of knowing that, even in a business point of view, Mr. Emerson was satisfied with the result of his experiment.

One day, when I had been there a few weeks, a gentleman came into the store and advanced to the counter where I was standing. I scarcely know why he should have attracted as he did my particular attention. It certainly was not because of any especial graces or charms of person. He had a lofty presence, a fine, commanding form; but it was not until long afterward that I learned to see any beauty in the stern lineaments of his face. The time came when I recognized the nobility of his expression, the power and firmness indicated by his phrenological developments, and discovered into what gentle tenderness those calm eyes and stern lips could soften. But I saw none of these things then.

I think what interested me was a certain desperate and hopeless sorrow, of which I detected the indices in his face. Those who themselves have suffered are quicker to perceive and respond to the sufferings of others. He made some trifling purchase, and went out; but, for the first time since I had entered the shop, I was roused from my selfish sorrow into a genuine interest and curiosity about another person. I speculated a long time that night, sitting silently before Mrs. Niles's fire, with a book between my fingers, as to what trouble could so have left its mark and seal of hopelessness upon his face; and he a man, allowed by the world's creed to go where he pleased, to choose for himself friends and amusements. I was a woman—desolate, bereaved of every friend whose love had made my life rich and desirable; yet surely my face had never worn, in the darkest hours, the impress of such absolute despair.

It was not many days before I saw him again, and after that he came quite frequently to the store. He always seemed to prefer making his purchases at my counter; and my interest in him strengthened with every time I saw him. He treated me with as delicate a courtesy as he could have shown to an equal in society; and this formed such a pleasant contrast to the haughty arrogance of some of my customers, and the rude familiarity of others, that I began to mark the days on which he came with a white stone.

At length a week passed without my seeing him. I should have blushed to acknowledge, even to myself, how much difference this made to me—how often I thought of him, and how many conjectures I wasted as to whether I would ever see him again. Do not infer from this that I was at all what story-books call "in love" with him. I can safely assert that my heart had not, at that time, approached even the verge of that dangerous precipice. But it was pleasant to encounter now and then, amidst the stagnation of my life, some one whose face roused me from my apathy, stimulating not only my curiosity but my sympathy; the courtesy of whose manners recalled to me the agreeable associations of earlier days.

At length I went home one evening and found a gentleman in Mrs. Niles's little sitting-room. The circumstance, so unusual in itself, surprised me; how much more when I perceived that her visitor was none other than the absentee concerning whom I had wasted so many thoughts!

In accordance with her primitive ideas of courtesy, Mrs. Niles introduced us by name to each other; and then she added,

"Mr. Lincoln has come, Gertrude dear, to get me to do some plain sewing for him; though how in the world he happened to hear that I did such work I'm sure I don't see."

Mr. Lincoln took no notice of the question so gently insinuated. He addressed a few courteous and agreeable remarks to me, in which he did not allude to the circumstance of his ever



having seen me before, and then he took his departure. When he had reached the door, as if struck by a sudden recollection, he turned back—

“By-the-way, Mrs. Niles, I forgot to bring you my pattern. I will leave it with you to-morrow evening.”

After he went out my landlady became voluble at once. It was such a piece of good luck that he should have heard of her. He would pay her so much more than she could get at the shops. He was so polite, too, and so nice-looking.

She was turning over the linen as she talked with busy fingers, making calculations which I was too much absorbed to notice. I had taken, involuntarily, so much interest in this Andrew Lincoln, without even knowing his name, and now Fate had so strangely brought us together again. Should I ever be better acquainted with him—ever be able to solve the mystery written on his face? Time would tell.

He presently, after this, became quite a familiar visitor. At first it had not struck me as at all singular that he had heard of Mrs. Niles as a neat and reliable seamstress; but when a second dozen of shirts succeeded the first, and these in turn were followed by other garments of various descriptions, whose construction seemed to require his particular explanations and directions, I began to think, with Mrs. Niles, that “he must be going a missionarying to some heathenish place where nobody knew how to sew,” or—the thought *would* haunt me, so I may as well confess it here—that he found pleasure in coming to my boarding-place, and was determined to make a pretext for continuing his visits as long as possible.

After a while, however, he seemed to ignore any necessity for excuses, and, by the time Mrs. Niles had finished his sewing, he had fallen into the habit of coming to see us quite regularly. He was lonely, he said, at his hotel, and it was so pleasant to come where he could feel at home; only, if he was intrusive or in the way, we must give him a hint.

In an early stage of our acquaintance he had drawn from me, in the most delicate manner, the history of my past life. I hardly know how I was beguiled out of my reserve—chiefly, perhaps, by his appreciation of my favorite books, and his warmly-expressed admiration of the engravings which had been my father’s pride. I was in some sort obliged to explain how treasures so at variance with my present mode of life came into my possession.

We had not been long acquainted when, finding that I, as well as Mrs. Niles, was always at my needle when at home, he proposed to occupy the evenings he spent with us in reading aloud. I soon suspected him of a design in this manner to test my mental resources and study my character. He had a marvelous way of drawing out my opinions on various topics connected with art and literature, and then he would bring forward his own—worth more than mine by as much as thorough knowledge and mental dis-

cipline are more valuable than mere taste and feeling.

As our acquaintance had progressed, I had gradually almost ceased to speculate concerning the sorrow whose profound and passionate impress had awakened my first interest in him. Indeed, I think that the sign and seal of despair had been uplifted from his face. Looking back, I believe that the hours he spent with me did him good and not evil—that he was a happier and surely not a worse man for my influence.

Was it strange that my life once more put on the colors of hope—that flavor and tone and richness came back to it? I no longer repined at the disagreeableness of my daily task. Without my own knowledge or volition my feet had wandered to the very border of Love’s ideal realm, and already every thing had begun to look brighter than its wont, through the golden haze of that enchanted atmosphere. The spell which was woven round my life was more perfect than the devices of the old magicians. I had no room for discontent—no longing for the talking bird, the singing tree, or the golden water; or, perhaps, I had found them all. I do not mean that I had admitted, as yet, even to my own consciousness, that my heart had gone out from me, as Noah’s dove from the window of the ark, and, like that, would return no more. For the nonce, judgment and reason slumbered. Soon, however, came the moment which roused them again from their repose.

A neighbor’s child was sick, and Mrs. Niles went to take care of it through the night. I was to remain at home and alone. She had regretted this as she went out.

“If Mr. Lincoln would only come,” she remarked; “but it is not his evening.”

My heart echoed her wish. “If Mr. Lincoln only *would* come,” I thought, as I trimmed my lamp, and drew my chair up to the little round table with an intention of reading. Books were before me which had charmed many an hour in other days; but somehow I did not care to read. I sat for half an hour looking listlessly into the fire; seeing there castles with shining turrets, flame-colored autumn woods, burning bushes bright as the vision of Moses. Remember I was but a girl—barely eighteen.

At length I heard a familiar tap upon the door, and sprang to open it. Mr. Lincoln *had* come.

“Alone?” he said, as he entered and glanced around the room.

I explained the cause of Mrs. Niles’s absence. A look not so much of gladness as of relief crossed his face. He sat down with an air of resolve and deliberation.

“It is fortunate that I came. I have been wanting to see you alone for a long time, and I intended to-night to have arranged such a meeting, but Fate or Providence seems to have managed it for me. I must tell you the whole truth, Gertrude—a truth neither pleasant to tell nor to hear. You must know just how I am situated,

and then you shall decide whether I can see you any more."

As he spoke the room seemed to grow very cold and dark. Struggling with the gloom, my eyes could only see his face, and on it sat more than the old despair. I felt a shuddering presentiment. The trouble which was coming nigh me seemed already to chill my forehead with its icy touch. I folded my hands and nerved myself to listen.

I can not repeat the story which he told me in his own words. It was briefly this:

He had married, when quite young, a woman whom he thought he truly loved; by whom he believed himself beloved in return. She was beautiful; a brunette full of fire and pride; wayward, exacting, and capricious. For a time her beauty had enslaved him, her petulant humors held him in thrall. After a while, however, her exactions became wearisome. He was tired of playing the lover—coaxing and submitting by turns. He felt it was time that the quiet happiness of a peaceful union should succeed to the fantasies of a year-long honey-moon. At this she rebelled. He found that her temper, as well as her beauty, was of the torrid zone. A calm existence did not suit her. She cared little for the pleasures of the intellect, little for the quiet peace of domestic life—she would have worship or war. He made this discovery just before the birth of his first child—his little boy. This event had reawakened all his tenderness for the mother as well as the infant.

Katherine was very beautiful in her illness, and toward her child she seemed to develop a patient love which was a new phase of her character. No sooner had she regained her usual health, however, than the customary scenes of miserable violence and contention commenced again. It might have been his fault even more than hers. He had been carried captive by her beauty, and had striven eagerly to obtain her hand, never pausing to consider whether her nature was really fitted to make him happy, and when she was his wife he had, like so many men, expected to find in her traits of character which she never had possessed. In short, they had both mistaken for love a thoughtless youthful passion, which had presently consumed itself.

For three years after his boy's birth things had gone on thus—there had been tempests of wrath fierce as a tropic storm, long-continued estrangements, and now and then an interlude of reconciliation, a gust of fondness. By this time his little girl was born, and after that there were no more glimpses, ever so brief, of sunshine.

For his children's sake he strove, for still another year, to remain under the same roof with her, but a time came when this was no longer possible. Mutual recriminations had again and again goaded them almost to madness, until both became convinced that the only relief was in separation. They parted in anger, without one word on either side, of relenting or forgive-

ness. Four years had passed since that day, but he had not once seen the faces of wife or children.

When he had proceeded thus far in his narration he paused, and sat for a few moments looking into the fire. I would fain have broken the silence with at least a sentence of sympathy, to let him know that I understood him—that I had not listened to him unmoved—but I could not speak then. The time would come, no doubt, when I could forget my own anguish in my sympathy for his; but I believe the first impulse of every human soul—at least every woman's—in any hour of deathly agony, is selfish. With the poisoned arrow yet rankling in my own heart, how could I calmly strive to soothe in his a wound which had already begun to cicatrize!

At length he spoke again:

"I do not hate Katherine. God knows, Gertrude, that I pity her as fervently as I do myself. Nay, more; for she is a woman, and to a woman it is doubly terrible to know that she must live forever with her heart's warmest beatings repressed and stifled. But for me she might have married some one else, whom she could have made happy; with whom she could have been happy herself. Now her life must be like mine—desolate."

"She has her children," I found voice to say.

"Yes, the children!" His face kindled. "They must be a great comfort now. Andrew is eight, and his little sister three years younger. You don't know, Gertrude, how I have longed to see those children. I dream about them nights. I hear their baby words, and feel them clinging hold of their little fingers, and then I wake to remember that perchance they do not even know that their father lives to pray for them. But, Gertrude, their love would not be enough to fill up all the voids in my life. I have felt this more than ever since I knew you, and more than ever have I pitied Katherine in her lonely, blighted youth.

"You know now that I have no right to talk to you of love; still, this once, I beseech you to hear all that is in my heart. When I first saw you I had little faith in love or woman. I should have rejected, as a simple absurdity, the idea that either could move me, and yet, by some unconscious magnetism, you attracted me at once. When I went out of the store I found myself recalling your pale, sorrowful face; your slight figure, in its deep mourning robes; the grace and delicacy of your manners. I wondered by what strange chance you had been placed in that position, so unsuited, as I at once saw it was, to your tastes and your previous habits. My curiosity—let me call it by some better name—my sympathy was fully aroused. I went again and again to the store. At length I resolved to know you better. I followed you home one night, and then set myself to learn all the particulars concerning your place of abode. I found that your landlady was a seamstress, and that made my course clear.

"All this time, Gertrude, I had no thought of loving you. I had no right. To a man of honor his vows are as sacred in the untold wretchedness of an uncongenial marriage as if happiness had made it impossible to have a wandering wish. I believed myself incapable of breaking mine, even in thought. There was no reasonable ground on which the law could give me freedom. The release which is granted to crime is denied to misery. Even were it otherwise, I should not have sought it. I had always a horror of divorce, and not for worlds would I have entailed its disgraceful publicity upon my children. Freedom could come to me but in one way, and God knows, even when I have been tempted almost beyond my strength, I have never been mad enough or wicked enough to wish for that. Therefore I regarded myself as beyond all danger of falling in love. Indeed, in your case the idea of love did not cross my mind. You had interested me, and I had so few interests in life that I determined to follow this one out—to ascertain the cause of your uncongenial situation—if possible, to aid you.

"When I had visited here for a while I found I could not stay away. Your society had become a necessity to me. I believed you my friend merely, but I discovered that friendship was very sweet. At last the knowledge forced itself home that I loved you with all the strength of my nature. This love had stolen upon me so gradually, and now seemed so much a part of my life, that I could scarcely chide myself. Had this been all, Gertrude, I think you would never have heard the history I have told you. I would have schooled myself to taste calmly the dangerous delight of your presence; and when this was no longer possible, you should have seen me no more. But in the same hour that the conviction of my love for you was brought home to my soul, I discovered also that I had it in my power to win your heart. I had a strange feeling as if, in the native country of souls, yours and mine had grown together. I believed I had power to summon my other self to my side. Nay, I thought that, unconsciously to yourself, you did love me now. Forgive me, Gertrude. I know that I am speaking to you as man does not often speak to woman, but in this hour there is no room for disguise or concealment. I read your heart as I had read my own. Then I knew my duty. I must tell you all, that you might understand how hopeless was my future—that you might conquer your coming agony before it was too mighty for you. I believe some men would have been tempted to keep silence, and strive still to win your love; but, thank God, I was left open to no such temptation. More than yourself I prized the stainless purity of your heart and life; dearer to me even than my love was my unsullied integrity, by which only could I call myself your peer. I have told you all. Do you forgive me that I took for granted your love for me?"

I could not speak, but I reached across the table which stood between us and laid my hand

in his. Then for a while we were both silent. He spoke first:

"Gertrude, I shall never talk of these things again. I have shown you this once all that is in my heart. In return I have a right to make but one request. I have wealth; let me use some of it for you. I can not bear to see you toiling day by day for your daily bread. While I have enough and to spare, you shall not, must not, wear out your young life in this drudgery. If you were my sister you would let me help you. Am I not as near to you as a brother? Does not my love give me as much right as brothers claim? Do not be angry, Gertrude. I hardly know how to utter my petition so as not to wound you. I beg only for this. Let me make a home for you among congenial people; let me surround you with the common comforts of life; let me feel that you are at least above and beyond the necessity of toil. Then I will submit to any thing else. If you prefer, I will never see you; or, if you will let me visit you sometimes, I will ask only for your friendship—the sympathy you would give to suffering any where."

He paused, but I read an appeal in his face, fuller of earnestness even than his words. I never for one moment doubted his honor or his heart. I *knew* that he respected me as deeply as he loved me—that his care for me would be tender as that of a brother for a sister. But I was my father's daughter. I had my own pride to satisfy also. I could not accept a pecuniary obligation even from him. Nay, less readily from him than from any other, *because* I loved him. But I did not wish to answer him then. I had my arrangements to make—my future to settle. I would tell him in a week, I said—not now. I was too tired—too much exhausted. Would he leave me, and not come again for one week—then he should know. He must give me time to think.

He obeyed me. He only held my hand for a moment, and then he went.

"Good-by, and God be with you!" I said, as he stepped out into the moonlight. He did not know that in my heart I meant that farewell to be the last utterance of my lips to him, until we should meet again where victor souls learn the triumphal anthem of the angels.

I went back into the room where I had met this last and bitterest sorrow of my life. Soon my plan for the future was shadowed forth in my mind. Then I had a right to think over all that Andrew Lincoln had said. I revered him unspeakably. Little as I knew of human nature, I realized—I had read "*Jane Eyre*"—the ease with which he might have deceived me. I knew he loved me with a love as true and tender as pen of the romancers had ever portrayed. How I blessed him that it had been no selfish passion—that his love for truth and right had been mightier. And yet—answer me heart of every woman who shall read this tale—was my trial light? Because of his very goodness, because I could reverence his image in my soul,



and look up to it as almost without taint or flaw of human imperfection, was it not all the harder to know that between us swept the tide of circumstance—remorseless as death, pitiless as destiny?

And yet, in the midst of my desolation, it was something to feel that he could have loved me—that had Fate given us to each other I might have made him happy—might have been his happy wife.

I sat there until the first ray of the morning stole through the windows. I looked at the almost empty grate. Castles with shining turrets, flame-colored tints of autumn woods, burning bushes, all had vanished into the cold gray ashes, signifying desolation. Was it a type of what that night had done for my heart and life?

I walked toward the store that morning with a heavy heart. Once more I must fold my tent and go on alone into the desert. For a little time I had lingered beside an oasis of peace. I had tasted pleasure. It had proved a cheat, a mirage, it is true. No matter, it had gladdened my eyes while it lasted. Now I must give up all—the home I had made for myself, the friends who had been kind to me, the work by which I had earned my bread. I must go—where? In that moment, clear as if my guardian angel had stooped to whisper them in my ear, came to me my father's last words:

"The widow's God—a Father to the fatherless—trust, my darlings, trust."

Had the invisible, strong arm ever failed me? Need I doubt it now? I walked on with renewed courage.

When I reached the store I sought an interview with Mr. Emerson. I told him that I had imperative need of change; that there were reasons why I was unwilling to remain any longer in New York; and I inquired if he could help me with advice or suggestions.

He told me, in reply, that he had felt from the first I ought not to be in my present situation. He knew the constant contact with strangers was repugnant to my taste; that I was capable of doing something better. Still he had honored me for submitting so cheerfully to necessity; for doing so well what I had undertaken to do. Ever since I had been there he had been on the look-out for some different employment, by which I could maintain myself more agreeably, but as yet he had found nothing very desirable. Yet, if I was so anxious for an immediate change, there was something—an advertisement he had seen in the evening paper—a governess wanted for two small children, in Eastern Virginia. It did not seem to promise much, yet I might like it better than the store.

I thanked him eagerly. I do not often weep, but the tears choked my voice. It was not gratitude, though his kindness touched me deeply; but I was leaving so much—so much that he could never know.

That morning a letter was dispatched to the

address indicated in the advertisement, giving, as I afterward discovered, as much of my history as Mr. Emerson himself knew; praising me far beyond my deserts, and stating that, if my services were accepted, I would be ready to commence my duties immediately.

Five days of my week of trial had already passed before an answer was received to that letter. In the mean time I had trembled lest I might not, after all, be able to get away—lest I might be obliged to see Mr. Lincoln again, though I was convinced such an interview could only be productive of additional pain. At length my suspense was ended. Mr. Emerson's recommendation was accepted, and he was requested to inform the young lady that a carriage would await her at the — station on the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of April. The letter had been delayed one day in its transit, and I should just be able, by starting the next morning, to reach my destination at the appointed time.

That night, with Mrs. Niles's assistance, I made all my preparations. I did not confide my plans for the future even to her. I told her enough of the circumstances in which I was placed to convince her that, for the present, it was better she should not know. I had previously secured from Mr. Emerson a promise of secrecy. He was to be deaf and dumb to all inquiries, should any be addressed to him.

It was late in the night when I sat down alone before the sitting-room fire, and prepared to write a letter to Andrew Lincoln, which Mrs. Niles was to give him at his next visit. This was the hardest task of all, and yet in writing to him for the first and last time there was a troubled joy. I confessed to him that even as he had loved me so had I loved him—loving better only God and the right. At the same time I bade him an eternal farewell. With a love in our hearts which it would be deadly sin not to conquer, I showed him that it would be worse than madness for us to meet. There was no safety but in parting forever. I told him how impossible it was that I should accept from him any pecuniary assistance, and assured him that I was going to be so circumstanced as not to need it. Then I bade him good-by, thanking God that when he read the words he would never know the pang they had cost me. I suppressed the anguished cry which would fain, through that dumb sheet, have made itself heard. If my tears fell I took good care that they did not drop upon the paper. I signed my name firmly, and directed it on the outside to Andrew Lincoln, and then—

It was a lovely afternoon when I stepped from the cars at my place of destination. The Virginian spring, earlier than ours, had already clothed the earth with verdure. I could hear birds singing in the near woods, and the air was full of a sweet, subtle odor, betokening that it had lingered above beds of violets and the pale anemone. Just after the train stopped a handsome carriage drew up before the little dépôt,

and an old gentleman, with silver hair and a kind, benevolent face, alighted.

"Miss Hamilton, I conclude," he said, cordially extending his hand. "My name is Wentworth."

His appearance impressed me very pleasantly, yet it surprised me. I had pictured the Richard Wentworth, whose name had been signed to the letter received by Mr. Emerson, as a young man, the father of the children in whose behalf my services were required. They must be his grandchildren, orphans, perhaps, and already I felt my heart yearning over them—I knew what it was to be an orphan.

"Here are your pupils," said Mr. Wentworth, as he handed me into the carriage. "Andrew, Bella, this is Miss Hamilton."

The little girl was shy. She retreated to the farthest corner, and hid her curly head behind her grandfather's arm. The boy, however, gave me his hand, with a frank, boyish welcome. As he lifted his blue eyes to my face a thrill struck to my heart. They looked to me like Andrew Lincoln's own.

"What nonsense!" I said to myself. "Has that name Andrew such a hold on your imagination that you can not hear a child called by it without indulging yourself in fancies of an impossible likeness?"

The drive to Hazelwood was a short and pleasant one. I was not in a mood for enjoyment, and yet I was conscious of an involuntary sense of admiration at the sight of my future home. It was a gentleman's mansion of the olden time, large, hospitable-looking, and somewhat quaint, with its old-fashioned gables, and the piazza surrounding it on all sides. Mr. Wentworth alighted, handed me from the carriage, and led me into the house with ceremonious politeness. He threw open the drawing-room door, and begged me to be seated while he found his daughter.

"Mamma is in the arbor—I see her dress," I heard one of the children say, and the three went out of sight.

"They are not orphans, then, after all," I said, as I threw myself back upon the sofa. I dared not trust myself to think. Night was coming, loneliness and silence. Till then I remanded my thoughts; I bade my heart be still. I took up, with some hope of distracting my attention, a book which was lying beside me on the sofa.

On its fly leaf was written, "To my wife, Katherine Lincoln," with a date nine years before. I knew that handwriting. The book, then, had been Andrew Lincoln's gift to his wife during their year of honey-moon. The leaf had been partly torn out, as if in some moment of passion, and then spared by some tender afterthought. There were traces of tears upon the page. Her tears—perhaps, after all, she loved him. If she did, God help and comfort her! Thank Heaven, my heart could breathe an honest prayer for her even then!

My destiny had led me here—here of all places—under the same roof with Mr. Lincoln's wife; to

be the teacher of his children. The room seemed dizzily whirling round and round. Chairs, tables, mirrors assumed fantastic shapes, and blended together like the colors in a kaleidoscope. I knew the symptoms, but I would not faint—I was determined not to lose my self-command. I sat bolt upright and fanned myself vigorously. Presently the mist cleared from my brain. I was thankful for the lady's delay, which gave me a few moments to reason with myself.

Providence had brought me here—I ought not to leave now. Indeed I had nowhere else to go. There could be no place where I was more safe from the danger of meeting him. This path had been opened to me, and my feet should walk on in it without faltering. Shall I confess that there was one gleam of troubled joy in the prospect? I could love *him* and serve him innocently in loving and serving his children. It was not strange that the boy—his son—had looked at me with his father's eyes. It was not strange that I took him into my heart from that moment. I had made up my mind concerning the future, and fully regained my self-command, when a servant opened the door, and said,

"Mrs. Lincoln is coming, ma'am. She will be with you at once."

She had scarcely ceased speaking when her mistress came into the room.

I rose to meet her—face to face I stood with Andrew Lincoln's wife. Physically, she was the most choice and perfect specimen of beautiful womanhood I had ever seen. To this day I think I have never met her peer. The picture she made as she stood there will never fade from my memory. The crimson curtains fell apart at the western window, and the golden sunset rays lit up her dark hair into warm chestnut tints. Full, queenly figure, clad all in white, as suited the balmy April day—bright cheeks, and lips of the reddest—eyes full of slumberous fire—little hands, glittering with gems—she charmed me like a figure from an Oriental romance.

Her husband had told me she was proud, but she never could have been haughty. There was a certain childlike impulsiveness in her manner still—she would carry it with her all her life.

She took my hand and looked searchingly into my face for a moment.

"I am sure I shall like you"—she said the words with a warm, satisfied smile. "Let us be real friends, Miss Hamilton."

"We will." I answered her quietly, but in the silence of my soul I recorded the words as a vow. God knows I kept it. I was her true friend from that hour.

Days wore on, and something which was not quite happiness, yet bore a strange resemblance to it, stole into my heart. I loved Andrew Lincoln's children as I shall never love children again, and I loved Katherine his wife. Her character must have changed much in the solitary years since her husband left her. She was not exacting now—certainly not selfish. I have never seen a mother more tender or devoted, es-

pecially to Andrew, whose resemblance, in both face and manner, to his father; daily appeared to me more striking. Was this likeness the secret of the tears I so often saw in her eyes when she kissed him?

She had appeared to like me from the first. She sought my society, and seemed to wish me to consider myself not her children's governess merely, but her friend and her equal. One day, with a gush of passionate weeping, she told me her story. It was much the same which I had listened to before from Andrew Lincoln's lips, only she blamed herself more than he had blamed her. It was all her fault, she said. She had been a spoiled child, turbulent, and exacting, and she had played with his love until she had lost it.

"And did you love him all the while?" I asked.

"I did not think so then, but I am sure now that my real love for him never wavered. For a long time, though, I thought that I actually hated him. My fierce temper was in the ascendant. He provoked me, and I suppose I was half mad. I told him more than once that all I would ask in the world would be to have him go away from me out of my sight, and never torment me again with his presence."

"And he only took you at your word?"

She smiled bitterly. "Only that; but he had not been gone long before I knew that he had taken with him all I cared for in life. I am a desolate, heart-broken woman, Gertrude. I have my children, it is true; his children and mine. It is having them, I believe, which has kept me alive; but I would give every thing on earth to feel the forgiving pressure of his lips, to hear him say, as he used to, 'Katherine, I love you.' Oh, if you only knew him you could tell better what I have lost, and what bitter right I have to mourn."

If I only knew him! Alas, alas! did I not know him too well for my own heart's peace? He was indeed all she had pictured him—but what was that to me? He was hers only. He ought to be hers. She was worthy of him too. I commanded myself perfectly. No one could have suspected that I was more than Katherine Lincoln's sympathizing friend—no one dreamed that I had ever heard of her husband before. I asked, in quiet tones,

"But why, if you think the chief fault was yours, have you not written to him to come back? Was it not your duty to make the first advances, if yours had been the first blame? Do you say that you love him, and are yet too proud for this, Mrs. Lincoln?"

She shook her head sadly.

"It is not pride, Gertrude. Pride with me died a violent death long ago, but I *love* my husband. What comfort would his presence be when I knew that his heart had shut me out? And yet I think, sometimes, that he might love me now better than he used. I have tried so hard since he went away to grow up to his standard—to be all that he admired in women. It has been the law of my life. Vain words!

Men never tread the same path twice, do they? I was hateful to him when he went away. He might come back, if I sent for him, out of duty or pity, but if he loved me he would wait no summons."

There was truth in her words, and yet I felt that they must, in some way, be brought together. What capacities for blessing were in both their natures! Her love for him, despite all, was so true and steadfast. He would love her if he were to see her now—he could not help it. I longed to do something to bring about their reconciliation—but how? There was nothing for it but to fold my hands and wait. Had I ceased to love him myself? Why torture me with this question? I strove then to put self and selfish feelings out of sight. I was trying to follow Christ, though it were but afar off. Should I shrink because the way was hard? From the time I came to Hazelwood I had never thought of Andrew Lincoln without thinking at the same time of Katherine, his true and loving wife.

For a whole year we lived on peacefully together—Katherine, her children, and I. I had learned to love her as if she were my sister. I shared, I believe, all her thoughts, and I knew she was each day growing into purer and more perfect womanhood—more and more worthy of being a good man's honored and cherished wife—as she ought to be, as I trusted in God she would be soon. She was singularly gentle and winning now, but as sad as she was tender. We used to talk often of her husband; but when I prophesied that he would come back some day and make her happy, she used to say that I did not know him—I could not dream how utterly he had ceased to love her. She should never see him on earth. Perhaps it would be permitted her to go to his side and ask his forgiveness in heaven.

It was in April that little Andrew fell sick. We sent for a physician, but before he came I was well satisfied what we had to dread. "Scarlet fever," he whispered, as he bent over the bedside, thus confirming our worst fears. When he went out of the room my eyes met Katherine's. I understood her expression, and answered the question it implied.

"Yes, you must write to him. There can be no doubt about your course now. You say he loved his children dearly. How could you answer for it to him or yourself if Andrew should die, and he not be here to see him? Think if you had been away from your child five years and could not even give him one poor, parting kiss before he was snatched from you forever!"

"But Andrew may not die; oh, it will kill me if he should."

"And yet he may—in any case, you have your duty to do." I spoke with decision and severity; I could not allow myself to falter. They must be reunited now if ever.

She went to a writing-desk which stood in the corner of the room and wrote for a few moments



rapidly. Then she came and put the sheet into my hand.

"Read it, Gertrude. Have I done rightly?"

"MY DEAR HUSBAND,—Andrew, our little boy, is very ill. The doctor calls it scarlet fever. I thought that you would wish to see him. Your presence would be the greatest comfort.

Your faithful wife,

"KATHERINE LINCOLN."

This was the note. Could it fail to touch that strong, true heart of his?

I had little time for speculations or Katherine Lincoln for hopes. Andrew grew worse rapidly, until the question was no longer whether he would recover, but how many hours he could live. Neither of us left him for a moment except occasionally, when one or the other would steal away, to whisper a few words of comfort to poor little Bella, who was kept in a distant wing of the house in order to be removed from the danger of infection. But we could not go out of the room without those restless, preternaturally bright eyes missing us in a moment, and then the little, weak voice would wail—"Mamma, Gerty, don't leave Andy, please." So we watched over him constantly together, neither sleeping, eating, nor weeping.

It was the afternoon of the fourth day since Mrs. Lincoln had dispatched her letter. A change had passed over Andrew's face, sudden and fearful. We knew too surely what it portended. He was dying. In a few moments his soul would go forth, and leave the fair little body lying upon the pillows still and tenantless. Katherine's eyes met mine, with a look of stony, immovable wretchedness in them that fairly chilled me.

"To think," she said, "that he will not be here—that he can never see poor little Andrew again alive! Gertrude, this is my work."

I knew the step which came, at that very instant, so hurriedly across the hall. So did she, for she clasped her hands tightly upon her breast, as if to hold her heart from breaking. She looked as white as a marble statue, and as fair. I could see that, even in the midst of my sickening anguish over the boy whom I loved as if he were my own. I do not think Andrew Lincoln looked at her as he crossed the threshold. I think he saw nothing but the little wan, death-stricken face upon the pillows. He sprang to the bedside and knelt down with a groan of despair; he had recognized the impress on the pallid brow.

Do dying eyes see more clearly than living ones? Andrew was nine years old now; he had been only four when he saw his father last, and yet his face lighted up with a sudden, glad glow of recognition. "Papa, papa!"—he piped the words in his clear, boyish treble, as joyously as I had ever heard him speak. He stretched up his arms, and his father caught him to the bosom that, for five years, had longed so vainly for the touch of that little head. "Papa, papa!" and the face and eyes brightened with a radiance as of dawning—the pale, quivering lips sought the father's lips bending to meet them—

a shiver ran along the slender limbs, and then the golden head dropped backward. Andrew Lincoln's boy was dead!

Katherine saw it, and the energies so long taxed gave way at last. She fell at her husband's feet in a death-like swoon. He kissed the white, still face ere he lifted her. "Poor Katherine!" I heard him murmur. Was there a quiver of love in his tones, or was it only pity?

"Had we not better take her into the next room? She ought not to be here when she comes to herself," I said, forgetting at the moment how strangely my voice would fall upon his ears. I had been standing in the shade of the bed-curtains, and he had not seen me before.

"You, Gertrude!" The words, with their accent of questioning surprise, came as if involuntarily from his lips, and then neither of us spoke again while we carried his wife into the next room, and busied ourselves in restoring her. I only waited until she opened her eyes, and putting the hair from her white face, sat up and looked at her husband, before I went away from them. I did not stop to think; I knew it would not be wise or safe. I went at once to Mr. Wentworth, who was with Bella, to tell him of Andrew's death and Mr. Lincoln's arrival. I had occupation for a while in soothing the little girl. Then with my own hands I made ready my boy—mine by the love I bore him—for the grave. I brushed the soft, curling hair round the still face, restored now to more than the beauty of life, and frozen into the last and sweetest smile of all. When I had arranged all things, I went again to his parents. They were sitting near together upon the sofa, and Katherine was repeating, in a voice broken with sobs, all the details of those last sad days. Even then, she thought of me with her usual tender consideration. When I went into the room she said:

"This is Miss Hamilton, who has been to me the dearest and truest of friends. We can never thank her enough for all she has done for Andrew. He loved her scarcely less than he loved his mother."

How strange it seemed to have *him* speak to me in such words, constrained yet grateful, as a husband would naturally use to his wife's friend, who had been kind to his dead child. He had uttered such different ones when we met last! I was weak, I know, but I could not command myself sufficiently to answer him. I only said:

"I have dressed our darling now. I thought you would wish to see him."

They rose and went together into the still room where lay their dead. I staid alone. Even my love and my grief gave me no claim on that consecrated hour.

Andrew had died on Thursday. On Saturday afternoon he was to be buried. I had passed Friday in my own room, keeping Bella with me most of the time. The poor child was almost frantic at the loss of her brother, and it was well for me to have some one besides myself to think

of and to comfort. I believe Mrs. Lincoln passed that long, dreary day, for the most part, alone. Much of the time I could hear her husband's restless steps pacing along the piazza, and once I knew he went away for a solitary walk.

It was Saturday morning. Andrew had been put into his little casket, and I had just gathered a basket full of white and sweet-scented flowers to strew about him. I stole noiselessly into the room where he lay. I thought no one else was there; but when I had gone up to the coffin I saw, in the dim light, Andrew Lincoln, sitting motionless at its head. He looked up and our eyes met.

"God has taken him, Gertrude; I am written desolate."

There was such a wild pathos in his tones. They went to my soul. How I longed to comfort him!

"Not desolate," I cried, "surely not desolate. Bella is left you, and your wife"—and then I went on, carried quite out of myself, half forgetful of even the presence of the dead, in my passionate longing, at whatever cost, to reunite those two and make them both happy.

"You wonder, doubtless, at my presence here, in your home; but I came ignorantly. I thought the best answer to what you said to me the last evening we passed together was to go quite away from you, before there should be any thing in our acquaintance which it would be painful to remember. This situation presented itself; I obtained it through Mr. Emerson, and came here, never dreaming—it was Mr. Wentworth who advertised—that the children I was to teach were yours. I had not been here a month before I loved your wife as I think I should love a sister. She was so true, so earnest, so unselfish. At length she told me her story, the same I had heard from you, only she blamed herself as you had never blamed her. All the fault was hers, she said. You were every thing that was noble. I knew how true her sorrow had been by the change it had wrought in her. There was nothing left in her character of pride or petulance. She was a sweet, gentle woman, the tenderest and most patient of mothers, the fondest and truest of wives, and therein lay the wretchedness that was breaking her heart. She dared not seek to recall you, for she believed that your love for her was utterly dead. She had no hope left in life. When Andrew was taken sick she sent to you because it was her duty, but she wrote, I knew, with more of fear than of hope. She loves you, Mr. Lincoln, as no words of mine can ever tell you. Thank God that in taking your boy to be an angel in heaven He has restored your wife to bless all the years of your life on earth."

He did not answer me. For an instant he took my hand in a grateful pressure. There were tears in his eyes—through their mist I could not look into his soul. He left me and went out of the room. I knew he had gone to her. Their sorrow could not be all bitterness when it had restored them to each other. But I—where was my fountain of consolation?

Death had taken the bright, noble boy I loved so well, and had given me nothing. I had a right to weep as I stood beside the dead and pressed my hot, throbbing forehead to the little cold hand. He had gone from me to a land where there would be no sin in loving.

Two weeks had passed since little Andrew's funeral, and from my seat under the pines I could see through the distant greenery the gleam of the white marble cross on which his name was graven. I sat there, where the shadows danced about me as the sunlight glanced fitfully through the boughs, looking listlessly at the beautiful landscape, and thinking mournfully about my life. Again had I come to one of its milestones. Again, yet again, must I take up my pilgrim's staff and go onward, into what strange scenes, amidst what perils, who can tell? Others, I thought, had friends, and love, and home—sweet rest, safe shelter. Why had fate dealt so hardly with me? I was not wont to repine, to be thankless and discontented; but this once I had consented to taste the cup of self-commiseration. I found its waters bitter.

"Gertrude"—it was Mr. Lincoln's voice. Screened by the trees, I had not seen him coming till he stood before me.

"I have been looking for you," he said. "I want you to promise to remain with us. Katherine says you talk of going away. I have told her the whole story of our acquaintance. She knows how dear you became to me once, how dear you will always be to me. She loves you, too, as one woman seldom loves another, and it is her prayer as well as mine that you will always live with us and be our sister. Do not refuse"—his eyes searched my face anxiously—"we can not give you up. You shall be in all things as if you had been born Katherine's sister or mine. I will not ask for your answer now, lest you deny me. Perhaps my wife may be better able to persuade you."

He stood there beside me for a few moments after he had done speaking, but beyond a mere expression of my thanks I made him no reply, and presently he went away. Then I sat and thought for a long time. Here was all offered to me for which I had been pining—with the want of which I had upbraided my fate. Love—for I knew they would cherish me tenderly, both of them, Katherine as well as her husband—friends, and a home—a safe shelter, from which I need go out no more until I should exchange it for the home and the peace which are eternal. Should I accept all this? Was it not too pleasant to be safe? Was not its very sweetness dangerous? Could I answer for my own heart? Was I sure that I could live for years under the same roof with Andrew Lincoln and never think of hours whose perilous happiness duty bade me forget forever? *He* might be safe. Katherine was beautiful, and she loved him; but where was the fine-linked armor with which to shield my woman's heart?

No, I would *not* stay. They and I should be

better apart. Our paths led far away from each other. They might wander wherever the flowers smiled or the birds beguiled them. I must go out into the world to do my work, to earn the bread I should eat. But the prospect which had looked so gloomy to me an hour before seemed changed. Things from which there is no escape always confront us with a sterner mien. Now that a choice had been offered me, and I knew that ease and leisure might be mine for the taking, I could accept work thankfully, recognizing its ministry as best for my soul's needs. I cheerfully made up my mind, and then I went into the house.

Mrs. Lincoln met me in the hall. She put her arm round me, and kissed me with a deeper tenderness in her manner than I had ever felt before.

"You are going to be our sister, Gertrude?"

"Gladly; I am most thankful to owe to friendship the tie which birth denied me."

"And we will be so happy, all of us together."

"But I can not stay here. I will be your sister always—your faithful, loving friend while life lasts; but it would not make me happiest to live here. I must be independent, even of those I most value."

This was my firm resolution, and I kept to it. In vain were all their entreaties, and at length they desisted from them. Perhaps Katherine's womanly intuitions interpreted my heart as no man, not even the best man, could do. When she found that I was not to be moved, that I would not go their way, she bestirred herself to help me go my own. I owe to her the situation in which I am passing the mid-summer of my life. I am a teacher in a girls' school. Young, bright faces are around me—young hearts gladden me with their love. I have no hopes or dreams of

any other future in this world, and, perhaps, for this reason I do my duty the better.

It is ten years since little Andrew died, and Bella—now a young lady of sixteen—is the dearest of my pupils. Three years ago she came to me to be educated.

"I bring her to you because we can express how deeply we trust and honor you in no stronger manner than by giving you our only child to train. Make her like yourself, and we shall be satisfied."

These were her father's words when he put her hand in mine, and since then she has been my chief comfort. She was too young to remember the one sad episode in her parents' lives. I heard her just now discussing with two of her friends, as such young things will, love and marriage. I heard her say,

"You are wrong, Fanny, if you think people always cease to care much about each other after a little while. My father and mother have been married twenty years, and you can not find me two in their honey-moon who love each other more fondly or are happier."

She is right. Andrew Lincoln and his wife are happy, with that full blessedness which only love can give. I think of them daily, and rejoice in their joy. For myself—if one's path lies always in the shadow one will never die from a stroke of the sun—I am content.

For this long ten years I have never been to Hazelwood. Its master and mistress come to see me every summer, and I know it grieves them that I postpone so long the visit I am always promising. I shall go some day. I want to see how the roses have grown about the grave where little Andrew has slept so long. I shall press my lips to that white cross which gleams above him, and offer on that spot my prayer of thanksgiving for life and all the blessings of life.

## THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

**T**RINITY bells with their hollow lungs,  
And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,  
Over the roofs of the city pour  
Their Easter music with joyous roar,  
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled  
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,  
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,  
"Why are these eggs that you see me hold  
Colored so finely with blue and gold?  
And what is the wonderful bird that lays  
Such beautiful eggs upon Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies,  
Like laughter and tears in my child's blue eyes,  
And every face in the street is gay,  
Why cloud this youngster's by saying nay?



So I cudgel my brains for the tale he begs,  
And tell him this story of Easter eggs:

You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died,  
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;  
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward!—  
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,  
And piously tumbled it within the rock,  
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew,  
With pendulous leaves, and blossoms of blue;  
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast  
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,  
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,  
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

Now when the bird from her dim recess  
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,  
And looked on the Heavenly face so pale,  
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,  
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,  
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

All night long till the moon was up  
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,  
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill  
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill,  
So full of tears, so loud and long,  
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

But soon there came through the weeping night  
A glittering angel clothed in white;  
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,  
Where the Lord of the Earth and the Heavens lay;  
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,  
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree  
Beheld this celestial Mystery,  
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,  
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;  
Notes climbing notes, till higher, higher,  
They shot to Heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering white-robed angel heard  
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,  
And heard the following chant of mirth  
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,  
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest,  
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!"

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,  
When Death bowed down to the Lord of Light,  
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,  
And burn with red, and gold, and blue—  
Reminding mankind in their simple way  
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.

## MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.\*

THE position of Mr. Motley as a great historical writer scarcely needed the assurance that is furnished in this magnificent production of his ripened genius. He has brought to the performance of his task the familiar knowledge of the subject that was gained in the researches for his previous work, the diligence that recognizes no obstacle in the investigation of truth, an intense sympathy with the struggles for liberty which form the kindling theme of his discussions, and the boldness and facility of treatment which results from the consciousness of success and the cordial appreciation of the public. In many respects these volumes may be considered as an advance on the admirable work by which he was first introduced to the world as a historian of singular brilliancy, substance, and vigor. It exhibits a greater profoundness of thought, a wider grasp of conception, and more polished elegance of style; with fewer inequalities of delineation, and less reliance on rhetorical finesse, though with not less striking individuality of expression. His narrative is singularly animated, often in a high degree picturesque, always inspired by genial sympathies, and never approaching even the borders of tameness or commonplace. In the portraiture of character he evinces wonderful skill, frequently revealing by a few adroit touches the secret motives and subtle traits of the most complicated natures. His comments on historical events are marked by generous sentiment; no exhibition of nobleness fails to call forth his admiration; his love of freedom and humanity breathes new life into the decaying forms of the past, and clothes them with the freshness and beauty of the present. No chill is thrown around his pen by indifference to truth; no lurking skepticism paralyzes his eloquence; no sneer at human virtue converts the heroes of history into ghastly skeletons; no demoniac smile spreads a blight over the golden harvests of patriotism, courage, and self-devotion. His spirit is always resolute and hopeful; he shows a cheerful faith in the Providence of God over the destinies of man; and is not ashamed to cherish the dreams of his youth concerning the triumphs of liberty, the glories of virtue, and the dignity of his race.

As compared with the other eminent historians of whom this country is justly proud, Mr. Motley occupies a place of his own; and without attempting to class him according to his relative merits, we may say that he need not shrink from rivalry with those who have won the most brilliant and the most enduring laurels. If he has not the gracious sweetness of diction and the limpid flow of narrative which make the perusal of Washington Irving's writings a perpetual feast, he evinces a more profound historic insight, a

firmer grasp of principles, and the command of a more sinewy and robust style, as well as of more piquant and effective imagery. In philosophic acuteness and subtlety, in minute and delicate analysis, and in broad panoramic views of contemporary history, he may be considered inferior to Bancroft; but he certainly is his equal in the harmonious grouping of events, in the apt coloring of his personal sketches, and the facility and freedom of his narrative. His style is not distinguished by the uniform grace and propriety which the refined taste of Prescott never failed to preserve, nor does he always aim with such a vigilant eye at the conditions of picturesque effect; but his pages are suffused with a warmer glow of vitality, the life-blood of generous sympathies lends them a more healthy and vigorous hue, and the animation and energy which they exhibit are less the result of artistic endeavor than of manly earnestness and moral enthusiasm.

The history opens with the position of the Netherlands at the period immediately succeeding the untimely death of William the Silent—July 10, 1584. The revolt of the country, which had assumed world-wide proportions, was not merely the rebellion of provinces against a sovereign, but a deep and earnest protest against the invasion of conscience by monarch or pope. Philip the Second, who had attempted to force his rule upon an unwilling people, was at once a despot, a pedant, and a bigot. Destitute of a sound and thorough education, of patient and plodding habits, the victim of ill-health and unbridled passions, he might have been seen, at this time, for seven or eight hours out of the twenty-four, sitting at a writing-table covered with dispatches, seldom speaking, never smiling, laboring like a clerk in the preparation of letters which were charged with the doom of countless millions of men. Under his sanguinary system of government the fields of the Netherlands had been made desolate, their cities burned and pillaged, their men hanged, burned, drowned, or hacked to pieces, and their women subjected to nameless outrages. Clothed with the most extensive and absolute power, as he grew older and weaker in mind and body, Philip seemed to become more gluttonous of work, more ambitious to stretch his sceptre over distant and strange lands, more determined to put an end to Protestantism, which it had been the business of his life to combat, and more eager to destroy every human being that defended heresy or opposed his progress to universal empire.

The contest between the seven meagre provinces of the Netherlands and the great Spanish empire might, at that moment, well have appeared desperate. The magnificent Spanish peninsula stretched across eight degrees of latitude and ten of longitude, commanding the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, warmed in winter by the vast furnace of Africa, and protected from

\* *History of the United Netherlands: From the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort.* By JOHN MOTLEY. 2 vols., 8vo, with Map and Portraits. Harper and Brothers.

the heats of summer by mountain and forest and temperate breezes from either ocean. The southern territory was rich in the most splendid gifts of a bountiful nature. Opulent and populous cities studded the soil of Spain. Among her foreign possessions were Sicily, the better portion of Italy, and important dependencies in Africa. The famous maritime discoveries of the age had all contributed to her aggrandizement. The most accomplished generals, the most disciplined army, the best equipped and most extensive navy, both royal and mercantile, were at the command of the sovereign.

The Netherlands, on the other hand, had but a pittance of territory, attached by a slight hook of sand to the Continent, and half-submerged by the stormy waters of the German Ocean. The climate was rude, with long, dark, rigorous winters and brief summers; the soil so ungrateful that, if the whole of its four hundred thousand acres of arable land had been sown with grain, it could not feed the laborers alone; and a population that could not justly be estimated as amounting to a million of souls.

Such were the combatants in the great eighty years' war for civil and religious liberty, sixteen of which had now passed away. On the one side was one of the most powerful and populous empires of history, then in the zenith of its prosperity; on the other hand a slender group of cities, governed by merchants and artisans, with a precarious standing upon a meagre, unstable soil. The quarrel was between freedom and absolutism; between liberty of conscience and ecclesiastical tyranny; it was, in its very nature, as eternal and irreconcilable as the warfare between right and wrong; the religious question swallowed up all the others; and the establishment, to a certain extent, of civil liberty in Europe and America was the result of the religious war of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The death of William the Silent produced a sudden change in the political arrangements of the liberated Netherlands. The compact formed in 1583 with the Duke of Anjou had been grossly violated, but a new agreement was formed shortly before his death. Upon that event the sovereignty, which was about to be shared by the Duke, remained in the hands of the Estates of Holland. The first movement, after the solemn obsequies had been rendered to the Prince of Orange, was to provide for the wants of his family. William had left his estate so embarrassed that his carpets, tapestries, household linen, even his silver spoons and the clothes of his wardrobe, were disposed of at auction for the benefit of his creditors. He left eleven children, one of them an infant, Frederic Henry, born six months before his death. The eldest son, Philip William, had been a captive in Spain for seventeen years, having been kidnapped from school in Leyden, in the year 1567. Under the shrewd treatment of the King and the Jesuits his character had become thoroughly Spanish. He had even lost every trace of family resemblance,

and had acquired a sinister and gloomy expression most painful to contemplate. He retained one redeeming trait in his reverence for the name of his father, a sentiment which he manifested on one occasion in Madrid, by throwing out of the window, and killing on the spot, a Spanish officer who had spoken of the great Prince with disrespect. The next son was Maurice, then seventeen years of age—a handsome youth, with dark blue eyes, well chiseled features, and full red lips—who had already exhibited a courage and self-reliance beyond his years. He was even then beginning to gird himself for his life-long battle with Spanish oppression. The remaining son, an infant of six months, was also destined to high fortunes, and to win an enduring name in the history of his country.

The widowed Princess fixed her residence in Leyden, a liberal allowance having been settled upon herself and her child by the Estates of Holland. At the death of her husband she was left almost without the necessaries of life. "I hardly know," she wrote to her brother-in-law, Count John, "how the children and I are to maintain ourselves according to the honor of the house. May God provide for us in his bounty! and certainly we have much need of it." She was a small, well-formed woman, with delicate features, exquisite complexion, and singularly beautiful dark eyes, that seemed, after her afflictions, as they looked from beneath her coif, to be dim with unshed tears. With remarkable powers of mind, angelic sweetness of disposition, a winning manner, and a gentle voice, she soon became dear to the rough Hollanders—although complaining at first somewhat of their unkindness—and was ever a disinterested and valuable mistress both to her own child and to his elder brother Maurice.

In order to counteract the great league between Philip and the Pope it was necessary for the Estates of Holland to strengthen their cause by a foreign alliance. There was no hope but in England and France. But the death of Francis of Anjou had brought about important changes in the French policy. It was now a right-angled triangle of almost mathematical precision. The realm was divided into three hostile camps by the partisans of Henry of Valois, Henry of Guise, and Henry of Navarre. Henry III., the last of the Valois line, was now thirty-three years of age. Of an imbecile and contemptible character, he was one of those unfortunate personages who seem as if born to make the idea of royalty ridiculous. He was not entirely destitute of natural gifts; but the courage he once possessed had been exhausted on the field of Moncontour; his manhood had been left behind him at Venice; and his moderate share of wit was now expended in malicious epigrams on court ladies whom he was only capable of dishonoring by calumny, and whose charms he sought to outrival in the estimation of his minions. He had a singular taste for attiring himself like a woman and a harlot. With silken flounces, jeweled stomacher, and painted face,



his naked breast and neck adorned with costly pearls, his feet—of whose delicate shape and size he was justly vain—in satin slippers of curious workmanship, it was his delight to pass his days and nights in a ceaseless round of gorgeous and expensive amusements, the cost of which exposed him to popular execration, and made the burden of the people to become daily more intolerable. Surrounded by a gang of debauched and desperate followers, whose fantastic dresses exhaled perfumes throughout Paris, and whose fierce and reckless encounters dyed every street with blood, Henry lived a life of pleasure, with no regard to consequences. He would sometimes languidly move along the public promenades in full dress, with ghastly little death's-heads strung upon his sumptuous garments, and fragments of human bones dangling among his orders of knighthood, playing at cup-and-ball as he walked, and followed by a few select courtiers, who gravely pursued the same dignified occupation. At other times he would preside, like a Queen of Beauty, at a tournament, to assign the prize of valor; and then again, by the advice of his mother, would march about the streets in robes of penitence, telling his beads as he went, that the populace might be edified by his piety; and solemnly offering up prayers in the churches that he might be favored with the blessing of an heir. This was a dark hour for France. Rarely has a great nation been reduced to a lower level by a feeble and corrupt government than she was at this moment under the distaff of Henry III. Society was rotten to the core. "There was no more truth, no more justice, no more mercy," sadly moaned President L'Etoile. "To slander, to lie, to rob, to wench, to steal; all things are permitted, save to do right and to speak the truth." The most cynical impiety, the most unblushing debauchery, public murders left without punishment, private murders by poison, by hired assassins, by what was called magic—every description, in short, of natural and unnatural crimes were the common characteristics of the time. All posts and charges were venal. Great offices of justice were sold to the highest bidder. What was thus purchased by wholesale was retailed in the same fashion. Woe to the indigent client who dreamed of justice at the hands of law! The great ecclesiastical benefices were equally matter of merchandisc. Even married men, women, unborn children enjoyed revenues as dignitaries of the church. Infants came into the world, it was said, like mitre-fish, stamped with the emblems of place. Such was the aspect of the first of the three factions of France, with Henry of Valois, the representative of royalty, at its head.

The chief of the extreme papistical party was Henry, Duke of Guise, the head of the house of Lorraine. He was at this time thirty-four years of age, tall and stately in person, with a dark, martial face, and eyes which were a study for the painter. His physiognomy was made still more expressive by the arquebuse shot which had damaged his left cheek at the fight near Château-

Thierry. Though one of the most active plotters of the age, he was yet considered slow and heavy in character rather than subtle, with more Teutonic phlegm than Italian vivacity. He was the idol of the people of Paris. The grocers, the market-men, the members of the arquebuse and cross-bow clubs, all doated on him. The fishwomen worshiped him as a god. He was the defender of the good old religion, under which France had prospered, and the opponent of the new-fangled doctrines adopted by the western clothiers, and dyers, and tapestry-workers, and which the penniless chevaliers of Bearn, and Gascony, and Guienne had plunged France into misery and bloodshed to support.

The third leader was Henry of Navarre, the chieftain of the Gascon chivalry, and the hope and pride of the oppressed Protestants in every land. He was a man of moderate stature, light, sinewy, and strong; with a face browned by continued exposure; small and mirthful, yet commanding blue eyes, glittering from beneath an arching brow and prominent cheek-bones; a long hawk's nose, almost resting upon a salient chin, a pendent mustache, and a thick, brown, curly beard, prematurely grizzled. His mien combined frank authority and magnificent good humor, his speech was seasoned with the shrewd Gascon mother wit; his electric nature set all hearts around him on fire, when the trumpet sounded to battle. He was most at home in the headlong desperate charge, his snow-white plume waving where the fire was hottest. He took part in seven distinct wars, a hundred pitched battles, and two hundred sieges, which occupy a conspicuous place in history. He was naturally a soldier, even by the circumstances of his birth. The first signs of his existence were recognized amidst the cannon and trumpets of a camp in Picardy, and his mother had sung a gay Bearnese song as he was coming into the world at Paris. As soon as he was born, his grandfather took the child in the lappel of his dressing-gown, brushed his infant lips with a clove of garlic, and moistened them with a drop of generous Gascon wine. Thus, said the old man, shall the boy be both merry and bold. While yet a child, he was taught to run about bareheaded and barefooted, like a peasant, among the mountains and rocks of Bearn, till he became as rugged as a young bear, and as nimble as a kid. His simple fare was black bread, and beef, and garlic; and he was taught by his mother and his grandfather to hate lies and liars and to read the Bible. When he was fifteen the third religious war broke out. His father and grandfather were both dead. His mother, who since his father's death had been attached to the Reformed faith, brought her boy to the camp at Rochelle, where he was received as the chief of the Huguenots. His culture was limited. He had been taught to speak the truth, to ride, to shoot, to do with little sleep and less food. He had also a slight smattering of Latin, and had read a few treatises on the military art; but the time had now come to enter the school of practical life, and to take

lessons in war from professors like his uncle Condé, and Admiral Coligny, and Lewis Nassau, in such lecture-rooms as Laudun, and Jarnac, and Moncontour.

Great inducements were offered by Philip II. to Henry of Navarre, for him to make war upon Henry III. But he had grown too crafty a politician to be entangled by Spanish wiles. He was now legitimate heir to the crown of France. He knew, however, that his path to greatness led through manifold dangers, and that it was only at the head of the Huguenot chivalry that he could cut his way. He was the leader of the nobles of Gascony, and Dauphiny, and Guienne, in their mountain fastnesses, and of the weavers, cutlers, and artisans in their manufacturing and trading towns. The throne of his ancestors was to be gained not by Spanish gold, but by carbines and cutlasses, bows and bills. He was the chieftain of those austere and enthusiastic men who went on their knees before the battle, beating their breasts with their iron gauntlets, and singing in full chorus a psalm of David, before smiting the Philistines, hip and thigh. Henry, though fit to lead his Puritans on the battle-field, was hardly a match for them elsewhere. But though profligate in one respect, he was temperate in every other. In food, wine, and sleep he was always moderate. Subtle and crafty in self-defense, he retained something of his old love of truth, of his hatred of liars. Reckless and headlong in appearance, he was in fact the most careful of men. On the religious question he was most cautious of all, disclaiming every thing like bigotry of opinion, and imploring the Papists to seek to instruct rather than to destroy him. Always open to conviction on the subject of his faith, he refused to accept the appellation of heretic. In his secret heart he probably regarded the two religions as his chargers, and was ready to mount alternately the one or the other, as each seemed most likely to bear him safely in the battle. His highest principle of action was to reach his goal, and to that principle he was ever loyal. Prudent as he was by nature in every other respect, he was all his life long the slave of one woman or another, and it was by good luck rather than by sagacity that he did not repeatedly forfeit the fruits of his courage and conduct in obedience to his master passion. Equally destitute of gratitude and resentment, of fear and remorse, he possessed all the qualities necessary to success. He knew how to use his enemies. He knew how to use his friends, to abuse them, and to throw them away. Beneath the mask of perpetual good-humor he concealed a subtle, restless, and plotting brain, and an iron will. His native sagacity had been tempered into consummate elasticity by the fiery atmosphere in which feebler natures had been dissolved. His wit was as flashing and as quickly unsheathed as his sword. His desperate temerity on the battle-field was deliberately indulged in, that the world might recognize a hero and a chieftain in a king. This was shrewd Gascon calculation,

aided by constitutional fearlessness. Thus bold, crafty, energetic, imperturbable, he was born to command and had a right to reign. He had need of the throne, and the throne had still more need of him.

Before this bubbling caldron of France, whirling with intrigues, stratagems, ambitions, and hopes, it was natural that the plain Netherland envoys should stand somewhat aghast. It was obvious to them, however, that though torn by faction, France was a great and powerful nation. There had now been, with a brief exception in 1580, a religious peace of eight years' duration. The Huguenots, though inordinately taxed to supply the luxury of the court, had enjoyed the tranquil exercise of their worship during that period, and expressed perfect confidence in the good faith of the king. After that of Spain, the kingdom was the richest and most populous of Christendom. Its capital, already called by contemporaries the "compendium of the world," was described by travelers as "stupendous in extent and miraculous for its numbers." In a military point of view, the alliance with France was most valuable to the contiguous Netherlands. After a protracted negotiation the sovereignty of the States was offered to the King of France; proposals, in the mean time, had been presented to England, but no decisive result was attained.

While this diplomacy was pending, the internal condition of the Netherlands presents a subject of profound interest, to which Mr. Motley has devoted a chapter marked by singular graphic ability. When the death of William left the Netherlands without a head, the Spanish party enjoyed the leadership of Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, a man equally distinguished as a general and a politician, and whose character had been steadily ripening since he came into the command of the country. He was now thirty-seven years of age, but in experience a sexagenarian. After a fiery and impetuous youth, in which his intelligence and courage scarcely atoned for his insolent manner and stormy career, he had become pensive, modest, almost gentle. His genius was rapid in conception, patient in combination, fertile in expedients, and of an adamant power of endurance. The rebellion had been vanquished in the Celtic provinces, and the large southwestern section of the Netherlands permanently reannexed to the Spanish crown. There remained the rich and fertile territory of Flanders and Brabant as the great debatable land. Antwerp was the hinge on which the fate of the whole country, perhaps of Christendom, was to turn. "If we get Antwerp," said the Spanish soldiers, "you shall all go to mass with us; if you save Antwerp, we will all go to conventicle with you." No man felt more keenly the importance of the business in which he was engaged than Alexander. He knew his work exactly, and he meant to execute it thoroughly. His genius rose with the responsibility of his situation. His vivid and almost poetic intellect formed its schemes with perfect distinctness.

Every episode in his great enterprise was traced out beforehand, almost with prophetic vision; and he was prepared to convert his conceptions into reality with strenuous energy. Untiring, uncomplaining, thoughtful of others, prodigal of himself, generous, modest, brave; devoted with so much intellect to what he considered his duty, he deserved to be a champion of the right rather than an instrument of despotism. With much work already accomplished, but his hardest life-task before him, he stood in the noon of manhood, a noble, commanding shape, entitled to the admiration which the energetic display of great powers must always excite. A dark, meridional physiognomy; a quick, alert, imposing head; jet-black, close-clipped hair; the face of an eagle, with full, bright, restless eye; a man rarely reposing, always ready, never alarmed; living in saddle, with harness on his back; such was Alexander, Prince of Parma—matured and mellowed, but still unharmed by time.

After the surrender of Ghent, Dendermonde, Brussels, and Mechlin, the next step to be achieved was the reduction of Antwerp, then the commercial centre of the Netherlands and of Europe. The office of burgomaster of the city was held by Philip de Marnix, Lord of Sainte Aldegonde. Nominally, the position was not so elevated as were many of the posts which that distinguished patriot had filled. In reality, it was as responsible a place as could be offered to any man's acceptance throughout the country. Sainte Aldegonde received the trust not without some reluctance. He felt that he was exposed to odium, that much was expected of him, while his means were limited. His powers were liable to a constant and various restraint. His measures were sure to be the subject of perpetual cavil. If the city were besieged, there were nearly one hundred thousand mouths to feed, and nearly one hundred thousand tongues to dispute about furnishing the food.

The character of Sainte Aldegonde forms a delightful episode in the wild and bloody confusions of the time. There were few more brilliant personages in all Christendom. He was a man of a most rare and versatile genius. Educated in Geneva at the very feet of Calvin, he had imbibed the stern and bitter doctrines of that reformer almost with his mother's milk; but, in after-life, he had approached the height of a general religious toleration. He had also been trained in the thorough literary culture which characterized that rigid school. He was no trifter in the gardens of learning. He spoke and wrote Latin like his native tongue. He could compose piquant Greek epigrams. He was familiar with Hebrew, and had translated the Psalms of David into Flemish verse for the use of the Reformed churches. As a matter of course, he understood the modern tongues of civilized Europe. Spanish, Italian, French, and German. He was a profound jurist, capable of holding debate against all competitors upon any point of theory or practice of law, civil, municipal, international. He was a learned theologian,

and had often proved himself a match for the doctors, bishops, and rabbis of Europe, in highest argument of dogma, creed, or tradition. He was a skillful diplomatist, and was constantly employed in delicate and difficult negotiations by William the Silent. His eloquence was exhibited at the Diet of Worms, where his noble vindication of the Protestant cause produced the most profound impression. He was a vigorous and original poet. A national hymn, which he had composed, struck a chord in every Netherland heart, and for three centuries long have rung like a clarion wherever the Netherland tongue is spoken. As a soldier, he was courageous, untiring, prompt in action, useful in council, and distinguished in many a hard-fought field. Scholar, theologian, diplomatist, swordsman, orator, poet, political writer, he had genius for all things, and was eminent in all. He was even famous for his dancing, and had composed a treatise upon the value of that amusement as an agent of civilization, and as an antidote to the pleasures of the table to which the Germans were too much addicted.

A man of interesting, sympathetic presence; of a physiognomy which revealed many of the attractive qualities of his nature; with crisp, curling hair, surmounting a high, expansive forehead; broad, brown, melancholy eyes, overflowing with tenderness; a lean and haggard cheek; a rugged Flemish nose; a thin, flexible mouth; a slender mustache, and a peaked and meagre beard; such was Sainte Aldegonde in the forty-seventh year of his age, when he came to command in Antwerp.

Still, according to Mr. Motley, it may be doubted whether, with all his courage, energy, and accomplishments, he was precisely the man for the hour or the post. He was too open to sudden impressions; his imagination was easily excited; now inspired with boundless hopes, and now the victim of gloom and despair; with the versatility of genius, he was subject to strange impulses, which were thought suspicious at the time, and which have remained mysterious even to the present day.

Sainte Aldegonde, nevertheless, was prepared to do his best. His position was rendered still more difficult by the impracticable character of some of his colleagues. "From the first day to the last," said one who lived in Antwerp during the siege, "the mistakes committed in the city were incredible." After it had become known that a siege was contemplated by the Prince of Parma, the States-General voted a liberal sum of money for at least a year's supply of provisions and munitions of war. William de Blois, Lord of Treslong, was requested to carry out this order, and superintend the victualing of Antwerp. This man was one of the old "beggars of the sea," a leader in the wild band who had taken possession of the Brill, in the teeth of Alva, and so laid the foundation of the Republic. Of noble birth and wealthy family, this daring, impetuous sailor was ever ready for any rash adventure, but possessed only a very moderate share



of prudence or administrative ability. Upon the death of Orange, he had fallen into loose and lawless courses. Differing in political views with Sainte Aldegonde, he was in no haste to carry out his orders in regard to Antwerp. Alexander had long been acquainted with his turbulent character, and was soon informed of his discontent. He began to tamper with the weaknesses of the refractory sailor, soothing his vanity by letters and messengers, urging upon him to become friends with the King, and promising him a tempting position in the royal service. The bold Hollander was not indeed seduced by these promises, but there is no doubt that he listened to the voice of the flatterer. He certainly neglected his duty. At length the States became weary with his delay, and threw him into prison. He was accused of many high crimes and misdemeanors, and it was thought would be tried for his life, but there was a deficiency of proof.

Alexander, in the mean time, had been busy with his preparations. He had sprinkled forts up and down the Scheldt, and had gradually been gaining control of the navigation of the river. Nine miles below Antwerp were two forts belonging to the States, on opposite sides of the stream, called Lillo and Liefkenshoek, of which it was important for the Spanish commander to gain possession. The latter was carried by assault, and of the eight hundred patriots in the place scarcely a man escaped. Four hundred were put to the sword, the others were hunted into the river, where nearly all were drowned. Of the royalist party, consisting of a hundred men, one only was killed, and two or three more were wounded. A few were taken prisoners, and among them was the commander, Colonel John Pettin. He was at once brought before the Marquis Richebourg, the leader of the assault, who was standing in the presence of the Prince of Parma. The Marquis drew his sword, walked calmly up to the captured Colonel, and ran him through the body. Pettin fell dead upon the spot. This cold-blooded murder was doubtless prompted by the desire to conceal from the Prince a secret overture from the Marquis to William of Orange, of which Colonel Pettin had been the unsuccessful negotiator.

The next operations were directed against the fortress of Lillo. This was garrisoned by a force of Antwerp volunteers, under the command of Teligny, which, with a company of French and four hundred Scotchmen, amounted in all to about two thousand men. The duty of taking the fort at all hazards was intrusted to Mondragon, a veteran commander, who, with five thousand men, planted his batteries near the beautiful country house of Lillo, and commenced a regular cannonade. The place was stronger than Liefkenshoek, and the brave Teligny determined to defend it with his life. The mines dug by Mondragon were met by countermines on the part of Teligny. The cannonade was cheerfully answered by the besieged, and by the time Mondragon had shot away fifty thousand pounds

of powder he found that he had made no impression on the fortress, while the number of his troops had been rapidly diminishing. A sortie from Teligny at the head of a considerable force was hotly contested, without a decided advantage on either side, when the sluice-gate in the fortress was opened, and the torrent of the Scheldt, swollen by a high tide, together with the heavy fire of the batteries, compelled the assailants to a rapid retreat. This they effected with great loss, but with signal courage, struggling breast-high in the waves, and bearing off their field-pieces in their arms, in the very face of the enemy. After the fortress had been besieged for three weeks, and two thousand of his soldiers had been slain in the trenches, Mondragon abandoned the attempt.

The Prince of Parma now directed permanent batteries to be established in several places along the river, and proceeded quietly with this plan for closing the passage. His position was on the left bank of the Scheldt, nearly opposite Antwerp, while Count Ernest Mansfeld was stationed, with one half of the army, upon the right bank, about ten miles further down the river. The whole Spanish force consisted of ten thousand foot and seventeen hundred horse. From a point in the neighborhood of Kalloo, Alexander intended to throw a fortified bridge to the opposite shore. The effect of this would be to cut off all traffic up the river from Zeeland, and as the country on the land side about Antwerp had been previously reduced, the city would be completely isolated. If the Prince could hold his bridge until famine should break the resistance of the besieged, Antwerp would fall into his hands.

His head-quarters were at Kalloo. This obscure spot now underwent a sudden transformation. The drowsy, placid little village, with its modest spire peeping above a clump of poplars and half-a-dozen cottages, with storks' nests on their roofs, sprinkled among pastures and orchards, was speedily changed as if into a thriving, bustling town. Except the white tents which every where dotted the green turf, the aspect of the scene was of a quiet and pacific character. It seemed almost as if it had been made the seat of some vast manufacturing enterprise. A great dock-yard and arsenal arose as by magic, where ship-builders, armorers, blacksmiths, joiners, carpenters, calkers, gravers were busily at work through the livelong day. The din and hum of what seemed a peaceful industry were unceasing. Hundreds of pioneers were kept constantly at work, with pick and spade, on a canal twelve miles long, till it was completed. Through this channel came floats of timber, fleets of boats laden with provisions and warlike munitions, building materials, and every other requisite for the construction of the bridge. At Kalloo itself all the shipwrights, cutlers, masons, brass-founders, rope-makers, anchor-forgers, sailors, boatmen of Flanders and Brabant, with an immense troop of bakers, brewers, and butchers, were congregated by express

order of Parma. The main work-shop was established in the little church. Week after week, month after month, all day long, the sound of saw and hammer, adze and plane, the rattle of machinery, the cry of sentinels, the cheers of mariners, echoed upon the air, where until lately had been heard nothing save the pious homily and the droning hymn of rustic worship.

Still the summer and winter wore on, and the bridge was hardly commenced. The navigation of the river, though impeded by the forts which Parma had erected along the banks, was still open. So long as the price of corn in Antwerp was three or four times as high as elsewhere, cargoes were brought by adventurous skippers. Fleets of fly-boats, convoyed by armed vessels, were perpetually running the gauntlet. Sharp actions on shore between the forts of the patriots and those of Parma were constantly intermingled with bloody encounters on ship-board, dyke, and in the stream itself, between the wild Zeelanders and the fierce pikemen of Italy and Spain. Many a lagging craft fell into the enemy's hands, when the men, women, and children on board were horribly mutilated by the Spaniards, and were then sent drifting in their boat with the tide up to the city, with their arms, legs, and ears lopped off. The traffic, however, still went on. It would have continued until Antwerp had been supplied with a year's provisions had not the magistrates unwisely issued orders for its regulation. The traffic then ceased without a struggle. Parma himself could not have better arranged the blockade.

Meantime a general inundation had taken place, desolating the country for miles around, and the waters flowing nearly to the gates of Antwerp. A wide and shallow sea rolled over the fertile plains, while church-steeple, the tops of lofty trees, and here and there the turrets of a castle, scarcely lifted themselves above the black and gloomy flood; while the peasants' houses, the granges, whole rural villages, entirely disappeared. Some of the highest villages were changed into islands in the ocean; and all the others, to a wide extent, were utterly submerged. The inundation was favorable to the plans of Alexander, furnishing him with a watery road, and enabling him to choose his own position.

The construction of the bridge, mean time, went slowly onward. Winter had now come, and the turbulent Scheldt, lashed into fury, became a more formidable enemy to Alexander's great enterprise than the military demonstration of the patriots or the famine, which was making dire havoc with his little army. The ocean tides were rolling huge blocks of ice up and down, which beat against the palisade with the noise of thunder, and seemed to threaten its immediate destruction. But the work stood firm. The piers which had been thrust out from each bank into the stream rested on piles driven fifty feet into the river's bed, which did their duty well. But in the space between, twelve hundred and fifty feet wide, the current was too deep for

pile-driving, and a permanent bridge was to be established upon boats. This was to be laid across the icy and tempestuous flood in the depth of winter, in the teeth of a watchful enemy, by half-naked, half-starving soldiers and sailors, unpaid for years, and for the sake of a master who scarcely recognized their existence. In spite of these obstacles the bridge at last was finished, and on February 25 (1585) the Scheldt was closed. The two opposite ends of the piers were now connected by a permanent bridge of boats, thirty-two in number, and all bound together—stem, stern, and midships—by quadruple hawsers and chains. Each boat was anchored at stem and stern with loose cables. A structure of strong timbers was erected on the boats, each of which formed a small fortress, provided with two heavy pieces of artillery—pointing, the one up, the other down the stream—and manned by thirty-two soldiers and four sailors, defended by a breast-work formed of gabions of great thickness. The forts at either end of the bridge had each ten great guns, and both were filled with soldiers. A fleet of twenty armed vessels, carrying heavy pieces of artillery, was stationed in front of each fort—ten anchored at the angle toward Antwerp, and as many looking down the river. One hundred and seventy great guns, including the armaments of the boats under the bridge of the armada and the forts, protected the whole structure, pointing up and down the stream. In addition to these batteries on each side, above and below the bridge, was anchored a heavy raft floating upon empty barrels. Each raft was composed of heavy timbers, with ships' masts and lighter spar work connecting the spaces between, and a tooth-like projection along the whole outer edge, formed of strong rafters, pointed and armed with sharp prongs and hooks of iron. Vessels coming from Zealand or Antwerp were obliged to make their first attack on this serried phalanx of spears.

Thus had the Prince of Parma completed his daring enterprise in spite of every obstacle. He took a natural pride in the achievement, yet he knew by how many dangers he was still surrounded, and he felt hurt at his sovereign's neglect, who made no provision for the support of the soldiers. The fabric in itself was almost impregnable, provided the means were furnished to maintain what had been so painfully constructed. Yet in the midst of his apparent triumph, Alexander was, at times, well-nigh driven to despair. His troops had dwindled to the mere shadow of an army. The cavalry had nearly vanished. The garrisons in the different cities were starving. The burghers had no food for the soldiers nor for themselves. He felt really at the last gasp. He assured the King that he could not go on more than five or six days longer; that his soldiers for many days had been living almost on air; and that it would soon be impossible for him to keep his troops together; if he did not disband them, they would run away. But these revelations were made only to the secret ear of his master. His letters, de-

ciphered after three centuries, alone show his almost desperate condition, and the facility with which his antagonists, with proper counsels and united action, might have driven him into the sea. To those antagonists, however, his bearing was uniformly that of serene and smiling triumph. A spy, sent from the city to obtain intelligence, had gained admission into his lines, was captured, and brought before the Prince. He expected, of course, to be hanged at once. On the contrary, Alexander gave orders that he should be conducted over every part of the encampment. The forts, the palisades, the bridge, were all carefully exhibited and explained to him. He was requested to count the pieces of artillery, and after thoroughly studying the scene, he was dismissed with a safe-conduct to Antwerp. "Go back to those who sent you," said the Prince. "Convey to them the information in quest of which you came. Apprise them of every thing which you have inspected, counted, heard explained. Tell them, moreover, that the siege will never be abandoned, and that this bridge will be my pathway into Antwerp or my sepulchre."

The aspect of affairs was now indeed portentous to the patriots in the city. There stood the bridge, which they had ridiculed while it was growing before their eyes. From Parma's camp at Kalloo a great fortified road led across the river and along the fatal dyke all the way to the intrenchments where Mansfeld's army lay. A chain of forts, built and occupied by the contending hosts of the Netherlands and the Spaniards, were closely packed together along both banks of the Scheldt, nine miles long from Antwerp to Lille, and interchanged perpetual cannonades. The surrounding country, once fertile as a garden, had been changed into a wild and wintry sea, where swarms of gun-boats and other armed vessels contended with each other over submerged villages and orchards, and among half-drowned turrets and steeples.

It was now certain that Antwerp must fall unless a decisive blow was struck by the patriots themselves. They accordingly determined to make a dash on the fort of Liefkenshoek, the loss of which important post they had never ceased bitterly to regret. Fort Lillo, on the opposite shore of the Scheldt, had always been held securely by them, and was their strongest position. Were both places in their power, the navigation of the river, at least as far as the bridge, would be comparatively secure. The assault on Liefkenshoek was made on April 4 (1585). A number of armed vessels sailed up from Zeeland, under the command of Justinus de Nassau. They were assisted from Fort Lillo by a detachment headed by Count Hohenlo. The attempt was successful, and the fort was carried at a blow. After a brief cannonade the patriots made a breach, effected a landing, and sprang over the ramparts. The Walloons and Spaniards fled in dismay; many of them were killed in the fort and along the dykes; others were hurled into the Scheldt. The victors followed

up their success by reducing the fort of Saint Anthony, situate in the neighborhood further down the river. They thus gained entire command of all the high ground which remained in that quarter above the inundation.

A new and daring enterprise was now proposed by one of the scheming projectors who always spring up at periods of public excitement. There lived in Antwerp a Mantuan of subtle genius named Gianibelli, who had married and been long settled in the city. This person was not at all a patriot, but purely a man of science and of great acquirements, who was looked upon by the ignorant populace alternately as a dreamer and a wizard. He was equally indifferent to the cause of freedom and of despotism, but had a great love for chemistry. He was also a profound mechanician, without a superior in theoretic and practical engineering. He had gone from Italy to Spain to offer his services to Philip, and give him the benefit of many original and ingenious inventions. He soon wearied, however, of dancing attendance on an indifferent Court, and at last went away indignant, vowing revenge on the Spaniards who had slighted his genius.

He now laid before the Senate of Antwerp a plan for destroying the bridge, which he pledged himself should prove successful. He demanded three ships which he had selected from the city fleet, measuring, respectively, one hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty, and five hundred tons. In addition to these he wished sixty flat-bottomed scows, which he proposed to send down the river, partially submerged, disposed in the shape of a half-moon, with innumerable anchors and grapnels thrusting themselves out of the water at every point. His proposal, as a matter of course, was met by the prejudices of ignorance and incredulity, and his request was refused. As a compromise, however, he was allowed to take two smaller vessels of seventy and eighty tons. The Italian was disgusted with such parsimony on so momentous an occasion, but at the same time determined, even with these slender materials, to give an exhibition of his power. He gave the cheerful names of the *Fortune* and the *Hope* to his two ships, and set himself energetically to work to justify their titles. They were to be floating marine volcanoes, which, drifting down the river at ebb-tide, were to deal destruction where the Spaniards deemed themselves most secure.

In the hold of each vessel, along the whole length, was a solid flooring of brick and mortar. Upon this was built a chamber of marble masonry, forty feet long, three and a half feet broad, as many high, and with side-walls five feet in thickness. This was the crater. It was filled with seven thousand pounds of gunpowder, of a kind superior to any thing known, and prepared by Gianibelli himself. It was covered with a roof six feet in thickness, formed of blue tombstones placed edgewise. Over this crater rose a hollow pyramid made of heavy marble-slabs, and filled with millstones, cannon-balls, blocks



of marble, chain-shot, iron hooks, plow coulter, and every dangerous missile that could be imagined. The spaces between the mine and the sides of each ship were likewise filled with paving-stones, iron-bound stakes, harpoons, and other projectiles. The whole fabric was then covered by a smooth, light flooring of planks and brick-work, upon which was a pile of wood. This was to be lighted at the proper time, in order that the two vessels might present the appearance of simple fire-ships, intended only to excite a conflagration of the bridge. On one of the vessels a slow match communicated with the submerged mine, which was to explode at a nicely-calculated moment. The eruption of the other floating volcano was to be regulated by an ingenious piece of clock-work, by which, at the appointed time, the hidden mass of gunpowder below was to be kindled by fire struck from a flint. Besides these two infernal machines, or "hell-burners," as they were called, a fleet of thirty-two smaller vessels was prepared. These were covered with tar, turpentine, rosin, and filled with inflammable materials, and were intended to be sent down the river in detachments of eight, every half hour with the ebb-tide, in order to divert the attention of the Spaniards until the *Fortune* and the *Hope* should come down upon the bridge.

The fifth of April was fixed for the descent of the fire-ships. As soon as it was dark, the thirty-two lesser burning vessels, under the direction of Admiral Jacob Jacobzoon, were to be sent forth. He was not one of the naval heroes of Holland, but, on the whole, a very incompetent officer. Accordingly, he began with a grave mistake. Instead of allowing the pioneer fire-ships to drift down the stream, at the regular intervals agreed upon, he dispatched them helter-skelter, one after another, as fast as they could be sent forth on their career. Not long afterward he sent the two "hell-burners" directly in their wake. Thus, the whole fiery fleet had set forth, almost at once, upon its fatal voyage.

It was known to Parma that preparations for an attack were making at Antwerp; but he was ignorant of its character, and anticipated an invasion by a fleet from the city, in conjunction with a squadron of Zeelanders from below. As soon, therefore, as the first vessels were discovered bearing down from the city, with their trains not yet lighted, he was confirmed in his conjecture. His drums and trumpets instantly called to arms, and the whole body of his troops was mustered upon the bridge, the palisades, and in the nearest forts. The Spaniards were thus led into the very jaws of destruction. It was a dark mild evening of early spring. As the fleet of vessels dropped slowly down the river, they suddenly became luminous, each ship flaming out of the darkness a phantom of living fire. The very waves of the Scheldt seemed to glow with the conflagration, while its banks were lighted up with a preternatural glare. The array of soldiers on both sides the river, along

the dykes and upon the bridge, with banners waving and spear and cuirass glancing in the lurid light; the demon flight, guided by no visible human hand, wrapped in flames, and flitting through the darkness at the caprice of wind and tide; the death-like silence of expectation, which had succeeded the sound of trumpet and the shouts of the soldiers, combined to make this a wild and pompous spectacle, oppressing the imagination with the sense of some mysterious and terrible danger.

The Spaniards, however, as they gazed from the bridge, soon began to recover their courage. One after another, many of the lesser vessels drifted blindly against the raft, where they entangled themselves among the hooks and gigantic spear-heads, and burned slowly out without causing any extensive conflagration. Others grounded on the banks of the river, before reaching their destination, and others sank in the stream. Last of all came the two infernal ships, swaying unsteadily with the current, the pilots having noiselessly made their escape in the skiffs. The slight fire upon the deck scarcely illuminated the dark phantom-like hulls. The *Fortune* came first, and, lurching heavily against the dyke, grounded near Kalloo without touching the bridge. There was a moment's pause of expectation; but at last the slow match upon the deck burned out, with a faint and partial explosion, by which little or no damage was produced. Parma immediately called for volunteers to board the mysterious vessel. The party sprang into the deserted volcano, extinguishing the slight fires that were smouldering on deck, and thrusting spears and long poles into the hidden recesses of the hold. After a rapid exploration they soon made their escape to the bridge.

The troops of Parma, crowding on the palisade, and looking over the parapets, now began to greet the exhibition with peals of derisive laughter. Such paltry fire-works against a Spanish army seemed to them but child's play. Nevertheless, all eyes were anxiously fixed upon the remaining fire-ship, which had now drifted very near the place of its destination. Tearing her way between the raft and the shore, she struck heavily against the bridge on the Kalloo side, while a thin wreath of smoke was seen curling over a slight and smouldering fire upon her deck. A number of soldiers, at the command of Parma, instantly sprang on board the mysterious vessel and occupied themselves in extinguishing the flames and in endeavoring to ascertain the character of the machine. Marquis Richebourg boldly directed from the bridge their hazardous experiments. At the same time, a certain Ensign De Vega, who stood near the Prince of Parma, entreated him to retire. Alexander refused to stir from the spot; but when De Vega fell on his knees and implored him with passionate words and gestures to leave the place, the Prince at last reluctantly yielded. It was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of the fort at the end of the bridge when a horrible explosion was heard. The vessel disappeared, to-

gether with the men who had boarded her, and the block-house against which she had struck, with all its garrison, while a large portion of the bridge, with all the troops stationed on it, had vanished into air. It was the work of an instant. The Scheldt yawned to its lowest depth, and then cast its waters across the dykes, deep into the forts, and far over the land. The earth shook as with the throb of a volcano. A wild glare lighted up the scene for one moment, and was then succeeded by pitchy darkness. Houses were toppled down miles away, and not a living thing, even in remote places, could keep its feet. The air was filled with a rain of plow-shares, grave-stones, and marble balls, intermixed with the heads, limbs, and bodies of what had been human beings. Slabs of granite, vomited by the flaming ship, were found afterward at a league's distance and buried deep in the earth. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time, many of them torn to shreds beyond even the semblance of humanity. Marquis Richebourg disappeared, and it was not until after several days that his body was found, doubled around an iron chain which hung from one of the bridge boats in the centre of the river. The veteran Robles, a Portuguese officer of high military rank, was also destroyed. Months afterward his body was discovered adhering to the timber-work of the bridge upon the ultimate removal of that structure, and was only recognized by a peculiar gold chain which he habitually wore. The Prince of Parma himself was thrown to the ground, stunned by a blow on the shoulder from a flying stake. The page, who was behind him carrying his helmet, fell dead without a wound, killed by the concussion of the air. Several strange and less tragical incidents occurred. The Visconte de Bruxelles was blown out of a boat on the Flemish side, and descended safe and sound into another in the centre of the stream. Captain Tucci, clad in complete armor, was whirled out of a fort, shot perpendicularly into the air, and then fell back into the river. Being of a cool temperament, a good swimmer, and very pious, he divested himself of helmet and cuirass, recommended himself to the Blessed Virgin, and swam safely ashore. Another young officer of Parma's body-guard, named François de Liege, standing on the Kalloo end of the bridge, rose like a feather into the clouds, and flying quite across the river, alighted on the opposite bank with no further injury than a contused shoulder. As he afterward said, he imagined himself changed into a cannon-ball as he rushed through the pitchy atmosphere, propelled by a blast of irresistible fury.

The deed was done. A breach two hundred feet in width was made. The *Hope* could not have behaved better had her helm been held by the most skillful pilot. Avoiding the raft which lay in her way, she had, as it were, with the intelligence of a living creature, laid herself alongside of the bridge, exactly at the most telling part. She had then destroyed herself precisely at the right moment. All the effects that had been

predicted by the Mantuan wizard had come to pass. The famous bridge was cleft through and through, and a thousand of Parma's picked men were blown out of existence. The Governor-General himself was lying stark and stiff upon the bridge which he said should be his triumphal monument or his tomb. His best officers had been suddenly slain, and all the survivors were dumb with astonishment at the unheard-of convulsion. The passage was open for the fleet which lay below with sails spread, and oars in the row-locks, waiting for the signal to bear up at once to the scene of action, to smite out of existence all that remained of the splendid structure, and to carry relief and triumph into Antwerp.

Not a soul slept in the city. It was a moment of exquisite triumph. The explosion had shook its walls, and thousands of people thronged the streets, their hearts beating high with expectation. But they were doomed to disappointment. Every thing was spoiled by the incompetence of the officers who had been intrusted with a share in the noble enterprise. Admiral Jacobzoon, paralyzed by the explosion, sent off the barge which was to ascertain the amount of damage, but did not wait for its return. The boatmen, too appalled by the sights and sounds which they had witnessed, did not venture to approach the scene of action, and came back with the false report that nothing had been accomplished, and that the bridge remained unbroken. Sainte Aldegonde and Gianibelli were beside themselves with rage, and devoted the imbecile Admiral to the gallows, which he so richly deserved.

On the other side there was a man whom no danger could appall. The Prince of Parma had been thought dead, and the dismay among his followers was universal. He was known to have been standing an instant before the explosion on the very block-house where the *Hope* had struck. After the first terrible moments he was found by his soldiers lying, as if in a trance, on the threshold of St. Mary's fort, his drawn sword in his hand. Recovering from his swoon, he rushed at once upon the bridge to mark the extent of the disaster. The admirable structure was fearfully shattered; the bridge, the river, and the shore strewn with the mangled bodies of his soldiers. He expected that the fleet from below would instantly force its passage, destroy the remainder of his troops, complete the demolition of the bridge, and then make its way to Antwerp with ample reinforcements and supplies. The anticipated assault was not made; his sense of security was restored, and he at once set about the repairs of his great work, and before he could again be molested had made good the damage which it had sustained.

For the remaining details concerning the protracted siege of Antwerp, we must refer our readers to the splendid and enticing pictures of these graphic volumes. They form an episode of intense historical interest, and though now contemplated through the dim vista of nearly three

centuries, they are clothed by the singular skill of the author with all the freshness and expression of living reality. Nor will we undertake to follow Mr. Motley through any more of the incomparable passages by which he has given such wonderful vitality to his pages, breathing a new spirit into the mouldering remains of the past, and converting the dusty records of hoar antiquity into the materials of a composition, which, for vigorous description, brilliant coloring, and effective combination may vie with the scenes of the most exciting romance.

### TATTLE OF LAST CENTURY.

THE days of letter-writing are long gone by. What was formerly written to amuse a select coterie is now printed for the general public; and the "gossip" column in our newspapers is so important a contribution to its success with the public, that it is easy to see we have not by any means got rid of our love of scandal. "I wonder what people will do in the next world for newspapers," writes old Horace Walpole, whose life-long occupation had been the jotting down of the most piquant gossip, and who then looked forward, perhaps with a little alarm, to a speedy entrance into that world where his loved gossip would have no existence—"where every thing will be settled to all eternity," as he puts it, with a comical dismay; "and where we know that there is to be no marrying or giving in marriage; and then, of course, there will be no lyings-in, no Greta Greens, etc., etc. Pray, Madam, do you think there will be any change of fashions? Do angels always wear the same patterns for their clothes?"

There are no charming letter-writers nowadays; but fortunately for us who love the gossip of other days, there remain still stores of letters from which, every few years, we get an installment in print—just enough to whet our appetites for more of these curious glimpses at the interior life of the last century. One such installment has just made its appearance in England, in the letters of a Mrs. Delany, best known, perhaps, to readers of this day and this country, by Macaulay's mention of her in his famous review of the works of Mrs. d'Arblay (Fanny Burney). Miss Burney's first introduction to Royalty took place at Mrs. Delany's lodge, in Windsor Park, where the King came in unexpectedly, and after complimenting the author of "Evelina," began to abuse Shakspeare. "What stuff! what stuff it is!" quoth his Majesty. "What, what, what!" This, the invariable close to the King's speech, was comically caricatured when the news reached England of the King of Sweden's murder in a ball-room, in 1792. The print represented George III. with a letter in his hand and a label out of his mouth, saying, "What, what, what? Shot, shot, shot?"

Mrs. Delany was born in the year 1700, and died in 1788. She belonged to one of the best families in England, and always moved in the highest society. Though Lord Brougham was

ten years old when she died, she was born in the reign of William the Third. Bolingbroke held her in his lap at Powell's puppet-show. Swift adored her for a thousand good qualities. The celebrated Duchess of Queensbury, "Kitty, beautiful and young," was her youthful playmate. She was petted by ex-maids of honor of Queen Mary's time, and flattered by the ladies of Queen Anne; Queen Caroline thanked her for coming to court in "such fine clothes;" Queen Charlotte loved her as a friend; and it is related that there are old men and women under the shadow of Windsor Castle who, for deeds done to them in infancy, gratefully remember her in the days of Queen Victoria. With such a career as this, her letters can not fail of interest to those curious to learn the manner of life of a century which was only less remarkable than that in which we live.

Among Mrs. Delany's (or rather, Mary Granville's) earliest recollections is that, in her tenth year, she saw Handel, the great composer, whose warm friend she was afterward. He was introduced to her uncle by the operatic Napoleon of those days, one Heidegger, noted as the ugliest man of his time in London, and of whom it is related that Lord Chesterfield once laid a wager that no one could produce so ugly a human being. After long search a hideous old woman was found, who, on comparison with the manager, was declared to be a shade more ugly. Heidegger was pluming himself upon a victory, when Chesterfield demanded that he should put on the old woman's hood; and, thus attired, the poor Swiss appeared so extraordinarily hideous that Chesterfield won his bet by general acclaim.

Handel played for the ten-year-old young lady on a little spinnet, and "performed wonders." She says: "I was much struck with his playing, but struck as a child, not a judge, for the moment he was gone I seated myself to my instrument, and played the best lesson I had then learned; my uncle archly asked me whether I thought I should ever play as well as Mr. Handel. 'If I did not think I should,' cried I, 'I would burn my instrument!'"—an opinion which she changed afterward, though she was an accomplished performer and an enthusiastic lover of music.

The Duchess of Queensbury, who, as Catherine Hyde, was Mary Granville's play-fellow, and who has been handed down to posterity by the poet Prior as "Kitty, beautiful and pretty," was no less spirited than fair. Her independence procured her on two occasions banishment from Court. She usually wore an apron, and when this article of attire was forbidden to be worn at the royal drawing-rooms, the Duchess appeared in it one day: her entrance was consequently opposed by the Lord-in-waiting, when she tore it off, threw it in his face, and walked on. Her second offense was that of soliciting subscriptions for the poet Gay in the royal presence. Lady Hervey said to her, sneeringly, on one of these occasions, that "Now she was banished the Court had lost its chief orna-



ment;" to which the saucy beauty replied, "I am entirely of your mind."

Those were the days of state abuses. A few families, whose connections were in power, were entirely provided for by pensions and sinecures, given for no service whatever. William Wentworth, of Henbury, Dorsetshire, "had a cornet's commission in a regiment of dragoons when he was but two years old." It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle, and when he came from college the fortunate youth was at least lieutenant of some standing by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, *commissions* were in some instances bestowed upon *young ladies*, when pensions could not be had. In fact, one young lady is named who for many years held the post and drew the pay of a captain of dragoons.

The English high life, which is now so polished and perfected, was then yet in a rough state. Sir William Pendarvis had a coffin made of copper, which he placed in the midst of the great hall of his mansion, where, on festive occasions, it was filled with punch, on which he and his boon companions got gloriously drunk, sitting about this grave monitor. Gentlemen betted and gambled; ladies risked their spare money in the numerous lotteries without reproach; a peer's daughter and ex-maid of honor, refusing an offer of kindness, could say that "the devil should eat her bones if she did." Even such a pink of propriety as Mrs. Delany speaks in the hideous slang of the period, of "peck and booz," meaning meat and drink; while at great feasts there were such approved dishes as "deviled mouton," which signified "a sheep roasted whole in its skin scorched like a hog;" and among the delectable amusements to which great ladies were specially invited, were horse-races, in which the *last* horse won, races run by men in sacks, and prizes of tobacco grinned for by old women. "Judge you," writes Mrs. Delany, when she gives an account of these games, "if these will not afford us some good sport." It was at a Bishop's place that such pranks went on, and good Mrs. Delany owns that she could not help "laughing immoderately" at the contortions of the various grimacers and rough-riders.

Besides fancy-work, which was then as now a staple amusement for ladies, they, as well as the gentlemen, gambled in various ways; the most decorous confining their speculations to the lotteries. Mrs. Delany was always hoping for a prize, but though she records some successes of her lady friends, she does not seem herself to have won at any time. Walpole has a good story of one Caroline Vernon, who "lost t'other night two hundred pounds at faro, and bade Martindale mark it up. He said he had rather have a draft on her banker. 'Oh! willingly;' and she gave him one. Next morning he hurried to Drummond's, lest all her money should be drawn out. 'Sir,' said the clerk, 'would you receive the contents immediately?'

'Assuredly.' 'Why, Sir, have you read the note?' Martindale took it; it was, 'Pay to the bearer two hundred blows, well applied.'"

The lady was so pleased with her success that she told the story herself. At "White's," a noted gambling "hell," a gentleman lost in one night no less than \$160,000. The gentry passed much of their time in the coffee-houses, which have since been superseded in London by clubs; and there some curious scenes occurred, and many extravagances were planned by the young bloods. A bully came one night into one of these resorts, and snatching up a hat belonging to some one in the room cried out—"Whoever owns this hat is a rascal, and I challenge him to come out and fight." A grave gentleman sitting near the fire replied in a firm but calm voice, "Whoever does own the hat is a block-head, and I hope we may defy you, Sir, to find any such fool here." The bully walked to the street door, drew out a pistol, and discharged a brace of bullets into his own head.

Another of this class was more prudent. He frequented the *Grecian* and affected a particular seat. Coming in one day he found it occupied, and calling a waiter asked:

"Who is that in my seat?"

"I don't know, Sir," said the frightened waiter.

"Where is the hat I left in it?"

"He put it in the fire."

"Did he? D—n him! a fellow that would do that would not mind flinging me after it!" pondered the prudent bully, and coolly walked out of the house.

Lord Mountford, one of these fast men, being tired of the kind of life he was leading, ordered a grand supper at *White's*, spent the afternoon with his friends, of whom he inquired as to the easiest method of finishing life; played whist till morning; then sent for a lawyer and three witnesses to execute his will. That done, he asked the legal gentleman if the instrument would hold good though a man shot himself, and being answered in the affirmative, said: "Stay a moment while I step into the next room;" went in, and shot himself.

The most absurd bets were made—as one by Lord Cobham, who, at a party, perceiving that his friend Lord Hervey held his hat under his arm, the inside upward, offered to bet a guinea that he would spit into it. The bet was instantly taken, and the noble lord as quickly spat into the hat, which done he asked pardon of Lord Hervey; who handed him the hat to win some more guineas, and the next day sent him a challenge.

To be odd was to be fashionable then; and the oddity of Lord Pembroke (who said that Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, if it were not for his *bow-wow* way) was to be always swimming in the Thames; so that Lord Chesterfield, anxious to reach him with a letter, directed "To the Earl of Pembroke, in the Thames, over against White Hall." Also it was counted *the thing* to have an occa-

sional bout of tongue-fence with the wits of the street; but in this the noble lords not unfrequently got the worst of it. At one of the wholesale executions common in those days, when stealing was a capital crime, eighteen malefactors had been put to death. A woman was hawking an account of their last moments but called them *nineteen*; and a gentleman cried out to her, "Why do you say nineteen? There were but eighteen hanged." To which she: "Sir, I did not know you had been reprieved." Lord North's father had better luck. He was a coarse old fellow, whose well-known expression on meeting a friend was, "Well, my dear fellow, how does the pot boil?" When Wilkes, the radical, set London ablaze with his doctrines, some democrat who disliked the old nobleman cried out to him, one day, in a company of ladies, "Well, my good lord, how does the pot boil now?"

"Troth, Sir," replied the peer—who was evidently "not such a man that you could put salt on his tail," as a country member once said of Sir Robert Peel—"Troth, Sir, just as you gentlemen would wish it to—scum uppermost."

But lady readers of this gossiping paper will be less interested in such rough wit than in the accounts of "marrying and giving in marriage," as they were practiced in those days of our great-grandfathers. When Margaret Rolle married Lord Walpole, in 1724, Mrs. Delany writes, "The *favours* were silver gauze six bows, and eight of gold narrow ribbon in the middle: they cost a guinea a piece; eight hundred have already been disposed of. Those the king, prince, princess, and the young princesses had were gold ribbon embroidered; they were six guineas a piece." At the coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline the queen wore on her petticoat alone \$120,000 worth of jewels: and it seems that even a queen could, for such an occasion, appear in borrowed finery; for it is related that, besides her own jewels (which were a great number and very valuable), she had on her head and on her shoulders all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the Jews and jewelers at the other. But that saucy beauty, the Duchess of Queensborough, "depended so much upon her native grace that she despised all adornments, nor had one jewel, ribbon, or puff to set her off." Mrs. Delany records with admiration that, in the evening, the scene was splendidly illuminated with 1800 candles (!), "all lighted in less than three minutes, by an invention of Mr. Heidegger's, which succeeded to the admiration of all spectators." And here is a fine lady's dress, on a great occasion, which Mrs. Delany shall herself describe for the curious reader: "Her petticoat was black velvet embroidered with chenille, the pattern a *large stone vase* filled with *ramping flowers* that spread almost over a breadth of the petticoat from the bottom to the top; between each vase of flowers was a pattern of gold shells, and foliage embossed and most heavily rich; the gown was

white satin embroidered also with chenille mixed with gold ornaments, *no vases on the sleeve*, but *two or three on the tail*."

Even the beautiful Duchess of Queensborough did not omit to disguise herself in this somewhat picturesque costume. Her dress on another occasion was "white satin embroidered, the bottom of the petticoat *brown hills* covered with all sorts of weeds, and *every breadth* had an *old stump of a tree* that ran up almost to the top of the petticoat, broken and ragged and worked with brown chenille, round which twined nasturtians, ivy, honey-suckles, periwinkles, convolvuluses, and all sorts of twining flowers which spread and covered the petticoat, vines with the leaves variegated as you have seen them by the sun, all rather smaller than nature, which made them look very light: the robings and facings were little green banks with all sorts of weeds, and the sleeves and the rest of the gown loose twining branches of the same sort as those on the petticoat: many of the leaves were finished with gold, and part of the stumps of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun. I never saw a piece of work so prettily fancied, and am quite angry with myself for not having the same thought, for it is infinitely handsomer than mine, and could not cost *much more*," adds admiring Mrs. Delany.

To contract a good marriage was the one aim and object for which a young lady and all her relations lived; and a good marriage meant then, as it sometimes does now, a *wealthy* one. Here is, however, a dialogue between an ardent lover and the somewhat reluctant father of his fair elect—which shows that even fathers could be brutal.

THE LOVER. "Sir, I come to wait upon you to make my addresses to your daughter to marry her."

FATHER. "Sir, what do you mean? Marry my daughter, Sir; you had better marry Mr. such-a-one's daughter, or Mrs. such-a-one's daughter."

"Indeed, Sir, I desire your daughter."

"Really, Sir, I tell you my daughter is very *cross*, very *untoward*, and you had better go *somewhere else*; I suppose you think my daughter will be a *very* great fortune? No; I tell you I will give her £2500, and no more."

"Very well, Sir; I accept it, Sir: will you give us leave to live with you?"

"No. What! give my daughter £2500 and let her *live with me*? No, no!"

So ended the first meeting, writes Mrs. D., and they are since married. Her mother treats her the same way. She wondered "how any body would marry her daughter." She was visiting, and talking of her daughter she said, "Please God, as long as she had her limbs she would keep her in order." The lady asked what she meant? "Why, I knocked her down just as I came out to wait on you."

Sometimes the fair ones made a snap bargain, as did Lady Diana Spencer at a party at Vauxhall. The company were teasing Lord Boling-

broke to marry, and he turned quick about to Lady Diana and said,

"Will you have me?"

"Yes, to be sure," she replied.

"It passed off that night as a joke, but with consideration on his side of the lady's merit (which they say is a great deal), and the persuasion of his friends, he made a serious affair of it and was accepted." Notwithstanding the lady's merit, however, the marriage did not prove false the old proverb of "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." After nine years of quarreling they were separated by act of Parliament, and the rash Lady Diana two days afterward married Topham Beauclerk.

Married life seems not to have been generally very happy. Mrs. Delany, hearing that a friend, Mrs. Roach, had become a widow, writes to her sister to know whether she is to congratulate or condole with her upon her widowhood; and probably the young lady of whom the following story is told was not altogether unwise in her very decided step: A lady came into Birmingham with a handsome equipage, and "desired the landlord of the inn to get her a husband, being determined to marry somebody or other before she left the town." The man bowed, and supposed her ladyship to be in a facetious humor; but being made sensible how much she was in earnest, he went out in search of a man that would marry a fine lady without asking questions! After many repulses from poor fellows who were not desperate enough for such a venture, he met with an exciseman, who said he "could not be in a worse condition than he was," and accordingly went with the innkeeper, and made a tender of himself, which was all he had to bestow on the lady, who immediately went with him to one who gave them a license, and made them man and wife, on which the bride gave her spouse two hundred pounds, and without more delay left the town and the bridegroom to find out who she was or unriddle this strange adventure. Soon after she was gone two gentlemen came into the town in full pursuit of her: they had traced her so far upon the road, and finding the inn where she had put up, they examined into all the particulars of her conduct, and on hearing she was married gave over their pursuit, and returned back!

It may be of interest to young lady readers to know that in those days the art of "bridling" was thought very important, as a part of what Mr. Turveydrop would call Deportment. In fact it was one of the first lessons in manners, and taught the young woman to hold up the head on entering a room, and to keep the chin in—whence "bridling"—and then, having courtesied at the door, to advance deliberately toward the person who had the first claim to greeting, to sink low gradually, and to rise slowly and gracefully. "Girls were always made to courtesy in the first position, because if there was any unsteadiness in the knees and ankles it would be immediately detected; the hands were folded and kept quite still."

The British nation was yet under the dominion of its physicians. One great doctor ordered a lady to be let blood not less than fifteen times in one day; another prescribed "two or three hundred drops of hartshorn" to be taken per day; and "a spider put into a goose-quill, well sealed and secured, and hung about the child's neck as low as the pit of his stomach," was gravely ordered for a boy having the ague. The last, though it will make the reader smile, is not a remedy altogether unknown to the profession. A celebrated physician, not long deceased, used to prescribe spiders' webs for ague and intermittent fever, and also gave powder made of spiders for the ague. He mentions his knowledge of a spider having been sewn up in a rag and worn as a periapt round the neck to charm away the ague. This no doubt arose from the practical knowledge of the efficacy of the internal administration, and ignorance of its medical properties, which resulted in the belief that *the insect* (spider) would work a charm if hung round the neck bodily. The black spider (*Theridion*) of Curaçoa is used for sea-sickness; and spiders or cobwebs, given on brown sugar, are still used in some aguish localities in England.

Mrs. Delany knew most of the celebrated persons of her time. She was intimate with Swift, of whom she says that he was a "very odd companion (if that expression is not too familiar for so extraordinary a genius); he talks a great deal, and does not require many answers; he has infinite spirits, and says abundance of good things in his common way of discourse."

Swift held her very high in his good opinion, and compliments her in one of his letters (here first printed) in this somewhat elephantine fashion:

"Your last is dated above two months ago, since which time (as well as a good while before) I never had one single hour of health or spirit to acknowledge it. *It is your fault*; why did you not come sooner into the world, or let me come later? *It is your fault* for coming into Ireland at all; *it is your fault* for leaving it. I confess your case is hard, for if you return you are a great fool to come among beggars and slaves; and if you do not, you are a great knave in forsaking those you have seduced to admire you."

She has this anecdote of one of their mutual friends: Dr. Theophilus Bolter, promoted to the bishopric of Clonfert, 1722, bishopric of Elphin, 1724, and archbishopric of Cashel, 1729, was visited by Swift on each promotion. On his first visit he expressed his hope that he would now make use of his talents in the service of his country in the House of Peers. The prelate said "his bishopric was very small, and he would never have a better if he did not oblige the Court." Then said Swift, "*When you have a better I hope you will become an honest man; until then farewell.*" The Dean of St. Patrick perseveringly repeated his reminder on each promotion, to no purpose; there was an archbishopric in view, and until that was obtained nothing could be



done! Having obtained this at the end of seven years, he called on the Dean, and said, "I well know no Irishman will ever be made primate, and as I can rise no higher in fortune or station, I will now zealously promote the good of my country;" from which time this honest time-server became a zealous patriot.

She knew that mad Duchess of Montagu who was called "the Elephant," and of whom it is related that, as co-heiress of the Duke of Newcastle, she enjoyed an immense fortune, and being mad was confined at Montagu House, but served with royal state. The Duke of Montagu married her as *Emperor of China*; and to her death she was served on the knee, taking her maids for ladies of the bedchamber. Her relations pretended she was dead, and the Duke was forced to produce her in Westminster Hall. After his death she lived at Clerkenwell, and £3000 a year was allowed for her imaginary court. The rest was laid up, and went to her own relations.

She saw the celebrated Mrs. Map, who drew great crowds to witness her skill as a bone-setter. She was a young woman of great strength, which she once showed in a way that made the medical men respect her, if they did not believe in her skill. A man came to her, sent, as it was supposed, by some surgeons, on purpose to try her skill, with his hand bound up, and pretended his wrist was put out, which, upon examination, she found to be false; but to be even with him for his imposition she gave it a wrench, really put it out, and bade him "go to the fools who sent him, and get it set again," or "if he would come to her that day month she would do it herself."

She knew Brown, the great landscape gardener, the Downing of his time, who had a whimsical way of illustrating his method by literary and grammatical allusions, conceiving that the art of gardening was much akin to literary composition. Thus, explaining to a lady some contemplated changes in a piece of ground, he said, "There"—pointing with his finger—"I make a comma; and there" (another spot), "where a more decided turn is proper, I make a colon; at another part, where an interruption is desirable to break the view, I put a parenthesis; over there is a full stop; and then I begin another subject."

To Mrs. Delany's set belonged that model politician of his time, Bubb Dodington, afterward Lord Melcombe, who was the butt of all the wits of his time, and yet contrived, by fawning on all parties, to advance himself in office. Lord Chesterfield irreverently says of him, "With submission to my Lord Rochester, God made Dodington the coxcomb he is—mere human means could never bring it about." Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, "Your friend Mr. Dodington, it seems, is so reduced as to be lapsing into virtue;" and in another place hints that, "after so often changing sides, he is at last grown very fat and lethargic; my brother Ned says he is of less consequence but more weight." Mr. Thackeray,

in one of his Georgian lectures, has popularized him in a ridiculous attitude: "Misfortunes would occur in these interesting genuflectory ceremonies of royal worship. Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, a very fat, puffy man, in a most gorgeous court-suit, had to kneel, Cumberland says, and was so fat and so tight that he could not get up again." Nor does the malicious lecturer help him to his feet again, but leaves him as he found him, without spending another word on that fat fop in a fix.

This gentleman even kept a diary for future publication; reading which, says Hartley Coleridge, "one can not blame Bubb for being a knave—one rather approves of his fulfilling the purpose of his creation so diligently. He knew nothing, he never knew any thing, of honesty. Tartuffe was at least conscious of his own hypocrisy. But Dodington's baseness becomes even sublime, for he never seems to have doubted that he was eminently good, and that the world would be of the same opinion."

Some parts of his diary are really delicious bits of unconscious venality in office-seeking. Thus, "Dined at Sir Francis Dashwood's. Find by Lord Talbot that we are not likely to come to a union; for now the terms they purpose to sign are of a sort that imply an exclusion of coming into office. Now, as no good can be done to this country but by good men coming into office, it is all over, and I give up all thoughts of ever being any farther useful to mankind."

Another time he records an interview with a noble duke, in which he frankly writes: "I said, there is my old place, Treasurer of the Navy; that must be vacant: I should like that better than any thing. But, I added, why should I enter into these things? I leave it wholly to your Grace." And again, three days passed in treating and bribing the electors to whom he owed his seat in Parliament, are bracketed together in his journal with this comment: "Spent in the infamous and disagreeable compliance with the low habits of venal wretches." The virtuous gentleman had lost his election!

## THE COUNTESS MELUSINE.

### I.

THE world was dull and life was very dreary to young Anthony Carthew; and all sorts of strange unanswered questions gathered heavily upon his heart, like the sad dreams which oppress the mournful. For what was he living?—to what aim, end, purpose, or intention? For pleasure?—pleasure in the dullest of societies, and the most uninteresting of countries? For ambition?—what ambition was there for a daily tutor in Stoneleigh, whose best pupil was the exciseman's eldest boy, and whose noblest energies were fulfilled when he had ground his "hic, hæc, hoc" into the unwilling brains of half a dozen farmers' sons? For a pleasant home-life of love and sweet affection?—but his possessions in that way were not rich enough for the needs of the poorest heart. With a half-sister, much older

than himself, who usurped the domination without granting the tenderness of a mother, and who thought that the fit guidance of youth meant the suppression of its instincts and the annihilation of all its joys—with only such a companion as this, there could not be much love shut up for him within those four walls called by courtesy his home. So that, turn which way he would, his whole life seemed barren and his very existence a mistake.

Anthony was not unreasonable in his discontent; for in truth never was there a more comfortless life than that which Rachel Carthew provided for her young brother in that miserable house of theirs. Old maidenism was stamped on every square inch of the naked cleanliness and exasperating order which she had a grim delight in gathering round her; and even mild, well-conducted, sober-tempered men were tempted to commit unusual domestic crimes for the sake of breaking out the hard lines of its hideous regularity. Anthony's home was all gloom and narrowness, both moral and actual; and it was in such a melancholy dungeon as this that Rachel thought to forge the links and grappling-irons which were to save her youthful brother from external evil, and anchor him to the safety lying in the calm of home affections. Can you wonder, then, that Anthony was weary of a life which gave him only such a stagnant pool as this for the bay which held his choicest pearls?

Fifty at the youngest, stiff-backed, lean, bony, and inexpressibly sour-tempered, Rachel Carthew was a living protest against every grace of womanhood and every suave delight of life. No one had been ever known to love her—not even when she was young, and what people, who measure beauty by length of inches and weight of bone, call a "fine woman;" and now, of course, such a feeling was out of the question—she was as far removed from love in any of its forms as if she had been one of the Gorgon sisterhood uncarthed. But the hardest have a soft place somewhere; and even Rachel had her preferences. So she opened her heart to a certain little Nelly Blair, the daughter of the Stoneleigh attorney, and admitted her into the *huis clos* which so few had found means to penetrate.

Nelly Blair was a pretty little creature of the apple-cheek order, with large light-blue eyes, well-shaped but inexpressive; a fair, round, fat face; a short, blunt, positive nose; red lips, neither full nor wide; a figure made up of a succession of circles; and with a temper as even as a bowl of fresh milk. Such as she was, she was Rachel Carthew's chosen friend; and Rachel had her designs on the friend's future fortunes. Now Anthony well knew what those designs were, and gave way to them, according to the habitual indolence of his character, according to the deference he always paid his sister, and according to the pliancy of the discontented and unhappy. The suit went by Rachel's ruling; and in due time Anthony, cheated by the crying need of sympathy into the belief that he loved Nelly Blair, who, by-the-way, was the only girl of his

own age and condition with whom he was acquainted, made his proposal in proper form, and in proper form was accepted. For though he was only the village teacher of humanities, he was not poor, and though Nelly was the attorney's daughter, she had no portion. So that they were equal in rank and condition, and neither could despise the belongings of the other.

And now Anthony thought he should be happy; surely yes—was he not loved, and did he not love? But, to his shame as well as to his sorrow, the dead-weight was not lifted from his heart, nor the shadow on his life lightened. He was not happier than he was before, and often a great deal more bored, because less alone. For the rest, Rachel was grimly satisfied, and Nelly temperately content; smiling when her handsome lover met her, and smiling just as placidly when he left her; smiling if she said, "What a long time since I have seen you!" and smiling in precisely the same curves and depth of dimples if she said instead, "What! here again so soon!" In short, Nelly was always the same. She lived in her small world of crotchet-work and household duties, of jams, and pickles, and bead-purses, and cunning economies, with a calmness and equanimity that likened her to a monotonous plain without thorns, weeds, or flowers; or to a waveless lake beneath a colorless gray sky, tossed by no passion and beautified by no reflection. Doubtless she was very good; but she was horribly uninteresting.

Anthony was angry with himself that he was not more contented; for was he not truly, really, devotedly in love? Rachel said he was, and Rachel knew every thing; and Nelly was satisfied—and would she be that if he failed even in the smallest particular? It was said young girls were exacting, and she was doubtless like the rest.

More weary and melancholy than ever, one day Anthony plunged into the only square yard of copse to be seen for miles round Stoneleigh. It was the Wood of the neighborhood, and might have been an acre cut out of the Black Forest for the magnificent ideas of gloom and grandeur associated with it by the Stoneleigh people; and naturally it was a favorite place with Anthony, with his romantic tendencies and insatiable love of nature. Lost in his own vague dreamings, his head buried in his hands, over which his picturesque black hair hung thick and wavy, Anthony's senses were closed against the outside world, when suddenly a voice, most rarely sweet and musical, asking, with the daintiest dash of foreign accent, "What was the name of this wood, and in which direction was Stoneleigh?" woke him to the knowledge that a lady was standing before him. Confused and startled, he sprang to his feet, and his eyes met two large hazel orbs fixed with a strange, perplexing expression on his face.

"This is Beech Copse, Madam; and Stoneleigh lies to the north," stammered Anthony.

"Thank you; you are kind," said the lady, still keeping her perplexingly beautiful eyes fixed

steadily upon him. "And you, Monsieur—forgive me the liberty—but do you, too, live at Stoneleigh?"

"Yes," said Anthony, blushing.

"I am glad of that," she answered, with a low, sweet laugh; "for I am your neighbor now, and shall hope to see you sometimes at Oakfell Hall."

"Oakfell Hall!" echoed Anthony, in a tone of surprise. "In its ruined state, how can you be there, Madam? It is years since it was inhabited, and is little better than a ruin."

"I am usually very rapid in my movements," said the lady, with a singular smile. "I took the place only a few days ago, certainly; but if you will do me the pleasure of paying me a visit, you will, I think, agree that I have not lost my time. Will you come?"

Anthony stammered something, he scarce knew what; but it was sufficiently unintelligible to pass for an assent; and the lady accepted it as such.

"Adieu, then, Monsieur!" she said. "Remember, I count on seeing you at the Hall, and soon—the sooner the more charming." She waved her hand, then passed with a pretty, light, and balancing step round the clump of gorse that grew beside them. Anthony saw her light-blue summer robe flutter through the golden lacings of the blossoms, and it seemed as if heaven itself had fluttered away in its folds.

With a magnificent burst of stoicism he left the copse and came out upon the open common; and there, walking in the direction of Stoneleigh, he saw the flutter of a light-blue robe and a graceful head turned back toward the road; one small fair hand holding the chestnut curls from off the face. Was the air so marvelously clear to-day that every line and hue and movement of that figure should be preternaturally distinct, or was it, in very truth, a chapter of glamour? and was Anthony under the spell of an unblest fay? A couple of centuries ago he would have thought himself possessed, and have straightway gone to a priest to be exorcised.

Now, with the light of science slanting in his eyes, he spoke reasonably to himself of nerves and liver, of the virtue that lay in calomel and black-draught, and of the foolish excitability of those who dwell much alone in country places. But he was bewitched nevertheless.

## II.

"Who has taken the old Hall, Rachel—Oakfell Hall?" cried Anthony, in a rushing headlong kind of manner. He was out of breath and heated, having run all the way home in the hope of overtaking that gracious form gliding so swiftly before him; and he had been disappointed.

"How did you know it was taken at all?" said Rachel, stiffly. She was displeased at his abrupt entrance and more abrupt manner.

"Never mind that, but tell me the name of the person," said Anthony, still more impatiently.

"When you address me with becoming respect I may reply to you, not before," was Rachel's angry answer.

"Pshaw! I meant nothing disrespectful, sister. I only want to know the lady's name."

"How do you know it is a lady?" asked Rachel again, with a quick suspicion in her glance. "You are very odd to-day, Anthony."

"Why, sister?" he answered, forcing a laugh, and putting on a caressing manner that was as false and strained as the rest. "What is there odd in asking the name of a new tenant of the old Hall? I heard it was let, and I simply wished to know to whom, as any one else would wish to know. It was a piece of ordinary gossip, surely not surprising."

"Well, there, that's enough about it, boy. I don't know her name, and I don't want to know it. She has no name at all, I dare say. Very likely she is an adventuress, and thinks it best to leave her old address behind her." And Rachel smiled grimly, for her gruff wit pleased her.

"Rachel, you are absurd," cried Anthony, angrily, "and uncharitable beyond bounds. It is really too bad—a stranger whom you have never even seen—to at once conclude evil; it is too revolting—too unwomanly!" Anthony was in much agitation when he spoke, and kept his face turned away.

Rachel opened her eyes. In all the years of her young brother's life, during which he had submitted to her uncomfortable authority like the most dutiful son, he had never spoken to her so disrespectfully as now. She turned upon him savagely, and while rolling out her deep-mouthed peroration the door-bell rang, and Nelly Blair entered.

Vapid and unmeaning, with those abrupt decided manners which have not an element of grace in them, and dressed in the singularly unbecoming fashion delighted in by staid young ladies in the country, to whom beauty of toilet is a sin, and who can not, for the life of them, divorce elegance and frivolity, fashion and worthlessness, Nelly offered such a painful contrast to the beautiful stranger he had just met, that Anthony felt like one, blind or crazed, whose senses were that moment restored. Had he ever really loved Nelly, thought her lovely, or found her lovable? Was that the portion which life had meted out to him? and was he to accept it with thankfulness? Surely it was all a dream, a hideous dream, from which his guardian angel had awakened him before too late, by the golden gorse in the beech-wood copse. Nelly was not sensitive, and her heart gave her no revelations. She shook her lover's hand just as usual; looked into his pale face with her usual smile; caught the earnest piercing eyes upon her own just as placidly as ever; then turned to Rachel amiably, and brushed her cork-screw curls by way of kiss.

"Well, the Hall is taken at last," said Nelly, sitting down in a fat little bundle, and unfastening her bonnet. "Queer, tumble-down, old



place! I am sure I wonder at any one living there; don't you, Rachel?"

"Who has taken it?" asked Anthony, quickly.

"Oh, a foreign woman; the Countess Mélusine, or some such name. Who she is I don't know, you know; but father drew the agreement, and she signed herself the Countess Mélusine—such a heathenish name too! Oh, Rachel, ain't it a good thing?—father has agreed with Joe Styles to draw his coals, and Joe will do it for a shilling a week less than what we paid old Ned. I am so glad! And, Rachel, how did your potted beef turn out? Mine was all spoiled. I put in too much pepper, and father coughed himself nearly into a fit. Pity, wasn't it, such good stuff to be wasted?"

"For how long is the agreement made, Nelly?" asked Anthony, kicking up a square of drugget, much to Rachel's displeasure.

"With Joe Styles?"

"No, no, Nelly! Can you never rise out of the kitchen?" said Anthony, scornfully. "I mean the lady's—the Countess Mélusine's—for the Hall."

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure, Anthony. But how she runs in your head! What is it to us how long she stays? She will very likely be too proud to notice us."

"Anthony, I can not understand you," said Rachel, very sternly. She had kept her eyes fixed on her brother for some time; and Rachel, though narrow, was sharp.

"Perhaps not, sister. Did you ever do so?" With which the young man flung himself out of the room, swinging the door after him in no very gentle fashion.

"Anthony's queer to-day," said Nelly, equably, as she threaded her needle. "What is the matter, Rachel?"

"I can not tell you," said Rachel, straightening the disordered square with angry hands. "The letting of the Hall seems to have upset him somehow. I think that foreign woman has bewitched him."

"Dear me!" said Nelly, laughing. "Well, that is odd now! Why, I have never thought of her twice. Men are queer folk, Rachel; not half so rational as women, after all."

"Some are not, certainly," said Rachel; meaning Anthony as the apex of the world's pyramid of fools.

After what was to Anthony a constrained and most wretched evening, but which seemed to Nelly just the same as all other evenings, and to Rachel neither more nor less filled with foolishness and the waywardness of life, the lawyer's daughter, to her lover's profound relief, prepared to go home. Never had he felt her presence so oppressive, nor her society so uninteresting; never had Rachel appeared harsher, less womanly, less admirable; never had he felt himself less suited to his companions, more lonely in heart, or more desirous of escape. He could think of nothing but that beautiful stranger who spoke to him so kindly in the wood, whose smile had made his life a glory, and whose friendship

seemed as if it would be no unworthy foretaste of heaven. He could render no account to himself for the persistency of his thoughts. Youths of his age and temperament are rarely introspective, and for the most part content themselves with feeling, without caring to examine; and Anthony gave himself up to the tide without seeking to fathom its depth or discern its outlet. Time enough for that, perhaps, when the wreck came.

The weary night passed, and the dull morning broadened into day. But the hours seemed to Anthony to lag as they had never lagged before—as if they were all halt and lame, staggering one step where formerly they ran two—until he stood at the lodge-gate of the Hall. Had a magician passed through that ruined place? or how was it that the waste and desolation which had grown round the Hall in its seven years' desertion had been removed with such marvellous speed? The tangled shrubbery was thinned and trimmed; the broad walks, which had grown green with moss and weeds, were newly graveled, hard-rolled, smooth, and firm; the lawn was closely mown, and from rank coarse grass spanned with ox-eyes and the bitter hawkweed had turned to moss close-grown and fragrant; the flower-beds had been cleared of their waste of nettles and groundsel, and now were gay with the choicest flowers; while the house itself was changed in all but the mere outside lines—trellis-work, paint and gilding, marble and paper and cement transforming its whole appearance, and creating a palace from a ruin. But the marvel of it all was the exceeding celerity with which the transformation had been accomplished, and the unostentatious manner in which it had been done.

Anthony was bewildered; and while looking about him, almost superstitiously, "I have been expeditious, Monsieur, have I not?" said that sweetest voice the world had ever heard; and the Countess stood noiselessly beside him.

In her fresh morning dress, with the soft wind blowing her chestnut curls loosely over her face and giving a warmer tinge to her fair cheek, with her strange eyes, so full of hidden meanings, looking at him more kindly than woman's eyes had ever looked before, her smiling mouth and graceful figure, she seemed more than mortal to the young country tutor, accustomed only to the dull dowdiness of Nelly Blair and the rest of the "second set" in Stoneleigh. He scarcely knew what he answered. He blushed, hesitated, stammered, much as a young Greek shepherd might have done if a nymph or a goddess had suddenly revealed herself. And something never felt before rose up within him; the inner depth was for the first time struck, the living spring for the first time opened. The acquaintance was not twenty-four hours old, but already it had stolen from Anthony the sacred treasure of his life.

How the time passed he never knew. He thought he had been about an hour, perhaps a couple of hours, at the Hall, when the sunset

fell and the moon came out. He had spent, then, the whole afternoon and part of the evening in the gardens with the lady, and had taken his delight in such deep draughts that he had scarce been able to understand its flavor. But if Anthony had been unconscious of all save feeling, the Countess had done her appointed work with vigor and understanding; and long before parting-time had come had learned the names, biographies, and rent-rolls of every family in the neighborhood, their weak points and their strong ones, where they were most vulnerable and where they were intact. Anthony was too much absorbed to notice the greedy interest which she lent to this description; too much fascinated by her grace and kindness to ask himself why she cared to know all these minutiae of people she had never seen, or of what possible interest it could be to her that young Mr. Briggs had two thousand a year, and old Mr. Smith four; that the Hopgoods were the principal Friends of the neighborhood; that the Joneses—retired Liverpool merchants—were said to play at ruinous stakes sometimes; while Captain MacArthur was a professed gambler, and lived by the Baden tables.

If Anthony had looked at his companion as he detailed this last bit of local gossip, he would have seen that she changed color and slightly frowned, while something that might have been a naughty expletive, from the sound, rippled musically over her lips. But he paid no attention to this, nor to the inexplicable half-muttered exclamation, "Ready made to my hand!" said in the sweetest and gentlest of voices, with the brightest of glances flung far over the landscape.

The Countess laughed. "I could tell you more than this, Monsieur Antoine," she said, pleasantly. "My friend M. le Baron von Guldenstern has told me a pretty little nest of secrets—perhaps more than you know of here in your virtuous little valley."

And then Anthony was gracefully dismissed, the dinner-bell having rung: and midway in the broad walk a fair soft hand joined itself in with his, and the loveliest of hazel eyes looked with swimming gentleness upon him, as two small, dewy lips parted, and a voice as sweet as a young bird's expressed pretty thankfulness for the honor of this long visit, and many gracious hopes that it would be soon repeated, and that they, the speakers, joined now hand in hand, would become firm friends and great allies. Whereat the delicate palm gave an almost imperceptible pressure against his, and the dewy lips smiled a tenderer smile.

"For he is really very handsome, and his innocence is quite delicious," she said, speaking to her maid, to whom she related the substance of this long day's talk.

"Well, and after?" said that individual, in French, seating herself familiarly by the Countess on the sofa.

"Well!" answered the lady, yawning. "It is a good field, my dear, and a safe venture. And now to dinner; for, oh, I am so hungry!"

## III.

The Countess Melusine became the rage at Stoneleigh. Letters of most flattering introduction from the Baron Guldenstern, a Hanoverian nobleman of unquestionable standing, to the Hopgoods, who were the leading people of the place, gave the pass-key into every house besides. For the Baron was a great friend of the Hopgoods, and one whose notice somewhat honored them; so that any recommendation of his was sure of eager acknowledgment. But among all her adherents none worshiped her with so much singleness of heart—the infatuation of none struck so deep, or soared so high—as the young teacher's. To him she was a revelation, a being from another world; it was adoration rather than love that he felt for her; and he could have died for her simple willful pleasure with as much rapture as other men would have lived for their own. And she—perhaps she pitied him; perhaps his innocence and ingenuousness touched her; perhaps even another feeling came in; be that as it may, she spared him.

The great events of the present year at Stoneleigh were the balls and parties given by the Countess at Oakfell Hall. The wealthy Joneses and the superior Hopgoods both asserted they had never seen any thing equal to them in their way; and if aught had been wanting to confirm their admiration of their new neighbor, it would have been the faultlessness of her entertainments. They were subjects of conversation and imitation years after, when the whole thing had exploded and gone to the winds. To be sure the play was very deep, and the fair Countess was no coward in her laughing bets; to be sure, too, no one ever seemed to win, and the beautiful hostess herself always protested, most strenuously of all, how she had been victimized, complaining, in her fascinating accent, of the cruelty of her guests, and their inhospitality to a stranger and a foreigner.

"It was very odd," Mr. Jones used to say, when counting up the stakes, "very odd indeed who had got them all!" And Mr. Jones, as a retired Liverpool merchant, was pretty well up to gambling in all its aspects.

Very odd, too, was it how often the best cards turned up at the right moment in the hand of the Countess; and how that pretty graceful way of shuffling of hers seemed to bring her good luck: "As, indeed, it should, as a reward of its gracefulness," said Mr. Briggs, gallantly, though somewhat ruefully as well, as he disbursed his golden losses.

The only person who at all held off from joining in this universal choir of homage was Captain MacArthur. Between him and the lady existed a something—no one exactly knew what—but a certain mute distrust on his part, and a scarcely veiled defiance on hers. He went less to Oakfell Hall than any one in the neighborhood, and often he used to say, "I can not think where I have seen the Countess before, but her face seems so very familiar to me." Once he made the same remark to her; but she answer-

ed him so haughtily, so much as if the assertion were an offense, that Captain MacArthur thought it needful to apologize, and assure her he was mistaken. Still, there was nothing like open hostility between them; and the frequenter of the Baden tables simply forbore to adulate her like the rest; he never spoke with positive disfavor.

The most curious thing in her social tactics, however, was how she contrived to be secretly on better terms with half her society than came out in public bearing. Almost all the gentlemen in turn were admitted to private consultations in that delicious little boudoir, hung with blue and silver, that "gave off" from the drawing-room, as she phrased it; but specially and most frequently might young Mr. Briggs and old Mr. Smith have been seen there by those of the curious who had cared to penetrate the secrets of the Hall. But no one knew of their long, earnest, gracious colloquies in the little boudoir of blue and silver; no one knew that even Mr. Hopgood spent many a half morning closeted there, with the Countess in the freshest and most becoming of morning toilets, and with the daintiest and most delicate of "slight refreshments" on the table beside them; no one knew that Mr. Jones, more than once, told the partner of his bosom a whole chapter of fibs to conceal the fact that he had passed hours at the Hall under a spell of blue and silver, and old Rhenish wine in cut crystal goblets, and floating muslin, and chestnut-colored curls, which forever culminated in a tangible result it was better not to detail at length; no one knew all this, or what those *têtes-à-tête* meant, or whether it was ambition or intrigue, love, money, or politics, that animated the Countess Mélusine, and made her life the busy web of secrets it was. The most carefully guarded secret of all was the ultimate purpose of this blue-and-silver boudoir off the drawing-room.

More noticeable than her secret intimacies with the moneyed men of the district, because more open, was her daring patronage of young Anthony Carthew. She invited him to her revels, where the Hopgoods, in their silks and flounces and severe local aristocracy, and the Joneses, in their flighty haughtiness, were assembled as by right; and she bore down the opposition which would have swamped a less popular innovator. And her *protégé* did not disgrace her. With the tact of an inborn gentleman, he carried himself with quietness and dignity, not making himself conspicuous in any way, and even seizing something of the tone about him. And though it was all new to him, no one who saw him in those brilliant rooms, modest, frank, and beautiful as became his youth, would have supposed that he was making his novitiate, and that all, even to the proper mode of address, was a new study to him. In one thing he was markedly distinct from the rest—he never played. The Countess forbade him the card-room, and he was too happy to obey any of her desires to infringe. He was

the only one in the place who knew of those secret colloquies in the boudoir; and he used at times to be vaguely fearful, mutely uneasy, as a faithful hound might have been; jealous of his mistress, but jealous for love not self-seeking. But the Countess never neglected him. On the contrary, she petted him openly in her *réunions*, as she called them; made much of him, and kept him always about her, praising his manners, his face, his talents, to every one around, and raising him, by the might of her popularity, to such an unheard-of equality as to win recognition even from the Hopgoods themselves. Six months before he would as soon have expected a bow or a "hand-shake" from the Head of the Empire himself. But the day-time gave Anthony his dearest pleasures, more so than even those brilliant, vivid evenings. He was rarely twenty-four hours away from the Hall, excepting when the boudoir was tenanted by a rival. Whole days would pass like minutes, while he wandered in the garden by the side of the Countess, whose varied knowledge and sparkling wit enthralled him quite as much as her beauty or her gracious kindness.

In the mean time what did Nelly Blair, and what the austere Rachel? They held themselves aloof from the popular current, and predicted all sorts of shameful couchings to the popular blindness. Nelly at last began to see that Anthony's life was centred in the Hall, and that he had become indifferent to her, even to neglect. Rachel had long seen as much; and she fumed and raged, and even wept for spite, as unheeded as if she had been but the boisterous wind or the angry rain lashing the distant fells.

Nelly took it much more quietly. She would listen placidly to Rachel's fierce wrath, and, when she had ended, would give a light sigh, and say, "Oh, he'll come round, Rachel! He is very young, you know; and I always thought him rather foolish; but he'll come round in time. Let's wait and see, and not trouble ourselves too much about him, Rachel."

#### IV.

One day Anthony was at the Hall as usual, in the blue-and-silver boudoir. The Countess had never looked more beautiful than she did to-day, and never been more charming; her manners had a warmer shade than usual, and were more familiarly caressing; and, for the first time, she spoke of her private affairs. Hitherto she had only alluded incidentally to herself, as the daughter of a prince with a barrow-load of consonants, and a name unpronounceable by any but a compatriot; or as the widow of The Count. She never gave his name, though the German Baron had written it in his letter of introduction, but so ill, that whether it were Russian or Roumaic no one on this side Babel could tell. For the rest, she was the Countess Mélusine. From speaking of her parentage and condition, touching feelingly on the various troubles she had undergone, and



letting her sweet eyes, beaded with heavy tears, rest lovingly on Anthony's eager face as she spoke of death and disappointment, and the fresh heart's early sorrows, she glided by easy transition into the more worldly matters of money and expense. Lightly and without complaint, laughing in her natural bird-like manner, she confessed to a tiresome momentary embarrassment, and to her need for a paltry three hundred pounds—just for a few days; certainly not longer than a week; merely to pay an insolent tradesman who would not wait her convenience. And then she appealed to her *cher Monsieur Antoine* to tell her—she so ignorant of English business—how she could raise that three hundred pounds; for see!—touching her bracelets and pointing to her furniture—what grand security she had to offer; and jewels and plate, she had often heard men say, were only consolidated bank-notes. And again she laughed; but her cheeks were paler than before, and her dark-brown eyes were troubled.

Anthony's whole fortune was just one compact three hundred pounds—his, though his sister dealt with it as her own, even sometimes, when irreflectively irate, threatening to leave it away to strangers. Simple boy! he had told this to the Countess the very first visit he had paid her; but he had forgotten now; and her request came as an unhopd-for opportunity to be of service. Eager, proud, glad, he spoke to her of this sum, which to him seemed, as indeed it was, a fortune. "And would she not honor him by taking it? She might repay it at her leisure, for he could scarcely hope that she would honor him so far as to accept his little offering as a gift. Yet he would be so glad, so proud to offer it. Would she not, then, render his whole life blessed with the remembrance that once he had been enabled to spare her half an hour's embarrassment? Would she not prove the sincerity of her friendship for him, and test the loyalty of his devotion, by suffering him to aid her? Oh, would she not grant him this, when, if need be, he would aid her with his life?"

Powerfully moved, but respectful as ever, he took her pliant hand and pressed it between his own, all his honest love in his eyes and quivering like sunlight over his face. The lady's eyes flashed with a painful, half-frightened glance; she looked fearfully at the door, then bent forward with a caressing movement, as if to thank him. And then a longing, loving look veiled that painful glance; her cheek flushed, her lip quivered, and tears gathered up into her eyes; she laid her hand on the boy's forehead, and, with a voice full of genuine tenderness, said, sadly, "No, no, my poor child, not you!"

"*Maudite bête!*" growled Justine, the maid, watching the scene through the keyhole. "She shall pay for this!"

That touch sealed Anthony's fate. He flung himself at her feet; he did not know what he said, scarcely what he felt; he only knew that the barrier was broken down, and that the love which had hidden deep in his heart, scarcely

daring to confess itself in the silence of his own thoughts, now leaped forth into the life of words.

The Countess Mélusine was used to hear men talk of love, but this was something different to her uses. She listened gently, tenderly, and tears more than once fell from her eyes. Then stooping forward, so that her scented hair fell lightly over the young face upturned to hers, she put her arms with a gesture of almost maternal tenderness round his neck, and kissing his forehead, said softly, "My child, my poor boy, you know not what you ask!—you know not whom you love! I had a little dream of escape, Antoine," she whispered; "but that—"

"*Madame est servie,*" said Justine, entering abruptly.

That night a ruffian-looking man drove up to the Hall door.

"The game is up, my lady!" he said, insolently, sweeping up some of the more portable valuables. "They will be here to-morrow morning. Come, you have no time to wait. Get together all of your best; the rest must go. *Sapristi!* what is she at now?" he cried, as the Countess stood pale and as if stunned. "Come, come, Madame, none of those airs, if you please! Bustle about, and help Justine there; and if I find that you have not played your part well, you know what you have to expect. How now! Justine! Justine! quick! the fool has fainted!"

Before the morning the Hall was deserted; noiselessly, and without disturbing the English servants, the three accomplices withdrew; and by the time the noonday sun brightened over Stoneleigh a couple of detectives held Oakfell, and every soul in the place knew the story.

"Tricked, by Jove!" cried old Mr. Smith; "and my three thousand—"

"And mine!" swore young Mr. Briggs, with a large percentage of expletives.

The Hopgoods said very little. It never came out publicly whether they and the Joneses had been swindled or no, or, if they had, to what extent. Only Mrs. Hopgood complained to her daughters, some months after, that their dear papa had grown very close lately, very, and that she was afraid he had met with heavy losses unknown to her; and Mr. Jones rode over to the County Bank the morning after the explosion, and spoke privately to the manager. The Hopgoods wrote to Baron Guldenstern to learn more of his fascinating friend and *protégée*; but, as soon as the post could bring it, they got an answer, saying, that he knew nothing whatever of any Countess Mélusine, wife or widow, and certainly gave no letter of introduction to such a person for his good friends the Hopgoods, or any one else; but, he added, about four years ago he, as well as all Baden, had been victimized by a certain beautiful Madame la Baronne Mélusine and her sister Justine, who acted as her maid, both of whom belonged to one of the cleverest and best-organized bands of swindlers in France or Germany. And perhaps his good friends the Hopgoods had been visited by these

worthy people, who unfortunately had got into his confidence and purse; when, if so, adieu to all hope of reclamation of Britannic gold!

That letter was the Hopgoods' writ of exculpation. By it they obtained public forgiveness for their tremendous mistake in having stood sponsors for an impostor to the choice society of Stoneleigh, and public sympathy for their supposed victimization completed their white-washing.

"Then she did cheat at cards, after all!" cried Mr. Jones. "I had my suspicions all along; but who would have listened to them? Indeed, how could I have tested them? She was deep and beautiful enough to have cheated the — ahem! She was, though, the little baggage!" with indignant reminiscences of the blue-and-silver boudoir, and of the heaps of lies piled up on his innocent wife's brain.

"And that's why she always fought so shy of me," laughed Captain MacArthur. "I saw her once or twice, under the title of Madame la Baronne, at Baden. She was just beginning her career when I was leaving. Lord, lord, what fools we have all been!"

That evening a more painful rumor ran through Stoneleigh. It was said that young Anthony Carthew had destroyed himself: some said poisoned, others that he had hung himself, and others detailed a circumstantial account of how he had blown out his brains. But all agreed that he was lying dead in the boudoir at Oakfell Hall. And, too surely, there he lay, pale, beautiful, and lifeless, on the very spot where only yesterday he had passed through the courts of paradise. A letter in Italian, praying for forgiveness and ending with "*Io t'amo*," a lock of shining chestnut hair, and a faded bouquet, were in his hand; and on the sofa, beside the torn envelope of a packet, lay a valuable diamond ring. The Countess, before they left the house, found means to make up this packet, which she threw, unobserved, into the little garden before Anthony's house as they passed it in the gray dawning. The ring was the most valuable piece of property she had, and its loss entailed on her both insult and ill-treatment.

An inquest was held, but neither poison nor mark of violence was discovered; a ruptured vessel in the heart sufficiently accounted for the death. Perhaps it was as well. The sun had set for the poor boy forever: what joy would he have had through a long unending night?

As the funeral passed the house of Lawyer Blair, Nelly, in her new mourning, looking up from making apple-jelly, wiped her eyes and said, sobbing, "Poor Anthony! poor fellow! he was very handsome and clever, and all that; but see how foolish! Poor Anthony! I am sure I loved him as much as I could; he need not have gone after a foreign swindler like that! Oh, Sarah, Sarah!" in a tone of anguish, "what are you doing? Don't you know apple-jelly burns if you don't keep on stirring it, and you with the spoon out, gaping like that! Come, give it to me, do, and go and set the tea!"

## MINOT'S LEDGE.

LIKE spectral hounds across the sky  
The white clouds scud before the storm,  
And naked in the howling night  
The red-eyed light-house lifts its form.  
The waves with slippery fingers clutch  
The massive tower, and climb and fall,  
And, muttering, growl with baffled rage  
Their curses on the sturdy wall.

Up in the lonely tower he sits,  
The keeper of the crimson light—  
Silent and awe-struck does he hear  
The imprecations of the night.  
The white spray beats against the panes  
Like some wet ghost that down the air  
Is hunted by a troop of fiends,  
And seeks a shelter any where.

He prays aloud—the lonely man—  
For every soul that night at sea,  
But more than all for that brave boy  
Who used to gayly climb his knee.  
Young Charley, with the chestnut hair  
And hazel eyes and laughing lip,  
"May Heaven look down," the old man cries,  
"Upon my son, and on his ship!"

While thus with pious heart he prays  
Far in the distance sounds a boom—  
He pauses, and again there rings  
That sullen thunder through the room.  
A ship upon the shoal to-night!  
She can not hold for one half hour—  
But clear the ropes and grappling-hooks,  
And trust in the Almighty power!

On the drenched gallery he stands,  
Striving to pierce the solid night,  
Across the sea the red eye throws  
A steady crimson wake of light,  
And where it falls upon the waves  
He sees a human head float by,  
With long, drenched curls of chestnut hair,  
And wild but fearless hazel eye.

Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!  
Adown the wind the long rope curls.  
Oh! will it catch? Ah! dread suspense  
While the wild ocean wilder whirls.  
A steady pull.—It tautens now!  
Oh, his old heart will burst with joy  
As on the slippery rocks he pulls  
The breathing body of his boy.

Still sweep the spectres through the sky,  
Still scud the clouds before the storm,  
Still naked in the howling night  
The red-eyed light-house lifts its form.  
Without, the world is wild with rage,  
Unkenned demons are abroad,  
But with the father and the son  
Within, there is the peace of God.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

## LOST ON A RAILWAY. 3

"MOOSOP STATION!" roared the conductor on the H. P. & F. R. R., as advertisements economically style that line of road that cuts Connecticut in two—as far as it goes—probably on the principle that it might go farther and fare worse, or rather get no fares.

The train stopped, the axles screeched, the whistle shrieked, and the engine sent out side-puffs of spiteful steam, and on the platform stood a little old lady with a big new bandbox, in that state of mingled confusion and excitement common to old ladies from the country in prospect of a journey, particularly a journey after that incarnation of Young America—a locomotive.

"Good-by, mother!" said a mild-looking, dark-eyed woman, giving the old lady a kiss.

"Good-by, gram'ma," shouted a thick-set boy from his station beside the engine, which he was surveying, much as if he had taken an order to build one, and meant to improve on this pattern.

"Oh dear me! where's my bundle?—no, my bandbox! I declare if I hain't got it in my hand after all!—Good-by, Sary! Good-by, Sammy! Where's John? Oh, here he is.—John, where's my umberell?"

"Here it is, mother; now get in," answered an elderly man who stood at her elbow.

"But where's my piece of string?—and the apples?—and you hain't lost that fennel, have ye, Sary?"

"All aboard!" again roared the conductor; and the old lady made for the car with John after her, holding in his hand the basket of apples, with a piece of string knotted to the handle, a bunch of dry fennel, and a blue cotton umbrella. John could get no farther than the door, for the cars began to move. He piled the things upon the old lady's bandbox, and swung himself off, just in time to get upon the end of the platform, leaving his mother-in-law a picture of confusion.

However, the old lady righted herself pretty quickly; she tied her fennel to one end of the string, took the umbrella in one hand and the bandbox in the other, hung the basket on the umbrella handle, which she held horizontally, and proceeded to find a seat. There were none empty, but several occupied by only one woman; and guided by the instinct of dress that almost all women possess, she stopped beside one of these whose occupant's peculiar array stamped her as a country woman, and gave her a familiar aspect to our heroine.

"Can I set here?" said the old lady, giving a little poke to the woman's elbow, who looked round with the forbidding expression common to single or solitary females when assaulted by that question in the cars. But as soon as she caught sight of her questioner's face within the frill of her black bonnet she smiled a benignant smile of welcome, and said, in a loud, cheerful voice,

"Why, 'tain't you, Miss Dodd, is it?"

"Well, I declare!" said the old lady, who

recognized a neighbor from the town next her own, I am beat now! When did you leave home, Miss Packard?"

"Why, I come away this morning. But set down, set down. I'm real glad it's you; I never do fellowship strange folks settin' in the same seat with me on the railroad; seems so intimate like, and they 'most always crowd."

"I'm goin' to hang my basket up before I set down," remarked Mrs. Dodd. "John he put a string on't so as to be handy."

She stretched up her arm across Mrs. Packard's head to hang up her apples, but at that unlucky moment a sharp jar shook the car, and the apples rolling out of the basket fell on the head below, and Mrs. Packard sprung up in a fury, her straw bonnet, liberally adorned with red flowers, thoroughly smashed, and her head well bruised.

"Good gracious!" said she, darting a sharp look at Mrs. Dodd, who was holding on to the seat, pretty well frightened. "Good gracious! them apples have a'most broke my skull! and they've smashed my bunnet all up! I don't see what folks do want to carry sech things for!"

"Dear me!" said the old lady, "it is too bad, I do say! But what on airth jounced all these cars so? I do believe we've run away!"

"Well," was Mrs. Packard's indignant reply, "I guess if we had, you wouldn't be a talkin' about it!"

"Don't you want some rum onto your head?" said Mrs. Dodd, anxious to repair the injuries her apples had committed.

"I guess I had better have some," was the mollified reply, evidently expecting the old lady to hand over the lotion from her bandbox or her pocket. But she innocently answered,

"I wonder if the conductor hain't got any. I should think he'd keep some in case of bruises and cuts."

An indignant sniff was the sole remark Mrs. Packard hazarded; and the old lady, after picking up her apples, which had rolled hither and yon through the car, quietly established herself in the seat beside her friend, who was occupied in pinching up and pulling out the crushed bonnet and its decorations. Just as bandbox, umbrella, apples, and fennel were all finally arranged, the conductor came by.

"Ticket, Ma'am!"

Mrs. Dodd was a long time getting it. Out of her deep pocket came all its contents before the missing card was found; three keys on a blue string, one red silk handkerchief and one white cambric one, two pieces of flag-root, an old silk purse with change in it, half a nutmeg, a silver thimble, a tape-needle, a little almanac, a box of Dally's Pain Extractor, and one of corn-salve, a pin-ball, and a pair of scissors, a lemon, and two peppermints, a small ball of blue yarn, a bit of Turkey rhubarb, three pea-nuts, and a pair of black silk gloves, in whose folds was the ticket. But while this investigation was going on Mrs. Dodd improved her time in questioning the conductor.



"What did make these cars jump so a little while back, Sir?"

"Cow on the track," laconically growled the man.

"Dew tell!" said the old lady, in an accent of horror, "was 't a red caow?"

"Pretty red when I see her," grimly remarked he.

"I shouldn't wonder now if 'twas Miss Jacob Smith's old Red," went on she; "I heerd her tell how her caow would run acrost the track comin' home from pastur. Why, here's my yarn, and Sammy's pea-nuts 't I took away from him last night when he was goin' to eat 'em in bed; poor little fellow, he'll think grandma is dreadful! I declare I did mean 't he should have 'em again. You didn't hear whose caow it was, did you, Sir?"

"No!" emphasized the conductor, who wanted the ticket—and at last got it!

By this time Mrs. Packard's bonnet was bent out to its pristine shape and splendor, and Mrs. Dodd, recalled from her ticket hunt, remembered the bruises and called the conductor back in so loud and earnest a voice that he could not affect not to hear her, and unwillingly turned.

"Say, Mr. Conductor, you haven't got any old rum, have you? I want to wet her head with 't."

The conductor, I regret to say, became profane.

"Why, he swears!" ejaculated the old lady with an accent of horror and surprise.

Mrs. Packard laughed; a touch of superiority restored her temper: she could afford to be amiable to a woman who knew so little of the ways of the world as Mrs. Dodd. So she resumed the conversation.

"You haven't told me yet where you're goin', Miss Dodd."

"Me? Why I'm goin' to Albany to see my son Jehiel, he that studied for the ministry, and was settled a spell in Westbury, and then down to Fall River, and now he's ben in Albany quite a spell, five years I guess, and I haven't ben to see him never. You see Sary she's hed young childern, and I hev'n't felt as though I could leave her to worry it through alone. But now they're pretty well grown; Sammy he's the smallest, and Jehiel wouldn't hear to my stayin' away no longer; I was bound to go and stay there a year. So John he sent my trunk somehow, by Express I expect, so 't I shouldn't hev no trouble, and I'm a goin' in to Hartford and down to York, and John's brother he's goin' to meet me there, and find somebody that's goin' that way, who'll take me along. It's quite a voyage out to Indianny, and I don't hanker much to go."

"Out to Indianny!" exclaimed Mrs. Packard. "Why, Albany's in York State, 'tain't out there."

"Why, yes it is," stoutly answered Mrs. Dodd.

"Why, Miss Dodd, it ain't! I guess I know where Albany is; his sister's son, Joe Weed, lives to Albany; and when he had a liver complaint, and had to go to Saratogue a spell (he's

got a nephew 't keeps a bakery to Saratogue, so it didn't cost no great), he slep to Albany, to Joe Weed's house, and he said 'twas queer why they had it for the capital to York State, when York City was so much the biggest. I know 't ain't in Indianny!"

(Dear reader, let me tell you, *par parenthèse*, that "he," to a Connecticut woman, always means "my husband." Grammar fails before conjugal devotion; there is but one man to our Mrs. Packards, and the personal pronoun is sacred to that one.)

"Well," rather irresolutely replied Mrs. Dodd, "I know Jehiel said 'twas Indianny, and so did John; and come to think on't, Jehiel's letters always have New Albany on 'em, but I never heerd John call it *New*."

"I don't say but what there may be an Albany or even a *New Albany* out to Indianny," retorted Mrs. Packard with dignity; "but I *do* say I hain't never heerd of no Albany except the one in York State; and if there was one out in Indianny, I don't see why John should send you to York to go there; it appears more likely you should go to the York State Albany from there."

"Well, I don't know," feebly answered the old lady; "I expect John's brother 'll know. I feel rather uncertain about changin' cars to Hartford. After that, I expect I'll go straight."

"There ain't no difficulty to Hartford," condescended Mrs. Packard. "You've jest got to step acrost the depott, and there'll come along a train by-'n-by, and you jest ask ef that's the Albany train—I would say the York train—and they'll tell you, somebody will. I wish 't I was agoing as fur as that myself, but I ain't. I'm going to stop to Manchester to see my sister Lucy-Ann; she's got a bad complaint of her vitals, and I rather expect she won't survive. Any way, I'm goin' to nuss her for a spell."

"I declare I do wish you was goin' along," said the old lady in a wistful voice. "I'm kind o' hampered with these bundles and things. But my trunk was packed, and I thought maybe I'd have to stop quite a while in York, and this pongee I'm ridin' in isn't very much to look at, so I put up my best black silk gown, and two frilled caps, and some handkerchers, so 't I needn't appear otherwise than conformable to city folks's ways, and then I knew James Greene (that's John's brother, leastways his step-brother) was extreme fond of Roxbury russets, so I concluded to take along a few; they have kept over so well—why, it's June the tenth to-day—and I couldn't go without my umberell no way, if it should come on to rain; and then I had the fennel so 'st if I should be sick to my stomach a ridin' in the cars, it's very warming—"

"Manchester!" interposed the conductor, and Mrs. Packard bundled out of the cars with a rapid farewell to her traveling companion, and left the old lady alone. Before long the train rolled into the Hartford station, and Mrs. Dodd, somewhat confused by the rush of people out of the cars, and the vociferations of the hackmen,

gathered up her "things" and stepped off the train, coming down the long step quite unawares, with a bounce that made her drop her handbox and exclaim,

"Oh goodness! I believe I have bumped my bunnet off!"

But the approach of a predatory hackman made her grasp the precious box again, and let go of the bonnet.

"Allyn House, Ma'am?"

"Hay?" replied the bewildered old lady, as another man behind her screamed, "United States Hotel!—where's yer checks?"

"Why, I left 'em to home," was the naïve reply, "a hangin' behind the milk-room door."

"City Hotel! give me your box, Ma'am. Any more baggage?"

"Why, what *do* you want of my box? I hain't got no trunk, it's gone to Albany."

Just then a train screeched into the station and completed Mrs. Dodd's confusion, while it drowned the drivers' voices; and seeing there was nothing to be done with the old lady, they left her staring at the locomotive, as thoroughly confused as ever any old lady was. "Dear me!" soliloquized she; "seems as though my head would bust." Just then her eye caught a placard, "Beware of Pickpockets!" A look of alarm and horror crossed her face; she shifted the apples and the "umberell" all to one hand, and grasped her pocket firmly with the other—thereby drawing up her gray pongee dress, and displaying to all beholders a pair of thick-set ankles cased in blue cotton stockings, and the goodly feet to which they belonged clothed with prunella shoes, whose shape betrayed the swollen joints and crooked shapes that were the reward of hard work and cheap shoe-leather. Certainly Mrs. Dodd did not look one whit less funny to the loungers and employes in that station-house because she was one of the kindest and best old ladies in the world! If love and truth and unselfishness want to be appreciated, they must wear hoops, and cosaques, and coats with big sleeves; not pongee-skirts and black bombazine bonnets, or even blue yarn stockings! As she stood there glaring through her silver-rimmed spectacles, and trying to recall Mrs. Packard's advice, the station-master came by, and she appealed to him, for she despaired of finding out for herself:

"Sir," said she, tremulously, quite forgetting in her confusion where she was going, "are them the Albany cars?"

"That's the New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield train, Ma'am; you can go to Albany by it, or you can go to New York or to Boston."

"Oh, well! it's York I'm going to, thankee, Sir."

Somebody called the station-master and he walked rapidly away, while the old lady picked her way across the tracks, and with some difficulty clambered into the cars on the wrong side, nothing doubting but that she was all right, when in fact she had taken the up train.

She sat down behind two ladies, young and fashionably dressed, and presently the train

moved off. Poor Mrs. Dodd, tired with the worry and bustle of the morning, fell asleep, and the conductor, having an old mother himself, compassionately forbore to wake her on his first round. But next time he tried to rouse her, as they neared a station, and possibly she might wish to get off; the old lady slept however so soundly that shakings and callings seemed all in vain, much to the amusement of the two women before her. But one behind, more considerate, offered her bottle of salts to the conductor, who applied it with such effect that Mrs. Dodd jumped up, spilled her basket of apples out of her lap, and looked about her with a dismayed and alarmed expression, irresistible to behold. Even the conductor laughed.

"Do you want to get off here, Ma'am?" said he.

"Where is't? where is't? We haven't got to York, have we? Oh, my apples! I declare for 't, they're all rolled away!"

"Thompsonville!" shouted the breakman, as the conductor did not fulfill that particular part of his duty, being occupied with Mrs. Dodd. "Are you going off here, Ma'am?" repeated this latter functionary.

"No, I'm going further. I'm goin' to York."

The conductor did not wait to hear the latter part of her answer, he was obliged to see to other affairs. So long as the old lady didn't mean to get off, he could wait for her ticket till their brief stop at the station was over. And she, by this time wide awake, began to collect her scattered apples—a task of no small difficulty, between the mischievousness of two school-boys who had already possessed themselves of three or four, and the spread of sundry hoops that concealed others. At length she had gathered the better part of her fruit, feeling rather puzzled by the earnest declaration of the boys that they hadn't seen such a thing, when she had found three rolled beyond them; and just as she stooped to pick up one more the train started and pitched her forward. Luckily the bombazine bonnet took the brunt of her fall, the front crushed in and saved her face, but the bonnet was deplorable; and the poor old lady's discomfiture was completed by the malicious titling of the "ladies" before her.

As soon as she was seated the conductor came back, his face twitched a little at Mrs. Dodd's aspect, the pongee was streaked with dust from the car floor, the bonnet bent in angles that were none of them right angles, and her attempts at straightening it had only multiplied them, her face was flushed with heat and mortification, and she had put down her basket of apples on the floor between her two feet, which steadied it as resolutely as if they were glued to either side.

"Where's your ticket, Ma'am?" said he.

"Why, I hain't got none," she answered, meekly. "I thought you kep' 'em."

"Didn't you get one at the office?"

"Well, I declare, I forgot John told me to, I was in sech a hurry. You see I come in on

the Providence train, and I see this train come in right off, and I didn't recollect nothing about a ticket."

"Where do you want to go?" said he.

"Why, I want to go to York. You see I'm goin' to Albany, but I'm goin' to York fust."

"You're in the wrong train, Ma'am. This train goes to Boston."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed she, in a tone of heart-felt confusion and distress. "What be I goin' to do?"

"Why, we stop at Springfield in a few minutes, and you can get on the down train there, and go right on to New York."

"Well, can you give me a ticket, Sir? I've got the money all right. I held on to 't down to Hartford deepott so's there shouldn't no pick-pockets git it."

"I guess I sha'n't ask you to pay for this ride," said he, smiling. "You can get a ticket for New York at the Springfield office, and the down train starts in five minutes, right alongside t'other side of the waiting-room; you won't have any stop to make there. Is this all your baggage?"

"I expect it is, Sir. John, he sent my trunk by ex-press, and these is all besides, if I don't tip over them apples agin."

Pretty soon the train did stop, and the old lady bundled out, and after much questioning and explanation discovered a ticket-office, and in her fresh confusion asked for and bought a ticket to Albany, and deposited herself in the train for Boston.

It was some time before the cars began to move, and Mrs. Dodd thought her friendly conductor must have mistaken the time, so she left her box and walked forward to an elderly man who sat reading a paper just before her, and said,

"I thought these here cars wan't goin' to wait very long."

"Time changed," gruffly replied he.

So Mrs. Dodd sat down again, and in a few minutes the same two women who had been before her on the Springfield train came in, and took the same seat. Mrs. Dodd was hardly pleased by this encounter, and it puzzled her somewhat that these two ladies who had just come up should be going down again; but she said nothing, and in ten minutes the train was off. It was an express train, and stopped at but few places, so that she was well on her journey before the conductor claimed her ticket, which was safe at the bottom of her pocket.

"I'll get it in a minute," said she, deprecatingly, as the conductor began to look impatiently at the heterogeneous articles that one by one were being fished up out of her pocket.

"Hurry up, Ma'am!" said he, at length, crossly. "I can't wait all day!"

So urged, the poor old lady thrust her hand energetically down, deeper yet, and ran a sharp pin from the pin-ball into her thumb: her hand was withdrawn with as much force as it went in, and her elbow hit the basket of apples, which,

for the third time that day, went rolling along the floor. This last catastrophe was too much for poor Mrs. Dodd. She was tired, and puzzled, and hungry, withal; she had had no dinner, and had brought nothing to eat with her; and tears of fatigue as well as vexation dimmed her spectacles as she tried to inspect the wounded thumb.

"I'll get your ticket when I come back," said the conductor, tired of waiting.

But the old lady scarcely heard him—she could not see the place that was hurt on her thumb, which she was most anxious to do—and in her simplicity she quite forgot that the ladies in front of her had been rude in the morning; so, quite regardless of her apples, she lifted herself half-way off the seat, and leaning forward, thrust her hand between the two ladies, and asked, in perfect good faith,

"Say, Ma'am! can you see the hole?"

The lady on the right turned round and looked at Mrs. Dodd with a pair of eyes that expression made more insolent even than nature had made them, and said in the sweetest voice of ice and snow, tingling with a fine suggestion of astonishment—

"What?"

Mrs. Dodd never winced, she was so absorbed in her hurt. "Why, you see I sticked a pin into my thumb, and pins are p'isonous, they say. Hester Smith's daughter, she 't worked to a pin-factory, she got pricked and didn't take no pains to heal up the wovnd, and she swelled up awfully, got mortified and re'lly died; so I always carry Dally in my pocket to put on first jump; but I can't see real well in the cars so as to apply it right. Do you see the hole?"

The green eyes and amber hair confronted her again, and the same discriminating voice remarked, "I see a very dirty thumb."

Now Mrs. Dodd's thumb did not look clean; she had taken off her clinging silk gloves to straighten out her bonnet and pick up her apples, and the dust had left unmistakable traces on that puckered and pierced member. But Mrs. Dodd's hobby was cleanliness; she was scrupulously, religiously neat: however old, and faded, and stained her dress might be, it was always faultlessly clean as soap and water could make it; and to have a strange woman in a public conveyance tell her that her thumb was "dirty" was not to be endured. She bent her head slightly to facilitate the manoeuvre, and directed a look over her spectacles at the offender, a look of that transfixing kind peculiar to indignant old ladies, in which they assume something of the severely virtuous aspect common to those dragon-flies that have four eyes, though they do not wear spectacles. But the green eyes and amber hair were turned away, and poor Mrs. Dodd's Medusean artillery was wasted. She gave no further license to her tongue than to remark quite audibly,

"I wish you better manners!"

No notice was taken of this little remark by the green eyes. An icicle could not have been



more insensitive, and Mrs. Dodd had spent all her ammunition; so, after anointing her whole thumb with her favorite remedy, and tying it up in a rag extracted from that voluminous pocket—which certainly was clean!—she betook herself to gathering up the scattered apples—a work of time and patience, for they had rolled further than ever. Just as she was fairly settled again the conductor came back for her ticket, which she had discovered, and taken the precaution to pin to her shawl. She handed it up to him with a look of serene satisfaction.

"Wrong ticket!" said he.

"Why, Sir! isn't this the York train?"

"No; this is the Boston express, and your ticket is for Albany."

"Goodness gracious! I hain't got lost again, have I? Oh dear! what shall I do?"

"Get out at the next station," said he.

"Where is't?"

"Worcester—fare, a dollar sixty-two."

"Ain't my ticket good for nothing?" said Mrs. Dodd, with a dismayed accent.

"Don't you see," answered he, running his finger along the card, "'Good for this day and train only.'"

"Well, can't I get back to any where afore it's dark?" said she.

The conductor did not hear her; the cars were stopping without leave. He hurried through to find the trouble, leaving the poor old woman more perplexed than ever. Opposite to her sat a lady much less elaborately dressed than those before her. Something quiet and well-bred marked her whole aspect, though her dress was of a gray unnoticeable fabric, and her thin cloak and hat of a delicate transparent material, dull in tint, but without crease or spot. She looked across at Mrs. Dodd, and said, in a low, pleasant voice,

"Can I help you, Ma'am?"

"Oh dear! I don't know!" said she. "You don't know nothing about the trains, do you? nor what time we get to Worcester?"

"We ought to get to Worcester by half past three," said the lady.

"Where be we a stopping now?"

"I don't know; I think something is wrong; there is no station here."

Just as she spoke one of the gentlemen who had got out—as gentlemen always do on such occasions—to see for themselves, came back and took his seat behind Mrs. Dodd. The lady addressed him in her sweet and delicate tones: "What is the matter, Sir?" said she. It was the same man who had given so laconic an answer to the old lady when she spoke to him on coming into the cars at Springfield; but he was neither gruff nor brief to his present querist.

"The locomotive has burst a flue, Ma'am, I believe. If so, we shall be detained some time on the track."

Mrs. Dodd looked aghast. "Oh dear me!" said she; "what shall I do?"

"I think you will have to spend the night at Worcester, and go back in the morning," said the lady.

"Well, if I go to York now, I don't know where to go, for James he won't expect me," was the piteous reply.

So the lady—a woman who deserved the name—addressed herself kindly to quiet the poor old woman's apprehensions; and having gradually extracted the history of Mrs. Dodd's wanderings, advised her to ask somebody in the station at Worcester to show her a hotel, and then to proceed in the first morning train to Albany—the kind adviser not suspecting that *New Albany* was her proper destination.

"I thank you kindly," said Mrs. Dodd. "'Tain't every body that's willin' to take so much pains and trouble for an old cretur like me."

"You are very welcome," said the lady. "I shall be old myself sometime and want help."

"Well, I'll be bound you'll get it," was the earnest response of Mrs. Dodd, as the lady returned, smiling, to her seat and her book, while the pair of women on the seat in front stared at her with undisguised wonder—one of them having recognized her, on entering, as a Boston lady, to attain whose position and reputation she would have given all her luxuriant amber hair and one of her green eyes.

After long delay the train moved on, and at Worcester our old lady left the cars, not without a hearty shake of the hand from her unknown friend, to whom she offered her basket of apples, begging her to take them all; an offer graciously declined, though she did take one, by way of showing her appreciation of the kindness intended.

When Mrs. Dodd found herself once more left to her own devices in a strange place, she made a resolute effort to keep her wits about her, not to get lost again. She asked one hackman after another "where the tavern was." And as fast as they discovered she was no fare for them they turned away; and soon both men and women had left the station empty, except for the ticket-seller, who waited for another train and had shut his window, so that not even the strenuous inquisitiveness of spectacles could discover him. In this strait was poor Mrs. Dodd left: tired, dusty, thirsty, hungry, and perplexed, when just as her withered lip began to quiver and her eyes to fill, a stout rosy Irish girl, in the most wonderful figured cotton dress, and a red shawl over her head, came in at one door of the station, and the old lady, determined to intercept her, planted herself right before her, brandishing the umbrella feebly, and accosted Bridget with,

"Say! do you know where the tavern is?"

"Shure there's more 'n one to this big place, Mem," said she; "whichever is it ye'll be afther?"

"Well, I don't care much, only I've got kinder lost on the railroad, 'n I've got to stay here overnight, so's to go back in the mornin' to Albany, and I want a place to sleep, and get some vittles, pretty near by."

"Well, an' if it ain't a big Hott-el ye've set

your mind on, here's Mrs. Donovan's close by, an' she keeps a fust-rate boordin'-house, and it's meself waits, an' cooks, and does up the chamber work; and Miss Flynn, she left the place last week, and there ain't a sowl in her room, and I think ye'd better be afther comin' along wid me, where ye'll get boord an' lodgin' av the best, an' it's right foreninst the depott."

Mrs. Dodd yielded; she knew nothing else to do, and after a supper at Mrs. Donovan's "boordin'-house"—which made her recall the clean and savory food she was used to at her daughter's table with regretful astonishment—she was shown into a dark, close room, up stairs, where the fluffy bed and very objectionable linen—or rather cotton—thereof, shocked Mrs. Dodd quite as much as it would have the green-eyed lady who insulted her thumb. But the extremity of her fatigue made her less fastidious practically; she went to bed, and forgot every thing in so sound a sleep that she did not wake till half past seven of the brightest possible June morning, when a sound shake from Bridget effected that desirable event.

"Shure, Mem, the accomydashin's goin' by in a half in hour, an' ye've overslep yerself, an' the brekfist is ready."

Mrs. Dodd yawned, and rubbed her eyes, and yawned again, but at length awoke to what the newspapers call "a sense of her situation," and dressed herself as hastily as the methodical ways of an old lady would permit; for such brushings and shakings as gown, shawl, cap, handkerchief, and bonnet had to go through, were a work of time, and the breakfast-bell rung impatiently twice, before the dust of three railways was expelled from every gather and plait, and when at length she appeared down stairs, much the better for the aforesaid processes, she was greeted by Bridget standing at the foot of the stairs with arms akimbo. "An' there's the accomydashin' train a whustlin' this blessed minit, an' you haven't ate yer brekfist as shure's I'm Bridget Flanigin!"

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Dodd, "if I ain't the unluckiest woman! Can't I get over to 't, Bridget?"

"Shure ye can't aven put on yer bonnet quick enough, for it's afther goin' out as quick as iver it comes in!"

"Oh, what shall I do!" exclaimed the old lady, who felt as one does when, after waking out of one nightmare, breathless and oppressed, they feel the creeping, curdling horror of another, and conscious of its presence, can not stir to escape.

"Shure, whatever else ye'll do, ye'd better ate yer brekfist. Hev'n't I been an' br'iled a beautiful salt fish meself for that same, wid chopped petatys, an' fine hot caffee?"

Mrs. Dodd followed her to the dining-room, which was deserted even by Mrs. Donovan; and if cold or tepid salt mackerel, greasy potatoes, coffee that never grew on any Javan or Arabian soil—being unblushingly burned beans—and stale baker's bread could have tempted her appetite, our old lady would have scarcely eaten with

less apparent notice of her food than now. She did not know what to do till at last a bright thought visited her, and she turned to Bridget, who sat at ease in a chair behind her, heaving Irish sighs, and wiping her hot face with an apron that was far from clean, saying:

"Ain't there no more trains besides this, Bridget?"

"Shure an' there is. 'Tain't a twopenny railroad that runs twice't, an' then gives over. It's sivin or tin trains a day they do be havin', I don't remimber which."

"Well, then I can go in the next one, can't I? When does it go?"

"There's the express comes by at tin o'clock, Mem; but I undtherstood ye to say ye wanted the first train, and that's the accomydashin that's a goin' out beyant now."

"Then I'll go by express. I'll put on my bunnit right away, and take my things, and go and set in the depott till it comes along, so 't I'll be sure next time."

"And I'll come afther I get the dishes done, about tin o'clock, an' see ye safe in," said Bridget, muttering as she retreated, "she's a rale plisant ould lady, and as like to me Aunt Honour Maguire—the heavens be her bed this day!—as one pay is like to another in the pod; and it's more nor likely she'll make me the complimint of a quarther for bein' attintive!"

Mrs. Dodd paid for her board at the rate of a great hotel, and gladly left Mrs. Donovan smiling from under her be-ribboned cap at the meek inexperience of the old lady. After a few inquiries she found her way to the station, and seated herself in the gentleman's waiting-room, as if the spirit of all blunders possessed her! She was somewhat chagrined at not finding a rocking-chair, but compromised affairs by sitting in one common one, with her feet on the rungs of another that held her box, basket, and umbrella. Thus perched she waited quietly till the hour for the train should come. As the time drew near, and only men began to come in, one after another, she wondered mightily what was the reason that no women were going, and why all the men looked at her so. Presently two coarse-looking youths entered—tolerably well-dressed except in the article of vests, which were of the showiest character, brilliant pink and blue checked Marseilles, overhung with the gaudiest and most elaborate chains, while mosaic studs, rings big enough for the finger of Gog or Magog, and blue neck-ties stamped them as undoubted "swells."

"Hullo!" said the reddest of them, as his eye caught Mrs. Dodd's quaint figure. "Jim! I say, look there!"

Jim turned round, struck an attitude, and whistled; while Joe quoted, audibly, "Big box, little box, bandbox, bundle."

Mrs. Dodd couldn't hear them, or she might perhaps have taken herself out of the way of the next manœuvre, which was, after buying their tickets, to seat themselves one on each side of her, and begin a conversation.

"Good-morning, Ma'am!" said Joe, which was reciprocated by Mrs. Dodd. "Got your ticket, Ma'am?"

"Well, no, I hev'n't. I calculate to get it in the cars, so's I can't make no mistakes no more. Can I get it way through to Albany, Sir?"

"Lord, yes!" answered Jim. "They ticket through to the Rocky Mountains, and overland to China, on this track."

"Dew tell!" said the old lady. "I thought Chiney was acrost the water."

"Well, they've bridged it over on the telegraph cable," said Joe, gravely.

Mrs. Dodd looked at him over her spectacles, not indignantly, but inquiringly.

"Dew tell!" said she. "I didn't know as they could!"

"Why," said Jim, "that feller next you, Ma'am, he ticketed through to Japan, and shot buffaloes flying for seven hundred and forty miles of the way—lightning speed."

"Why, buffaloes don't fly!" said Mrs. Dodd, indignantly.

"Oh no!" said Joe; "but I did, after the engine: it's the same principle. I used to aim a mile ahead, and hit every time."

"Dear me!" said the old lady, quite reassured by Joe's grave air. "Be they quite large critters?"

"Oh, immense," said Jim; "they use their horns for church-steeple out in Kansas, and make a bell-rope of the tail."

Mrs. Dodd began to look dubious, and just then Joe's eye lit on a number of an agricultural paper lying on the floor that some one had dropped, where were depicted certain diagrams illustrating the shape that a well-fed ox should be, inclosing him in a parallelogram except his head and legs; he availed himself of the accident directly.

"Well, that does sound rather largish," said he; "but we shall get a look at 'em in this part of the country before long. They're goin' to be imported."

"I should like to see a man drive a herd of 'em into New York!" said Jim, affecting great scorn for the idea.

"Oh, they're going to be boxed up," returned Joe. "Look here, Ma'am: here's a description of the way, in the last *Syracuse Harrow*: you see how it's to be done!"

"What!" said the pitiful old lady, eying the diagram that presented a view of the ox's back, "a settin' up on end! why, it must hurt their tails dreadfully. Poor creturs! I should think they'd beller all the way."

This was too much for Jim and Joe: they disappeared in a roar of laughter, leaving the mortified and astonished Mrs. Dodd to her own reflections. Presently the train came up, and the old lady betook herself to the cars, being seized on the way by Bridget, who put her into a seat, and bade her an affectionate good-by, lingering in hope of some more tangible souvenir, but lingering in vain. Mrs. Dodd was "of prudent mind,"

and she thought the two dollars she had paid Mrs. Donovan quite enough, to say the least, for her scanty accommodations; so she only said, "Good-by, Bridget; I wish you well!" Just then the bell rung.

"Ye stingy ould nagur!" sputtered the indignant serving-maid, "the divil's own luck go wid ye."

"All aboard!" sung out the conductor, and Bridget beat a hasty retreat without her "compliment," whereon Mrs. Dodd uttered but one reflection, in soliloquy, which we preserve for its point and pith.

"She's real Irish—sweet one minute and sassy the next!"

The cars had passed Springfield, and were well on their way toward Albany. Mrs. Dodd had procured the right ticket this time, and sat peacefully nibbling a great piece of cake she had bought of a boy; for nothing could have induced her to leave her seat a moment till she arrived at Albany—hardly the necessity of the ferry!—when suddenly it occurred to her she could get away from the troublesome sunshine in her face by taking the other end of the seat. To do so, bandbox, umbrella, and apple-basket must change places, and of course she knocked down the apples, and was obliged to grope for them here and there as they had rolled. Just before her sat a young man, with a deep weed on his hat, which had given rise to various sympathetic conjectures in the old lady's mind. He had taken that seat at Westfield, and remained apparently absorbed in his papers ever since. He was not handsome; but there was something serious and sweet about his dark face, and his dress was quiet and serviceable. Just as Mrs. Dodd stooped by his seat to look for one of the unfortunate russets he perceived her errand, and offered to help her; so kindly, that the weary old lady looked up at him with a glow of satisfaction.

"Well, I wish you would," said she: "them apples do pester me dreadfully: they've kep' a tumbling down ever since I come away from home."

"Let me tie a paper over the basket," said he, "and then you will have no more trouble;" and he proceeded to tie a bit of his newspaper over the re-collected russets.

"I declare for't," said she; "it's a great thing to have one's faculties handy! I don't see why I never thought of that myself."

The gentleman smiled, and arranging the old lady's possessions offered her a pictorial paper, and for the next hour she was happy; but the paper being finished, she began to think with apprehension of her search through Albany after Jehiel. She returned the paper with thanks, and proceeded—encouraged by the smile with which it was acknowledged—to inquire of him as follows:

"You haven't never been to Albany, have you, Sir?"

He smiled again, at the intensely Yankee idiom. "Oh yes, Ma'am; a great many times."



"Well, do you know the Reverend Jehiel Dodd there?"

"No; there is no settled clergyman of that name in Albany."

"Why yes, there is, sure. He's my son; he's settled in the Pilgrim Church, I b'lieve 'tis they call it."

"But there is no such church in Albany."

Seven new wrinkles gathered on the wistful, troubled face that looked into his, and the wonted exclamation came to her lips:

"Dear me! what *shall* I do? Well, do you know one thing—is Albany in Indianny or York?"

"The Albany we are going to is in New York State. There is a *New* Albany in Indiana."

"Well, that is it, I expect; but every body told me it was in York. And here I am a goin' all wrong! Oh dear me, sus!"

This was the extreme of Mrs. Dodd's ejaculations; language reached its limits with her in that climax of phraseology, and the hot, slow tears began to creep out of her poor old eyes. Something about her look touched her listener's heart to the quick. The weed on his hat was not the token of a lost love, or wife, or child; it signified to him a loss never to be amended—a dead mother, who also had been gray-haired, wrinkled, jaded out of her young bloom, but lovely with the undying beauty of a lovely soul that transfigured her forever, and left its fair ghost behind in the hearts and memories of all who knew her. Her son, remembering her, soothed poor old Mrs. Dodd into quiet; drew from her all her story; and after thinking it over, decided that it was not best for her to go to New York, but to keep right on to Cleveland; and from there, by various railways, to Indianapolis and New Albany.

"But I don't believe I've got money enough," said she. "It must take quite a spell o' travelin' to get out there; and John Greene, that's my son-in-law down to Moosop—"

"John Greene! why, I know him quite well. I've bought wool of him many a time," said the young man, speaking with visible pleasure, as every body who knew John Greene did speak of him.

"Why, dew tell! I want to know if you know our John? Well, now, I feel kind o' familiar, I declare! Well, I was goin' on to say, he said 't James, his brother, when I was goin' down to York, would hand over the money for my passage to whoever should take me along, so's I shouldn't have no trouble; and I brought along ten dollars for little things, and for to pay my passage from Hartford to York, and I hain't got more'n three of it left, I've been a wanderin' round so." Here the old lady's lip began to quiver.

"Well, you're all right now!" said he, soothingly. "I'm going on out West, and I've got money enough for both of us. I shall go as far as Indianapolis, and there I'll put you in a train straight for New Albany."

"Oh, I don't know how to be thankful enough!" said she. "I'm greatly obleeged; and you'll be sure to get your money—though that's the least part on't."

"Oh yes; I'll get that out of Mr. Greene on our next wool bargain. He'll trust Frank Scarborough's word for the debt, I'll be bound."

"I guess he'd trust a look out o' them eyes o' yourn as quick," said the old lady, thinking aloud.

Mr. Scarborough turned her thoughts by saying, "We'll telegraph from Albany to Moosop Station that you're all safe with me."

"Oh yes, Sir; and you needn't never go to John for wool after this without makin' it your home while you stay. They'll always befriend any body that befriends mother."

They arrived at Albany very soon after this agreement; and deciding to take a night train on, Mr. Scarborough arranged his shawl carefully for the old lady's rest, and cared for her as if he had indeed been her son—better, perhaps; for Mr. Scarborough was that rarest of modern curiosities—a gentleman!

Mrs. Dodd's troubles were all ended now, and she ceases to be interesting. Suffice it to say, that she had a weary yet a very pleasant journey to Indianapolis, entertaining her friend all the way with her family histories, and praises of a little girl, named Lizzy, belonging to Jehiel—"The prettiest little cretur you ever see!"

They parted with a promise on Frank Scarborough's part to surely visit New Albany on his return home in a month or two; and August was just fading away when he rung the bell of the Rev. Jehiel Dodd's door, in the quietest street of New Albany—a door which was opened to him by Lizzy herself—a young lady instead of the pretty little girl her grandmother had painted. Pretty she was, nevertheless, with a true Saxon complexion of milk and roses; sweet, honest blue eyes, still innocent and childish; waves on waves of braided golden hair, and the kind, sweet beauty of a heart as true and gentle as her grandmother's.

More than once on his Western tours did Mr. Frank Scarborough find his way to New Albany; once, just in time to say good-by to his traveling companion, now bound on a longer journey, yet fearing not to be lost, though she went alone. The old lady drew that grave yet tender face down to hers, and kissed him for good-by, even as his mother had.

"The Lord bless you!" whispered she. "He will. He is faithful!"

Frank Scarborough never saw her again; but a year after he came back to New Albany, and, with much unwillingness on the Rev. Jehiel Dodd's part, that venerable man nevertheless performed a certain ceremony that gave his Lizzy over into the young man's hands for life; and I am credibly informed that old Mrs. Dodd's opinion of Mr. Scarborough is fully indorsed by Lizzy, who had heard many and many a time that he was "the best of all the Lord's creturs, ef he was a man!"

## THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER VI.  
BRANDON'S.

THORNHAUGH STREET is but a poor place now, and the houses look as if they had seen better days; but that house with the cut centre drawing-room window, which has the name of Brandon on the door, is as neat as any house in the quarter, and the brass plate always shines like burnished gold. About Easter time many fine carriages stop at that door, and splendid people walk in, introduced by a tidy little maid, or else by an athletic Italian, with a glossy black beard and gold ear-rings, who conducts them to the drawing-room floor, where Mr. Ridley, the painter, lives, and where his pictures are privately exhibited before they go to the Royal Academy.

As the carriages drive up, you will often see a red-faced man, in an olive-green wig, smiling blandly over the blinds of the parlor on the ground-floor. That is Captain Gann, the father of the lady who keeps the house. I don't know how he came by the rank of captain, but he has borne it so long and gallantly that there is no use in any longer questioning the title. He does not claim it, neither does he deny it. But the wags who call upon Mrs. Brandon can always, as the phrase is, "draw" her father by speaking of Prussia, France, Waterloo, or battles in general, until the Little Sister says, "Now, never mind about the battle of Waterloo, papa" (she says Pa—her h's are irregular—I can't help it)—"Never mind about Waterloo, papa; you've told them all about it. And don't go on, Mr. Beans, don't, *please*, go on in that way."

Young Beans has already drawn "Captain Gann (assisted by Shaw, the Life Guardsman) killing twenty-four French cuirassiers at Water-

loo." "Captain Gann defending Hougoumont." "Captain Gann, called upon by Napoleon Bonaparte to lay down his arms, saying, 'A captain of militia dies, but never surrenders.'" "The Duke of Wellington pointing to the advancing Old Guard, and saying, 'Up, Gann, and at them.'" And these sketches are so droll that even the Little Sister, Gann's own daughter, can't help laughing at them. To be sure, she loves fun, the Little Sister; laughs over droll books; laughs to herself, in her little, quiet corner at work; laughs over pictures; and, at the right place, laughs and sympathizes too. Ridley says he knows few better critics of pictures than Mrs. Brandon. She has a sweet temper, a merry sense of humor, that makes the cheeks dimple and the eyes shine; and a kind heart, that has been sorely tried and wounded, but is still soft and gentle. Fortunate are they whose hearts, so tried by suffering, yet recover their health. Some have illnesses from which there is no recovery, and drag through life afterward maimed and invalided.

But this Little Sister, having been subjected in youth to a dreadful trial and sorrow, was saved out of it by a kind Providence, and is now so thoroughly restored as to own that she is happy, and to thank God that she can be grateful and useful. When poor Montfitchet died she nursed him through his illness as tenderly as his good wife herself. In the days of her own chief grief and misfortune her father, who was under the domination of his wife, a cruel and blundering woman, thrust our poor little Caroline from his door, when she returned to it, the broken-hearted victim of a scoundrel's seduction; and when the old captain was himself in want and houseless, she had found him, sheltered and fed him. And it was from that day her wounds had begun to heal, and, from gratitude for this immense piece of good fortune vouchsafed to her, that her happiness and cheerfulness returned. Returned? There was an old servant of the family, who could not stay in the house because she was so abominably disrespectful to the captain, and this woman said she had never known Miss Caroline so cheerful, nor so happy, nor so good-looking, as she was now.

So Captain Gann came to live with his daughter, and patronized her with much dignity. He had a very few yearly pounds, which served to pay his club expenses, and a portion of his clothes. His club, I need not say, was at the "Admiral Byng," Tottenham Court Road, and here the captain met frequently a pleasant little society, and bragged unceasingly about his former prosperity.

I have heard that the country-house in Kent, of which he boasted, was a shabby little lodging-house at Margate, of which the furniture was sold in execution; but if it had been a palace the captain would not have been out of place





MR. FROG REQUESTS THE HONOR OF PRINCE OX'S COMPANY AT DINNER. (CHAPTER V.)

there, one or two people still rather fondly thought. His daughter, among others, had tried to fancy all sorts of good of her father, and especially that he was a man of remarkably good manners. But she had seen one or two gentlemen since she knew the poor old father—gentlemen with rough coats and good hearts, like Dr. Good-enough; gentlemen with superfine coats and superfine double-milled manners, like Dr. Fir-

min, and hearts—well, never mind about that point; gentlemen of no h's, like the good, dear, faithful benefactor who had rescued her at the brink of despair; men of genius, like Ridley; great, hearty, generous, honest gentlemen, like Philip; and this illusion about Pa, I suppose, had vanished along with some other fancies of her poor little maiden youth. The truth is, she had an understanding with the "Admiral Byng:"



the landlady was instructed as to the supplies to be furnished to the captain; and as for his stories, poor Caroline knew them a great deal too well to believe in them any more.

I would not be understood to accuse the captain of habitual inebriety. He was a generous officer, and his delight was, when in cash, to order "glasses round" for the company at the club, to whom he narrated the history of his brilliant early days, when he lived in some of the tip-top society of this city, Sir—a society in which, we need not say, the custom always is for gentlemen to treat other gentlemen to rum-and-water. Never mind—I wish we were all as happy as the captain. I see his jolly face now before me as it blooms through the window in Thornhaugh Street, and the wave of the somewhat dingy hand which sweeps me a gracious recognition.

The clergyman of the neighboring chapel was a very good friend of the Little Sister, and has taken tea in her parlor; to which circumstance the captain frequently alluded, pointing out the very chair on which the divine sate. Mr. Gann attended his ministrations regularly every Sunday, and brought a rich, though somewhat worn, bass voice to bear upon the anthems and hymns at the chapel. His style was more florid than is general now among church singers, and, indeed, had been acquired in a former age and in the performance of rich Bacchanalian chants, such as delighted the contemporaries of our Incedons and Brahams. With a very little entreaty, the captain could be induced to sing at the club; and I must own that Phil Firmin would draw the captain out, and extract from him a song of ancient days; but this must be in the absence of his daughter, whose little face wore an air of such extreme terror and disturbance when her father sang, that he presently ceased from exercising his musical talents in her hearing. He hung up his lyre, whereof it must be owned that time had broken many of the once resounding chords.

With a sketch or two contributed by her lodgers—with a few gimcracks from the neighboring Wardour Street presented by others of her friends—with the chairs, tables, and bureaux as bright as beeswax and rubbing could make them—the Little Sister's room was a cheery little place, and received not a little company. She allowed Pa's pipe. "It's company to him," she said. "A man can't be doing much harm when he is smoking his pipe." And she allowed Phil's cigar. Any thing was allowed to Phil, the other lodgers declared, who professed to be quite jealous of Philip Firmin. She had a very few books. "When I was a girl I used to be always reading novels," she said; "but, la, they're mostly nonsense. There's Mr. Pendenis, who comes to see Mr. Ridley. I wonder how a married man can go on writing about love, and all that stuff!" And, indeed, it is rather absurd for elderly fingers to be still twanging Dan Cupid's toy bow and arrows. Yesterday is gone—yes, but very well remembered;

and we think of it the more now we know that To-morrow is not going to bring us much.

Into Mrs. Brandon's parlor Mr. Ridley's old father would sometimes enter of evenings, and share the bit of bread and cheese, or the modest supper of Mrs. Brandon and the captain. The homely little meal has almost vanished out of our life now, but in former days it assembled many a family round its kindly board. A little modest supper-tray—a little quiet prattle—a little kindly glass that cheered and never inebriated. I can see friendly faces smiling round such a meal, at a period not far gone, but how distant! I wonder whether there are any old folks now in old quarters of old country towns, who come to each other's houses in sedan-chairs, at six o'clock, and play at quadrille until supper-tray time? Of evenings Ridley and the captain, I say, would have a solemn game at cribbage, and the Little Sister would make up a jug of something good for the two oldsters. She liked Mr. Ridley to come, for he always treated her father so respectful, and was quite the gentleman. And as for Mrs. Ridley, Mr. R.'s "good lady"—was she not also grateful to the Little Sister for having nursed her son during his malady? Through their connection they were enabled to procure Mrs. Brandon many valuable friends; and always were pleased to pass an evening with the captain, and were as civil to him as they could have been had he been at the very height of his prosperity and splendor. My private opinion of the old captain, you see, is that he was a worthless old captain, but most fortunate in his early ruin, after which he had lived very much admired and comfortable, sufficient whisky being almost always provided for him.

Old Mr. Ridley's respect for her father afforded a most precious consolation to the Little Sister. Ridley liked to have the paper read to him. He was never quite easy with print, and to his last days many words to be met with in newspapers and elsewhere used to occasion the good butler much intellectual trouble. The Little Sister made his lodger's bills out for him (Mr. R., as well as the captain's daughter, strove to increase a small income by the letting of furnished apartments), or the captain himself would take these documents in charge; he wrote a noble mercantile hand, rendered now somewhat shaky by time, but still very fine in flourishes and capitals, and very much at worthy Mr. Ridley's service. Time was, when his son was a boy, that J. J. himself had prepared these accounts, which neither his father nor his mother were very competent to arrange. "We were not in our young time, Mr. Gann," Ridley remarked to his friend, "brought up to much scholarship; and very little book learning was given to persons in my rank of life. It was necessary and proper for you gentlemen, of course, Sir." "Of course, Mr. Ridley," winks the other veteran over his pipe. "But I can't go and ask my son John James to keep his old father's books now as he used to do—which to do so is, on the part of you and Mrs. Brandon, the part of true friendship,



THE OLD FOGIES.

and I value it, Sir, and so do my son John James reckonize and value it, Sir." Mr. Ridley had served gentlemen of the *bonne école*. No nobleman could be more courtly and grave than he was. In Mr. Gann's manner there was more humorous playfulness, which in no way, however, diminished the captain's high-breeding. As he continued to be intimate with Mr. Ridley, he became loftier and more majestic. I think each of these elders acted on the other, and for

good; and I hope Ridley's opinion was correct, that Mr. Gann was ever the gentleman. To see these two good fogies together was a spectacle for edification. Their tumblers kissed each other on the table. Their elderly friendship brought comfort to themselves and their families. A little matter of money once created a coolness between the two old gentlemen. But the Little Sister paid the outstanding account between her father and Mr. Ridley: there never was any fur-

ther talk of pecuniary loans between them; and when they went to the "Admiral Byng," each paid for himself.

Phil often heard of that nightly meeting at the "Admiral's Head," and longed to be of the company. But even when he saw the old gentlemen in the Little Sister's parlor, they felt dimly that he was making fun of them. The captain would not have been able to brag so at ease had Phil been continually watching him. "I have 'ad the honor of waiting on your worthy father at my Lord Todmorden's table. Our little club ain't no place for you, Mr. Philip, nor for my son, though he's a good son, and proud me and his mother is of him, which he have never gave us a moment's pain, except when he was ill, since he have came to man's estate, most thankful am I, and with my hand on my heart, for to be able to say so. But what is good for me and Mr. Gann, won't suit you young gentlemen. You ain't a tradesman, Sir, else I'm mistaken in the family, which I thought the Ringwoods one of the best in England, and the Firmins, a good one likewise." Mr. Ridley loved the sound of his own voice. At the festive meetings of the club seldom a night passed in which he did not compliment his brother Byngs and air his own oratory. Under this reproof Phil blushed, and hung his conscious head with shame. "Mr. Ridley," says he, "you shall find I won't come where I am not welcome; and if I come to annoy you at the 'Admiral Byng,' may I be taken out on the quarter-deck and shot." On which Mr. Ridley pronounced Philip to be a "most sing'lar, astrornary, and asentric young man. A good heart, Sir. Most generous to relieve distress. Fine talent, Sir; but I fear—I fear they won't come to much good, Mr. Gann—saving your presence, Mrs. Brandon, m'm, which, of course, you *always* stand up for him."

When Philip Firmin had had his pipe and his talk with the Little Sister in her parlor, he would ascend and smoke his second, third, tenth pipe in J. J. Ridley's studio. He would pass hours before J. J.'s easel, pouring out talk about politics, about religion, about poetry, about women, about the dreadful slavishness and meanness of the world—unwearied in talk and idleness, as placid J. J. was in listening and labor. The painter had been too busy in life over his easel to read many books. His ignorance of literature smote him with a frequent shame. He admired book-writers, and young men of the university who quoted their Greek and their Horace glibly. He listened with deference to their talk on such matters; no doubt got good hints from some of them; was always secretly pained and surprised when the university gentlemen were beaten in argument, or loud and coarse in conversation, as sometimes they would be. "J. J. is a very clever fellow, of course," Mr. Jarman would say of him, "and the luckiest man in Europe. He loves painting, and he is at work all day. He loves toadying fine people, and he goes to a tea-party every night." You all knew Jarman of Charlotte Street, the minia-

ture-painter? He was one of the kings of the Haunt. His tongue spared no one. He envied all success, and the sight of prosperity made him furious: but to the unsuccessful he was kind; to the poor eager with help and prodigal of compassion; and that old talk about nature's noblemen and the glory of labor was very fiercely and eloquently waged by him. His friends admired him: he was the soul of independence, and thought most men sneaks who wore clean linen and frequented gentlemen's society: but it must be owned his landlords had a bad opinion of him, and I have heard of one or two of his pecuniary transactions which certainly were not to Mr. Jarman's credit. Jarman was a man of remarkable humor. He was fond of the widow, and would speak of her goodness, usefulness, and honesty with tears in his eyes. She was poor and struggling yet. Had she been wealthy and prosperous, Mr. Jarman would not have been so alive to her merit.

We ascend to the room on the first floor, where the centre window has been heightened so as to afford an upper light, and under that stream of radiance we behold the head of an old friend, Mr. J. J. Ridley, the R. Academician. Time has somewhat thinned his own copious locks, and prematurely streaked the head with silver. His face is rather wan; the eager, sensitive hand which poises brush and pallet, and quivers over the picture, is very thin: round his eyes are many lines of ill-health and, perhaps, care, but the eyes are as bright as ever, and, when they look at the canvas, or the model which he transfers to it, clear, and keen, and happy. He has a very sweet singing voice, and warbles at his work, or whistles at it, smiling. He sets his hand little feats of skill to perform, and smiles with a boyish pleasure at his own matchless dexterity. I have seen him, with an old pewter mustard-pot for a model, fashion a splendid silver flagon in one of his pictures; paint the hair of an animal, the folds and flowers of a bit of brocade, and so forth, with a perfect delight in the work he was performing: a delight lasting from morning till sundown, during which time he was too busy to touch the biscuit and glass of water which was prepared for his frugal luncheon. He is greedy of the last minute of light, and never can be got from his darling pictures without a regret. To be a painter, and to have your hand in perfect command, I hold to be one of life's *summa bona*. The happy mixture of hand and head work must render the occupation supremely pleasant. In the day's work must occur endless delightful difficulties and occasions for skill. Over the details of that armor, that drapery, or what not, the sparkle of that eye, the downy blush of that cheek, the jewel on that neck, there are battles to be fought and victories to be won. Each day there must occur critical moments of supreme struggle and triumph, when struggle and victory must be both invigorating and exquisitely pleasing—as a burst across country is to a fine rider perfectly mounted, who knows that his



courage and his horse will never fail him. There is the excitement of the game, and the gallant delight in winning it. Of this sort of admirable reward for their labor, no men, I think, have a greater share than painters (perhaps a violin-player perfectly and triumphantly performing his own beautiful composition may be equally happy). Here is occupation: here is excitement: here is struggle and victory: and here is profit. Can man ask more from fortune? Dukes and Rothschilds may be envious of such a man.

Though Ridley has had his trials and troubles, as we shall presently learn, his art has mastered them all. Black care may have sat in crupper on that Pegasus, but has never unhorsed the rider. In certain minds art is dominant and superior to all besides—stronger than love, stronger than hate, or care, or penury. As soon as the fever leaves the hand free it is seizing and fondling the pencil. Love may frown and be false, but the other mistress never will. She is always true, always new, always the friend, companion, inestimable consoler. So John James Ridley sat at his easel from breakfast till sundown, and never left his work quite willingly. I wonder are men of other trades so enamored of theirs; whether lawyers cling to the last to their darling reports; or writers prefer their desks and inkstands to society, to friendship, to dear idleness? I have seen no men in life loving their profession so much as painters, except, perhaps, actors, who, when not engaged themselves, always go to the play.

Before this busy easel Phil would sit for hours, and pour out endless talk and tobacco-smoke. His presence was a delight to Ridley's soul; his face a sunshine; his voice a cordial. Weakly himself, and almost infirm of body, with sensibilities tremulously keen, the painter most admired among men strength, health, good spirits, good-breeding. Of these, in his youth, Philip had a wealth of endowment; and I hope these precious gifts of fortune have not left him in his maturer age. I do not say that with all men Philip was so popular. There are some who never can pardon good fortune, and in the company of gentlemen are on the watch for offense; and, no doubt, in his course through life, poor downright Phil trampled upon corns enough of those who met him in his way. "Do you know why Ridley is so fond of Firmin?" asked Jarman. "Because Firmin's father hangs on to the nobility by the pulse, while Ridley, you know, is connected with them through the side-board." So Jarman had the double horn for his adversary: he could despise a man for not being a gentleman, and insult him for being one. I have met with people in the world with whom the latter offense is an unpardonable crime—a cause of ceaseless doubt, division, and suspicion. What more common or natural, Bufo, than to hate another for being what you are not? The story is as old as frogs, bulls, and men.

Then, to be sure, besides your enviers in life, there are your admirers. Beyond wit, which he understood—beyond genius, which he had—Rid-

ley admired good looks and manners, and always kept some simple hero whom he loved secretly to cherish and worship. He loved to be among beautiful women and aristocratical men. Philip Firmin, with his republican notions and downright bluntness of behavior to all men of rank superior to him, had a grand high manner of his own; and if he had scarce two-pence in his pocket, would have put his hands in them with as much independence as the greatest dandy who ever sauntered on Pall Mall pavement. What a coolness the fellow had! Some men may, not unreasonably, have thought it impudence. It fascinated Ridley. To be such a man; to have such a figure and manner; to be able to look society in the face, slap it on the shoulder, if you were so minded, and hold it by the button—what would not Ridley give for such powers and accomplishments? You will please to bear in mind, I am not saying that J. J. was right, only that he was as he was. I hope we shall have nobody in this story without his little faults and peculiarities. Jarman was quite right when he said Ridley loved fine company. I believe his pedigree gave him secret anguishes. He would rather have been gentleman than genius ever so great; but let you and me, who have no weaknesses of our own, try and look charitably on this confessed foible of my friend.

J. J. never thought of rebuking Philip for being idle. Phil was as the lilies of the field, in the painter's opinion. He was not called upon to toil or spin; but to take his ease, and grow and bask in sunshine, and be arrayed in glory. The little clique of painters knew what Firmin's means were. Thirty thousand pounds of his own. Thirty thousand pounds down, Sir; and the inheritance of his father's immense fortune! A splendor emanated from this gifted young man. His opinions, his jokes, his laughter, his song, had the weight of thirty thousand down, Sir; and etc., etc. What call had he to work? Would you set a young nobleman to be an apprentice? Philip was free to be as idle as any lord, if he liked. He ought to wear fine clothes, ride fine horses, dine off plate, and drink Champagne every day. J. J. would work quite cheerfully till sunset, and have an eightpenny plate of meat in Wardour Street and a glass of porter for his humble dinner. At the Haunt, and similar places of Bohemian resort, a snug place near the fire was always found for Firmin. Fierce republican as he was, Jarman had a smile for his lordship, and used to adopt particularly dandified airs when he had been invited to Old Parr Street to dinner. I dare say Philip liked flattery. I own that he was a little weak in this respect, and that you and I, my dear Sir, are, of course, far his superiors. J. J., who loved him, would have had him follow his aunt's and cousin's advice, and live in better company; but I think the painter would not have liked his pet to soil his hands with too much work, and rather admired Mr. Phil for being idle.

The Little Sister gave him advice, to be sure, both as to the company he should keep and the

occupation which was wholesome for him. But when others of his acquaintance hinted that his idleness would do him harm, she would not hear of their censure. "Why should he work if he don't choose?" she asked. "He has no call to be scribbling and scrabbling. You wouldn't have him sitting all day painting little dolls' heads on canvas, and working like a slave. A pretty idea, indeed! His uncle will get him an appointment. That's the thing he should have. He should be secretary to an ambassador abroad, and he *will* be!" In fact, Phil, at this period, used to announce his wish to enter the diplomatic service, and his hope that Lord Ringwood would further his views in that respect. Meanwhile he was the king of Thornhaugh Street. He might be as idle as he chose, and Mrs. Brandon had always a smile for him. He might smoke a great deal too much, but she worked dainty little cigar-cases for him. She hemmed his fine cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, and embroidered his crest at the corners. She worked him a waistcoat so splendid that he almost blushed to wear it, gorgeous as he was in apparel at this period, and sumptuous in chains, studs, and haberdashery. I fear Dr. Firmin, sighing out his disappointed hopes in respect of his son, has rather good cause for his dissatisfaction. But of these remonstrances the Little Sister would not hear. "Idle, why not? Why should he work? Boys will be boys. I dare say his grumbling old Pa was not better than Philip when he was young!" And this she spoke with a heightened color in her little face, and a defiant toss of her head, of which I did not understand all the significance then; but attributed her eager partisanship to that admirable injustice which belongs to all good women, and for which let us be daily thankful. I know, dear ladies, you are angry at this statement. But, even at the risk of displeasing *you*, we must tell the truth. You would wish to represent yourselves as equitable, logical, and strictly just. So, I dare say, Dr. Johnson would have liked Mrs. Thrale to say to him, "Sir, your manners are graceful; your person elegant, cleanly, and eminently pleasing; your appetite small (especially for tea), and your dancing equal to the Violetta's;" which, you perceive, is merely ironical. Women equitable, logical, and strictly just! Mercy upon us! If they were, population would cease, the world would be a howling wilderness. Well, in a word, this Little Sister petted and coaxed Philip Firmin in such an absurd way that every one remarked it—those who had no friends, no sweet-hearts, no mothers, no daughters, no wives, and those who were petted, and coaxed, and spoiled at home themselves; as I trust, dearly beloved, is your case.

Now, again, let us admit that Philip's father had reason to be angry with the boy, and deplore his son's taste for low company; but excuse the young man, on the other hand, somewhat for his fierce revolt and profound distaste at much in his home circle which annoyed him. "By Heaven!" (he would roar out, pulling his hair and

whiskers, and with many fierce ejaculations, according to his wont) "the solemnity of those humbugs sickens me so, that I should like to crown the old bishop with the soup tureen, and box Baron Bumpsher's ears with the saddle of mutton. At my aunt's the humbug is just the same. It's better done, perhaps; but oh, Pendennis! if you could but know the pangs which tore into my heart, Sir, the vulture which gnawed at this confounded liver, when I saw women—women who ought to be pure—women who ought to be like angels—women who ought to know no art but that of coaxing our griefs away and soothing our sorrows—fawning, and cringing, and scheming; cold to this person, humble to that, flattering to the rich, and indifferent to the humble in station. I tell you I have seen all this, Mrs. Pendennis! I won't mention names, but I have met with those who have made me old before my time—a hundred years old! The zest of life is passed from me" (here Mr. Philip would gulp a bumper from the nearest decanter at hand). "But if I like what your husband is pleased to call low society, it is because I have seen the other. I have dangled about at fine parties, and danced at fashionable balls. I have seen mothers bring their virgin daughters up to battered old rakes, and ready to sacrifice their innocence for fortune or a title. The atmosphere of those polite drawing-rooms stifles me. I can't bow the knee to the horrible old Mammon. I walk about in the crowds as lonely as if I was in a wilderness; and don't begin to breathe freely until I get some honest tobacco to clear the air. As for your husband" (meaning the writer of this memoir), "he can not help himself; he is a worldling, of the earth, earthy. If a duke were to ask him to dinner to-morrow, the parasite owns that he would go. Allow me my friends, my freedom, my rough companions, in their work-day clothes. I don't hear such lies and flatteries come from behind pipes as used to pass from above white chokers when I was in the world." And he would tear at his cravat as though the mere thought of the world's conventionality well-nigh strangled him.

This, to be sure, was in a late stage of his career, but I take up the biography here and there, so as to give the best idea I may of my friend's character. At this time—he is out of the country just now, and besides, if he saw his own likeness staring him in the face, I am confident he would not know it—Mr. Philip, in some things, was as obstinate as a mule, and in others as weak as a woman. He had a childish sensibility for what was tender, helpless, pretty, or pathetic; and a mighty scorn of imposture, wherever he found it. He had many good purposes, which were often very vacillating, and were but seldom performed. He had a vast number of evil habits, whereof, you know, idleness is said to be the root. Many of these evil propensities he coaxed and cuddled with much care; and though he roared out *peccavi* most frankly when charged with his sins, this criminal would fall to peccation very soon after promising amendment.

What he liked he would have. What he disliked he could with the greatest difficulty be found to do. He liked good dinners, good wine, good horses, good clothes, and late hours; and in all these comforts of life (or any others which he fancied, or which were within his means) he indulged himself with perfect freedom. He hated hypocrisy on his own part, and hypocrites in general. He said every thing that came into his mind about things and people; and of course was often wrong and often prejudiced, and often occasioned howls of indignation or malignant whispers of hatred by his free speaking. He believed every thing that was said to him until his informant had misled him once or twice, after which he would believe nothing. And here you will see that his impetuous credulity was as absurd as the subsequent obstinacy of his unbelief. My dear young friend, the profitable way in life is the middle way. Don't quite believe any body, for he may mislead you; neither disbelieve him, for that is uncomplimentary to your friend. Black is not so very black; and as for white, *bon Dieu!* in our climate what paint will remain white long? If Philip was self-indulgent, I suppose other people are self-indulgent likewise: and besides, you know, your faultless heroes have ever so long gone out of fashion. To be young, to be good-looking, to be healthy, to be hungry three times a day, to have plenty of money, a great alacrity of sleeping, and nothing to do—all these, I dare say, are very dangerous temptations to a man; but I think I know some who would like to undergo the dangers of the trial. Suppose there be holidays, is there not work time too? Suppose to-day is feast-day, may not tears and repentance come to-morrow? Such times are in store for Master Phil, and so please to let him have rest and comfort for a chapter or two.

## CHAPTER VII.

### IMPLETUR VETERIS BACCHI.

THAT time, that merry time, of Brandon's, of Bohemia, of oysters, of idleness, of smoking, of song at night and profuse soda-water in the morning, of a pillow—lonely and bachelor, it is true, but with few cares for bedfellows—of plenteous pocket-money, of ease for to-day and little heed for to-morrow, was often remembered by Philip in after-days. Mr. Phil's views of life were not very exalted, were they? The fruits of this world, which he devoured with such gusto, I must own, were of the common kitchen-garden sort; and the lazy rogue's ambition went no farther than to stroll along the sunshiny wall, eat his fill, and then repose comfortably in the arbor under the arched vine. Why did Phil's mother's parents leave her thirty thousand pounds? I dare say some misguided people would be glad to do as much for their sons; but, if I have ten, I am determined they shall either have a hundred thousand apiece, or else bare



bread and cheese. "Man was made to labor, and to be lazy," Phil would affirm, with his usual energy of expression. "When the Indian warrior goes on the hunting-path he is sober, active, indomitable. No dangers fright him, and no labors tire. He endures the cold of the winter; he couches on the forest leaves; he subsists on frugal roots or the casual spoil of his bow. When he returns to his village he gorges to repletion; he sleeps, perhaps, to excess. When the game is devoured, and the fire-water exhausted, again he sallies forth into the wilderness; he outclimbs the possum and he throttles the bear. I am the Indian: and this haunt is my wigwam! Barbara, my squaw, bring me oysters; bring me a jug of the frothing black-beer of the pale-faces, or I will hang up thy scalp on my tent-pole." And old Barbara, the good old attendant of this Haunt of Bandits, would say, "Law, Mr. Philip, how you do go on, to be sure!" Where is the Haunt now? and where are the merry men all who there assembled? The sign is down; the song is silent; the sand is swept from the floor; the pipes are broken, and the ashes are scattered.

A little more gossip about his merry days, and we have done. He, Philip, was called to the bar in due course, and at his call-supper he assembled a dozen of his elderly and youthful friends. The chambers in Parchment Buildings were given up to him for this day. Mr. Van John, I think, was away attending a steeple-chase; but Mr. Cassidy was with us, and several of Philip's acquaintances of school, college, and the world. There was Philip's father, and Philip's uncle Twysden, and I, Phil's revered and re-



spectable school senior, and others of our ancient seminary. There was Burroughs, the second wrangler of his year, great in metaphysics, greater with the knife and fork. There was Stackpole, Eblana's favorite child—the glutton of all learning, the master of many languages, who stuttered and blushed when he spoke his own. There was Pinkerton, who albeit an ignoramus at the university, was already winning prodigious triumphs at the Parliamentary bar, and investing in Consols to the admiration of all his contemporaries. There was Rosebury the beautiful, the May-fair pet and delight of Almack's, the cards on whose mantle-piece made all men open the eyes of wonder, and some of us dart the scowl of envy. There was my Lord Ascot, Lord Egham's noble son. There was Tom Dale, who, having carried on his university career too splendidly, had come to grief in the midst of it, and was now meekly earning his bread in the reporter's gallery, alongside of Cassidy. There was Macbride, who, having thrown up his fellowship and married his cousin, was now doing a brave battle with poverty, and making literature feed him until law should reward him more splendidly. There was Haythorn, the country gentleman, who ever remembered his old college chums, and kept the memory of that friendship up by constant reminders of pheasants and game in the season. There were Raby and Maynard from the Guards' Club (Maynard sleeps now under Crimean snows), who preferred arms to the toga; but carried into their military life the love of their old books, the affection of their old friends. Most of these must be mute personages in our little drama. Could any chronicler remember the talk of all of them?

Several of the guests present were members of the Inn of Court (the Upper Temple), which had conferred on Philip the degree of Barrister-at-Law. He had dined in his wig and gown (Blackmore's wig and gown) in the inn hall that day, in company with other members of his inn; and, dinner over, we adjourned to Phil's chambers in Parchment Buildings, where a dessert was served, to which Mr. Firmin's friends were convoked.

The wines came from Dr. Firmin's cellar. His servants were in attendance to wait upon the company. Father and son both loved splendid hospitalities, and, as far as creature comforts went, Philip's feast was richly provided. "A supper, I love a supper, of all things! And in order that I might enjoy yours, I only took a single mutton-chop for dinner!" cried Mr. Twysden, as he greeted Philip. Indeed, we found him, as we arrived from Hall, already in the chambers, and eating the young barrister's dessert. "He's been here ever so long," says Mr. Brice, who officiated as butler, "pegging away at the olives and macaroons. Shouldn't wonder if he has pocketed some." There was small respect on the part of Brice for Mr. Twysden, whom the worthy butler frankly pronounced to be a stingy 'umbug. Meanwhile, Talbot believed that the old man respected him, and al-

ways conversed with Brice, and treated him with a cheerful cordiality.

The outer Philistines quickly arrived, and but that the wine and men were older, one might have fancied one's self at a college wine-party. Mr. Twysden talked for the whole company. He was radiant. He felt himself in high spirits. He did the honors of Philip's table. Indeed, no man was more hospitable with other folks' wine. Philip himself was silent and nervous. I asked him if the awful ceremony which he had just undergone was weighing on his mind?

He was looking rather anxiously toward the door; and, knowing somewhat of the state of affairs at home, I thought that probably he and his father had had one of the disputes which of late days had become so frequent between them.

The company were nearly all assembled, and busy with their talk, and drinking the doctor's excellent claret, when Brice entering announced Dr. Firmin and Mr. Tufton Hunt.

"Hang Mr. Tufton Hunt!" Philip was going to say; but he started up, went forward to his father, and greeted him very respectfully. He then gave a bow to the gentleman introduced as Mr. Hunt, and they found places at the table, the doctor taking his with his usual handsome grace.

The conversation, which had been pretty brisk until Dr. Firmin came, drooped a little after his appearance. "We had an awful row two days ago," Philip whispered to me. "We shook hands and are reconciled, as you see. He won't stay long. He will be sent for in half an hour or so. He will say he has been sent for by a duchess, and go and have tea at the club."

Dr. Firmin bowed, and smiled sadly at me, as Philip was speaking. I dare say I blushed somewhat, and felt as if the doctor knew what his son was saying to me. He presently engaged in conversation with Lord Ascot; he hoped his good father was well?

"You keep him so, doctor. You don't give a fellow a chance," says the young lord.

"Pass the bottle, you young men! Hey! We intend to see you all out!" cries Talbot Twysden, on pleasure bent and of the frugal mind.

"Well said, Sir," says the stranger introduced as Mr. Hunt; "and right good wine. Ha, Firmin! I think I know the tap!" and he smacked his lips over the claret. "It's your twenty-five, and no mistake."

"The red-nosed individual seems a connoisseur," whispered Rosebury at my side.

The stranger's nose, indeed, was somewhat rosy. And to this I may add that his clothes were black, his face pale, and not well shorn, his white neckcloth dingy, and his eyes blood-shot.

"He looks as if he had gone to bed in his clothes, and carries a plentiful flue about his person. Who is your father's esteemed friend?" continues the wag, in an under voice.

"You heard his name, Rosebury," says the young barrister, gloomily.

"I should suggest that your father is in difficulties, and attended by an officer of the sheriff of London, or perhaps subject to mental aberration, and placed under the control of a keeper."

"Leave me alone, do!" groaned Philip. And here Twysden, who was longing for an opportunity to make a speech, bounced up from his chair, and stopped the facetious barrister's further remarks by his own eloquence. His discourse was in praise of Philip, the new-made barrister. "What! if no one else will give that toast your uncle will, and many a heart-felt blessing go with you too, my boy!" cried the little man. He was prodigal of benedictions. He dashed aside the tear-drop of emotion. He spoke with perfect fluency, and for a considerable period. He really made a good speech, and was greeted with deserved cheers when at length he sat down.

Phil stammered a few words in reply to his uncle's voluble compliments; and then Lord Ascot, a young nobleman of much familiar humor, proposed Phil's father, his health, and song. The physician made a neat speech from behind his ruffled shirt. He was agitated by the tender feelings of a paternal heart, he said, glancing benignly at Phil, who was cracking filberts. To see his son happy; to see him surrounded by such friends; to know him embarked this day in a profession which gave the greatest scope for talents, the noblest reward for industry, was a proud and happy moment to him, Dr. Firmin. What had the poet observed? "*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*" [hear, hear!] "*emollit mores*"—yes, "*emollit mores*." He drank a bumper to the young barrister (he waved his ring, with a thimbleful of wine in his glass). He pledged the young friends whom he saw assembled to cheer his son on his onward path. He thanked them with a father's heart! He passed his emerald ring across his eyes for a moment, and lifted them to the ceiling, from which quarter he requested a blessing on his boy. As though spirits (of whom, perhaps, you have read in the columns of this Magazine) approved of his invocation, immense thumps came from above, along with the plaudits which saluted the doctor's speech from the gentlemen round the table. But the upper thumps were derisory, and came from Mr. Buffers, of the third floor, who chose this method of mocking our harmless little festivities.

I think these cheers from the facetious Buffers, though meant in scorn of our party, served to enliven it and make us laugh. Spite of all the talking, we were dull; and I could not but allow the force of my neighbor's remark, that we were sate upon and smothered by the old men. One or two of the younger gentlemen chafed at the license for tobacco-smoking not being yet accorded. But Philip interdicted this amusement as yet.

"Don't," he said; "my father don't like it. He has to see patients to-night; and they can't bear the smell of tobacco by their bedsides."

The impatient youths waited with their cigar-

cases by their sides. They longed for the withdrawal of the obstacle to their happiness.

"He won't go, I tell you. He'll be sent for," growled Philip to me.

The doctor was engaged in conversation to the right and left of him, and seemed not to think of a move. But, sure enough, at a few minutes after ten o'clock, Dr. Firmin's footman entered the room with a note, which Firmin opened and read, as Philip looked at me, with a grim humor in his face. I think Phil's father knew that we knew he was acting. However, he went through the comedy quite gravely.

"A physician's time is not his own," he said, shaking his handsome, melancholy head. "Good-by, my dear lord! Pray remember me at home! Good-night, Philip, my boy, and good-speed to you in your career! Pray, pray don't move."

And he is gone, waving the fair hand and the broad-brimmed hat, with the beautiful white lining. Phil conducted him to the door, and heaved a sigh as it closed upon his father—a sigh of relief, I think, that he was gone.

"Exit Governor. What's the Latin for Governor?" says Lord Ascot, who possessed much native humor, but not very profound scholarship. "A most venerable old parent, Firmin. That hat and appearance would command any sum of money."

"Excuse me," lisps Rosebury, "but why didn't he take his elderly friend with him—the dilapidated clerical gentleman who is drinking claret so freely? And also, why did he not remove your avuncular orator? Mr. Twysden, your interesting young neophyte has provided us with an excellent specimen of the cheerful produce of the Gascon grape."

"Well, then, now the old gentleman is gone, let us pass the bottle and make a night of it. Hey, my lord?" cries Twysden. "Philip, your claret is good! I say, do you remember some Château Margaux I had, which Winton liked so? It must be good if he praised it, I can tell you. I imported it myself, and gave him the address of the Bordeaux merchant; and he said he had seldom tasted any like it. Those were his very words. I must get you fellows to come and taste it some day."

"Some day! What day? Name it, generous Amphitryon!" cries Rosebury.

"Some day at seven o'clock. With a plain, quiet dinner—a clear soup, a bit of fish, a couple of little entrées, and a nice little roast. That's my kind of dinner. And we'll taste that claret, young men. It is not a heavy wine. It is not a first-class wine. I don't mean even to say it is a dear wine, but it has a bouquet and a pureness. What, you *will* smoke, you fellows?"

"We *will* do it, Mr. Twysden. Better do as the rest of us do. Try one of these."

The little man accepts the proffered cigar from the young nobleman's box, lights it, hems and hawks, and lapses into silence.

"I thought that would do for him," murmurs the facetious Ascot. "It is strong enough to

blow his old head off, and I wish it would. That cigar," he continues, "was given to my father by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had it out of the Queen of Spain's own box. She smokes a good deal, but naturally likes 'em mild. I can give you a stronger one."

"Oh no. I dare say this is very fine. Thank you!" says poor Talbot.

"Leave him alone, can't you?" says Philip. "Don't make a fool of him before the young men, Ascot."

Philip still looked very dismal in the midst of the festivity. He was thinking of his differences with his absent parent.

We might all have been easily consoled, if the doctor had taken away with him the elderly companion whom he had introduced to Phil's feast. He could not have been very welcome to our host, for Phil scowled at his guest, and whispered, "Hang Hunt!" to his neighbor.

"Hang Hunt"—the Reverend Tufton Hunt was his name—was in nowise disconcerted by the coolness of his reception. He drank his wine very freely; addressed himself to his neighbors affably; and called out a loud "Hear, hear!" to Twysden, when that gentleman announced his intention of making a night of it. As Mr. Hunt warmed with wine he spoke to the table. He talked a great deal about the Ringwood family, had been very intimate at Wingate, in old days, as he told Mr. Twysden, and an intimate friend of poor Cinqbars, Lord Ringwood's only son. Now, the memory of the late Lord Cinqbars was not an agreeable recollection to the relatives of the house of Ringwood. He was in life a dissipated and disreputable young lord. His name was seldom mentioned in his family; never by his father, with whom he had had many quarrels.

"You know I introduced Cinqbars to your father, Philip?" calls out the dingy clergyman.

"I have heard you mention the fact," says Philip.

"They met at a wine in my rooms in Corpus. Brummell Firmin we used to call your father in those days. He was the greatest buck in the university—always a dressy man, kept hunters, gave the best dinners in Cambridge. We were a wild set. There was Cinqbars, Brand Firmin, Beryl, Toplady, about a dozen of us, almost noblemen or fellow-commoners—fellows who all kept their horses and had their private servants."

This speech was addressed to the company, who yet did not seem much edified by the college recollections of the dingy elderly man.

"Almost all Trinity men, Sir! We dined with each other week about. Many of them had their tandems. Desperate fellow across country your father was. And—but we won't tell tales out of school, hey?"

"No; please don't, Sir," said Philip, clenching his fists and biting his lips. The shabby, ill-bred, swaggering man was eating Philip's salt; Phil's lordly ideas of hospitality did not allow him to quarrel with the guest under his tent.

"When he went out in medicine we were all of us astonished. Why, Sir, Brand Firmin, at one time, was the greatest swell in the university," continued Mr. Hunt, "and such a plucky fellow! So was poor Cinqbars, though he had no stamina. He, I, and Firmin fought for twenty minutes before Caius's Gate with about twenty bargemen, and you should have seen your father hit out! I was a handy one in those days, too, with my fingers. We learned the noble art of self-defense in my time, young gentlemen! We used to have Glover, the boxer, down from London, who gave us lessons. Cinqbars was a pretty sparrer—but no stamina. Brandy killed him, Sir—brandy killed him! Why, this is some of your governor's wine! He and I have been drinking it to-night in Parr Street, and talking over old times."

"I am glad, Sir, you found the wine to your taste," says Philip, gravely.

"I did, Philip, my boy! And when your father said he was coming to your wine, I said I'd come too."

"I wish somebody would fling him out of window," groaned Philip.

"A most potent, grave, and reverend senior," whispered Rosebury to me. "I read billiards, Boulogne, gambling-houses in his noble lineaments. Has he long adorned your family circle, Firmin?"

"I found him at home about a month ago, in my father's ante-room, in the same clothes, with a pair of mangy mustaches on his face; and he has been at our house every day since."

"*Echappé de Toulon*," says Rosebury, blandly, looking toward the stranger. "*Cela se voit. Homme parfaitement distingué.* You are quite right, Sir. I was speaking of you; and asking our friend Philip where it was I had the honor of meeting you abroad last year? This courtesy," he gently added, "will disarm tigers."

"I was abroad, Sir, last year," said the other, nodding his head.

"Three to one he was in Boulogne jail, or perhaps officiating chaplain at a gambling-house. Stop, I have it! Baden Baden, Sir?"

"I was there, safe enough," says the clergyman. "It is a very pretty place; but the air of the *Après* kills you. Ha! ha! Your father used to shake his elbow when he was a youngster too, Philip! I can't help calling you Philip. I've known your father these thirty years. We were college chums, you know."

"Ah! what would I give," sighs Rosebury, "if that venerable being would but address me by my Christian name! Philip, do something to make your party go. The old gentlemen are throttling it? Sing something, somebody! or let us drown our melancholy in wine. You expressed your approbation of this claret, Sir, and claimed a previous acquaintance with it?"

"I've drunk two dozen of it in the last month," says Mr. Hunt, with a grin.

"Two dozen and four, Sir," remarks Mr. Brice, putting a fresh bottle on the table.

"Well said, Brice! I make the Firmin Arms



my head-quarters; and honor the landlord with a good deal of my company," remarks Mr. Hunt.

"The Firmin Arms are honored by having such supporters!" says Phil, glaring, and with a heaving chest. At each moment he was growing more and more angry with that parson.

At a certain stage of conviviality Phil was fond of talking of his pedigree; and, though a professor of very liberal opinions, was not a little proud of some of his ancestors.

"Oh, come, I say! Sink the heraldry!" cries Lord Ascot.

"I am very sorry! I would do any thing to oblige you, but I can't help being a gentleman!" growls Philip.

"Oh, I say! If you intend to come King Richard III. over us—" breaks out my lord.

"Ascot! your ancestors were sweeping counters when mine stood by King Richard in that righteous fight!" shouts Philip.

That monarch had conferred lands upon the Ringwood family. Richard III. was Philip's battle-horse; when he trotted it after dinner he was splendid in his chivalry.

"Oh, I say! If you are to saddle White Surrey, fight Bosworth Field, and murder the kids in the Tower!" continues Lord Ascot.

"Serve the little brutes right!" roars Phil.

"They were no more heirs of the blood royal of England than—"

"I dare say! Only I'd rather have a song now the old boy is gone. I say, you fellows, chant something, do now! Bar all this row about Bosworth Field and Richard the Third! Always does it when he's beer on board—always does it, give you my honor!" whispers the young nobleman to his neighbor.

"I am a fool! I am a fool!" cries Phil, smacking his forehead. "There are moments when the wrongs of my race will intervene. It's not your fault, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em, that you alluded to my arms in a derisive manner. I bear you no malice! Nay, I ask your pardon! Nay! I pledge you in this claret, which is good, though it's my governor's. In our house every thing isn't, hum—Bosh! it's twenty-five claret, Sir! Ascot's father gave him a pipe of it for saving a life which might be better spent; and I believe the apothecary would have pulled you through, Ascot, just as well as my governor. But the wine's good! Good! Brice, some more claret! A song! Who spoke of a song! Warble us something, Tom Dale! A song, a song, a song!"

Wherenpon the exquisite ditty of "Moonlight on the Tiles" was given by Tom Dale with all his accustomed humor. Then politeness demanded that our host should sing one of his songs, and as I have heard him perform it many times I have the privilege of here reprinting it: promising that the tune and chorus were taken from a German song-book, which used to delight us melodious youth in by-gone days. Philip accordingly lifted up his great voice and sang:

#### DOCTOR LUTHER.

"For the souls' edification  
Of this decent congregation,  
Worthy people! by your grant,  
I will sing a holy chant,  
I will sing a holy chant.  
If the ditty sound but oddly,  
'Twas a father, wise and godly,  
Sang it so long ago.  
Then sing as Doctor Luther sang,  
As Doctor Luther sang,  
Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long.

"He by custom patriarchal,  
Loved to see the beaker sparkle,  
And he thought the wine improved,  
Tasted by the wife he loved,  
By the kindly lips he loved.  
Friends! I wish this custom pious  
Duly were adopted by us,  
To combine love, song, wine;  
And sing as Doctor Luther sang,  
As Doctor Luther sang,  
Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long.

"Who refuses this our credo,  
And demurs to drink as we do,  
Were he holy as John Knox,  
I'd pronounce him heterodox,  
I'd pronounce him heterodox.  
And from out this congregation,  
With a solemn commination,  
Banish quick the heretic,  
Who would not sing as Luther sang,  
As Doctor Luther sang,  
Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long."

The reader's humble servant was older than most of the party assembled at this symposium, which may have taken place some score of years back; but as I listened to the noise, the fresh laughter, the songs remembered out of old university days, the talk and cant phrases of the old school of which most of us had been disciples, dear me, I felt quite young again, and when certain knocks came to the door about midnight, enjoyed quite a refreshing pang of anxious interest for a moment, deeming the proctors were rapping, having heard our shouts in the court below. The late comer, however, was only a tavern-waiter, bearing a supper-tray; and we were free to speechify, shout, quarrel, and be as young as we liked, with nobody to find fault, except, perchance, the benchman below, who, I dare say, was kept awake with our noise.

When that supper arrived, poor Talbot Twysden, who had come so far to enjoy it, was not in a state to partake of it. Lord Ascot's cigar had proved too much for him; and the worthy gentleman had been lying on a sofa, in a neighboring room, for some time past in a state of hopeless collapse. He had told us, while yet capable of speech, what a love and regard he had for Philip; but between him and Philip's father there was but little love. They had had that worst and most irremediable of quarrels, a difference about two-pence half-penny in the division of the property of their late father-in-law. Firmin still thought Twysden a shabby curmudgeon; and Twysden considered Firmin an unprincipled man. When Mrs. Firmin was alive the two

poor sisters had had to regulate their affections by the marital orders, and to be warm, cool, moderate, freezing, according to their husbands' state for the time being. I wonder are there many real reconciliations? Dear Tomkins and I are reconciled, I know. We have met and dined at Jones's. And ah! how fond we are of each other! Oh, very! So with Firmin and Twysden. They met and shook hands with perfect animosity. So did Twysden junior and Firmin junior. Young Twysden was the elder, and thrashed and bullied Phil as a boy, until the latter arose and pitched his cousin down stairs. Mentally, they were always kicking each other down stairs. Well, poor Talbot could not partake of the supper when it came, and lay in a piteous state on the neighboring sofa of the absent Mr. Van John.

Who would go home with him, where his wife must be anxious about him? I agreed to convey him, and the parson said he was going our way, and would accompany us. We supported this senior through the Temple, and put him on the front seat of a cab. The cigar had disgracefully overcome him; and any lecturer on the evils of smoking might have pointed his moral on the helpless person of this wretched gentleman.

The evening's feasting had only imparted animation to Mr. Hunt, and occasioned an agreeable *abandon* in his talk. I had seen the man before in Dr. Firmin's house, and own that his society was almost as odious to me as to the doctor's son Philip. On all subjects and persons Phil was accustomed to speak his mind out a great deal too openly; and Mr. Hunt had been an object of special dislike to him ever since he had known Hunt. I tried to make the best of the matter. Few men of kindly feeling and good station are without a dependent or two. Men start together in the race of life; and Jack wins, and Tom falls by his side. The successful man succors and reaches a friendly hand to the unfortunate competitor. Remembrance of early times gives the latter a sort of right to call on his luckier comrade; and a man finds himself pitying, then enduring, then embracing a companion for whom, in old days, perhaps, he never had had any regard or esteem. A prosperous man ought to have followers: if he has none, he has a hard heart.

This philosophizing was all very well. It was good for a man not to desert the friends of his boyhood. But to live with such a cad as that—with that creature, low, servile, swaggering, besotted—"How could his father, who had fine tastes, and loved grand company, put up with such a fellow?" asked Phil. "I don't know when the man is the more odious, when he is familiar or when he is respectful; when he is paying compliments to my father's guests in Parr Street, or telling hideous old stale stories, as he did at my call-supper."

The wine of which Mr. Hunt freely partook on that occasion made him, as I have said, communicative. "Not a bad fellow, our host," he

remarked, on his part, when we came away together. "Bumptious, good-looking, speaks his mind, hates me, and I don't care. He must be well-to-do in the world, Master Philip."

I said I hoped and thought so.

"Brummell Firmin must make four or five thousand a year. He was a wild fellow in my time, I can tell you—in the days of the wild Prince and Poyns—stuck at nothing, spent his own money, ruined himself, fell on his legs somehow, and married a fortune. Some of us have not been so lucky. I had nobody to pay my debts. I missed my fellowship by idling and dissipating with those confounded hats and silver-laced gowns. I liked good company in those days—always did when I could get it. If you were to write my adventures now, you would have to tell some queer stories. I've been every where; I've seen high and low—specially low. I've tried schoolmastering, bear-leading, newspapering, America, West Indies. I've been in every city in Europe. I haven't been as lucky as Brummell Firmin. He rolls in his coach, he does, and I walk in my highlows. Guineas drop into his palm every day, and are uncommonly scarce in mine, I can tell you; and poor old Tufton Hunt is not much better off at fifty odd than he was when he was an undergraduate at eighteen. How do you do, old gentleman? Air do you good? Here we are at Beaunash Street; hope you've got the key, and missis won't see you." A large butler, too well-bred to express astonishment at any event which occurred out of doors, opened Mr. Twysden's and let in that lamentable gentleman. He was very pale and solemn. He gasped out a few words, intimating his intention to fix a day to ask us to come and dine soon, and taste that wine that Winton liked so. He waved an unsteady hand to us. If Mrs. Twysden was on the stairs to see the condition of her lord, I hope she took possession of the candle. Hunt grumbled as we came out: "He might have offered us some refreshment after bringing him all that way home. It's only half past one. There's no good in going to bed so soon as that. Let us go and have a drink somewhere. I know a very good crib close by. No, you won't? I say" (here he burst into a laugh which startled the sleeping street), "I know what you've been thinking all the time in the cab. You are a swell—you are, too! You have been thinking, 'This dreary old parson will try and borrow money from me.' But I won't, my boy. I've got a banker. Look here! Fee, faw, fum. You understand. I can get the sovereigns out of my medical swell in Old Parr Street. I prescribe bleeding for him—I drew him to-night. He is a very kind fellow, Brummell Firmin is. He can't deny such a dear old friend any thing. Bless him!" And as he turned away to some midnight haunt of his own, he tossed up his hand in the air. I heard him laughing through the silent street, and policeman X, tramping on his beat, turned round and suspiciously eyed him.

Then I thought of Dr. Firmin's dark, melan

choly face and eyes. Was a benevolent remembrance of old times the bond of union between these men? All my house had long been asleep when I opened and gently closed my house door. By the twinkling night-lamp I could dimly see child and mother softly breathing. Oh, blessed they on whose pillow no remorse sits! Happy you who have escaped temptation!

I may have been encouraged in my suspicions of the dingy clergyman by Philip's own surmises regarding him, which were expressed with the speaker's usual candor. "The fellow calls for what he likes at the Firmin Arms," said poor Phil; "and when my father's bigwigs assemble I hope the reverend gentleman dines with them. I should like to see him hobnobbing with old Bumpsher, or slapping the bishop on the back. He lives in Sligo Street, round the corner, so as to be close to our house and yet preserve his own elegant independence. Otherwise, I wonder he has not installed himself in Old Parr Street, where my poor mother's bedroom is vacant. The doctor does not care to use that room. I remember now how silent they were when together, and how terrified she always seemed before him. What has he done? I know of one affair in his early life. Does this Hunt know of any more? They have been accomplices in some conspiracy, Sir; I dare say with that young Cinqbars of whom Hunt is forever bragging—the worthy son of the worthy Ringwood. I say, does wickedness run in the blood? My grandfathers, I have heard, were honest men. Perhaps they were only not found out; and the family taint will show in me some day. There are times when I feel the devil so strong within me that I think some day he must have the mastery. I'm not quite bad yet; but I tremble lest I should go. Suppose I were to drown, and go down? It's not a jolly thing, Pendennis, to have such a father as mine. Don't humbug me with your charitable palliations and soothing surmises. You put me in mind of the world then, by Jove, you do! I laugh, and I drink, and I make merry, and sing, and smoke endless tobacco; and I tell you, I always feel as if a little sword was dangling over my skull which will fall some day and split it. Old Parr Street is mined, Sir—mined! And some morning we shall be blown into blazes—into blazes, Sir; mark my words! That's why I'm so careless and so idle, for which you fellows are always bothering and scolding me. There's no use in settling down until the explosion is over, don't you see? *Incedo per ignes suppositos*, and, by George! Sir, I feel my boot soles already scorching. Poor thing! poor mother" (he apostrophized his mother's picture, which hung in the room where we were talking), "were you aware of the secret, and was it the knowledge of that which made your poor eyes always look so frightened? She was always fond of you, Pen. Do you remember how pretty and graceful she used to look as she lay on her sofa up stairs, or smiled out of her carriage as she kissed her hand to us

boys? I say, what if a woman marries, and is coaxed and wheedled by a soft tongue, and runs off, and afterward finds her husband has a cloven foot?"

"Ah, Philip!"

"What is to be the lot of the son of such a man? Is my hoof cloven, too?" It was on the stove, as he talked, extended in American fashion. "Suppose there's no escape for me, and I inherit my doom, as another man does gout or consumption? Knowing this fate, what is the use, then, of doing any thing in particular? I tell you, Sir, the whole edifice of our present life will crumble in and smash." (Here he flings his pipe to the ground with an awful shatter.) "And until the catastrophe comes, what on earth is the use of setting to work, as you call it? You might as well have told a fellow at Pompeii to select a profession the day before the eruption."

"If you know that Vesuvius is going to burst over Pompeii," I said, somewhat alarmed, "why not go to Naples, or farther, if you will?"

"Were there not men in the sentry-boxes at the city gates," asked Philip, "who might have run, and yet remained to be burned there? Suppose, after all, the doom isn't hanging over us, and the fear of it is only a nervous terror of mine? Suppose it comes, and I survive it? The risk of the game gives a zest to it, old boy. Besides, there is Honor: and some One Else is in the case, from whom a man *could* not part in an hour of danger." And here he blushed a fine red, heaved a great sigh, and emptied a bumper of claret.

### THE CHILD THAT LOVED A GRAVE.

FAR away in the deep heart of a lonely country there was an old solitary church-yard. People were no longer buried there, for it had fulfilled its mission long, long ago, and its rank grass now fed a few vagrant goats that clambered over its ruined wall and roamed through the sad wilderness of graves. It was bordered all round with willows and gloomy cypresses; and the rusty iron gate, seldom or ever opened, shrieked when the wind stirred it on its hinges as if some lost soul, condemned to wander in that desolate place forever, was shaking its bars and wailing at the terrible imprisonment.

In this church-yard there was one grave unlike all the rest. The stone which stood at the head bore no name, but instead the curious device, rudely sculptured, of a sun uprising out of the sea. The grave was very small and covered with a thick growth of dock and nettle, and one might tell by its size that it was that of a little child.

Not far from the old church-yard a young boy lived with his parents in a dreary cottage; he was a dreamy, dark-eyed boy, who never played with the children of the neighborhood, but loved to wander in the fields and lie by the banks of rivers, watching the leaves fall and the waters



ripple, and the lilies sway their white heads on the bosom of the current. It was no wonder that his life was solitary and sad, for his parents were wild, wicked people who drank and quarreled all day and all night, and the noises of their quarrels were heard in calm summer nights by the neighbors that lived in the village under the brow of the hill.

The boy was terrified at all this hideous strife, and his young soul shrank within him when he heard the oaths and the blows echoing through the dreary cottage, so he used to fly out into the fields where every thing looked so calm and pure, and talk with the lilies in a low voice as if they were his friends.

In this way he came to haunt the old church-yard, roaming through its half-buried head-stones, and spelling out upon them the names of people that had gone from earth years and years ago. The little grave, nameless and neglected however, attracted him more than all others. The strange device of the sun uprising out of the sea was to him a perpetual source of mystery and wonder; and so, whether by day or night, when the fury of his parents drove him from his home, he used to wander there and lie amidst the thick grass and think who was buried beneath it.

In time his love for the little grave grew so great that he adorned it after his childish fashion. He cleared away the docks and the nettles and the mulleins that grew so sombrely above it, and clipped the grass until it grew thick and soft as the carpet of heaven. Then he brought primroses from the green banks of dewy lanes where the hawthorn rained its white flowers, and red poppies from the corn-fields, and blue-bells from the shadowy heart of the forest, and planted them around the grave. With the supple twigs of the silver osier he hedged it round with a little simple fence, and scraped the creeping mosses from the gray head-stone until the little grave looked as if it might have been the grave of a good fairy.

Then he was content. All the long summer days he would lie upon it with his arms clasping its swelling mound, while the soft wind with wavering will would come and play about him and timidly lift his hair. From the hill-side he heard the shouts of the village boys at play, and sometimes one of them would come and ask him to join in their sports; but he would look at him with his calm, dark eyes and gently answer no; and the boy, awed and hushed, would steal back to his companions and speak in whispers about the child that loved a grave.

In truth, he loved the little grave better than all play. The stillness of the church-yard, the scent of the wild flowers, the golden checkers of the sunlight falling through the trees and playing over the grass were all delights to him. He would lie on his back for hours gazing up at the summer sky and watching the white clouds sailing across it, and wondering if they were the souls of good people sailing home to heaven. But when the black thunder-clouds came up

bulging with passionate tears, and bursting with sound and fire, he would think of his bad parents at home, and, turning to the grave, lay his little cheek against it as if it were a brother.

So the summer went passing into autumn. The trees grew sad and shivered as the time approached when the fierce wind would strip them of their cloaks, and the rains and the storms buffet their naked limbs. The primroses grew pale and withered, but in their last moments seemed to look up at the child smilingly, as if to say, "Do not weep for us. We will come again next year." But the sadness of the season came over him as the winter approached, and he often wet the little grave with his tears, and kissed the gray head-stone, as one kisses a friend that is about to depart for years.

One evening toward the close of autumn, when the woods looked brown and grim, and the wind as it came over the hills had a fierce, wicked growl, the child heard, as he was sitting by the grave, the shriek of the old gate swinging upon its rusty hinges, and looking up he saw a strange procession enter. There were five men. Two bore between them what seemed to be a long box covered with black cloth, two more carried spades in their hands, while the fifth, a tall stern-faced man clad in a long cloak, walked at their head. As the child saw these men pass to and fro through the grave-yard, stumbling over half-buried head-stones, or stooping down and examining half-effaced inscriptions, his little heart almost ceased to beat, and he shrank behind the gray stone with the strange device in mortal terror.

The men walked to and fro, with the tall one at their head, searching steadily in the long grass, and occasionally pausing to consult. At last the leader turned and walked toward the little grave, and stooping down gazed at the gray stone. The moon had just risen, and its light fell on the quaint sculpture of the sun rising out of the sea. The tall man then beckoned to his companions. "I have found it," he said; "it is here." With that the four men came along, and all five stood by the grave. The child behind the stone could no longer breathe.

The two men bearing the long box laid it down in the grass, and taking off the black cloth, the child saw a little coffin of shining ebony covered with silver ornaments, and on the lid, wrought in silver, was the device of a sun uprising out of the sea, and the moon shone over all.

"Now to work!" said the tall man; and straightway the two that held the spades plunged them into the little grave. The child thought his heart would break; and, no longer able to restrain himself, he flung his body across the mound, and cried out to the strange leader.

"Oh, Sir!" he cried, sobbing, "do not touch my little grave! It is all I have to love in the world. Do not touch it; for all day long I lie here with my arms about it, and it seems like my brother. I tend it, and keep the grass short and thick, and I promise you, if you will leave it to me, that next year I will plant about it the finest flowers in the meadows!"

"Tush, child, you are a fool!" answered the stern-faced man. "This is a sacred duty that I have to perform. He who is buried here was a child like you; but he was of royal blood, and his ancestors dwelt in palaces. It is not meet that bones like his should rest in common soil. Across the sea a grand mausoleum awaits them, and I have come to take them with me and lay them in vaults of porphyry and marble. Take him away, men, and to your work!"

So the men dragged the child from the grave by main force, and laid him near by in the grass, sobbing as if his heart would break; and then they dug up the grave. Through his tears he saw the small white bones gathered up and put in the ebony coffin, and heard the lid shut down, and saw the men shovel back the earth

into the empty grave, and he felt as if they were robbers. Then they took up the coffin and retraced their steps. The gate shrieked once more on its hinges, and the child was alone.

He returned home silent, and tearless, and white as any ghost. When he went to his little bed he called his father, and told him he was going to die, and asked him to have him buried in the little grave that had a gray headstone with a sun rising out of the sea carved upon it. The father laughed, and told him to go to sleep; but when morning came the child was dead!

They buried him where he wished; and when the sod was patted smooth, and the funeral procession departed, that night a new star came out in heaven and watched above the grave.

## THE THREE KINGS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

**T**HREE kings there are to rule the world, and mightier none could be;  
Howe'er he strive no man alive from their control is free.  
And one is yellow, and one is black, and one is white as snow—  
The yellow one is the elder one, but not the stronger though.  
By these and theirs the world's affairs are rigorously controlled;  
And the names these mighty monarchs bear are Cotton, Coal, and Gold—

Cotton, the white, and Gold, the bright, and Coal, the sooty-grim—  
Each sways a potent sceptre o'er the many who bow to him.  
They are not rival sovereigns, but close allies and friends;  
And each controls the other, and each to the other bends;  
And each is kin to the other, and strangely, by my troth,  
For Gold is the son of Cotton and Coal, though born before them both.

King Corron in the Southland dwells, far in the South alone;  
The heavy hoe his sceptre is, the dented gin his throne:  
King Cotton in the Southland dwells, and there his court he holds,  
And there his servants gather the fleece from a hundred thousand folds:  
King Cotton in the Southland dwells, but roams as suits his whim;  
And he is free on every sea—no port is closed to him.

Though like a cowed and corded Friar in rope and sackcloth drest,  
The nations clap their hands for joy when comes their welcome guest;  
To build him stately ships they rob the forest of its trees;  
They rend the solid rock to rear his hives of human bees;  
And from their toiling peasantry they send in every land,  
A countless host of servitors to wait at his command.

Wherever in our Northern clime his smile of favor beams,  
Arise the castles of his peers on the banks of pleasant streams.  
Ay! peers are they whom serfs obey in many a crowded room—  
The barons of the spindles and the nobles of the loom.  
One time good Gold was got by arms, but now our Cotton-lords  
By spinning-jennies win their wealth, and not by knightly swords.

King Cotton is a kindly king—through him, in autumn time,  
Green fields grow white in the morning light, with the snow of the Southern clime;  
Through him the loaded barges go, drawn on their many trips;  
Through him the beryl seas are flecked with stout and gallant ships;  
Through him a myriad shuttles click, and countless spindles whirr;  
Through him the smoky towns arise, with all their din and stir.

A rain of woe would pour around were Cotton cold and dead;  
Then were not countless millions clad, then were not millions fed.

A blight upon his flowery fields, the world with fear would pale;  
From quivering lips in crowded streets break famine's feeble wail;  
But while he flourishes in pride, then woe and want are banned,  
Swarth labor laughs and sings at toil, and plenty fills the land.

King COAL dwells ever underground, surrounded by his gnomes,  
Who carve him chambers in the earth, and scoop out rocky domes.  
Ever they work by torch-light there—the clear sun never shines  
To glad the heart of the pigmies toiling, moiling in the mines,  
But still they burrow like patient moles, they work and gayly sing,  
Their voices ringing through the vaults in praise of their grimy king.

Black are the diamonds of his crown, and black his robes also,  
Yet though Cotton and Gold may reign above, this Coal is king below—  
Down in the bowels of England, where first his rule began,  
The torrid Chiriqui region, the strange land of Japan,  
Ohio's river-riven plains, Virginia's ridges tall,  
And the hills of Pennsylvania, these own him one and all.

Yet his a sway on upper earth—a sway it may not shun—  
He spreads o'er crowded cities a murky cloud and dun;  
His is the roar of furnaces, the rattling noise of mills,  
The scream of the river steamer, flung back from banks and hills;  
His are the one-eyed Cyclopes that speed on the iron rails,  
Through echoing clefts in riven hills, and down the pleasant vales.

He comes from his home in the rock profound, to wake the busy din,  
With the voice of his steam-serf, roaring like the sound of a culverin;  
He goes to the broad green prairies, to the desert plains of sand,  
And one is peopled with thousands, and the other is fertile land—  
Where yesterday the wild-deer roved, and the hunter's rifle rang,  
The sun-burst fierce of the forges glows, and the ponderous hammers clang.

Gods! what a sight, those forges bright, and what a steady roar—  
The voice of the nor'west tempest on the lone and rocky shore;  
The stithy of Hephaistos grim, the halting son of Zeus,  
Glowed not so fierce what time he forged the shield of Achilles;  
And never the giants sweaty and huge, in Ætna's fiery hall,  
More terrible seemed than these appear, as the hammers rise and fall.

King Coal beheld the swarming towns, in the silent hours of night,  
A refuge for assassins in the dim and faint lamplight;  
Then pity filled his royal heart; the blood from out his veins,  
And the spirit within him he gave to light the darksome streets and lanes.  
The craven murderer at the glare shrunk baffled to his den,  
And Coal another blessing gave to glad the souls of men.

King GOLD was once of low estate; he rose from out the earth;  
A base-born carle he was at first—he knew not whence his birth.  
Man found him lying in the sands, a friendless outcast there,  
And took the yellow foundling home, and gave him treatment fair.  
So base of mind, so vile of heart, and so forgetful he,  
That o'er his friend he rules as though he were of high degree.

King Gold was once of low estate, but now in palaces,  
Whereof he has in every land, he dwells in royal ease—  
Palaces rare and splendid, he owns them every where;  
Their walls of lapis-lazuli, and studded with rubies rare,  
Propped with pillars of Parian marble, lined with malachite,  
And hung with silken curtains, that temper the noonday light.

He feeds upon the choicest meats—upon his board must be  
The *patés* brought from Strasbourg, and turtle from the sea;  
And in his cups of amethyst that glitter there and glow,  
The wines of oldest vintages in amber currents flow,  
Madeira, of the south side, Champagne, and Rucellai,  
Johannisberger, Xeres, Catawba, and Tokai.

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King Gold one time was meanly clad in dusky yellow vest,  
 But now in purple velvet robes, and silken hose is drest;  
 On satin cushions takes repose, with vases in the room,  
 To hold rare flowers that all the air with delicate scents perfume;  
 Around him are his ready knaves, his wishes to attend;  
 Around him are his parasites in homage low to bend.

When human kings array their hosts, he says—"Tis not my will!"  
 He calms the tempest ere it bursts, and whispers—"Peace! be still!"  
 War hushes at his steady glance, and at his potent word,  
 To a plowshare turns the keen-edged lance, a sickle is the sword.  
 The battle comes not now from kings; for leave to fight they call  
 On the cabinets of the Juden-Strasse, Lombard Street, and Wall.

There never was in Pagan lands idolatry profound  
 As that which now in Christendom bows millions to the ground.  
 King Gold goes forth like Juggernaut, the earth beneath him reels;  
 Down fall the blinded worshipers before his chariot wheels;  
 The zealot slaves are blissful all, crushed, writhing on the sod—  
 The dogs made friends with Cotton and Coal, but worshiped Gold as God.

These are the kings whose thrones we serve, and much we praise them when  
 They feed the hopes, and shape the course, and aid the will of men.  
 Without the three but poor we be, the world were sad and drear,  
 And man a savage churl indeed, if neither king were here.  
 So laud to Gold, who bears our purse, to Coal, whose toil is sore,  
 And greater laud to Cotton who feeds ten million men or more.

King Coal a mighty monarch is, but nathless is controlled  
 To do the work of Cotton, and swell the pride of Gold;  
 King Gold has empire widest far, yet, though it chafe his soul,  
 He tribute pays to Cotton, and a heavy tax to Coal;  
 But Cotton he is king of kings, and Coal, the black and grim,  
 And Gold, the yellow and smiling, are vassals both to him.

### MRS. GOLDSMITH AT FORTY.

THE case of Mrs. Goldsmith was a sad one. I did not see the remedy. She was forty, and not so happy as at thirty-five. At thirty, her face, though beginning to look at times dreamy and discontented, was for the most part bright with anticipation. Her three children, all daughters, were unfolding from bud to fragrant blossom, and her life rested in their lives.

Since the completion of her thirty-fifth year one of her children had died—the youngest, and most tenderly loved because the youngest. Ah! for a woman like Mrs. Goldsmith, who had built only upon an earthly foundation, who had loved herself intensely in her children, this was indeed an affliction. She bowed her head, and refused to be comforted. The unrelieved black that gathered in funereal gloom around her person was a fitting emblem of the darkness that enshrouded her spirit. But troubles and sorrows do not always come alone. Her oldest daughter formed an attachment that did not meet her parents' approbation; and failing to gain their consent, or even the smallest approval of her choice, took the desperate and almost always unwise course of marrying against their remonstrances, threats, and commands. From the day she left her father's house she had been an alien there-

from; and two long years had passed without a reconciliation.

So at forty Mrs. Goldsmith had cause of mental suffering and heart-disquietude; but the suffering and disquietude were in excess of legitimate causes. The home of Mrs. Goldsmith was luxurious. So far as her external life was concerned, or rather, so far as in the use of money she could arrange the externals of her life, she had all the means of happiness; but these, in her case, were wholly inadequate. Nay, instead of giving that repose of mind which freedom from worldly anxieties is supposed to confer, they only added to her dissatisfaction. Their possession brought no sense of responsibility, but induced a feeling of superiority to others. She must always be ministered to, never minister. Her comforts, feelings, tastes, habits, desires, and conveniences must be regarded by her domestics and by all from whom she required service in any thing; while to their feelings, tastes, habits, and conveniences no regard was ever paid. Her position of luxurious ease had made her, as it does so many in like situations, intensely selfish—and this very selfishness was a cause of her miserable disquietude.

Mortified pride was another source of unhappiness in the case of Mrs. Goldsmith. To think

that *her* daughter should humiliate the family by marrying beneath their condition! Death, fearful as the visitation had been, was a light affliction compared with this, and disturbed not half so profoundly.

Poor Mrs. Goldsmith! At forty, as I have said, her case was a sad one, and I did not see the remedy. Human efforts to bring her mind back into the sunshine were of no avail. She brooded over her sorrow and her humiliation, admitting no cheerful guests into her heart. Mortification at her daughter's discreditable marriage, added to a morbid grief—half affected, half real—that succeeded the first strong outgush of maternal anguish, caused an entire withdrawal of herself from society, and shut her up in the shadowy retirement of her own chamber for a greater portion of the time.

No interest for others could be awakened in the mind of Mrs. Goldsmith. What was the outside world to her? Human sympathy was barred from her heart. She felt herself to be of finer quality than the mass of people around her; and in her sorrow and stricken pride she held herself coldly aloof.

If Mrs. Goldsmith had taken interest in any employment—had gone down, with a true woman's care and thought, into her household, and wrought out therein the highest possible comfort for its inmates—then would she have found seasons of calmness and peace. But instead of this, neglect and indifference produced constant irregularities; and sharp, angry, or injudicious reproof and complainings alienated domestics, and made the home of Mrs. Goldsmith so unlike a true home that it scarcely deserved the name.

And so life at forty was proving a failure to one whose promise at twenty appeared bright as a cloudless day in June. I called one evening to see her husband—a man of large business operations, whose sober, abstracted face did not indicate a peaceful mind. Care drew tightly on the muscles about his lips, wrinkled his forehead, and fixed his eyes in an absent kind of gaze, as if he were looking away from the present into some far beyond. It was not often that visitors saw Mrs. Goldsmith. I was privileged. She did not retire from the family circle on my entrance. A fleeting smile lit up her pale face as I came in; but it faded quickly, leaving a weary, desolate look in her eyes and about her mouth. Her conversation was as dreary as her face. Domestic troubles—the worthlessness of servants—the daily and hourly vexations to which the family were subjected—poor health—depression of spirits—these were the topics dwelt upon during the hour I staid. I tried several times to get her mind away from them—to interest her in other people or other themes; but, like a strained spring, it came always back to its common adjustment.

"The case of Mrs. Goldsmith is hopeless," I said to myself on retiring. "What are wealth and luxury worth if their possessors can use them to no better advantage than this? Inaction produces stagnation, and stagnation breeds

sickly forms of life. The mind of Mrs. Goldsmith is a stagnant pool. Miasma hangs over the surface like a cold vapor, and in the sluggish waters below monstrous creatures are taking shape and vitality. Storm and flood were better than this! Let the pool be swept in ruin away, so that even the tiniest stream remain, singing, as its pure waters flow on and on, its happy song, chording sweetly with every wind-note that kisses the flower-heads bending above! Yes, yes; this were better far."

A year afterward, in a distant city, I read of Mr. Goldsmith's sudden death; and letters received from home soon afterward gave me the information that he died a bankrupt. "His widow is left without a dollar," was the language of my correspondent.

"Poor Mrs. Goldsmith!" said I, looking up from my letter, and recalling her image as last seen. "Here is trouble indeed!—trouble that you can not sit down and brood over—trouble that will give no permission for an elegant retirement from the world—trouble that neither pride nor a selfish love of ease can nurture. Ah! is there any strength left for an ordeal like this? Will gold be found in the crucible after the fire has reached its intensest heat?"

After an absence of three years I returned. In my own absorbing duties—in my own trials, sufferings, and life-discipline—Mrs. Goldsmith was forgotten, or only remembered at times with a vague impersonality. She was of the great outside world of men and women who do not touch the chords of our individual life, nor awaken a sympathetic interest.

I was sitting in one of the parlors of an old and valued friend when a young lady, who had rung at the door and been admitted by the servant, came in. My friend said, in a kind, familiar voice, but without introducing her,

"Oh, Margaret!"

"Miss Annie is at home?" There was a low, pleasant tone in the speaker's voice.

"Yes. Walk into the back parlor. She'll be with you in a moment."

The young lady passed through the folding-doors, and we were alone again.

"There's something familiar in her face," said I, looking inquiringly at my friend.

"Anna's music-teacher; a Miss Goldsmith."

"Not the daughter of Robert Goldsmith, who died a few years ago?"

"Yes."

"What of her mother?" I asked, with a suddenly-quicken interest. "Is she living?"

"Oh yes."

"Where, and how?"

"With her daughter."

"Whom she cast off in anger on account of her marriage with a young man regarded as beneath her?"

"Yes."

"What of him?" I inquired.

"He's an estimable person, I believe, and holds a responsible position in one of our large mercantile houses."

"What a blow to pride! I wonder how Mrs. Goldsmith's present state compares with her condition of mind when she stood in the higher ranks?"

But my friend could not answer the question. She had not known Mrs. Goldsmith in the days of her prosperity, and only knew of her now through her daughter, who came twice a week to give music-lessons.

Next morning I called upon my old acquaintance, now in adversity. Nearly ten minutes passed after sending up my card before she made her appearance. I began to have misgivings as to the state in which I should find her.

A rustling of garments on the stairs—the pleasant pattering of little feet—the music of a child's questioning voice—and then Mrs. Goldsmith entered, leading a golden-haired little girl of some three summers by the hand. One glance into her pale, calm, humanized face told the story of suffering and triumph. She had been down among the seething waters of sorrow and adversity, but had risen above them in the strength of a nobler and purer love than had burned in her heart in the days of wealth and luxurious ease.

"It was kind in you to call," she said, as she stood holding my hand and looking at me with a gratified expression on her face.

"I am grieved," I said, using the common form of expression, "to find that since my absence from the city sad changes have met you."

She smiled faintly as she answered, "God's ways are not as our ways."

"But His ways are always best," I said, quickly.

"Always—always," she replied, the smile growing sweeter about her mouth.

"Though our feet turn to them unwillingly," I remarked.

"Very unwillingly, as in my case."

We were seated. The sunny-haired child was in her arms, her head laid back, and her eyes turned lovingly upward. Mrs. Goldsmith looked down upon the sweet face, and left a kiss upon it.

"Your grand-daughter?"

"Yes, and she's a darling little girl!" Her arms, on which the child lay, felt the loving impulse that was in her heart, and drew the form close against her breast. I noticed the movement, and said, in my thought, "Yes; His ways are best—always—always."

"There has been much lost," she said, in the earnest talk that followed—"much lost, and

much gained; and the gain is greater than the loss. Oh, into what a blind, selfish, sinful state had I fallen when that sterner visitation and discipline came, and I sunk for a time in utter despair. Then I became conscious that a struggle for very life had come, and that not only for myself, but for another also—a struggle in which victory would be reached only in the degree that I had in myself the elements of strength. In the wreck of my husband's estate every thing was lost. Our elegant home and luxurious furniture receded from possession, fading away, in our bewilderment and grief, like a dissolving view, or the passing of scenery in a play. My first distinct impression was like that of a man in the midst of overwhelming waters, and I began reaching about fearfully, in my thought, for a way of safety and escape. Then the despised and contemned one—he from whom we had turned ourselves away in bitter scorn—came and spoke such kind, true, tender, and manly words, that my rebuked and smitten heart bowed itself before him in something of reverence. I saw in what loving trust and confidence my daughter leaned upon him, secure and steadfast, while against me and my other child the floods swept fiercely, and it seemed as if no power could save us.

"Ah! Sir, God led us down into a deep, dark, frightful valley, only that he might show us the way to a mountain of love, rising heavenward, beyond. I could not go in through the door opened for us in such a manly, Christian spirit, and sit down in idleness, with folded hands. The generous conduct of my daughter's husband inspired me with a desire to return benefit for benefit, and though here, under the law of filial love, I try daily to let gratitude express itself in service; and so, in useful employments, I find a new life in which peace dwells. Margaret will not be idle and dependent. It is not the wish of her excellent brother-in-law that she should teach; but duty has led her into the right way, and she is cheerful and happy."

"Not in the external things of this life," I said, as she paused, "can the heart find rest."

"Nor without them," she replied. "We must make them the ministers of useful service; must dwell in them, as life dwells in true forms, directing and controlling them for those good uses they were intended to serve."

"Then," said I, "they will be as Aaron's rod in the hand—a staff for support; and not as Aaron's rod on the ground—a stinging serpent."

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

THE 4th of February will be memorable in the history of the country. On that day the Southern Congress, composed of delegates from the six seceding States, convened at Montgomery, Alabama; and the Peace Convention, composed of delegates from twenty States, assembled at Washington in pursuance of the invitation from the Legislature of Virginia.

Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, late Secretary of the Treasury, was elected Chairman of the Southern Congress. In his address he said that they had met as the representatives of sovereign and independent States, who had dissolved all the political associations which connected them with the Government of the United States. This separation was complete and perpetual, and their duty was now to



provide a Government for future security and protection. They should extend to those States identified with them in feelings, interests, and institutions a cordial invitation to unite in a common destiny, and at the same time should be desirous of maintaining friendly political and commercial relations with their late confederates. A "Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America" was framed, "to continue for one year from the inauguration of the President, or until a permanent Constitution or Confederation between the said States shall be put in operation, whichever shall first occur." This Constitution follows generally that of the United States. The principal changes are embodied in the following articles:

"The importation of African negroes from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States of the United States is hereby forbidden, and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same."

"Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of this Confederacy."

"A slave in one State escaping to another shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom said slave may belong, by the Executive authority of the State in which such slave may be found; and in case of any abduction or forcible rescue full compensation, including the value of slave and all costs and expenses, shall be made to the party by the State in which such abduction or rescue shall take place."

"The Government hereby instituted shall take immediate steps for the settlement of all matters between the States forming it and their late confederates of the United States in relation to the public property and public debt at the time of their withdrawal from them, these States hereby declaring it to be their wish and earnest desire to adjust every thing pertaining to the common property, common liabilities, and common obligations of that Union upon principles of right, justice, equity, and good faith."

Congress has power to impose and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises for revenue necessary to carry on the Government, all duties to be uniform throughout the Confederacy.—This Constitution was adopted on 8th of February. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was elected President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President of the Confederation, by a unanimous vote. The inauguration of Mr. Davis took place on the 18th of February. In his Inaugural Address, he says:

"I enter upon the duties of the office to which I have been chosen with the hope that the beginning of our career as a Confederacy may not be obstructed by hostile opposition to our enjoyment of the separate existence and independence which we have asserted, and which, with the blessing of Providence, we intend to maintain. Our present condition, achieved in a manner unprecedented in the history of nations, illustrates the American idea that governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and that it is right for the people to alter and abolish governments whenever they become destructive to the ends for which they were established. The declared compact of the Union from which we have withdrawn was to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity; and when, in the judgment of the sovereign States now composing this Confederacy, it has been perverted from the purposes for which it was ordained, and ceased to answer the ends for which it was established, a peaceful appeal to the ballot-box declared that, so far as they were concerned, the Government created by that compact should cease to exist. In this they merely asserted the right which the Declaration of Independence of 1776 defined to be inalienable. Of the time and occasion of its exercise they, as sovereigns, were the final judges, each for itself. . . . An agricultural people, whose chief interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country, our true policy is peace and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest and that of all those to whom we would sell, and from whom we would buy, that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry

between ours and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the Northeastern States of the American Union. It must follow, therefore, that mutual interest would invite good-will and kind offices. If, however, passion or lust of dominion should cloud the judgment or inflame the ambition of those States, we must prepare to meet the emergency and maintain by the final arbitrament of the sword the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth. . . . For purposes of defense the Confederate States may, under ordinary circumstances, rely mainly upon their militia; but it is deemed advisable, in the present condition of affairs, that there should be a well-instructed, disciplined army, more numerous than would usually be required on a peace establishment. I also suggest that, for the protection of our harbors and commerce on the high seas, a navy adapted to those objects will be required. . . . With a Constitution differing only from that of our fathers in so far as it is explanatory of their well-known intent, it is not unreasonable to suppose that some of the States from which we have recently parted may seek to unite their fortunes with ours under the Government which we have instituted. For this your Constitution makes adequate provision; but beyond this, if I mistake not, the judgment and the will of the people are that union with the States from which they have separated is neither practicable nor desirable. To increase the power, develop the resources, and promote the happiness of the Confederacy, it is requisite that there should be so much of homogeneity that the welfare of every portion would be the aim of the whole. Where this does not exist antagonisms are engendered, which must and should result in separation."

The following are the most important measures adopted by the Southern Congress:

An Act taking under the charge of the Confederacy all questions with the United States, relating to the occupation of forts and other public establishments.—Acts continuing in force all laws of the United States not inconsistent with the new Constitution, until repealed or altered by Congress; and continuing in office all persons occupying official posts, with the same duties and compensation as before.—An Act modifying the Navigation laws, repealing all discriminating duties upon vessels belonging to foreign nations.—An Act prohibiting the introduction, except from the Slaveholding States of the United States, of negroes, persons of color, or coolies, either as slaves or as bound to labor for any time.—An Act levying duties on goods brought from the United States, unless actually shipped before the 28th day of March; and establishing additional ports of entry.—An Act guaranteeing the free navigation of the Mississippi River.

In the Peace Convention Ex-President John Tyler was chosen chairman. The debates continued till the 27th of February, when a "Plan of Adjustment" was agreed upon by a majority of the Commissioners. It consists of seven sections, providing as follows:

Section 1. Prohibits slavery in all the Territories north of 36° 30'; south of this the status of persons held to service is not to be changed; Congress or the Legislatures to have no power to prohibit their introduction; all rights arising from this relation to be subject to the cognizance of the Federal courts. Any Territory to be admitted as a State when it has a population sufficient to entitle it to a member of the House of Representatives, with or without slavery as its Constitution provides.—Section 2. Prohibits the acquisition of Territory without the assent of a majority of the Senators from both the slaveholding and non-slaveholding states, and also without the assent of two-thirds of the whole Senate.—Section 3. Provides that Congress shall have no power to interfere with slavery in any State; to abolish it in the District of Columbia, without the consent of the owners, and that of Maryland; nor to abolish it in any place under Federal jurisdiction where it is recognized; nor to prevent the transportation of slaves to any place where it is admitted; nor to lay

any higher tax upon slaves than upon land; but slaves shall not be brought into the District for sale, and the right of transit through any State or Territory against its dissent is abolished.—*Section 4.* Provides that the foregoing section shall not be construed to prevent any State from enforcing the delivery of fugitive slaves.—*Section 5.* Prohibits the foreign slave-trade and the importation of coolies.—*Section 6.* Provides that the 1st, 3d, and 5th of these sections, and the first paragraph of section 2, article 1, and the third paragraph of section 2, article 4 of the Constitution, shall not be altered without the consent of all the States.—*Section 7.* Provides that Congress shall pass laws paying the owners of a fugitive whose rendition shall have been prevented by violence or intimidation; and also that legal provisions shall be made to secure to the citizens of each State the privileges and immunities of the several States.

Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect, left his residence at Springfield, Illinois, for Washington on the 11th of February, going by way of Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, New York, and Philadelphia. It was originally intended that the journey should be made by special trains for the whole distance. This was carried out until he reached Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. On the way Mr. Lincoln made brief speeches at all of the larger places, without, however, giving any explicit statements of the proposed policy of his administration, beyond the general affirmation that it would be one of justice to every section. He reached Harrisburg from Philadelphia on the afternoon of February 22, proposing to proceed next morning by way of Baltimore. During the evening intelligence was received which occasioned a change in his plans. No authentic account of the nature of this intelligence has been made public. One report says that it conveyed information of a plot against the life of Mr. Lincoln, to be executed by throwing the railway train from the track before it reached Baltimore; or, in the event of the failure of this, by shooting or stabbing him in the crowd upon his arrival at that city. Other reports say that the reports simply informed him of probable disturbance at Baltimore in case of his public entrance; while still others say that the presence of the President-elect at the Capital was necessary at the earliest possible moment. Whatever the intelligence was, it was such as to induce Mr. Lincoln to proceed privately and at once. He left Harrisburg in the evening of the 22d, returned to Philadelphia, passed through Baltimore without being recognized, and arrived at Washington on the morning of the 23d.—The inauguration of Mr. Lincoln took place on the 4th of March. Apprehensions had existed of disturbances on that occasion, and to guard against these ample military and police arrangements had been made under the direction of General Scott. No disturbance occurred. The Inaugural Address was looked for with much anxiety, as indicative of the policy to be pursued by the new Administration. The President-elect began by declaring that the accession of a Republican Administration afforded no ground to the Southern States for apprehending any invasion of their rights. He reiterated his previous declaration, that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe that I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated and elected me knew that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never re-

canted them.... I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given will be cheerfully given to all the States, when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another." He explicitly recognizes the obligation of enforcing the provision for the delivery of fugitive slaves. He then proceeds to argue against the right of State secession under the Constitution, and to define his policy in relation to it. He says:

"It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary according to circumstances. I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part. I shall perfectly perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself. In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none unless it is forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and collect the duties and imposts, but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people any where. Where hostility to the United States in any interior section shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people that object. While the strict legal right may exist of the Government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices. The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union."

In reference to amendments to the Constitution he says:

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing Government, they can exercise their Constitutional right of amending or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I can not be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendment, I fully recognize the full authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself, and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the Convention mode seems preferable in that it allows amendment to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish either to accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution, which amendment, however, I have not seen, has passed Congress to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of States, including that of persons held for service. To avoid misconception of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable."

The Thirty-Sixth Congress came to an end at noon on the 4th of March. The usual votes of thanks were passed to the presiding officers, Vice-President Breckinridge of the Senate, and Speaker Pennington of the House, who responded in appropriate terms. Mr. Hamlin, having taken the oath of office, read the proclamation for an extra session of the Senate.—The most important bills passed during the last month are that suspending postal service in the seceding States, the new Tariff, and

those erecting three new Territories.—The Tariff Bill provides for a loan of \$21,000,000, and substitutes specific for *ad valorem* duties as far as possible. As finally agreed upon, it has not been published in full; but it increases duties generally by from five to ten per cent.—The new Territories are *Colorado*, made up of parts of Kansas, Nebraska, and Utah, with an area of 100,000 square miles, and a population of about 25,000, including the Pike's Peak gold region; *Nevada*, from Utah and California, including the fertile Carson Valley; and *Dakota*, formerly a part of Minnesota, but cut off when that Territory became a State, with an area of about 70,000 square miles.—The various "Peace Propositions" were finally acted upon at the very close of the session. The House took up the report of the majority of the Committee of Thirty-Three. The first proposition voted upon was one providing for an amendment to the Constitution. It received 109 ayes to 74 nays, but lacking the requisite majority of two-thirds, was lost, though subsequently reconsidered and passed. The remaining resolutions were passed by a vote of 136 to 53. They provide, in substance, as follows:

1. That all proper and constitutional remedies for existing discontents, and all guarantees for existing rights, necessary to preserve the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully granted.
2. That all attempts to obstruct the recovery of fugitive slaves are inconsistent with inter-State comity, and dangerous to the peace of the Union.
3. That the several States be requested to revise their statutes and repeal such as may be in conflict with Federal laws on this subject.
4. That slavery is recognized as existing by usage in fifteen States, and there is no authority outside those States to interfere with it.
5. That the laws on the subject of fugitives from labor should be faithfully executed, and that citizens of each State should be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.
6. That there is no cause for a dissolution of this Government, and that it is the duty of Congress to preserve its existence on terms of equality and justice to all the States.
7. That the faithful observance of the Constitution, on the part of the States, is essential to the peace of the country.
8. That each State is requested to revise its statutes, and amend them if necessary, so as to protect citizens of other States who may be traveling therein against violence.
9. That each State be requested to enact laws to punish invasions of other States from its soil.
10. That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Governors and Legislatures of the several States.
11. That as no proposition has been made to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia or Government dockyards, or to interfere with the inter-State slave trade, no action on these subjects is needed.

The resolution for an amendment to the Constitution, upon reconsideration, was passed by 133 to 65, more than two-thirds, and was sent to the Senate for concurrence. The resolution is as follows:

*Be it Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the said Constitution, viz.:

"That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State."

In the Senate this resolution was taken up on the 4th of March. Various amendments were proposed and lost, and the House resolution was passed by a vote of 24 to 12, Senator Polk, who was in the chair, deciding that it was carried by the requisite two-

thirds. Mr. Trumbull appealed from this decision on the ground that it required two-thirds of the whole number of Senators. The decision of the chair was sustained, Mr. Trumbull alone voting against it.—Mr. Crittenden's resolutions were then taken up. Various amendments were proposed and lost; among which was one by Mr. Crittenden, substituting the resolutions of the Peace Convention for his own. This was lost by 28 votes to 7. The question was then taken upon Mr. Crittenden's resolutions, which were lost by a vote of 19 to 20.

In *Texas*, a Convention, somewhat informally elected, met on the 28th of January. On the 1st of February it passed, by a vote of 166 to 7, an ordinance of secession, to be submitted to the people on the 23d of February, to go into effect, if adopted, on the 2d of March. The result of this popular vote has not reached us; but there is no doubt that it is in favor of the movement, and that Texas is to be added to the list of seceding States. General Twiggs, the commander of the troops in that Department, surrendered the military property of the Government to the State authorities. Upon the receipt of the intelligence of this action, the name of General Twiggs was, by order of the Secretary of War, stricken from the army roll.—Elections have been held in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, involving the calling of State Conventions and the question of secession. The result has been most decided for union, with proper guarantees.—In North Carolina and Arkansas similar elections have been held. The vote is apparently close, and the result is as yet undecided.

#### SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the latest intelligence is favorable to the prospects of the new Government.—In *New Granada* the revolutionary movement which has been in progress for months, with various prospects, now appears in the ascendant.—In *Peru* another revolutionary attempt, the object of which was to place Don Fermin Castillo in the Presidential chair, has been attempted, and suppressed.—In *Bolivia* the President, Dr. Linares, was deposed by a *coup d'état* on the 13th of January. Three of his own Ministers were the leaders in the movement. The President was detained for a while as prisoner; and when released took refuge with the Belgian Consul. A Convention has been called to meet on the 1st of May.—In the *Argentine Confederation* new troubles have arisen, the details of which are obscure, but which appear to forebode new troubles for the country.

#### EUROPE.

The British Parliament was opened by the Queen on the 5th of February. The royal speech, after stating that her Majesty hoped that the "moderation of the Powers of Europe would prevent any interruption of the general peace," thus refers to the affairs of the United States: "Serious differences have arisen among the States of the North American Union. It is impossible for me to look without great concern upon any event that can affect the happiness and welfare of a people nearly allied to my subjects by descent, and closely connected with them by the most intimate and friendly relations. My heart-felt wish is that these differences may be susceptible of satisfactory adjustment. The interest which I take in the well-being of the people of the United States can not but be increased by the kind and cordial reception given by them to the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to the continent of America."



The Emperor Napoleon opened the French Chambers on the 4th of February with a speech, of which the most important portions related to his foreign policy. He said that he had endeavored to prove in his relations with foreign powers that France desires peace, and does not pretend to interfere where her interests are not concerned. It is thus that she had maintained her rights in causing the recognition of Savoy and Nice; in avenging her honor in China; sending troops to Syria to protect the Christians against a blind fanaticism; in increasing the garrison at Rome when the security of the Holy Father appeared to be threatened; in sending a fleet to Gaeta at the moment that it seemed that this must be the last refuge of the King of Naples; and in withdrawing this fleet, after four months, when its presence implied a departure from the system of neutrality, and gave rise to erroneous impressions. "My firm resolution," says the Emperor, in conclusion, "is not to enter into any conflict in which the

cause of France should not be based on right and justice. What, then, have we to fear? Can a united and compact nation, numbering forty millions of souls, fear to be drawn into struggles the aim of which she could not approve, or be provoked by any menace whatever? The first virtue of a people is to have confidence in itself, and not allow itself to be disturbed by imaginary alarms. Let us, then, calmly regard the future in the full consciousness of our strength as well as in our honorable intentions. Let us engage, without exaggerated preoccupations, in the development of the germs of the prosperity that Providence places in our hands."

The war between the Kings of Naples and Sardinia has, for the present at least, come to an end. Gaeta, the last place in the possession of the King of Naples, after a long siege, has been given up. The garrison finally surrendered on the 14th of February, and the King and Queen embarked on board a French ship.

## Literary Notices.

*The Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West Indies*, by WILLIAM G. SEWELL. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The author of this volume has prescribed to himself the task of presenting as accurate and complete an account of the habits and customs, the industry, commerce, and government of the population of the West Indies, as he could gain from personal observation during an extended tour in the Islands, or procure from other trust-worthy sources of information. It does not enter within the plan which he has adopted to suggest any inferences from the results of British emancipation with regard to the system of slave-labor in the United States; nor would any conclusions in that respect possess a just claim to validity by reason of the great territorial disparity between the islands on the one hand, and the Southern section of the Union on the other. Mr. Sewell treats the subject in a calm and dispassionate manner, with entire freedom from political bias, and with no theoretical views which would impel him to the support of any foregone conclusions.

His first impressions of the West Indies were received upon landing at Barbadoes in the month of January, 1859. He gives a graphic account of the different characteristics of the place and the people. In his opinion, although he has no sympathy with the argument of the Abolitionists, that the question of emancipation is one in which the black race only are to be taken into account, the island of Barbadoes is far more prosperous than she ever was in the palmiest days of slavery. The planter himself now believes that the system under which his estate is worked is cheaper and more profitable to himself than the old régime. No one of them would hesitate to select free labor in preference to slave labor as the more economical system of the two. They do not, however, agree that the necessary force can be as readily and as regularly obtained as under the old arrangement. This, indeed, is the great grievance of the present day, not only of the planters of Barbadoes, but of those in the other islands.

With regard to the social condition of Barbadoes, there are certain peculiar features, on which Mr. Sewell's comments are interesting and suggestive. In a political point of view, the population may be divided into three classes: the aristocracy, who are

the planters; the middle class, composed alike of white and colored mechanics; and the lower orders, consisting of the black laborers. The first alone is represented in the Legislature; and the government, accordingly, is a pure oligarchy. The morality of the laboring classes is of the worst kind. Since emancipation, the higher crimes are less frequently committed than before; crimes of violence are almost unknown; but crimes of calculation, swindling, thieving, and the minor vices, have increased. The promiscuous intercourse of the sexes is almost universal. More than half the children are illegitimate. The distinctions of caste are more strictly observed in Barbadoes than in any other British West India island. No person, male or female, who has the slightest taint of black blood, is admitted to white society. Still, the amalgamation of the two races is very general, and while marriage between two persons of different color is abhorred, illicit intercourse is winked at, if not openly sanctioned. The lineage of every person on the island is known, and even the most remote descent from an African ancestor makes one a pariah in the little world of Barbadoes. There are not wanting instances where people of both sexes, without the faintest trace of color, with the Saxon form and features of one parent strikingly predominant, and with all the advantages of a liberal education, are completely shut out from the society of the superior race. A distinct class of half-castes has thus been built up—a people neither African nor European, but more properly West Indian. They form a middle class in society, which is already very large and intelligent, and which is rapidly increasing. It is composed of small landed proprietors, of business men, clerks in public and private establishments, editors, tradesmen, and mechanics. Shut out from the whites, on the one hand, who will not admit them to their society, and from the blacks on the other, to whom they are vastly superior, they are still constantly receiving accessions from the ranks of both. Their political sympathies are with the black population, since there is not the same gulf between the mulattoes and the blacks that there is between the mulattoes and the whites. In the former case, it is possible to rise from the lowest class to the middle class, but it is utterly impossible to rise from the middle to the

highest. According to Mr. Sewell, it is these half-castes who are destined to give a practical solution to the problem of emancipation. Possessing the intellectual power and force of the white race, with the passions of the black, they must ultimately bring to an end the anomalies of the government, must break down the oligarchy of the planters, and obtain for themselves political equality, if not political ascendancy. The white race, as the author argues, loses much of its energy and force within the tropics. You see this in their habits, manners, and customs, in the conduct of their business, and in their daily life. In all professions and trades the mulatto is as exclusively the working man as the black is the field-laborer. The whites are the aristocrats who deem it their special function to legislate for the masses. But their opponents are daily increasing in knowledge and numbers, and will, by-and-by, become too strong for them, and take the reins into their own hands.

A considerable space in Mr. Sewell's book is devoted to the subject of coolie immigration, on which he presents a variety of statistics and general details which challenge the attention of the reader. Within a few years after the emancipation of the slaves in Trinidad, a large proportion of the Creole labor, which always fell short of the demand, was lost to the estates, not through the idleness of the negro, but from his desire to enjoy greater independence, and improve his circumstances. The Creoles did not leave the estates as soon as they were free; they waited until they had acquired sufficient means to purchase land; and it was not until several years that the planters fully experienced the severity of the loss which they had sustained. In order to meet the embarrassment, inter-colonial immigration was encouraged, and captains of vessels were offered a bounty for every laborer brought to Trinidad. The planters also offered inducements to immigration from Canada and the United States, and several hundred people of color actually arrived from that quarter; but as they were principally tradesmen and mechanics, they were of no advantage to the planting interest. Several thousand Africans, liberated from slavery, and a few hundred voluntary emigrants from the Kroo coast, formed a valuable accession to the industrial force of the island; but the supply still continued inadequate to the demand. The first ship with Chinese immigrants arrived in Trinidad in the year 1845. But the importation of Indian coolies was soon substituted for that of Chinese. The experiment was long doubtful. For several years the supply of laborers was scanty, and they were brought at an enormous cost. The plan, however, may be regarded now as decidedly successful. Every planter will admit that within the last ten years he has greatly improved the cultivation of his estate, and doubled the amount of his produce. The extension of culture is increasing every year, and as a consequence, there is annually a greater demand for labor.

The most important feature in the coolie immigration to Trinidad is that it is under the complete control of the British Government. Private speculation has no voice in its management. The immigrants are under the immediate protection of the civil authorities, and no planter, even if he were so disposed, could wrong them with impunity. A superintendent is appointed with special powers, who transmits full reports to the general government. The coolies are imported from Madras and Calcutta at a general expense to the colony, and at

a special cost to the employer of about \$25 per head. The law provides for their free return after they have completed the term of labor for which they were indentured. They leave the squalid filth and misery in which they have been accustomed to live by their own choice, with a guarantee of a free passage to the West Indies, certain employment, and fair remuneration. Upon their arrival they have no thought or care for the future. They live on the estates rent free, in comfortable cottages; if sick, they receive medical attendance without charge; and their wages are five times more than they could earn at home. After they are landed from the ship, not only families, but people from the same district are kept together; their wants are immediately cared for; and their condition is far more comfortable in every respect than that of the mass of Irish immigrants who arrive every week in the city of New York. Not more than about 850 are permitted to be carried in a first-class ship. They are not more crowded than the steerage passengers in an ocean steamer, and the mortality among them is comparatively inconsiderable. The ample compensation which they receive for their services is evident from the fact that all who return home, after completing their term of industrial residence, carry away large quantities of money. One coolie lately returned, after a residence of ten or twelve years in the island, with \$9000, and a ship load will take with them on an average from \$40,000 to \$50,000. By a colonial ordinance, the coolies are entitled to a free return after a residence of ten years; but large numbers remain on the island; and having fulfilled their terms of service voluntarily renew their contracts. There are at present 439 Chinese and about 6000 Indian coolie laborers of both sexes on the sugar estates of Trinidad. As laborers, they are certainly not every thing which the planter could desire. They have not the endurance or strength of the Creole, but they are industrious and intelligent. They are gracefully formed, and upon their first arrival, do not look as though they could stand the labor of the fields or the boiling-houses. But the coolie perseveres in his work, quickly learns what is to be done, and soon becomes an efficient hand. His disposition is mild, almost effeminate; he is docile and obedient; and in this respect contrasts favorably with the negro, who has more decision and force, and with the Chinaman, who has more deceit and cunning. The coolie is not addicted to crimes of violence.

The details presented by Mr. Sewell with regard to other points in the industrial condition of the British West Indies are not less interesting than those of which we have now given a brief account. His book is of no small importance in its bearing on the general question of the relations of capital and labor at the present day, and its elaborate array of statistical facts and figures will give it a permanent value for future reference.

*Fast Day Sermons; or, The Pulpit on the State of the Country.* (Published by Rudd and Carleton.) As an illustration of the great political controversy of the day, this volume possesses a peculiar interest, and may justly claim a historical as well as an immediate value. It contains a collection of discourses, preached on the day of the National Fast, by several of the most eminent divines of different branches of the Church, and representing the views of the most widely opposite portions of the country. Dr. Thornwell, of South Carolina, presents the argument for disunion with his accustomed force and eloquence; while, on the other hand, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher

utters a vehement appeal in favor of the anti-slavery position of the North; and other views, vibrating between these extremes of opinion, are maintained with more or less earnestness, according to the convictions and temperament of the preachers. It is curious to follow the discussion of the exciting questions which form the substance of the volume, as treated by able and reflecting thinkers, whose position and habits remove them from the fervors of party politics, and naturally dispose them to consider their themes in the light of religion and philosophy. No one can even glance at the volume without receiving many significant suggestions in regard to the pregnant issues of the day, and its careful perusal will not fail to be found equally instructive and interesting.

*Harper's Greek and Latin Texts.* (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this admirable series, which comprises the standard classical authors of Greece and Rome, the text is given from the highest authorities, without note or comment, although, in a portion of the volumes, certain critical suggestions are added in an introductory address to the reader. The text has been carefully collated and revised, and in its present state may be regarded as the exponent of the most important philological results of modern European scholarship. The volumes already printed embrace Æschylus, Horace, Euripides, Thucydides, Virgil, and Herodotus; and these will be successively followed by others now in the course of active preparation. The character of this series for accuracy and a judicious selection from the various readings, together with its remarkable neatness of typography and its moderate price, recommend it to the attention of classical students, who will doubtless welcome such a convenient portable edition of their favorite authors.

The fifth volume of the *History of Latin Christianity*, by HENRY HART MILMAN, just issued from the press of Sheldon and Co., brings down the narrative to the time of Pope Innocent IV., including an account of the taking of Constantinople, in 1203; the crusade against heretics under Innocent III.; the founding of the Dominican and Franciscan orders; the siege of Parma; and other topics of interest, around which the historian has thrown the charm of his graphic and vigorous pen. The conquest of Constantinople and the establishment of the Latin empire were significant events in the history of the Church. The introduction of Latin Christianity in the East was essentially a foreign movement; it did not involve the conversion of the Greek Church to the creed, the ritual, or the Papal supremacy of the West; but was, in fact, the foundation of a new Church, of different language, usages, and clergy. The Greeks were dispossessed of their churches and monasteries, which were appropriated to the use of the invaders; and the ecclesiastical property throughout the realm, after providing for the maintenance of public worship according to the Latin form, was divided on the same terms as the rest of the conquered territory. The French prelates were entitled to share in the honors of the conquerors, having displayed no less military zeal and courage than the boldest of the barons. The vessels that bore the bishops of Soissons and Troyes, the *Paradise* and the *Pilgrim*, were the first which grappled with the towers of Constantinople; from them were thrown the scaling-ladders on which the soldiers mounted to the storm; and the episcopal banners were the first that floated on the battlements of Constantinople.

The Patriarch of the city took refuge in flight after it had passed into the hands of the invaders. He might well desire to avoid the horrors and unhalloved crimes which he could not avert. A fierce soldiery was let loose on the wealthiest and most dissolute capital of the world, and the terrible scenes which ensued surpassed in rapacity, cruelty, and lust the conduct of Saladin's army, who stormed Jerusalem. Many of the soldiers rushed at once to the churches and monasteries. In the church of Santa Sophia the silver was rent off from the magnificent pulpit; the table of oblation, admired for its costly material and exquisite workmanship, was broken in pieces; and mules and horses were led into the churches to carry off the massive vessels. The outrage was even carried so far that a prostitute mounted the Patriarch's throne and screamed out a disgusting song, accompanied with the most offensive gestures. The aisles rung with wild shouts of revelry and indecent oaths, instead of the holy chants of worship. Even the sacred vessels of the altar were turned into drinking cups; and it is said that the consecrated host was cast down upon the floor and trodden under foot. The Pope had watched with intense anxiety the progress of the crusade toward Constantinople. He had kept his faith with the usurper, who had promised to unite the Greek Church to the See of Rome, and he now urged the conquerors to enforce the acknowledgment of the Papal supremacy. He took the new empire under his special protection, and commanded all the sovereigns of the West and all the prelates of the Church to maintain friendly relations with it. He assumed at once the full ecclesiastical administration; and from that day may be dated the complete establishment of Latin Christianity in the East. The work of Dean Milman is of no less importance to the general student of history than to the theologian by profession. Nowhere is the connection between ecclesiastical and secular affairs more lucidly explained, or in a style of more chaste and classical beauty.

*The Children's Bible Picture-Book.* (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this neat volume of the series of children's picture-books, which form such an attractive addition to the juvenile library, the most interesting scenes in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament are described in a succession of simple and beautiful narratives adapted to the comprehension and tastes of the youngest reader. The text is profusely illustrated by pictorial embellishments from the designs of eminent German and English masters, forming a volume which can not but interest children in the study of the Bible, and impress upon their minds the recollection of its contents.

*A Pastor's Dying Legacy to his People*, by NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The discourses of which this little volume consists derive a peculiar interest from the fact that they were among the last of Dr. Murray's preparations for the pulpit, but were prevented from being actually delivered by his sudden and lamented decease. They relate exclusively to the "things which are unseen and eternal;" and, under a variety of topics, freely discuss the great truths which are at the foundation of natural and revealed religion. They are written with the glow of feeling, stringency of argument, and eloquent unction which uniformly characterize the productions of the author.



## Editor's Table.

**THE POINT OF HONOR.**—It has been said truly that in the history of nations decoration takes precedence of dress, and the passion for ornament shows itself before the desire for comfortable clothing. Painting and tattooing are older than flannel and silks; and in many a savage tribe the men, and even the women, would far sooner appear in public undressed than unpainted. In cold countries there must, of course, be much greater regard for warm clothing; yet even there, and nearest to the icy pole, it will be found that the expense given to ornament is far beyond that given to comfort, and all uncivilized tribes invest most of their capital in trinkets. It would be easy to throw contempt on this flashy taste as a piece of disgusting barbarism, did not something of the same kind show itself in our boasted civilization, and were it not evident that not only in dress, but in education, what is ornamental is thought far more fondly of than what is useful. We may own and lament the fact, and, like Herbert Spencer and his school of utilitarians, we may lay down a new code of positive science and solid utility, without making any great headway against the prevailing current. We find a very occult, yet very obstinate and mighty, force working against us, and, like a strong wind or tide, overturning the solid walls that we had been so carefully rearing. We may, indeed, think that we have overcome the passion for display by doing away with some absurd fashion, yet are we not generally startled to find that the old folly appears in a new form, and the painting and tattooing break out in some new modes of tinting the skin, or bedizening the person, or flourishing the hands or feet or talents. Even the most imperious appetites can be made to wait on display, and the savage will bear starvation and pain that he may prove his courage and hardihood to his enemy, and the dainty belle will curtail her sleep, her rations, and even her breath, to win the delicacy or grace that may enable her to distance a rival's pretensions.

We are ready to confess to a considerable disappointment at the slow progress of the common-sense school, and at the obstinate vitality of most of the follies that we had been taught to look upon as on their last legs. The schoolmaster is indeed abroad; but the dancing-master, hair-dresser, milliner, tailor, and jeweler are close at his heels, and seem sometimes to get the eye and ear of his pupils more thoroughly than he, and to hold it when some of his lessons are forgotten. In some way almost all persons show the same craving for some kind of display, and long before ample provision is made for the necessities, to say nothing of the comforts, of living. The family is ready to make sacrifices for ornament. The servant-girl, who has not money enough saved to buy a bedstead and bureau to furnish the best room for her expected house, is sure to have a silk dress and flashy bonnet to walk to church with her beau; and the laborer, who finds it hard to pay his rent, tries hard to hire, if he can not buy, a piano for his daughter's ambitious fingers. Enter into any house, and you will see marks of the same instinct, according to the prevailing degree of culture; and the most judicious family that you know will be likely to have articles of no small cost that serve no substantial use. In the matter of dress surely the taste for ornament is never weary, and not the beauty or duration of the material, but the

newness of the fashion, gives the costume its value and charm. Manners and accomplishments follow the same rule; and it is by no means the best sense or the highest virtue that wins and wears the highest social honor.

This word honor opens the whole secret; and evidently it is not any magical quality in the things themselves, but the idea that is attached to them, that gives such ornaments their value; and we start altogether in the wrong unless we take it for granted that we have a natural passion for honor, which makes us willing to do and bear almost any thing rather than not appear well in the eyes of our neighbors. The point of prudence is a great element in life, but the point of honor, in a certain sphere, is greater. If prudence is the law of business, honor, or what is called such, is the law of society; and all the circles and lines of etiquette, like the axioms of geometry, begin with a *point* of honor. Much as is said of this subject at seasons of excitement, as when a duel or a war is on the carpet, we are convinced that it is little understood, and that many of the greatest mistakes are made, and highest opportunities overlooked, from ignoring the nature and power of the prevailing ideas of honor. Sometimes the gravest questions of public interest turn more upon social sensibilities than upon financial or territorial values; and there are matters that men are far more ready to fight about than gold or lands—nay, for which they are willing to sacrifice gold and lands.

Perhaps the most difficult task of the historian or the traveler is precisely in this direction; and in manners, as in language, it is not so hard to understand the usages that refer to universal ideas and wants as those that turn upon local idioms and etiquette. Any eye may see what the Hindoos or Chinese eat and drink and wear, but it takes a philosopher and historian to understand the manner in which they do it; and the Hindoo's ablutions, and the China woman's nails and feet set forth a social as well as a religious creed. We do not so readily perceive the peculiarities of our own manners and customs, and are apt to acquiesce in familiar usages as having their own reason in themselves; and nothing would probably surprise a thoughtful man more than a full and fair exhibition of the social usages that he complies with in their relation to what is absolutely good and true. The subject is, indeed, quite subtle, yet not by any means unreal; and every honest attempt to give a just measure of honor must bring us nearer, if it can not reach, the mark. The illustration with which we introduced this article helps us to a definition of this ethereal essence. The painting or tattooing which the Indian prefers to comfortable clothing evidently affirms the great social instinct, and claims admiration at the eyes of his neighbors, while a dress chosen merely for comfort concerns only his own private individuality, and would be just as useful to him in this way if he were the only person on earth. The physical wants, such as for food, drink, warmth, and shelter, are in themselves wholly private, and they become social in the best sense only when they are connected with taste and refinement, and more or less effectively appeal to the sense of the beautiful, with its attendant claim to respect. Thus every ornament on the person or the table asserts a social creed, and exacts its share of social honor. It is a symbol of

the faith that the man cares for something more than his private appetites, and insists upon standing well with his neighbors.

If we interpret fairly the various decorations that so distinguish the condition and reveal the ambition of men, we shall see that they practically set forth their claim to respect, and that they do this in a manner according to the claimant's circumstance or character, as craving or commanding favor. A coat of arms, for example, is regarded as the sign of a man's or a family's honor, and it is certainly considered as representing the respect which the wearer claims from the community on account of the services or merit common to himself and his ancestry. It is the part of honor for him to vindicate his title to such regard, while it is the part of justice for him to concede whatever is due to his neighbor's name or worth. May we not say that honor, as a sentiment, is a due sense of our worth in the eyes of our neighbor, while justice is a due sense of our neighbor's worth in our own eyes? Thus honor claims at once reputation and character, and not content merely with possessing worth, it insists upon vindicating it before others. A man of true honor, indeed, will insist, first of all, upon being right in his own purposes and deeds, and when conscious of such rectitude he is sustained against all calumny; yet even then he protests against the wrong done him, and is moved to do and suffer much to vindicate a worthy character by a worthy reputation. He claims thus not only his own good opinion, but his neighbor's, and the very generosity of his nature, instead of making him keep his conscience to himself, will move him to open it to his neighbor, and so establish a broad fellowship of interior goods. He is, of necessity, a public-spirited, humane man, and can not live to himself alone. Allowing generously all worth in his neighbor, he expects a fair recognition of his own; and as his plane of life rises, the higher is the style of respect that he gives and takes. The most devout characters in religious history are found true to this spirit, and it is one of the essential traits of a Christian to depend upon a social fellowship, a friendly communion, in which his worth is appreciated as much as it is appreciative. Of course we have no disposition to approve the captious, irritable temper that is always on the watch for insults, and forever demanding notice or apology. Such temper begins at the wrong end, more sensitive as to reputation than character, and so bent on whitewashing the surface as to fail to purify the interior. But let a man purify the interior, and he will not be tempted to leave the surface unclean. True honor begins with character, and works thence outwardly into reputation. False honor affects to begin with reputation, and vainly hopes to work thence inwardly into character.

The aspects of the spirit of honor depend much upon the man's circumstances and disposition. Thus honor is receptive or communicative, yielding or commanding, according as it is found in servant or master, courtier or king. Sensitive men, like delicate plants, live in the dew and sunshine of patronage; while proud men challenge notice, and, like oaks, are ready to wrestle for the mastery with the winds and the lightnings. We find these distinctions of character constantly under our eye, and among a dozen of boys at school you will find that most of them live in the breath of general opinion, and wish to hear what others say and do as others do, quite unhappy at standing alone, and sometimes heart-broken at being made the butt of a jest; while

there are apt to be two or three dashing fellows, who never stop to ask what others think, but go straightway to their mark in spite of the clamor of the whole class, and even of the expostulations and threats of teachers. The ringleader, however, in his way, is as eager for honor as the sensitive little fag whom he bullies and flatters by turns. Sometimes we see these two classes of character seated side by side in a manner illustrative of their idiosyncracies—as when some harebrained scape-grace procures a fast and fiery horse, and takes some quiet crony to ride, and holds the reins in royal style, while his demure companion, in his own way, enjoys the daring fun that he would never presume to originate. In fact, the probable delight that so many take in fast horses is far less in the pleasure of the movement than in the sense of power, and the whip is the cheapest sceptre that our lords of creation can flourish.

The distinction between the sensitive and exacting forms of honor shows itself in every sphere of life, throughout all grades of natural temperament, social condition, intellectual and moral culture. It is very important to note it carefully, and to train each mind according to its need, and not treat the trailing vines as we treat the steadfast oaks. Some children are best governed by judicious praise, and others by just self-reliance. A breath of affectionate interest will send gentle Mary to her task with buoyant step and dancing pulses, while her brother Bob might call that style of speech too namby-pamby for him, and is stimulated far more by being put on his own manly pluck, and told to lead off in study or in play after his own fashion, and let the other boys see how the thing is to be done. Something is to be said in favor of these two styles of character, for each has its own merit. We think, however, that, under good training, the sensitive, dependent nature has its full share of promise, and although exposed to suffer mortification and indulge in vanity, it may be trained to the peace of a steadfast principle and the fortitude of a loyal service. Perhaps the pliant, loyal class of men furnish more good, serviceable material than the domineering class. Certainly, as we look back upon our own life and times, we must own that many sensitive, dependent characters have done far more than was ever expected of them, and that they have a wonderful faculty of assimilating themselves to the most elevating influences within their reach; while no small number of high-spirited youths, who seemed born to command, have wrecked themselves by over-ambition or self-will. It is wise, then, to appreciate both types of character, and to try to make each help the other, seeking to soften the kingly will by something of the courtier's pliancy, and to stiffen the courtier's sensitiveness by a little of the royal pride. Society certainly is complete only when the elements are found in tolerable harmony, and the true gentleman, as his name denotes, has gentleness and manhood combined in his composition. The feminine portion of the social world helps him on in this schooling, and toward women he is the suitor, even when toward men he is entitled to be imperious, for in the drawing-room the king is only the head courtier.

The king can not use a higher sanction than the *honor of a gentleman*; and when used in the highest sense, it implies all gentleness and all manhood, promising to be at once true to the faith and the service, with a mind open to the best influences and a will faithful to every obligation. The honor of a gentleman is not of private interpretation or policy, but

of public and universal worth. It commits him to principles dearer to him than his ease or his life, compelling him to protect the feeble who confide in him, and obey the superiors who have just rule over him. In every bearing of his temper and conduct, it is determined by the supreme law, by the supreme truth, and the supreme right. It opens upward into the higher light and higher power, and alike in his sense and his will he gives proof of his gentle manhood.

We win a clearer idea of the spirit of manly honor when we consider it in connection with some of its leading objects. These are mainly of two kinds, according as they are more external or internal, circumstantial or characteristic. The circumstances upon which honor is most frequently based are wealth and position, especially when these are the gift of birth or inheritance; since, when these are acquired, they indicate traits of character and have an intellectual and moral significance beyond circumstances. We are not ready to ascribe honor to wealth or family in themselves considered, yet we can not deny that great power attaches to both circumstances; and the man who begins with fortune and name has far less to do than his poor and obscure neighbor to secure and enjoy a very high social worth. He is born inside of the fortress, and certainly has a much easier battle than he who has to take the fortress by storm, or build another for himself. At the same time we are compelled to say that no honor attaches to wealth and birth so long as they are mere circumstances and put forth no honorable characteristics. Honor is a quality, and it is not made merely by the addition of quantities. If one dollar of itself has no honor in it, a million has none, and the worth of wealth is measured precisely by the worthy qualities evinced in the acquisition or use of it. The millionaire, as such, has indeed a name, but not always an honorable one, and it is very rare that the richest men in a community are held in the highest respect. It is very desirable, indeed, that a generous man should have means to carry out his spirit, and a certain air of freedom and humanity goes easily with a large purse in liberal hands. There is something, moreover, in poverty that exaggerates the private wants and keeps down the nobler and more universal instincts and ideas. A man who is at his wit's-end to pay his rent or to get his bread is not easily in the heroic vein, and is tempted to shifts that his better nature despises; and Sidney learned at tables of plenty, not in hovels of wretchedness, the magnificent courtesy that led him to take the cup of water from his own parched lips and give it to the fainting soldier at his feet. Yet, if self-sacrifice, not courtly elegance, be the measure of honor, then the poor are entitled to their full share; and no man can have been a just observer of the life of the people who are not favored with riches, without ample proofs that the noblest qualities adorn the humblest homes. We expect little good, indeed, from squalid poverty; but the common lot, with its constant limitation, its daily necessity of helping others by its own toil, is the great nursery of true honor—the brown earth from which all stately growths proceed. In fact, when noble families spring, as they all have done, from the common people, they are obliged to send their sons back to the same hardy school to save them from degenerating; and the discipline of the camp, the navy, and the field are an imitation of the old backwoods or sea-faring life, from which our best blood traces its pedigree. It is hard, indeed, to be

poor; but poverty is a good tonic, and the noblest men have tasted fully of its bitterness. It sadly stints the honor that measures itself by tasteful habits and lavish generosity; yet it may help the higher honor that schools the will in self-denying virtue, and enables the possessor to give—what Dives does not own—an electric force that is a better treasure than hoards of gold. Without such gift from minds thus disciplined, inherited wealth is full of dangers—more fruitful in shame than in honor.

Birth is thought a surer ground of respect than wealth, and is often able to command wealth; and in the Old World and the New the scion of a good family without a penny is thought an even match for the daughter of a vulgar millionaire. Yet we have inglorious examples of the degeneracy of gentle blood in successive generations; and the man who trusts mainly in his blood builds upon the sand, since he ignores the very force upon which his ancestry rose to name. He can not live upon their respectability long unless he has their energy, and he can not have their energy unless he learns it in a sterner school than the Herald's College, or the looking-glass, or in the study of his own pulse and complexion. We are well aware of the clannishness of what are called old families, and are glad to find them studious of the lives of their worthy founders. Yet we are quite as well aware of the utter nothingness of their claims to self-sufficiency, and of the undeniable fact that they would generally vanish out of sight were it not for the new life that rises up from the people to protect them; and the best honors of every age are generally won by men whose nobility does not need the voucher of an ancient parchment. We believe, indeed, in the education of race through successive generations, and in the continuous and associate life and growth of loyal virtues. But this education all good citizens share; and even in a conservative country like England the men who have done most to keep alive the flame of loyalty are not the titled heirs of coronets. The great Commoners, such as Pitt, Burke, Peel, and Wellington, have been the masters of English loyalty; and character, not the circumstance of birth, has given the British empire its great conservatives. The traditional honors of a nation culminate in its leading thinkers and heroes; and these, when born to name and fortune, are more honored by the new birth of spirit or genius than by the first birth of blood and gold.

It is mental and moral worth that is the ground of honor; and complex as may be the scales of social merit, and difficult as it is to adjust wisely the various orders of claims, the human mind is evidently approximating to such adjustment, and in the face of all books of peerage, and laws of etiquette, and votes of academies, it is deciding that those men are most worthy of honor who put the greatest and best powers to the greatest and best uses. We surely are not content with any less comprehensive definition, nor are we willing to leave out of the estimate any element of human worth. Intellect, energy, affection, all belong to humanity, and they bear their true fruit only when put to true uses. The use made of them is the test, but not the sole test of their value; for without original endowments there would be no powers to use, and it is wholly vain to deny honor to original endowments, and to take account merely of personal fidelity. A man who is half idiot deserves praise for doing as well as he can with his half-wit; but who would think of ranking him in the list of honor by the side of Newton or



Shakespeare? The endowments of mind and will, before they are carefully used, are to be honored in themselves as good gifts, for the sake of God the giver, apart from any ascription of merit to the receiver; and we surely reckon without the host, if in the distribution of honors we forget the source whence they proceed, whether from a temporal or an eternal throne. Whether from the hand of God or man great powers and responsibilities win respect, and when used faithfully we estimate the fidelity not only in itself but in relation with the authority to which it is rendered and the amount of talents employed. In all relations of life the representative wears something of the honors of his principal, and it is right to see in every good or great man not only his own merit, but the truth and grace of the God who endowed and guided him. We do instinctively insist, however, that all shining gifts shall be used in a spirit in keeping with themselves, and we can not honor for a moment the selfishness that separates itself from the life of the community or the race, and lives only for its own private ends. We expect a great poet to have a living, but we deny inspiration and fame to every line in which he seemed thinking of his bread and butter. We allow that a great philosopher like Bacon may have an eye to his own emolument, but we deny that any bribes can stand between him and the truth of nature to which he sacredly gave himself. We are ready to believe that a soldier or statesman may seek to himself a fortune; but we refuse all honor to him the moment he ceases to identify his interest with his country, and to be willing to share in her struggles and calamities. We are not unwilling that a preacher should have a good salary; but we refuse to listen to him the moment that we think him bent solely on his pay, and indifferent to the truth and the people. In short, we insist upon a certain largeness of mind and effort, a certain humanity as the ground of honor; and however private may be the candidate's sphere, we refuse him the palm unless he evinces traits that are essentially generous and universal in their bearing. We can not honor a man for keeping a clear and correct account-book of his business, for this is the part of common prudence; but we look with very different feelings on the books of Washington, when we know that he entered scrupulously every item of expense during the wars of liberty, that the nation might refund only the outlay and might receive his priceless services as a free gift. Something of the same spirit may, indeed, enter into all the daily work of life; and we can not refuse any man honor who lives for the highest aims, and eats his bread with a patriot's loyalty or a Christian's faith. All gifts and all acts are to be judged by the relations in which they stand; and the sovereign power, whether human or divine, gives its own dignity to whatever it animates with its motive. True nobility is decided not by nearness but by fidelity to the throne; and, in this view, the distant workman at his loyal post may be nobler than the adroit courtier who belies the royal ear. So all the manual arts are to be judged in reference to the liberal professions, and the ruling idea that animates all toll is to be the criterion of its dignity.

Every form of society tends to establish its own scale of rank, and to frame its own code of honor. However strange or ridiculous the distinctions may in some cases appear, they originate in powerful causes if not in sufficient reasons; and if we marvel at the Hindoo castes, the Hindoo may equally marvel at our own, wholly at loss to understand on what

principle it is that in a country without hereditary rank there are so many indefinable social grades; and in some of our cities the quality of the family depends upon the more or less quantity of butter or sugar sold by the merchant, or by the street or square of his residence. Our social code it is very hard to embody; yet it is not wholly formless, and the peace of American families turns in no small degree upon the point of social honor. Every festive party abounds in real or imagined slights, and there is more diplomacy by far in our private domestic relations than in our foreign affairs. The estimate put upon the various names upon our visiting lists would puzzle Metternich or Antonelli to analyze; and many a nice question of propriety is handled with a shrewdness that Talleyrand might admire. Perhaps the great difficulty with us comes from adjusting the different codes of honor to each other. We have some remains of the feudal code, with its hereditary distinctions; and one is amazed as well as amused to find at what a bounty some very commonplace people hold their blood and coat of arms, and remember pedigrees that the whole world has forgotten. This often clashes with the mercantile code, and it is a difficult point to decide how much money is an offset to ancient blood or established dignity. Then, too, there is a professional code, whether military, civil, or scholastic, which estimates honor from its own aspect, and fixes intellectual and social standing accordingly.

Probably the most frequent and fatal disputes arise from questions of honor rather than of interest, and most wars arise from sensitiveness on the score of national glory. The matter in dispute may be in itself comparatively trifling; but a brave nation can not allow its position to be damaged by taking any insult tamely, and must, at least, prove its own spirit by resistance. In view of this danger, the cautious language of diplomacy is well worthy of our study; and certainly our journalists, and even our preachers, would gain vastly in temper if they were as careful to avoid offense as our public ministers. It is especially worthy of note that, where two nations of different institutions and even languages and faiths enter into negotiations, every effort is taken to avoid whatever may seem insulting; and even when war is declared, the declaration is so worded as not to put any obstacle in the way of future peace. It would be well if this pacific policy could be followed in our own sectional disputes; and we believe that much of our trouble comes not only from rival interests, but from different codes of honor. Our Northern people chiefly follow the mercantile code, while our Southern neighbors go more by the military code. The mercantile code insists chiefly upon honesty, and values veracity mainly in its bearings upon trade; the military code insists most upon courage, and values veracity mainly in its social and official relations. The merchant has, of course, his ideal of honor, and much of his business rests upon personal confidence, yet his habits lead him to measure damages mostly by costs. The soldier lives wholly in professional confidence, and generally having small property, he resents the least suspicion of his courage or fidelity as a blow at his vitals. So the merchant tends to satisfy his wounded honor by a lawsuit, while the soldier challenges the offender to mortal combat or strikes him down by a blow. Southern life has a mingling of the feudal with the military code, and family pride combines with the habits of the plantation and the camp to make the people peculiarly sensitive and high-

spirited. Evidently many of our editors and orators are ignorant of their temper and usages, and offend them bitterly without being aware of it. Some of the sharpest provocations have undoubtedly been given thus unawares; and it is the rhetoric rather than the logic of some of our vehement debaters that has raised so much bad blood. The same mistake has been made in the opposite quarter, and, probably without knowing it, our neighbors have wounded us to the quick by flings at our industry and manners. It is in the region of the nerves that the sensibility is most quick; and while the muscles, like our material interests, are the most prominent and bulky, the delicate and invisible nerves are the seats of sensation. We can carry a great load on our backs or in our arms, but a little weight agonizes our fingers and toes. We have probably confounded the muscles with the nerves to a very considerable extent, and have been treading upon each other's toes and wondering that the process was not pronounced more amusing or desirable. A new day might come if a more considerate and chivalrous tone were adopted, and if a single powerful organ of national opinion could call the disputants to order before the tribunal of courtesy, justice, patriotism, and humanity. We need a court of honor more than a court of law; and if our statesmen and States had learned to respect each other's rights and characters duly, the nation would stand on wholly different footing both at home and abroad.

This whole subject we regard as having very close and important bearings upon education; for the young are moved quite as much by what they are taught to regard as honorable as by what is good or true or useful. If we would know what our children are likely to be and do, consider what they are praised for and what they are practically encouraged to do. If virtue is praised in cold generalities and self-will is commended by obvious admiration, there can be little doubt as to which will win the upper hand. Honor is the breath of social life, and every growth of humanity opens upward if it opens at all. The little child and the aged man can not live out of its atmosphere, and the difference between the good and the bad is not only in the bent of their mind, but in the spirit of their fellowship. To try to educate a child to do without human favor and to live within his own soul and his God, might, perhaps, save him from some follies; but it might expose him to some peculiar forms of pride and selfishness, and surely would excommunicate him from that humanity apart from which no man can see the true God. The best culture, like the best faith, dethrones false honor to put the true in its place, and the most perfect society is that which best appreciates and encourages all substantial worth.

### Editor's Easy Chair.

BY the middle of February the longing for the soft spring weather becomes irrepressible. Skating, sleighing, and coasting have cloyed the eager sense of amusement. Juvenis has danced enough. The Lyceum has heard willingly the swan note of annual eloquence, and crowded concerts are novel no longer. A few milder days loosen the brooks, and you may hear as early as the tenth of February the streams bubbling about New York, although the river is rigid still. In the woods, though they are gaunt, and the ground is dull and oozy, you shall hear a song sometimes, and the bare tree-trunks

upon a rising ground beyond the pond—still frozen, but gleaming with prophetic puddles—cluster in a pale blue haze, as if you had come suddenly upon a belated hour of the Indian Summer.

Your mind and heart set toward spring, and you wonder and yearn for the splendor that shall be. Two months yet before these trees will twinkle with the keen fresh green of budding leaves and catkins. Six weeks surely before, on the damp ground in woody places, and sheltered by charitable rocks and walls and prostrate tree-trunks, you shall find the yellow violet delicately penciled, forerunner of orchises and the more regal glories of June. Yet already the willow hedges are a tender yellow mist. What cheery chirps in the warm air overhead, prelude the summer richness of music! and at length, in the twilight, tree-toads and happy frogs, quietly singing, "Here again, here again!" Even the universal brown of the landscape is welcome as a gain toward green; and, emerging from the naked woods, there, in the bright edge of the twilight, more golden than the golden calm of the west:

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee."

For you are wiled slowly homeward, while the soft touch of the early spring or late winter evening quickens fragments of old song in your heart as just now in the woods behind you.

One of the oldest fragments in our literature is a spring song:

"Summer is yeamin in,  
Loud sing cucu."

And it is the more striking because, as we saw some two or three years ago, when gossiping of the spring and its literature, the direct description of the sights and sounds of external nature is a comparatively modern inspiration of poetry. Humboldt speaks of the fact in "Cosmos;" and Miss Cooper, in the "Rhymes of Country Life," treats the same subject in the most charming manner. Her preliminary essay in that book is one of the delightful things to read in the gushing, teeming April days, when every body discovers how much he likes the country, and what a profound sympathy he has for nature.

Since in spring we all naturally sing, who will not gladly hear the two greatest of the modern English poets upon March and April?—Yes, greatest of modern English poets, although Byron is included. Here is a bit by Wordsworth, homely as Tennyers, and as true:

"The cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green fields sleep in the sun:  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising:  
There are forty feeding like one!

"Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill:  
The plow-boy is whooping—anon—anon!  
There's joy on the mountains;  
There life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing:  
Blue sky prevailing:  
The rain is over and gone."

And now a strain of sinewy Saxon, by the master  
who knows the full splendor of our language :

"Now fades the last long streak of snow;  
Now burgeons every maze of quick,  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

"Now rings the woodland loud and long;  
The distance takes a lovelier hue;  
And drowned in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

"Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea.

"Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greenish gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood, that live their lives

"From land to land; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest."

Who remembers Monsieur X. Chabert, the Fire-King? Twenty years ago he was the Blondin of the hour. He went into ovens heated to bake pies and bread, and sat quietly in them cooking beef-steaks. He dropped hot things upon his tongue. When the two men disputed about their powers of endurance, one said testily to the other, "I bet you that I can hold my right leg in boiling water longer than you can." "Done," said the other, and the smoking, bubbling water was brought. In went the legs: number one with an air of defiance; number two with an edifying serenity. Number one began to wince; number two called calmly for the newspaper. Number one began to find it intolerable; number two smiled at the humor of the paper. "In Heaven's name!" at last exclaimed number one, exasperated by the heat of the water and the coolness of his antagonist, "what is your leg made of?" "Wood," sententiously replied the other. And so the Fire-King seemed, to the wondering eye of ignorance, to be wood all over, so quietly did he play with the fiery element.

One day a gentleman, who had looked on with the curious eye of knowledge, came forward from the audience when Dr. Salamander kindly invited any one to accompany him into the fiery furnace. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Doctor, amazed that the invitation, which had been so constantly offered as a whetter of the appetite for the marvelous, should be seriously received and accepted—"but you will burn to death, Monsieur." "That is my affair," replied the guest. And the Doctor found that he was not to be turned aside from his purpose; and so, to the manifest horror of the audience, who thought that they beheld a man about to make a barbecue of himself, the guest accompanied the Doctor into the oven, returned unsinged, and thereby the Doctor, metaphorically, was roasted. "Pooh," said the judicious world, straightway, "it's all stuff! It's nothing to go into an oven with a beef-steak and come out with the meat done to a turn. Any body can do it. Old Salamander is an old French humbug. Why on earth should we pay money to see him do what any body can do?"

It was the judicious world's usual way of reasoning, and the Fire-King was presently heard of no more; but a neat sign in Broadway, at the corner of Franklin Street, announced that Dr. J. X. Cha-

bert there dispensed drugs and medicines. For the Doctor was a chemist, and his secret was that he knew what he was about; and when another gentleman appeared who also knew, he trusted to his knowledge, as the Doctor had done.

The fact that the human body can endure as high a temperature as will cook meat, and higher, is now put to another use than the gratification of popular wonder. It appears in England under the prodigious name of "Thermo-Therapeia," or the Heat Cure; and it proposes to make our hot-air, not vapor, baths, the means of so secret and searching a scouring of the system that we shall involuntarily wash off all our diseases through all our pores.

The idea of the comfort and luxury of the hot water and vapor bath is old enough. The most luxurious of the races—the Asiatic and the African—revel in it; and the "Turkish bath" is one of the luxuries of Paris. Now we instinctively associate water with a bath, whether in the shape of the liquid element or of the element rarefied in vapor. But this bath derives all its moisture from the subject. The bather literally bathes himself.

Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., in the *British Medical Journal* for October, 1860, unfolds the whole theory, and describes the operation of the Thermo-Therapeia more enthusiastically and distinctly than it has yet been set forth. He gives to Mr. Urquhart, more famous as a traveler than as a Member of Parliament, the credit of applying heated air to the body as a remedy. The medical history of men employed in pursuits that require exposure to the highest heat shows a remarkable health, longevity, and muscularity. "Look at them," cries Mr. Wilson, with enthusiasm; "the perspiration is streaming over the surface of their naked skin: they alight the flowing tide, from time to time, with deep draughts of cold water or of thin gruel," etc. But these men never take cold. High heat, therefore, it is claimed, supplies the most successful conditions for "training" the body.

The true plan, it seems, is to have the Thermae attached to private houses, like the ordinary bathing-room. Mr. Wilson describes that of his friend, Mr. Witt, of Hyde Park, London. Briefly, you must imagine a room twenty feet long, ten wide, and twelve high. A partition is thrown across at about two-thirds the length, making an inner and outer room: the outer is the frigidarium, the inner, entered by a double door, inner and outer, is the calidarium. The walls of the latter are filled in with saw-dust, and the floor paved with earthen tiles. The furnace, incased with brick-work, is so built as to enter the calidarium, and the flue is carried about the room to the length of thirty-five feet. The room is lighted through a thick plate of glass in the outer wall; and four holes, two above and two below, with moveable plugs, afford the ventilation. A wooden platform over the brick-work of the furnace, and wooden seats, complete the furniture of the calidarium.

Girt only around the loins, you step into a delicious temperature of 135 degrees of Fahrenheit. "My friend, Mr. Witt," according to Wilson, "in the course of a few minutes was streaming with perspiration, which ran down his face in rills, and dripped from his elbows and finger-ends in continuous drops, while my skin was as yet dry." The truth is, that the skin of Mr. Wilson, like that of the rest of us, was dormant, half-paralyzed, by long disuse of the pores, and utterly failed of being what it should be—"an emunctory to the system." Mr.



Witt drank cold water copiously, and as fast as his great pore took it in his little pores poured it out.

"We have always wondered," he says, as he and Wilson, who is by this time hopefully moist, sit hobnobbing together in their own fluids, "how the Romans could have supplied water enough in their great baths. *Voilà!* they watered themselves."

After this first process the method is that of the Oriental baths. Anointed with soap and rubbed down with a wisp of the fibre of the palm-tree, you are showered with warm water, then with cold (which is not Oriental); then, being cloaked in a sheet, you recline upon a cane couch under the open window, the day being piercingly cold and snowy, and the sense of lightness, of *aerality*, which the devotee of the Eastern bath so well remembers, allures you to skip over the chimney-pots. There is no wiping except of the head and face; and when the moisture is wholly dried, and there is no clamminess of the skin, you may resume your clothes, but not before.

The point of the high temperature is its dryness. The human body can support a temperature of 400 degrees of Fahrenheit in dry air; but hot vapor is scalding at 120 degrees, and water boils at 212. Thus a friend of Mr. Witt's remarks, "I cooked a mutton-chop on my knee, and in eating it afterward the only inconvenience that I experienced was in the matter of the bread—it became toast before I could get it to my mouth." A dash of water thrown into the calidarium instantly becomes vapor.

Physiologically, the Thermo-Therapeia quickens the action of the heart; but any ill results can be controlled by judicious supplies of fresh air. It seems to have no unpleasant effect upon the lungs, and by unlocking the pores of the skin it gives to the liver and kidney the chance of recovering their tone and resuming their healthy function.

In one of the notes to Mr. Wilson's article, one of the Thermal enthusiasts, Dr. John Le Gay Brereton, is quoted as saying: "After leaving the hot room in our Bradford Bath, bathers were in the habit, last winter, of jumping into a bed of snow which had been collected for the purpose. I have myself spent the whole night in the woods at Blarney (the groves off?) without any clothing save the bath-sheet, after coming out of Dr. Carter's bath at that place. This was after a ball, when, with several other gentlemen, we had retreated to the bath for the sake of refreshment from fatigue. So delightful was the cool air that, when far away from any dwelling, we threw aside even our sheets, to enjoy the morning breeze at daybreak!"

No one who has experienced the singular refreshment, the aerization, of a bath in the East, but will confess a secret sympathy with the spirit of these descriptions. One golden afternoon, in Cairo, the Easy Chair came out of the bath into the dim, romantic street, and so unconscious of body was he, so entirely pervious to the sweet air, as glass to sunshine, that he should not have been surprised had he risen like thistle-down and floated softly to his lodging.

MOTLEY'S "History of the United Netherlands" is a worthy and necessary sequel to his "Dutch Republic." They are both grand historic pictures of different aspects of the same great event. The tremendous conspiracy of despotism in Church and State against the rights of individual liberty—the huge effort to arrest the development of history, of which Philip Second of Spain was the head and

Alexander Farnese the hand, yet with a brain in every finger—is the mighty theme of the work of Mr. Motley. How he has treated it—with what fresh enthusiasm, with what honest sympathy, with what accuracy and extent of research, with what picturesque and luminous narrative—the readers of the "Dutch Republic" will anticipate.

The sources of information opened to Mr. Motley are many and new. The unpublished correspondence between Philip and the Prince of Parma, and that of the English ministers, treating stealthily with the great captain, are now for the first time exposed. These, and the full light thrown upon the French intrigues at the same time, by a similar revelation of long concealed or unknown correspondence, impart a peculiarly fresh interest to the story, the general outlines of which are familiar to so many readers.

The course of the narrative in the volumes, extending over only six or seven years, includes the contemporary history of England, France, Spain, and the Netherlands. And the detail claimed by the intricacy of the State intrigues of the time, is cheerfully allowed by the reader to the historian who lays bare the skeleton of the mystery. He is dazzled by no traditional fame when the light of contemporary fact reveals its falsity. Queen Elizabeth herself is most fairly and honorably drawn by him, but he never fails to see and show the signal, sometimes almost fatal, faults of her character and policy. The Earl of Leicester, upon the whole, appears better in Motley's portrait than in any other; but every stroke of the historian he justifies to us by the record.

The historical sequel of the revolt of the Netherlands is the Thirty Years' War, and Mr. Motley hints that, after the two volumes necessary to complete the present work, he will undertake the sequel. When that is completed, and should he not do it, some other American hand will certainly appear to fulfill it—the great story of modern Europe, the emancipation of individual liberty from the thrall of despotism, will have been told in its many most conspicuous chapters by American historians. Beginning with Prescott's reign of "Ferdinand and Isabella," followed out by him into one of its romantic episodes in the "Conquest of Mexico and Peru," and into its great event by Irving in his "Columbus," the tale descends to "Philip Second," partially narrated by Prescott, and substantially exhausted by Motley in his "Dutch Republic," "Insurrection of the Netherlands," and, by-and-by, the "Thirty Years' War." Meanwhile Bancroft, in his "History of the United States," which Hildreth sweeps with comprehensive skill down "to a period within the memory of men living," continues the work in its Transatlantic aspect; while Godwin, in his "History of France," relates the varying fortune of the movement in the country which became in the last century its frightful battle ground.

Thus, while men wonder whether there will ever be an American literature, that literature is rapidly and massively constructing itself, and, resting upon its achievements hitherto, does not yield, in the proportionate value of its historical labors and literary results, to any nation. Robertson, Hume, Mitford, and Thirlwall are found wanting in extensive and vigorous research of manuscript, as well as printed authorities—Macaulay is obviously a brilliant partisan—Alison, equally obviously, a proxy one; Gibbon, Grote, and Carlyle remain the great English historic names.

Certainly we have done our share, and are doing it.

THE "sensation" of the city during the past month, if we except the intense and transient excitement of the Presidential progress, was the acting of Edwin Booth. The young man is a son of the famous Booth, who, in his cups, was a better actor than most men out of them; and unhappily, at last, if you wanted to see him, you had to see him in his cups, or not at all. The genius of the father has proved to be hereditary.

Boston found it out long ago; but New York does not believe in Boston, nor in what Boston discovers. The theatre was crowded two years since in Boston whenever Booth played. The young women of Boston were perfectly well aware that there was such a young actor as Edwin Booth. The papers praised him. Private conversation praised him. Poets in the magazines praised him. But New York was deaf and dull. Mr. Booth came two or three times and played, but it was no event; there was no enthusiasm, there was, indeed, very little attention to the fact of his appearance. But this winter he came again, and New York rings with his triumphs.

The Easy Chair went to see with the rest of the city. The Easy Chair had long heard of the delicate and sinewy genius of Edwin Booth, and saw him as Cardinal Richelieu. It was a very fragmentary performance—but the great parts were very great. He ranted, which was surprising, because it had been said that his especial excellence was his naturalness; and in nature only coarse and superficial people rant, and Richelieu was neither. It was perhaps difficult to determine whether the fault lay in Bulwer who wrote the foolish play, or in Booth who represented Bulwer's Richelieu. Perhaps and probably Bulwer's Cardinal did rant, and the actor must therefore follow him. Still, the part is susceptible of a more tranquil and natural reading.

But whatever faults the most captious Easy Chair might find with him, no Easy Chair could deny genius to Edwin Booth; and if it could and did, what then? The house has been filled every night with the intelligent and fashionable audiences that Rachel used to have in the same theatre. Yes, and how dreamily those ghostly Rachel evenings come fitting in as you sit there and watch the acting! How the low, rich, musical voice vibrates across the house! How that face, woeful beyond tears, carries all the tragedy in itself! How the pity that sprang deep down in the heart as you saw, and springs now, as you remember, tenderly invests the youth who stands where she stood, and sweetens the music of his voice and casts a pensive light into his eye! Nor take it unkindly, young Romeo, that it should be so. Into all our lives enters so much that is independent of us. Into all the beauty of the loveliest girl so much beauty that she never saw, but harmless to her own. Into the pathos of the singer's voice a sadness the singer shall never know, but which makes the song only dearer and more memorable.

PROBABLY Philip Freneau and the old *Aurora* in Philadelphia, which used to abuse Washington as merrily as we nowadays abuse the President elected by the other party, had little thought that, long after worthy Mr. Freneau's verses, and almost his name, were forgotten, and the *Aurora* had gone

down into utter oblivion, the name of Washington would be the rallying cry of a people who would agree in little else, and that every mark of respect to his memory would be hailed as proof of devotion to the Government which he, more than any man, founded, and first, through every trying difficulty, administered.

Could the men and parties of sixty and seventy years ago be suddenly revived and confronted with our times and our troubles, how curiously they would divide and determine! But although they can not come to us, we can go to them; and while the wisdom of our fathers instructs, their errors may no less warn us. For party spirit is not a modern invention; and we of '61, although the Government should suffer melancholy change in our hands, are not more furious partisans than our fathers were. The old feud between French and English sympathy, which established the earliest party division in our national history, is as sharp and bitter now, as you return to it in the record, as our feuds of later years. Yet they are passed now, and how entirely! Here, in Franklin Square, you may see the old Walton House—finest city palace of its day—in which Citizen Genet was married; but it is almost the only tangible memorial in the city of those stormy times.

How sweet and serene is the fame of Washington, as it shines out of those dispersing clouds! "Who does not envy Washington," says Emerson, "that he is long already wrapped sweet in his shroud, and forever safe; the hope of humanity not yet extinguished in him?" Yes, but how much brighter is that hope for the life and memory of the man? How much surer the full fruition of that hope among the people he loved, because of his figure standing erect in virtue at the very beginning of our history? Suppose France had achieved her revolution, and had established a government, what form could she have seen, immortal through all time, alluring and inspiring the people by the intrinsic grandeur of his character and example? Not Lafayette—ardent, generous, devoted soul! Not Mirabeau—tongue of fire dipped in honey. Not Rousseau—wisest of visionaries. Not Voltaire—magnificent mocker. There was no one figure that should seem to France the inspiration and the model of her effort.

But with us Washington is both. The microscopic search of historic and personal investigation does not belittle him. If the individual citizens were like him, the nation would shine with the lustre of his virtues. And they were very simple, appreciable virtues. Manly honor, first of all and most comprehensive, including the most rigid honesty, and the most faithful devotion to the principle of justice in all human dealing. Washington does not dazzle by any strokes of genius that we feel to be as impossible for us to imitate as they are splendid to behold. On the contrary, the very excellence of his greatness is that it is so intelligible and simple. Shakespeare we may all admire; Napoleon glitters meteoric; but in Washington no man feels that inaccessible quality. His qualities are common to all of us. What he was, with the due resolution and in our degree, every man may be.

It is a good thing, therefore, that his birthday is made a holiday. It ought to be hardly less significant than the Fourth of July. For it is the qualities of Washington that make such events possible as those that hallow the Fourth. Never was the day celebrated with more hearty reverence and sol-

emn interest than it was this year. Never did patriotic hearts pray more earnestly that the great virtues he illustrated by his life may be manifested by our national life, and that the principles upon which he administered the Government may direct its administration forever.

WHEN the Kamis came over last summer we made merry festival. The whole reception had the air of a joke. The quaint barbarians in their droll breeches and absurd head-gear, with their ridiculous lingo and grotesque habits of eating and general behavior, amused us for a little while; and after playing with them until we were tired and the sport began to flag, we sent them home again with Bibles under one arm and Dahlgren guns under the other. Poor, pitiful folk! cried we, compassionately, as they sailed away. Providence is inscrutable, and, doubtless, there is some wise purpose in such a comical, savage, inferior people as the tawny Japanese.

At least, said the Yankee spirit, squinting sagaciously—at least we'll try. We might as well turn a penny out of them as out of any other heathen. In fact, we will permit them to pay for all this fine holiday we have been keeping for their sake.

The Yankee genius is exceeding sly. Sly is Joey B—tough and devilish sly is Joey, said that worthy in "Dombey & Son." And Lord Timothy Dexter, too—sly was Lord T; for he sent out a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies. They were of no use in warming beds, but then how handy for dipping out molasses! Lord Timothy Dexter was a Yankee: it is not yet settled whether he were a genius or a fool. But it is very clear that he was sly.

Now we are all Yankees in the eyes of foreign nations. We try to make local distinctions among ourselves; but we may be very sure that to the Japanese Kamis those distinctions do not exist, and we are all Yankees together. Therefore, together we will enjoy the honor of the victory of our wits over those of the inferior race.

They left us, still wedded to their absurd costumes and customs. They had seen the splendor of Washington—the propriety of Philadelphia—the order of Baltimore—the refinement of New York. They had felt the profoundest respect for the conduct of the Yankee women, for they knew of them only that one of their own servants, a boy of seventeen or eighteen, was overwhelmed with every kind of pressing attention. They had been impressed with the decorum and suavity of our society at large, for they had had experience of Baltimore and Philadelphia receptions, and a New York ball. They had been witnesses of the quality of our private gentlemen in their intercourse with the revered Aldermen of the Manhadoes. Nothing was wanting to complete the satisfaction of the impression made upon their minds. They must have reflected deeply upon the astounding results of our civilization. With their traditional, ingrained habits of thought and feeling their national pride must have been humiliated as they contemplated our superior gentleness, refinement, and courtesy.

"Poor people," said the compassionate Yankee enterprise, "since we mean to make money out of them, let us give 'em a lot of truck to tote back to their dismal old country; it will please their women-folks, perhaps, and tickle 'em all generally."

The patient Kamis received all kindly, and said that they were much obliged. The summer wind blew fair. The summer sea was glass. Over calm

seas they sailed, and saw at last—their hearts of course breaking to behold Boole once more—the mountain shores of Japan.

The Kamis landed; the ship was unloaded, and in due time a little boiled rice was sent off from the shore to the sailors, as a token of good-will and memento of friendship. The sailors kicked it out of the port-holes. Then came a dinner to the officers of the ship, given by the Japanese Booles. The miracles of the cuisine astonished the Yankee genius. It resolved to take its revenge by relating the story of its generosity and magnificence toward the barbarian envoys; but the powers of Japan having no relish for talk cut the Yankee eloquence very short. So the Yankees step out of the dining pavilion to stroll about and see the wonders of the land. A little shed attracts them, and they make for it. The respectful Japanese try to restrain them. "Only a shed. Nothing at all. Not worth looking at. This way, if you please. Dear me! What splendid architecture adorns your residence of Boole. Quite this way, if you please. So glad to hear that Kami Buchanan is well."

But the Yankees persevere. They will see the shed. They do see it, and they find there a thousand Dahlgren guns! "Would they like to buy?" Commodore Perry left one among the savages a few years since; and it has sprouted like a potatoe with a thousand eyes, and lo! this goodly crop.

Poor Kamis! what quaint barbarians they were—with their comical breeches and absurd lingo and ridiculous coal-scuttles on their heads; eating nothing but rice, and overwhelmed by the ingenuity and skill of the greatest, grandest, and most gaylorious nation that the sun ever shone upon!

## Our Foreign Bureau.

WHO will shudder, or who tremble, when we say M. Henri Murger is dead? Who knows, in your Western world, M. Henri Murger? Who cares for Henri Murger, if he were known?

And yet the Paris papers, all; the Belgian papers; the German papers; the Sardinian papers—nay, the *Journal de St. Petersburg* joins with the rest in announcing and deploring, with not a little affectation of regret, and not a little real pity, the death of M. Henri Murger, the author of the "Vie de Bohème." Not a man surely who has done much to control or direct the political action of his day; not a man who had a *status* in the moral world any where; not a man who would have been received, save with exceptional sneers, in any "best salon" of Paris, and yet a man who had contributed somewhat largely to the amusement of cultivated and witty people; a good type of the Paris Bohemian; a delicate pen adventurer, whose dinner of to-morrow lay in his ink-pot to-day. There are many such in this world of Paris. We chronicled the death of one—poor Gerard de Nerval—some three years ago. A sad, miserable death it was: it was winter, and gray dawn, and a harsh wind blowing, when first the passers saw the figure of the wretched suicide hanging from a shutter-fastening in one of the most miserable quarters of Paris. Gustave Doré commemorated the scene, and the chill, and the death, and the life, in a little rude crayoning whose every line was brimmed and pointed with genius.

Murger did not die altogether so sadly; but there was loathsome disease, discomfort, a hospital bed, and few friends. It seems, at first blush, a brave and gallant life to lead off the witty sallies of a world



like Paris with the trilling prettinesses of a *feuilleton*; to have one's words waited and watched for, and caught up and repeated; so much of *bonhomie* and shrewd observation, such hilarity and keen fun must needs, we think, go with a careless, joyous life. And yet the poor fellow who is elaborating these trifles for his bread, never knowing rest from labor, never knowing relief from anxiety; sapping his brain and strength with fierce narcotics to drive away dull humors—dies some day, and we know it all. The poverty, the unrest, the struggle, the debauches, the tortured imagination, the crazed fancy; and then the rest, and the modest funeral, to which Academicians lend the tender pity of their presence, and forget it all.

We do not talk of M. Murger because our readers know him, but because he is a fair type of many of the manhood which exhausts itself in supplying the *feuilletons* of the Paris papers.

He wrote, years ago, the *Serment d'Horace*, played at the Palais Royal. On one of his dark days (of which so many) he went to see its first representation. It was a full, a decided success; and as his imagination kindled in view of new triumphs, he says, "*Je suis bien content; j'espère qu'à l'avenir Mimi pourra dîner tous les jours.*"

A large hope this; we can guess who Mimi was. Not his wife; he never had one, or child. Perhaps Mimi mourns now that Murger is dead; nobody knows.

It is a great and sudden change from poor Murger, a Paris *feuilletonist*, to Dr. Samuel Johnson; but we are carried from the modest funeral of the French writer to Lichfield, and the memory of the great Doctor, and of the brewery of Mr. Thrale, by certain anecdotiana which have latterly first seen the light, relating to the Doctor's lady friend, Madame Piozzi. The book containing them is called, "Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Thrale. Edited, with notes, by A. Hayward, Esq.," and will doubtless attract (or would in more peaceful times) the attention of some transatlantic publisher.

Every body who has read Boswell's "Life of Johnson" must remember the buxom, lively, jolly little woman who presided over the household of the staid, soberly brewer, Mr. Thrale, in whose home Johnson found so long a time a rare refuge. Her plump little figure is almost as present to us as the slouching, lumbering one of her great patron.

It seems strange to be reminded of Johnson and his friends again, he seems so utterly dead. Does any body read the "Rambler" now? Do school-boys Latinize their theses with the magniloquent euphuisms with which the great Doctor "pointed morals or adorned a tale?" Do girls read "Rasselas" or the "Lives of the Poets?"

Do you consult Johnson's quarto dictionary?

And yet the big, bullet brain of him has left its mark where it pounded against the bloat and impostures of his time.

It is only strange that our memory of him should be quickened by the gossiping letters of the pretty woman who entertained him at her home; "made breakfast for him at twelve," talked literature with him, soothed him, listened to him by the hour, revered him (much as she could revere any body), and only left him, and slighted and spoke hardly of him, when she fell in love with Piozzi (whom the Doctor called an old dog), and finally married the audacious Italian music-master.

The editor of this new book of Johnsoniana is as

good to Mrs. Thrale as Boswell was to Johnson; and in praising the Thrale he must needs tell a few bad stories of the great moralist, or what he counts bad. We have this, for instance, from the Autobiography:

"I had remarked to her that Johnson's readiness to condemn any moral deviation in others was, in a man so entirely before the public as he was, nearly a proof of his own spotless purity of conduct. She said: 'Yes, Johnson was, on the whole, a rigid moralist; but he could be ductile, I may say servile; and I will give you an instance. We had a large dinner-party at our house; Johnson sat on one side of me, and Burke on the other; and in the company there was a young female [Mrs. Piozzi named her], to whom I, in my peevishness, thought Mr. Thrale superfluously attentive, to the neglect of me and others—especially of myself, then near my confinement, and dismally low-spirited; notwithstanding which, Mr. T. very unceremoniously begged of me to change place with Sophy —, who was threatened with a sore throat, and might be injured by sitting near the door. I had scarcely swallowed a spoonful of soup when this occurred, and was so overset by the coarseness of the proposal that I burst into tears, said something petulant—that, perhaps, ere long the lady might be at the head of Mr. T.'s table without displacing the mistress of the house, etc.—and so left the apartment. I retired to the drawing-room, and for an hour or two contended with my vexation as I best could, when Johnson and Burke came up. On seeing them I resolved to give a *jobation* to both, but fixed on Johnson for my charge, and asked him if he had noticed what passed, what I had suffered, and whether, allowing for the state of my nerves, I was much to blame? He answered, 'Why, possibly not; your feelings were outraged.' I said, 'Yes, greatly so; and I can not help remarking with what blandness and composure you *witnessed* the outrage. Had this transaction been told of others, your anger would have known no bounds; but toward a man who gives good dinners, etc., you were meekness itself!' Johnson colored, and Burke, I thought, looked foolish; but I had not a word of answer from either."

It is pleasant to hear, even at this distance of time, that before the flippant, and rather needless scold of the pretty woman, "Johnson colored, and Burke looked foolish!"

The main interest and novelty of the book, beyond reviving certain tender, personal recollections of the great philosopher, lies in its account and defense of the marriage of the rich widow Thrale with the adventurous Piozzi. Mrs. Thrale was twenty-five, or thereabout, when Johnson first met her, and was the contented wife of a wealthy brewer who had a villa at Streatham. Mrs. Thrale was fat, lively, and literary; she admired good talk, and had the rare faculty of listening well and of provoking it by playful sallies. One day Mr. Thrale died, and there were those who said that Dr. Johnson would have gladly married the widow Thrale; but there is no good evidence of this. He was over seventy at the death of Mr. Thrale; and he cherished still a very tender recollection of his wife, who had died nearly thirty years before. But the philosopher, who was executor of his deceased friend's estate, did oppose very strenuously the widow's marriage with Piozzi. But it was in vain; and now, nearly a hundred years after the time, the coquettish widow repays the old moralist with usury.

Hear what she says:

"I had been crossed in my intentions of going

abroad, and found it convenient, for every reason of health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, to retire to Bath, where I knew Mr. Johnson would not follow me, and where I could for that reason command some little portion of my time for my own use—a thing impossible while I remained at Streatham or at London, as my hours, carriage, and servants had long been at his command, who would not rise in the morning till twelve o'clock, perhaps, and oblige me to make breakfast for him till the bell rung for dinner, though much displeased if the toilet was neglected, and though much of the time we passed together was spent in blaming or deriding, very justly, my neglect of economy, and waste of that money which might make many families happy. The original reason of our connection, his *particularly disordered health and spirits*, had been long at an end, and he had no other ailments than old age and general infirmity, which every professor of medicine was ardently zealous and generally attentive to palliate, and to contribute all in their power for the prolongation of a life so valuable. Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his conversation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me, and of which he contentedly bore his share for sixteen or seventeen years, made me go on so long with Mr. Johnson; but the perpetual confinement I will own to have been terrifying in the first years of our friendship, and irksome in the last; nor could I pretend to support it without help when my coadjutor was no more."

Upon the whole, however, the Autobiography of Mrs. Thrale does not overset our established notions of the great Doctor: he is slovenly, he spills his soup, his nails and fingers are filthy, he has no grace in him, he says harsh things and impolite things; but he always means what he says, and all that he says counts in favor of order and sobriety and religion. As for the heroine, we are constrained to think less of her than before; she reveals something of the coquette, and a spice of the vixen. In the old times, that we knew of, only through Boswell, Mrs. Thrale conquered the coquette and the vixen; but in the Autobiography they conquer Mrs. Thrale. So much the worse.

We have run back to an old date, a good century ago (in 1759, Johnson wrote "*Rasselas*" to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral), and for a moment we keep our place there: we will say the year 1761—the month of February (we write this on the heel of the same)—the day, the 25th: A man can not travel out of London without imminent risk of being robbed: especially the road to Highgate was famous for its foot-pads. A certain highwayman had made himself especially notorious for his exactions in this region; and in February (1761) a couple of thief-takers, with great zeal, determined to catch or kill the scoundrel. It was the way of this fellow to approach any traveling-coach party, and, breaking the glass with the butt-end of his pistol, to demand their purses. But the thief-takers, when he appears, make a dash at him; whereupon he gallops off. And the papers of that day (from which we quote) tell us how the thief-takers presently, in their ignorance, fired upon the guard of a coach that was coming into London with the King's mail and shattered the poor fellow's arm. The result was, that one thief-taker was committed to Newgate; the other absconded. And this was the police force of 1761.

Then again, as showing other temper of that date,

let us quote an advertisement of Rebecca Pastorini, who lives at the sign of the "Civet Cat," and who has just received "a parcel of exceeding fine pot-pourry from Genoa, likewise a fresh parcel of perfumed garters and sweet bags."

Then again, this item from the *British Chronicle* of February 20, 1761:

"Last night some young bloods pinked two waiters at a tavern in Covent Garden. They were secured in Covent Garden round-house, and this morning were examined and committed."

Once more, from the *Public Advertiser*, this illustrative advertisement:

"A young gentleman of fortune and spirit, possessed of every agreeable qualification, will be glad of a companion whose circumstances will permit him to engage in all the reigning pleasures of the age. Any one whom this may suit is desired to leave a line directed for A. Z., at the Mews Coffee House, Charing Cross."

We leave all this, and the "reigning pleasures" of London, in 1761, to glance at our world of Paris a century later.

The papers will have told you of the reception of the Dominican Lacordaire at the Academy of France.

Let us *preciser* the subject. We have already, in previous papers, explained the wide difference between the Institut of France and the "Academy." Upon the introduction of every new member to the Academy (of which the number is limited to forty) he is required to read a discourse which, by custom and courtesy, is a eulogy upon his predecessor in the same chair. A member is appointed to reply in such way as he may deem fitting. In the present case the Abbé Lacordaire was the successor of M. de Tocqueville, and his appointed respondent no less a personage than M. Guizot. Of course all Paris (which means all France, so far as brain goes) was on the *qui vive* to hear what the democratic, republican, papist Lacordaire would say of De Tocqueville, and what the stanch, conservative monarchist Guizot would say in reply. But all Paris could not listen. It is a small hall which sees the great gatherings of the Academy on such gala days. It is not more capacious than the ordinary lecture-rooms of a college. Yet there was such crowd as might be. The Empress brought thither her pale, thin face, and her mourning for the Duchess of Alba; the Princess Mathilde brought her fullness and her beauty, such as it is—and her worth, such as it is: and the Prince Napoleon, too, was present, and a great flutter of feathers from the proudest hats of Paris.

Yet it is a Society of only forty French gentlemen; not the half of them titled, not the half or third of them to be seen at any of the Imperial receptions. Quiet old gentlemen mostly, who have done things to be proud of, indeed, but who do not wear great proudness in their look. Thiers, for instance, who wrote and is writing a History—who piloted a kingdom for a while, but who looks, as he sits in his arm-chair with sleek face and gray hair and keen eyes, peering out through his spectacles, like some well-to-do shopman who has come in the interests of trade. Lamartine, for instance, taller by half than the historian of the empire, thin-faced, with a mild, benevolent look—too good of countenance to be the alms-seeker that he has made himself; and Mignet, the historian of the Revolution, guarding the youthfulness that he lost long ago, with the face of a prompt, efficient "man of affairs;" and

Consin, heavy and inscrutable and cool; and Scribe, who is above all the millionaire man of letters. Among outside auditors were Walewski and De Morny, and the Marshal Magnan; while the 2d of December was illustrated by such presence as that of Lamoricière and of Changarnier.

And so it was, that in the dusty hall, with an empress and generals and marshals and statesmen for listeners, the Dominican, in his white robe and with shaven head, began to speak of De Tocqueville—his birth, his education, his political tendencies, his "Democracy in America." A swift, picturesque, blazing illustration of a life that was full of calm resolution and large accomplishment. There was ardent and filial defense of the Romish hierarchy, and adroit, though impassioned, declamation against the audacity of those temporal monarchs who questioned or disturbed the serene authority of the Church. There was eulogy upon American institutions that made Americans blush, and a glowing forecast of her great career that, in these times, seemed like mockery. It was a pretty occasion for the Dominican to lay down his political theories, which were as picturesque as his shaven head and his gown, and just as unfit for everyday wear.

Then Guizot spoke, who is the type of Protestant statesmanship on the Continent—not only the type, but its best exemplar.

Guizot is not the tall man you might fancy from the long head you see in his portraits. He is short, frail, and thin. Overworked and overcharged with great weight of brain; yet his voice is that of a strong man, with a clear, metallic resonance and a clean click of syllables that carry his utterance distinct and full to the farthest corners, and to the crowded lobbies.

There is the same care of tone and emphasis that there has been of thought and wording. He is in no sense a careless man, or hasty. Every thing in his speech, dress, motion tells of calmness, quiet thought, unshaken will, and unfailing trust. He is the opposite of what many count the French character. You can not fancy him a trifler, or a fiddler, or a dancer.

All other tribune is denied him now save that which he knows so well in the hall of the Academy. This he uses now, first, with rare courtesy for the Abbé, as the representative of a Faith which he abjures; next, in courtesy for the democratic teachings of De Tocqueville, which he combated when yet he fought in a political arena; and last, and most wonderful of all, in courtesy toward the great Hierarchy which the Abbé represents, and which, in these changing days, seems to carry, almost alone, the dignity of that conservatism which the Protestant statesman loves so fondly.

The details of all this are in the papers. Louis Napoleon, having opened the political tribune to the public ear, is not afraid of what these Academic mummies may say. They are curious, they are wonderful, they have great bones, but they are swathed in big bandages.

ANOTHER matter which has latterly engrossed Paris attention has been the "Affaire Bonaparte"—to wit, the hearing of the cause of Madame Patterson Bonaparte, who revives the story of her griefs by pleading through her son (as heir) for share in the estate of the late Prince Jerome. It brings again to light the romantic story of the marriage of the wild young brother of the old Emperor to a pretty and rich American girl; the story of her desec-

tion, and of the Imperial disavowal of the marriage.

Prince Napoleon, representative of the second marriage, made under the auspices of the Emperor, with his sister Mathilde, watch with apparent indifference for the *dénouement* of the judicial investigation.

It has piqued new and rare scandal; it has given delightful sensation to a thousand salon *quidnuncs*; and as yet the venerable American widow of the dead Prince bides calmly the issue.

Berryer the eloquent, and Berryer the unflinching Legitimist, has her cause in his keeping. It seems strange that Legitimist eloquence should urge the rights of a Republican citizen before a Democratic Emperor.

Of course he has been eloquent; he can not speak without a mellifluousness of language that hearers wait for as they wait for music. And an iron chain of logic stretches always under his rich drift of words, binding sparkle to sparkle as if the turnings of the chain flashed fire.

We translate from his speech this mention of the plaintiff. "Mademoiselle Patterson was young; she was in the enjoyment of every advantage when, under the guidance of her father, and in fulfillment of every legal requirement of her country, she bound her life to that of the brother of the First Consul. A little time passed, and Mademoiselle Patterson found herself abandoned—repudiated. The hand which a solemn oath had placed in hers was to be given to another. Thenceforth she withdrew the graces of her youth and beauty within the protecting shadow of her father's house—the inviolable asylum of her humiliation and abandonment.

"There she waited; and on the very day when at length the death of the Prince creates for her a legitimate occasion for the declaration of her rights, she comes from her retreat. Fifty-five years has she been sustained by her brave maternal love, and the noble pride of a life without stain. She crosses the ocean, she appears before this august Court, and demands of you the vindication of her honor and the establishment of her child in the position due to his birth."

Then he tells us who these Pattersons were; under what influences his client had been reared; how the "great Jefferson" had spoken of her father's house as one of the most honorable and opulent of free America; how a young lieutenant, in the year 1803, had carried thither, in the fleet of the Admiral Villeneuve, the great name whose splendor then filled the world.

There are those who have listened eagerly for the sake of the orator; there are those, too (though few), who listen from a personal interest in the decision; but every one follows the pleadings with curious wonder—wonder if an Imperial Court will effectively, though not formally and legally, bastardize an Imperial prince.

The close of M. Berryer's plea we can not refrain from giving in his own language:

"J'ai fini, messieurs, voilà toute ma cause. Vous suppléerez aux arguments que j'ai pu omettre, vous ferez les lectures que je n'ai point faites.

"Cette cause, vous la jugerez comme je vous l'ai livrée, avec le vouloir et le devoir de rendre justice à une femme délaissée, trahie, indignement remplacée, qui vient après soixante ans vous demander justice.

"Votre décision sera ce que j'espère. C'est une grande garantie pour les citoyens, c'est un magni-



lique spectacle de voir devant l'impassible sérénité des magistrats tomber les tentatives et les expédients du pouvoir arbitraire. Vous ouvrez la loi, et les prétentions injustes s'évanouissent. Celle du Prince Napoléon ne sera point accueillie. Oui, ce sera votre décision, et j'ai joie à l'attendre.

"Et moi aussi je suis un vieil auxiliaire de la justice; depuis longtemps je suis à cette barre, je ne la quitterai pas sans emporter le sentiment du respect de la justice et celui de la confiance dans les magistrats qu'une épreuve de cinquante années a confirmées dans mon cœur."

While alluding to this famous trial, and quoting a fragment of the report, we may mention a new provision of the French press law as regards the forthcoming debates in the Senate and the Legislative Assembly. The debates are to be more free, and it is the professed policy of the Emperor that all France should know accurately and fully what course those debates are taking; therefore it is enacted, that whereas a verbatim report of the debates in either House is prepared for the *Moniteur*, every newspaper in Paris wishing to publish the same will have a proof furnished without charge; but the report must not be garbled or abridged. To meet the wants of those who have not sufficient space at command for a full report, a summary is prepared under the supervision of the presiding officers of either House; and this summary too, if published at all, must be published verbatim.

In this way, and by such means, Louis Napoleon proposes to lay before the French people the means of forming their own judgment with regard to governmental measures, the tribunal attacks upon them, and the government defense.

It would seem very despotic to an American journalist to be denied his right of abridgment of party eclecticism; but yet it is a measure which in France has strong good sense in it, and will save a host of confiding ones from old subserviency to the bureaucracy of the journals.

Of course a paper of large range, like the *Times* of London, which talks of men freely, without regard to party, and of parties freely without regard to the men, is as much interested in presenting a full and complete account of any absorbing debate as the people can be who read; but where every paper is more or less the organ of a party, or a man, or the exponent of a certain declared policy (as are the papers of France), there is need to make the new freedom of legislative debate at once general, and full, and legitimate in its influence, by denying their power of expurgation for party purposes. We quote, *apropos* of this mention, certain judicious reflections of the *London Chronicle*:

"Before 1848 the Radical and Republican journals printed at full length the speeches of their friends in the Chamber of the House of Peers, and dismissed with a sentence the Minister's reply. It is to prevent this unfairness, this adulteration of news, that the new law in France requires the republication in its entirety of the shorthand report, or of the summary, if that is adopted in preference. But they will not be at liberty to take a long report of a fierce denunciation of the Government, and then sum up the Minister's reply in a few words, or omit it altogether, as has been done in the bad 'days of old.' It seems to us that the French Government, anxious to impose habits of impartial reporting, has very fairly modified the rule. People may say, boastfully, that we have nothing of the kind here,

and that it carries us back to the old restrictions on our Parliamentary reports. That is quite true: the French now are suffering what we suffered a century and a half ago—even later—the inconveniences of a new dynasty, and the comparative recency of actual civil war. In our own day we have seen a petulant Member able to turn all the reporters out of 'the gallery' because he had not been fairly reported. The French Government now simply provide against the alleged evil, and make needless such a brusque and absurd remedy. If the French journals play fair we are quite sure that the Senate will be willing to mitigate any further hardship which, in the interest of true reporting, still-exists in the law."

And while upon the topic of journalism, let us make note of a recent British estimate of American newspapers. It is the *Saturday Review* that plays judge; and although it seems to be the way of certain *litterateurs* to sneer at that journal as "young," and "pedantic," etc., there is no question that it carries a directness of aim, and a steadiness of thrust, and a fullness of information, and a piquancy of manner, and a redundancy of vigor, which are throwing the other London weeklies fast into the shade. It has no fear of cliques; it has little (too little) respect for persons; it seethes and foams under a good crackling, honest heat; it is prejudiced, and we like to see prejudice outspoken; it is dogmatic, but frankly dogmatic; it is assuming and sometimes insolent—but always the honest insolence of a man who wears his hat well back on his head; it is British, all over; British pride tingles in the punctuation of it, and swells with native exuberance through its stateliest periods: for these reasons we like it; and for these reasons we stop to hear what *Saturday Review* says of the American papers. Of course we expect some errors of fact: can a good cockney talk about outsiders without priding himself on an ignorance which shows his broth and breeding?

The *Saturday Reviewer* says: In this country (England) the ordinary mode of ascertaining the current of public opinion is by reading the daily newspapers. And it is a matter of amazement to foreigners with what infinite *naïveté* your genuine Englishman will appeal to that journal to prove both his facts and his conclusions.

In America, however, says the Reviewer, "this thing is quite impossible: there is no *status* for a *Times*; public opinion is not so far forth moulded by the newspapers as in this country. True, they are abundant and cheap; many of them neither uninteresting nor written without ability; and that no man passes a day of his life without purchasing, or at all events reading, three or four of them. In hotels every morning you will find a raw Irishman bring your boots, your hot water, and your newspaper all in a bundle. Go into any bar or any coffee-room, and every one is devouring his hot rolls and his newspaper. Get into a railway car, and you observe a constant stream of news-venders passing and re-passing up the 'middle aisle.' Even in the theatres and places of evening amusement you will generally find people buried in a newspaper. In short, every body reads them; but the important fact is that few, if any, look upon them as their political guides. In this country it is no uncommon thing to hear people in conversation derive arguments and quote whole paragraphs from their favorite journal. In America it is the rarest thing to hear any thing of the sort. We repeat it—in America public opinion is not guided by the newspapers as it is in this country. That some journals have considerable influence in their

immediate neighborhood is undoubted, just as provincial journals have in this country. But even in the different localities where particular journals are published, their influence is much smaller than in this country. The names of the editors, proprietors, and contributors, are well known, and very often their characters, and the objects which they have in view. Stop any passer-by and he will probably tell you not only the staff of any journal, but the party by which it is subsidized, and the motives which have dictated the policy which it advocates."

How, then, he continues, is the public mind in the Union informed upon public questions? It is by private discussions in the hotels, at public meetings, wherever men congregate. And meetings are not uncommon in America; discussion is not common: it would not be pressing the point too far to say that speeches are not uncommon. Every man in America is voluble: if he has no chance at a Convention (and the chances are in favor of a chance) he talks "outside the house." He organizes a meeting; there is a platform, a Secretary, a score of Vice-Presidents, and a few introductory observations by a President "called upon unexpectedly to preside" in a twinkling. And the few introductory observations cover, in a generalistic way, the whole ground of the national thought.

Wherever there is an argument about any thing every body in America listens; nobody is without a reason for his opinions, and is ready to tell them upon the smallest possible provocation.

We cite the drift, without the language of the *Saturday Reviewer*, until we come to his "improvement," which runs thus: "It is easy, therefore, to understand that the discussions which take place among Americans may give a much more accurate picture of their general feeling than the telegrams or leading articles of a local newspaper. A 'sensation paragraph' is a thing perfectly understood; and the chief object of an American editor—like that of many other editors—being to sell his paper, he looks as much to the pungency as to the sober truth of the lucubrations it contains. In the journals and in the public meetings the ostensible objects of the various parties are set forth and explained. In these, braggadocio and rodomontade too often make up the principal part of the entertainment. But in what may be termed the public-private discussions to which allusion has been made, the real opinions of the people are expressed and enforced. And not unfrequently the listener may hear views and judgments put forward, which, although for the moment overwhelmed by a blustering minority, are destined before many days to prevail in practice. . . . In the mean time, therefore, it behooves every man who desires to form a correct judgment of the probable course of American affairs to suspend his judgment, or at all events to receive with prudent caution the statements of the leading American journals."

Of course there are errors enough in all this which any intelligent American can at once correct; and having corrected the errors, the intelligent American will very likely find a great deal of truth to digest at the same time.

There can be no doubt whatever that a reckless partisanship has debauched the character of a great, perhaps the greatest, number of American journals. There is no doubt that their wanton disregard of courtesy and charity and—shall we say—decency—have lashed the present excitement to its boiling point. Even the journals of small towns make up by virulence what they lack in vigor, and put im-

pertinences in the place of the discretion and charity which they have not. How humiliating is the reflection that some editor, who wears only the swaddling clothes of any wide knowledge, and is without a tittle of the largeness of forbearance, can exasperate a whole constituency (who have votes in their hands) by his insults!

Is any great battle, that civilization must conquer, to be aided by impertinences, or the hot blood that impertinences breed? We are just now paying the largest price that a nation can pay for our free press and free speech. We are fomenting with the damning littlenesses of newspaper virulence. If only—in view of positive war—these editorial partisans could be placed in the fore-front of the battle; and if the battle were bloody, and nobody ran away, it would be a godsend of a war! And we, however far away, who love the country and its flag, who believe that the American confederation, with all its ailments and sores, black or red, is yet God's appointed instrument for carrying forward human civilization to its largest conquests, would rejoice!

### Editor's Drawer.

A LADY in Mobile, writing to the Drawer just after Alabama had adopted its act of secession, says she wishes it understood that there is one institution—a peculiar institution—in the North from which no act of Government shall separate her, and that is the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*. A sensible lady she is! She shall have the Drawer: if the mail is stopped she shall have it by express, or in some other way, sure. Just hear her, as she goes on to say:

"When we 'shall take our place among the nations of the earth,' may we not hope that 'you' will not be closed to us, even if our enemies around you would dare to exclude us from happiness and hope? May we not, now and then, if we feel lonely and despondent in our new enterprise, keep within your happy, laughter-furnished home, and smile a quiet, earnest smile in sympathy with its quaint drollery? When we shall have become settled and happy we will remember you with love, and reach the long arm of friendship from the South to the North, and give you the hand of a grateful friend. Will you stand by us?"

THE next two come from Maine.

"It is customary hereabouts to open the term of our Superior Court with prayer, and the sheriff usually selects some one of our resident clergymen to officiate on such occasions. Once a year a 'full court,' as it is called, is held by all the Judges, to hear and decide questions of law. A year ago last summer the Judges assembled at the appointed time, and the 'minister' selected (a very worthy man, by-the-way, of the Methodist persuasion) was on hand. At the time appointed, amidst the most profound stillness of the bar and spectators, he began to pray; and after returning thanks for our many blessings, religious and political, and praying for our governments and institutions generally, State and National, he besought the favor of Providence for the Judges there assembled. 'O Lord,' said he, 'look with favor upon thy servants the Judges of this court, endow them with wisdom, and *overrule all their decisions for the good of the parties!*' Joe M——, who had only a few days before received decisions of the Court against him in two important

cases that he had argued the term before, and who is a bit of a wag, turned round to a brother lawyer, and, without moving a muscle except round the eyes, whispered, so as to be heard by all the bar, 'Amen! for self and clients.'

"Close by one of our thriving villages, not a thousand miles from here, is a little colony of Canadians (French). They are a very simple, honest race, and generally very poor. They are not extremely industrious, and consequently not in the most comfortable or thrifty condition; but one and all have a great ambition to own a horse. An old horse and some kind of a cart does more for one of these fellows than a small kingdom would do for many men. A short time ago one of them succeeded in becoming the owner of an old horse. Hitching him up to an old cart, Jo (we call them all Jo for short) started for the village, and meeting one of the principal citizens hailed him, saying, as he pointed to his 'team,' 'Mr. Noyes, I want you to give me some work.' 'Well, Jo, what kind of work do you want?' 'Oh,' says Jo, 'I don't care. I want it to be a good deal horse, and not much Jo!'

"Alas! he is not the only one among us who prays that his task may be a good deal horse and not much Jo."

"ABOUT the middle of the map of the State of New York, as near as you can put your finger, unknown to fame, and called East Hamilton, you will find a country village. They have a newspaper there, from which we cut the following resolutions, unanimously passed, with reference to a lecture on Temperance:

"*Resolved*, That we consider the Lecture of Dr. Moran well calculated to awaken mental research—develop the truth of nature—diffuse the light of science—lead to unity of thought—obliterate prejudice—and elevate the common standard of morality.

"*Resolved*, That this Society be known as the DAUGHTERS OF MORAN."

EVERY BODY has heard of Theodore Parker; and every body around Boston knows Theodore D. Parker, formerly largely engaged in the Rio trade. The latter had occasion, some time since, to visit New Orleans, and on his trip down the Mississippi a very agreeable Southern planter shared his state-room. As Theodore D. is the soul of sociability, they soon formed a very friendly acquaintance. When they arrived near Natchez, where the planter was to land, he invited P. to come and visit his plantation on his return, and at parting asked him for his address. Mr. Parker handed him his card. The planter looked at the card and then at Mr. Parker with much surprise, and exclaimed,

"You ain't Theodore Parker, that Boston abolitionist we have heard so much about?"

"No," says he, pointing to the D in his name.

"Oh! I see," says the planter. "Well, now, my friend, let me give you a little piece of advice. When you register your name on the hotel books down South, you write that D almighty large!"

THIS experience of real life is from a correspondent in Illinois, and is quite as good as any thing we have recently read:

"Your correspondent has an intimate friend, Jo F——, who was until recently cashier of — Bank, in the good old State of Tennessee. Now to say that Jo was handsome, accomplished, and withal very en-

tertaining, would be but to express the opinion entertained of him by nine-tenths of the fair sex with whom he came in contact. He was, to use a Western expression, a 'regular heart-smasher among the women;' and it may not be improper to state, just here, that no one had a more exalted opinion of his capabilities in that line than the aforesaid 'Jo' himself.

"As he and your correspondent were on the most intimate terms imaginable, and accustomed, in the 'halcyon days of boyhood,' to unfold to each other all our plans and purposes for the future—not even omitting the delicate matters of the heart—I was not at all surprised, about a year since, to receive a letter from him, in which, after referring to our past friendship, and the confidence with which he had always consulted me on any important subject, and assuring me that he now desired my advice 'on a matter which very nearly concerned himself, and in which was perhaps involved his future happiness and destiny.'

"I, of course, felt concerned for my friend at this; but was somewhat relieved after reading the following:

"And now, dear S——, without giving you time to imagine any thing very horrible, I will frankly tell you that I am in love. Perhaps you will say, 'Well, what if you are? that is nothing new.' But just wait until I get through. You see, if it was a common love scrape, such as we used to have when we were boys, I could get along with it well enough. But this time it is a little complicated—a kind of double affair. Come now, S——, don't think I am a fool; but the fact is, Fanny L—— is the prettiest little creature in the world. Young, beautiful, and affectionate, she is every thing I can ask; and, in short, I love her as I never loved before! But then, alas! she is poor. Poverty is her misfortune. Were I rich this would not weigh a feather, but then you know I am not.

"The other, Mary W——, is beautiful, gay, accomplished, and wealthy. The former I love; the latter I esteem and admire. I think I may say, without being liable to the charge of vanity, that neither of them are indifferent toward me, but that an offer of marriage on my part would be readily accepted by either! Now, S——, what shall I do? Marry the girl I really love, and remain a poor devil all my days; or, by forming an alliance with the other, at once acquire wealth and position? Answer me."

"I did answer him. In my letter—which, pardon me, I do not mean to copy here—I expatiated largely upon the blessings of 'wedded life,' 'conubial bliss,' 'loving hearts,' and all the other 'sugar and honey' expressions I could remember; and closed by conjuring him, as he valued his future happiness, by all means to marry the one he loved; and as for the 'beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy Mary W——, I would come on in due time and marry her myself.'

"I heard nothing more from my love-perplexed friend for about six months, when he wrote me as follows:

"DEAR S——: I courted them both (the rich one first), and couldn't get either of them! Good-by! I am going to Kansas!"

"HAVING seen in your Magazine some specimens of 'tomb-stone literature,' I send the inclosed. The tomb from which it is copied is in the town of Walworth, Wayne County, New York. I took the lib-



erty of sending, but if you don't see fit to use it, please destroy. Except the names, it is word for word, letter for letter, point for point, like the original, which, by those who have seen it, is judged to be quite a literary curiosity :

"Hear lies the beodey of ann Petty, the Wife of Moses Petty who departed this life August 22 1827. Was born at Beforth ine Burlington Yorkshire England 1770 September the 4 hear Fathers name was John Dixson Died when he was 28 left tow children A girl & Boy she was 8 years hould when hear Farther died her mother moved to beverley to live and gave thim A good education. She was maried the 13 day of April 1800 & left Hull in may 1803 for Scotland & saled from Greenhoke the 24 of October 1804 & landed in New york December th 26 lived there 15 months went from thear to new Jersey & from thear to hontario 1808 she was A virtuos woman but had no children her husband erected this stoue In memory August 1832

"Life is a Sity full of cruked streetes  
& deth A market place where all wimin metes  
if life was marchant, dise & whe it could by  
the rich would live & none but the poor must die"

THE following curious decision of a point in law must be recorded :

"Can a woman testify in an action to which her husband is a party?"

Opinion of Judge Doane, of Pennsylvania :

"If a woman is a *femme-sole* before she is married, she can testify ; but if she is a *femme-sole* after she is married, then her husband would be dead, and she could testify ; but her husband is positively alive, and in my Court, therefore, she can not be admitted to testify."

THE President of — College, examining a student for some misdemeanor, observed to him,

"Mr. W——, you either lie or I do."

"That is possible, Sir," replied Mr. W——.

SHERIDAN and Fox, going to Parliament, having dined out and taken more wine than they could bear, ran against a post, when Fox said, "Get out of the way, boy."

Sheridan replied, "That is a post-boy, and does not turn out for any one."

A VERY tedious fellow annoyed Douglas Jerrold very much by his everlasting long stories, and on one occasion he related having heard a song by which he was quite carried away. Douglas, looking round, asked if any one present could sing that song.

OLD JOE LABARGE, of French descent, was a well-known and skillful pilot of boats plying on the Missouri River. Being at the wheel several years ago, in the time of the first overland emigration to Oregon, two inquisitive Yankees, bound "further West," were near the pilot-house, examining a not very reliable "Traveler's Guide and Map," as the boat came in sight of the ancient town of St. Charles.

"What town is that, pilot?" says Yankee number one to Old Joe.

"Sand Sharl, Sare," answered Labarge.

"I guess you must be mistaken, pilot. Our map puts it down as Portage des Sioux."

"Vel, me no care vat you map he say, bot I travel dis riviere twenty, tirty year, on de keel-boat and de Makina-boat, and dis town we always call him Sand Sharl."

The next day the boat reached Jefferson City, and

the same two Yankees being on the hurricane-deck, with the same map between them, again inquired of Old Joe the name of the place they were approaching.

"Dat is Jaf-far-sone Seetay, Sare," says the pilot.

"I guess you must be mistaken again," says Yankee number two. "Our map calls that town Booneville, I think."

Old Joe said nothing this time, but thought very hard how he should snub these Paul Prya. They soon gave him an opportunity. Turning their eyes to the opposite side of the river, they saw a large flock of pelicans sunning themselves on a sand-bar.

"Oh! what kind of birds do you call them there, pilot?" says one of them.

"Look in you map," says Old Joe; "maybe he tell you de name."

THE Drawer has this contribution from a teacher in the City of Churches. The specimens have been received by one who did not teach the parents :

Pleas to John Love at 8

Ex Scus Benjamin

Mr A, please two exchuse Micel and Chalis for being Absent one wuck

Sir Mr A, you Plese To Exkuse Wm

Mr A, pleas to Ex Quez My Tow Sons this Marning

John Had a ere Ace Because he could not come to School.

A GOOD-NATURED Georgian writes to the Drawer: "At our election to send Delegates to the State Convention the issue was *Union* or *Disunion*. Both parties were very industrious, and, as is usual, used all honorable means to elect their candidates. Among other things they brought the livery-stables into requisition, by employing horses and buggies to bring in those who could not otherwise get to the polls. A few days after the election one of our livery-stable keepers brought in his bill to one of the Committee :

"Youn Youn party

"dr to T. Nones," etc.

"It cost the Committee some time and patience to make the *Union* party out of Youn Youn."

FROM New Orleans the Drawer has the two that follow :

"A man from the rural districts was dining at the St. Charles recently, and not being posted as to the customary forms respecting the allotment of certain guests to one servant, was continually hailing the servants to bring him various dishes, principally oysters. Thus : 'I say, *stranger*, have you got any isters?' No response. Repeating loudly, 'I say, you *stranger*, have you got any isters?' At last an old *culled pussen* turned around, with quite a determined cast of countenance, and, looking daggers, replied, 'I isn't a stranger heah; I'se lived heah a sarvent fur five years; and this isn't an oyster-cellar, but a 'spectable fust-class hotel!' Amidst the laughter of the party the man retired to look for the ister-house.

"As we were journeying over the Hudson Railroad recently, an accident occurred near Tivoli, detaining us several hours. Early in the morning a quiet English-looking gentleman stepped forward to have a closer view. With the air of a tragedian he sang out, 'What any live man can do so can I!' and stepping on the log (placed temporarily over the ditch), unfortunately his left foot slipped; down he went deep into the icy water, over his knees; in at-

tempting to regain his equilibrium the log careened, when over he went deep into the water. Hailing one of the men, he was fished out with a crow-bar, amidst the roars of the passengers. After he regained his footing, and donning a dry suit, he started for Tivoli for breakfast. When part way the iron horse came thundering along the bridge. The circular-cloaked gentleman shouted, but unfortunately the engineer was looking in another direction. To escape another ducking he lowered himself between the cross-ties until the engine had passed. Reaching Tivoli, he remarked to the crowd assembled, 'Vell, I 'ave been partly drowned, barely hescaped being run over by the carelessness of the hengineer; now I am most starved to death, and nothing to heat—vat an 'orrid country this is!'

"In one of the printing-offices in this city [Albany], on one of the cold evenings which we have lately had, the gas refused to do its duty, and one of the employers sent to a gas-fitter to send a man to look into the difficulty. The man that was sent was an Irishman. On examining some of the jets he found that they were not fit for use, and proposed to change them for his employer's patent, which he produced and exhibited. The old jets had but one orifice, while the 'patent' had two, pointing in the direction of each other. It was suggested that double the amount of gas would be used, when the fitter replied, 'Well, I don't think they do, as you see, Sir, they point toward each other, so that what escapes from one side is caught on the other.'"

ONE of our far-away readers writes:

"In the early settlements of California, and before the courts were organized, the settlers still adhered to the Spanish or Mexican custom of electing 'Alcaldes,' whose jurisdiction was equal to any emergency. It happened soon after the first settlements in the town of Yreka that a young man was accused of stealing some \$1500, in gold dust, from a traveler who was passing through the place. He was immediately arrested and brought before his Honor the Alcalde, who ordered a jury of twelve good and honest citizens to be impaneled to try the case. In the mean time the accused sought the advice and counsel of your 'humble servant,' who at that time was considered a full team in the way of managing a criminal case. The accused (after satisfying his counsel beyond a reasonable doubt of his innocence) was arraigned, and a plea of 'not guilty' put in. The prosecution was conducted by a young lawyer of considerable ability; but the prosecution was an entire failure, the defense establishing beyond a doubt the innocence of the accused, and he was honorably acquitted.

"Some week or more afterward your correspondent met the young man, who, after passing the compliments of the day, and complimenting the clever manner in which the case was conducted, asked in what sum he was indebted to his counsel. Believing him not to be overburdened with cash, his counsel replied, 'You know best what my services were worth, and I leave it entirely to you to say what is due to me.' 'Well,' said he, 'there is *one-half of the money!*' handing it to me."

FROM Indiana a new contributor writes that his neighbors were assembled last summer to celebrate the Fourth of July; and as the orator of the day was about to begin his oration, some one asked if it

was not best to first read the Declaration of Independence. It was at once agreed by all that this was right. Then came inquiries as to who had a copy. No one responding, Dan Rhodes replied that he had one, and immediately sent his brother to the house, to get a package from his desk with a blue string tied around it. When it came, Dan very coolly produced a paper, and gave it to the Squire, who at once began and read from it the "Constitution and By-laws of a Know-Nothing Lodge." It was read through without discovery. The Squire followed with a speech, the burden of which was that the present age possessed no one capable of producing such an article as that which he had just read, and that George Washington and Old Hickory were the authors of it.

THE original of the underwritten paper is on file in Jacksonport, Jackson County, Arkansas, bearing date of 1831:

"I, John Toury, an acting Justice of the Peace, unanimously elected and duly qualified in and for the county of Jackson and State of Arkansas, do certify that one Coleman Slayton did come before me and make an affidavit that one Jack Layton did run at him with a long butcher-knife, and stick, and stab, and jab within three inches of his heart; had the knife gone three inches further, and had he not taken refuge by his heels, instead of now being a living monument of humanity, cutting his gay and elegant capers on the top side of this green earth, would be dead and under the sod. JOHN TOURY."

"I AM a constant traveler. My life is either on board the conveyance or at the hotel. If there be one thing of which I am proud it is that I know all the best hotels in the country. And in all places except Chicago I manage, by paying about three dollars a day, to live nearly as well as the boarders who pay six dollars a week. This I consider a great feat, and one that requires long practice, keen sight, and scent to accomplish. But I can not do it in Chicago. I always intend to keep just a little ahead of the common run; and if there be a peculiar privilege or enjoyment at any hotel I don't fail to seek it out and appropriate it, on the ground that it is as good for me as for any body. Thus far to explain what comes.

"During the hottest part of last summer, when mercury culminated at a hundred and six day after day, and scarcely retreated at night, I had occasion to stay two weeks at the best hotel in Louisville, Kentucky. A large tank of ice-water stood in the great area by the office, having a metallic cup chained to each side. The flow, to the burning multitude, was unceasing. The cups fell from one hand to be grasped by another. While looking around for something exclusive, I found a rich and delicate cut-glass tumbler standing on the base of one of the pillars, and hidden from the general crowd. I used to watch my opportunities, and get that particular glass and use it instead of the vulgar cups. For several days I chuckled over this refreshing method of transferring the cooling element. One day at high noon, having just quenched the fiery glow within, I lingered lazily about in the shade of the hall, when I was dumbfounded to see a fat, sweating negro emerge from the recesses of the kitchen, take the crystal goblet from its hiding-place, drink therefrom, and return it. His retreat had hardly been safely covered by a closing door, when another, and after him another, and then more in quick succession, like the sons of Banquo, appeared and performed the same cooling ceremony. Light flashed

at once out of all this darkness: I had been using the glass kept for the *niggers*!"

THE adjusters of losses under policies of insurance against fire sometimes have funny cases, or meet an exhilarating turn. A common method of measuring the damages is to inquire the cost of restoration or repair of the property injured. An adjuster for one of the Hartford companies was recently hurried out to Elmira to pay for the partial destruction of a steam-engine used in a saw-mill. The holder of the policy demanded six hundred dollars as an indemnity, and had procured the formal certificate for that sum. The adjuster had a survey by an expert, who engaged to repair all damages for two hundred and sixty dollars, and he proposed to pay the claimant that amount or repair the machine. Mr. Claimant was terribly astonished; he didn't believe any man living could repair the damage for that sum; protested earnestly against the injustice of asking him to take less than the original six hundred dollars; but, on the whole, if he could have his cash that day, he would take four hundred dollars. Mr. Adjuster finally told him he must take one hand or the other, and he accepted the two hundred and sixty dollars. After the settlement was made Mr. A. offered claimant the contract to repair for the sum paid, which he indignantly refused, with the delicate remark, "No, hang him! he sha'n't do it! There's a man up to Corning will do it for a hundred and fifty dollars!"

#### SYMBOLS.

In fifty-nine our ladies looked  
Like *dinner-bells* a-strut, Sirs:  
In sixty-one the fashion booked  
Is *tunnels*—noses up, Sirs.

Should future "fashion-plates" agree  
In curves and yellow washes,  
A crop our next year's streets may be  
Of waud'ring, *crook'd-neck squashes*.

Thus "Fashion," in these shapes, you see  
(Whichever one you state, sure),  
Quite justifies her claim to be  
Th' interpreter of Nature.

"I SEND an address copied from a letter deposited in this post-office:

"To W. G. Summers (otherwise Bill),  
In the State Iowa, County of Mill.  
Please send this letter without delay,  
And greatly oblige his brother Jay.  
If not gone up (I mean gone down),  
He is P.M. of White Cloud town."

"MR. CLAPP, of this city," says a Louisville friend, "is a dealer in cutlery, and his knowledge of the things of this world is limited to that business. Some years since he took his first trip for the interest of his house, and while traveling through Alabama was detained over Sabbath at the village of Decatur, in that State. His companion proposed that, to pass the day agreeably, they should attend church. They did so, and were seated near the pulpit. It was a Methodist church, and you may know how warm-hearted and earnest is the worship of Methodists in the rural districts of the South. The preacher had waxed warm with the kindling eloquence of his high theme; and before concluding his audience were sobbing with tears and shouting with enthusiasm. Amidst shrieks and sighs the parson stepped from his pulpit, began shaking hands with

his brethren, as usual when deeply affected, and, as fate had it, our hero was the first to whom the hand was offered. The good merchant was badly confused, hesitated for a moment in vain efforts to place him, then reluctantly offered his hand, saying, 'I don't know your name exactly; but it seems to me I did sell you a bill of hardware once!'"

MANY years ago the town of Salem, Massachusetts, had a large India trade, which was eventually swallowed up by Boston, causing great sadness in the former place. A rich merchant undertook to prosecute the whaling business in this town, and it was then observed that Salem had given up weeping and taken to wailing—(whaling).

A CERTAIN member of the Senate, many years since, making a rather pompous speech, observed that he had had the honor of serving his country in the field, he had had the honor of representing his State in the House and Senate, and he also had the honor to fill the Governor's chair in his own State; when a young Virginia lawyer observed that the gentleman must have played his cards very badly, as he acknowledged having all the four honors, and he certainly did not appear to have taken a trick.

At a whist-party, when Talleyrand was present, some one observed that old Mrs. B—— had dishonored her family by marrying her valet. "Oh," said Talleyrand, "it was late in the game with her, when honors don't count."

A CINCINNATI dealer in drygoods, hardware, etc., says:

"Among our assortment of goods we introduced a new style of parlor-stoves, and in the fall of the year, as the weather became cold enough for fires, we fixed up a fancy platform and placed thereon one of the fancy stoves, putting an elbow of pipe on the smoke-hole to designate where it was. So there it stood, exciting the admiration of some of our customers and the curiosity of others. In the back part of the store we had one of them in use to show its operation. So one pretty cold morning we were quite busy, customers coming and going, some merely to warm, some to chat, and others to purchase. While we were all engaged selling, a lady walked in, and picking up a counter-stool placed it by the cold stove. No one seemed to pay any particular attention to her until she began to show signs of getting too warm. First off went mittens, then shawl, then moving back a little. Observing a broad smile on the face of the person I was waiting upon, I became aware of the laughable mistake the woman was laboring under. So stepping down to her, I said, 'Madam, if you wish to warm yourself, step back to the rear of the room, and you will find a stove with a fire in it.' The blank look that came over her face can not be described; but wetting her first finger she touched the stove with a jerk, and finding her finger did not fizz, she realized her mistake; then looked at the pipe, and seeing it was disconnected, and no smoke issuing, confirmed its coldness. So picking up her shawl, she confessed it was no use going back to the other stove, for 'she believed she was warm enough, any how,' but would look at some calico. From that day on our friend always took a look at the stove-pipe to see if it really went into a chimney."

FROM Illinois comes this incident of court and



prison—an accident that might happen almost any where:

"A few years since one Lindsey (famous in this State and Indiana as a bold thief and highwayman, and since shot for insubordination in our penitentiary) was arraigned before our Circuit Court to answer an indictment for highway robbery; to which charge, there being conclusive testimony against him, he plead 'Guilty.' The crime was a very bold and atrocious act, denoting great skill in that kind of 'rough gambling,' as well as a very abandoned and wicked heart. At the close of the term Lindsey was brought up to receive his sentence, when Judge Davis, who is a great admirer of honest industry, as well as an inordinate hater of such 'laripins' as Lindsey, who subsist by thieving, proceeded to pass the sentence of the law upon him. His Honor commenced by reminding the prisoner that he was yet a young man, possessed with a more than ordinary share of natural endowments, sufficient, if well applied, to place him in the foremost ranks of honorable society. He next informed him that, by his own plea, he was guilty of robbing—in open day and almost in the presence of the whole community—an old and helpless man of his hard-earned money—a crime recognized by the law of the land as of the most abandoned and wicked character. In rehearsing this scathing prelude to the sentence of the law, the Judge, as is usual in such cases, got himself very much warmed up, so that when he came to close his remarks with the sentence, he found our State institutions somewhat mixed up in his mind; for said he, 'Lindsey, I shall sentence you to *seven years in the Illinois Legislature!*'

"The penitentiary, your Honor," suggested the prosecuting-attorney, who was standing by.

"The Judge accepted the correction of the prosecutor, muttering, at the same time, something about the 'slight difference' that existed. A titter ran around the bar, when the matter was dropped for the present; but Judge Davis frequently hears of his accommodating sentence upon Lindsey."

A WELCOME correspondent returns, after a long silence, with the following entertaining sketch:

"All creation is now tributary to the Drawer; and so, for the scene of my narrative, I will take you to a secluded spot in Surrey, England—a rectory near Godstone, 'on the Dover Rail,' as my direction had it.

"What an enjoyable meal was the breakfast at the rectory! The head of the family always 'turned out' right side, and prepared to make life happy to all around. Should you 'happen along' there, Mr. Drawer, you can not do better than hang your hat up, and spend a quiet Sabbath in that portion of Merrie England. On the mantle-piece of the dining-room you will find a *late-poor-box*, labeled thus: 'Persons who are not down to breakfast at 8 will put a penny in this box.' I forget now whether the pennies were devoted to charitable objects at Kamtchatka or at the field of Mrs. Jellaby's labors—for none of mine went into it. The rector, during my pleasant visit, got a new butler; and although the rector was not a Mr. Snoreaway, the butler thought it his duty to go to his master's room at 7, bow profoundly, and say, 'Please, Sir, it's 7 o'clock.' The rector one morning described this movement on his servitor's part, which was such a one as an expert swimmer would make when plunging for a dive. 'But,' says the rector, 'I should have thought it much more appropriate if he had said, "Get up, you

lazy rascal!"' The morning's mail and the morning meal, though not the same thing, were always served at the same time, and occasionally one would give zest to the other.

"A billet received one morning made the rector smile; and as I brought it away as a matrimonial souvenir, I give it to you *verbatim*. Here it is:

"SIR As you wished to know and was kind to offer, to marry me, I wished to be married on Tuesday July 13th at Eleven o'clock

"From your Humble servant AMY C—."

"Now the perusal aloud to the 'clock,' and no further, 'brought down the house,' because, as the rector was himself eligible, we supposed that he was committed. Such, however, was not the case. He enjoyed the laugh, and in due time also enjoyed the making the twain one; and your correspondent's name is there, in a volume many centuries old, as a subscribing witness.

"From the altar to the tomb is only a step; and so I jot down, for the benefit of the Drawer, another document singularly quaint in its spelling. I copied it from the sunken brass plate on the monument (whereon is also an outlined figure of the knight in brass) in the little church at Hever, Kent. Here is the document, *verbatim*:

"Here lieth THOMAS BULLEN, Knight of the order of the Garter, Erle of Wilschester and Erle of Ormonde whiche decessed the 12 dai of Marche in the iere of our Lord 1538."

"A few hours after the breakfast just spoken of, and our party—which consisted of the rector, a nephew of his, and your correspondent—were at Hever Castle, the former residence of the 'deceased' whose 'obit' you have. The oblong drawing-room, where the merry dancers once kept time, was occupied by swallows; and even as one swallow does not make summer, so in this very Hever Castle was one Anne insufficient for that medieval Brigham, bluff King Hal.

"How well I remember that dapper little English girl who showed us the castle! How my thoughts would wander from the dead Anne to the living Emma! and how, 'forgetting my vows across the deep,' I unconsciously found myself making love to the rosy-cheeked lass, and trying to outdo 'the nephew of his uncle,' until a look from the rector chided the levity of the old and the young man. A few hasty glances at the corridors and the old pictures (I am no judge of art, but should say that they were of the Dutch 'primary' school), and a parting adieu to Emma—and then, with a single sigh and much waving of hands, we are off for the rectory and the well-set mahogany at 7."

At the hospitable mansion of Judge Dunlop one evening a gentleman related an anecdote which contained a capital pun on a name.

"Well, Judge," said one of the company, when the laugh ceased, "it is fortunate for us that nobody can pun on our names."

"Why, as to mine," returned the Judge, "if you *Lop* off the first syllable, it is *Dun!*"

THE following is true: perhaps it is light enough to float in the Editor's Drawer:

"At a post where I was stationed last year a portion of my leisure time was employed in 'boosting' a young Miss up the rugged hill of knowledge. One of her text-books was a 'School History of the United States,' in which we are informed that Captain Smith's first aim, on assuming control of the distracted colony at Jamestown, was to heal the differ-

ences of the divided colonists, settle their quarrels, unite them for the common defense, etc. At the foot of the page I found the question, 'At what did Smith first aim?'—to which the young brightness promptly answered, '*An Indian!*'"

THE Rev. Dr. H——, of Washington, District of Columbia, is something of a wag in a quiet way, and withal a Union man who does not believe in "secession." Meeting a young and enthusiastic friend of his sporting a secession cockade, the Doctor mildly inquired, "What have you there?"

Southron responded promptly, and added, hesitatingly, "Don't you think it all *right*?"

"Oh yes," says the Doctor, significantly placing his hand on the object; "it's all *right* on the *goose!*"

#### DREAM-CASTLES.

I SEE, in the early morning,  
The vanishing stars of night,  
And the pale moon's latest glimmer  
Slow-fading away from sight.  
I hear, as my eyes drop downward  
On the busy world below,  
Its ceaseless noise and confusion,  
Its hurrying to and fro.

But up and away above me  
There stretches an endless plain,  
Where never the green grass groweth,  
Nor billowy fields of grain.  
But over its vast expanses  
Are thousands of stately halls;  
Still the hands of invisible spirits  
Are piling their lofty walls.

No sound of hammer or chisel  
Awakens the dreaming air;  
But silently, swiftly, and surely  
Are rising those castles fair;  
And the mystic, unseen builders  
Sweep by like a summer breeze;  
The murmuring of their voices  
Scarce heard in the song of trees.

There are lordly halls of marble,  
Snowy, and pure, and cold,  
Clear cut on the sapphire heaven—  
Things of unearthly mould.  
There are many-turreted towers,  
Gloomy, and dark, and gray,  
Casting their grand, dim shadows  
Over the light of day.

There are gorgeous domes of the Orient,  
Glittering with spires of gold,  
Fretted, and carved, and sparkling  
With jewels most bright and cold.  
There are pale and moonlit columns,  
Gleaming with crystal light,  
Pearly and slender pillars,  
Ending above our sight.

There are proud and solemn temples,  
With altars, and choirs, and naves;  
And flows through their rainbowed windows  
The daylight in brilliant waves.  
And flooded with crimson glory,  
The sunset's lurid fire,  
Slowly each beautiful temple  
Rises higher and higher.

Slowly the flames of sunset  
Flicker, and flash, and wane;  
Slowly the raven darkness  
Broods o'er the world again.  
Temples, and towers, and columns  
Fade in the twilight mist—  
The splendor of arch and window,  
Of topaz and amethyst.

Oh, dreamer of earth! are you rearing  
An edifice grand and fair?  
Are you one of the spirit-builders  
Of castles in the air?  
And ah! have you seen, as I have,  
The beautiful fabrics fade?  
And buried in deepest midnight  
Even the ruins laid?

What if the dreams were foolish?  
What if they proved untrue?  
Is there nothing in earth or heaven  
But simply to be and do;  
Cherish those thoughts of beauty,  
Build them higher and higher,  
Till, reaching their heaven-wreathed summits,  
The wishes of earth expire.

Till up by the mystic river,  
And bathed by its silver tide,  
For evermore true and eternal  
They stand in their glorious pride.  
No longer a dream-built cloud-house,  
A palace so frail and fair,  
But one of the mansions of heaven,  
Holy and grand, is there.

A WISCONSIN reader writes:

"Some five years ago, when the candidates for Justice of the Peace were scarce in the northwestern part of this State, a man was appointed to the office for the purposes of settling the little difficulties arising and marrying the natives whenever occasion required. A couple came down the Chippewa one day to be 'spliced,' and after going over the usual formula, he said: 'And now, by the authority of the State of Wisconsin, in me vested, I do hereby pronounce you *man* and *woman*.'

"THREE years after this same Justice had run away, a man from 'Pennsylvania' was elected by the unanimous suffrages of the people to the same lucrative office, and during his administration the following case occurred:

"During a long and tedious trial the plaintiff's attorney, who was very active, constantly springing to his feet to make a few remarks, arose and wished to have the case postponed one week. Of course the defendant's attorney objected, and after considerable sparring on both sides the Court decided that the case should proceed. The plaintiff's attorney attempted to argue the case with his Honor, but he was effectually silenced by the following speech from the Court:

"'Mr. Webb, you *have come* here and produced your case; you *have went* on with your evidence, and I have *wrote* your objections; you will please proceed.'

The following version of the incident of the impatient Judge waiting for the crier to open Court was written to be sent to the Drawer before the January Number appeared, in which the joke is given in sober prose:

A Judge did once his tip-staff call,  
And say, "Sir, I desire  
You go forthwith and search the hall,  
And bring me in the crier."

"And search in vain, my lord, I may,"  
The tip-staff gravely said;  
"The crier can not cry to-day,  
Because his wife is dead."

ONE day last summer, as Dr. F——, pastor of the First Baptist Church in C——, was on his way down street, Lettice, a smart little fellow of three years of age, spied him passing the door-yard, and being

well acquainted with the reverend, he started after him as fast as his little feet would carry him, eagerly calling,

"Hallo, Mr. F——, hallo!"

"Ah, Lettice, how do you do? What now?"

"Mr. F——, what did God make flies for?"

"Why, Lettice, I suppose to bite you when you are a bad boy."

The child stood a moment with his black eyes bent on the sand he was piling up in little heaps with his foot; then looking up into the Reverend Doctor's face, as sometimes children will look, said,

"Mr. F——, do the flies ever bite you?"

A KENTUCKY contributor sends us several Irishers:

"In Newport, Kentucky, our friends of the Irish persuasion, who belong to a Society entitled 'The Order of the Immaculate Conception,' had a procession, when I overheard one verdant specimen hail another with, 'Say, stranger! what S'ity is that?' The other replied, 'Well, I don't hardly remember, but I b'leve they call theirselves "The Order of the Mackerel Conception!"'

"On one of the ferry-boats that ply between our city and Cincinnati (opposite us) are two Irish laborers. One of them, Pat, is humpbacked. The other day Mickey, after eying Pat's deformity a while, said, 'Pat, if yer head wur turned round the other way, begorra an' what a fine full chest ye'd have!'

"An Irish servant-girl that came to my mother, fresh from 'old Erin,' met with the first black person she had ever seen at our house. A few days after her arrival the black woman cut her hand, so that it bled quite freely. Biddy, in utter astonishment, exclaimed, 'Fait, the crature has red blood! Sure an' I tho't it was black blood they had!'

"Our cook, who is of sweet Erin's Isle, had a beau in the country by the name of Joseph. Not hearing from him for some time, she got me to write a letter for her to him in her name. A week or two afterward she hurried up into my room and exclaimed: 'Oh, Miss L——, when Joseph got my letter he was dead!' Surely a bad time to receive a letter. She had heard the mournful news from an associate domestic."

MANY men die martyrs, and then have an impartial judgment passed upon their lives, just as the poor whales are killed first and *tried* afterward.

NUMEROUS good things are sent to the Drawer relating to the brilliant Tom Marshall; but a tithe will never be told.

Marshall was once a candidate against the late General Pilcher. The General had made a long and telling speech, replete with eloquence and great learning, and had closed by telling his audience that he was raised a plain country lad, and had never been to school more than about three months in his life. Marshall arose, and, in that humorous way peculiar to himself, remarked: "My friend has told you that his school education was confined to the short period of three months' time; for myself I was much surprised to hear that the gentleman had ever been to school at all!"

At a certain Ladies' Seminary, famous (at least among the boarders) for the "shortness of its com-

mons"—in other words, for a scarcity of provisions—one of the rules of the establishment was to the effect that each boarder, in turn, should recite a verse from Scripture just before commencing dinner. One young lady from "the rural districts," whose imagination reveled in the good things of life as they were wont to be exhibited on her father's table, thus delivered herself at the appointed time: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and *I perish with hunger.*" It is said the Principal of the establishment immediately asked her "if she was responsible for what she said?"

THE late Dr. Charles Caldwell was distinguished throughout the West for his talents, his vanity, his egotism, and his big foot. Having stopped at Mayaville on his way to Lexington, while waiting for the stage he walked backward and forward before the principal hotel, with an air of dignity and self-importance which few men could equal. Having attracted the attention of the by-standers by his manner, young Mr. Marshall commenced walking behind him, imitating his gait, and finally got just in front of the distinguished professor. The Doctor, annoyed by the conduct of the young man, said to him, abruptly, "Sir, do you know who you are ridiculing?"

The young man, with great archness, surveying him from head to foot, finally exclaimed, to the great amusement of the crowd, "I may have seen your *face* before, but your *feet* have grown entirely beyond my knowledge."

THE same eloquent Professor (Caldwell) was also an earnest advocate of the science of phrenology. Lecturing his class upon the subject on one occasion, he said, "Gentlemen, there are, in fact, only three well-formed skulls in the United States. One is the head of Daniel Webster—another is that of J. C. Calhoun—modesty forbids me to name the third."

"PERHAPS you would not mind having an epitaph which I picked up one day in my wanderings, and which I have kept for you, hoping some day to find others to add to it. I found it in a grave-yard at Beverly, New Jersey. Here it is, right from the tombstone:

"Although she is dead she is speaking to you  
It's come my young friend bid your fathers adieu  
Prepare for to meet the last trouble of your life  
That your spirit may have wings to the regions of light!"

"REV. A. CAMERON was a distinguished and eloquent Presbyterian minister of Shelby County, Kentucky, noted for his genial good-humor, and for his severity toward his opponents. When I was a boy in Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, I concluded one day to drop into the church and take a look at the Synod, which was then holding its sessions in that city. When I entered I found Mr. Cameron was delivering a very earnest and argumentative speech upon some subject which greatly interested the body. Just on his left was sitting young Mr. B——, who had just returned from Princeton Theological Seminary, and was very stiff and precise in his manners. Supposing Mr. C. deviating from the subject of debate, he arose and said, 'Moderator, the Father is out of order.'

"Father C. turned toward the young brother, and with a withering look and an impressive gesture

said, in his Scotch brogue, 'Sit down, you stripling! The Moderator knows when I am in order.'

"The young man fell back in his seat, to the great amusement of the more experienced brethren; and the Moderator thought it best to allow the speaker to proceed in his own way.

"On another occasion the Synod was trying the Rev. Mr. Huber for having married the sister of his deceased wife, and Father C. was making an able speech against him. In the midst of his argument the offending brother appealed to him to answer if he had not himself, in Shelby County, united in marriage a couple within the prohibited degrees which he was now condemning. 'Yes,' said he, 'I did, and I will tell you why: she was an old gal, and I thought it was her last chance!'"

In the city of St. John, New Brunswick, Mike Lane, who was summarily convicted some days ago of having stolen several barrels of flour that bore no private or particular marks, as well as butter and pork more fully identified, wrote to the Police Magistrate, making a somewhat extraordinary proposition. The following is an exact copy of the note:

"PREVINSHEL PENNYTENSHERRY  
Jancerry 26 1861

"MISTHERE GILBERT Yer onner i wish to no ef yew wll ples to let me du as the rode master used to ware i cum from. that is ef i had to work 6 dase on the rode he would let me take my powny and cart on and they counted for ass much as meself. ef Yer Onner will let me du so here i will be Out in 9 Months  
MIKE LANE

"Centensed for 18 months"

We have a little friend of the name of Freddy, who is less than four years old. His sister, who is not quite a year old, was sitting in her father's lap one day, crying and fretting for her mother, who had gone away, when Freddy turned to her, and said, in the most earnest manner possible, "There, Alice, you've cried enough; there's no use fretting any more; mother's gone away, and father don't keep the article you want."

"My little one, about five years old, being queried how he liked a little girl friend of his, replied, 'I don't know.' Then, placing his hand upon his heart, resumed, 'The irrepressible conflict is going on.'"

On entering his stable one morning, the Rev. Mr. Johnson heard his son Ed ordering the horse to stand around, which order was at once obeyed.

"Now, Ed," said the father, "see how well the horse obeys your order without answering back."

"Yes, father, I see he does; but he can't talk, and we don't know what he may think."

"DURING the last Christmas holidays Miss —, of N—, attended a party in the country, and during the evening was requested to sing. She did so, with that gracious compliance which marks true politeness. My little hero (who, by-the-way, has frequently heard good singing) was all ears, and perfectly charmed. When the song was ended he ran to his father—"Oh, pa, pa! isn't that young lady part bird?"

"Now, Sir, was ever sweeter compliment paid by innocence to song? Answer me that."

A SMALL boy, at school, somewhat defective in the upper story, was often bantered by one of his schoolmates calling him a fool, and observing how

strange it was that his mother should have only one child, and that he should be a fool; when the weak boy appeared to be inspired, and replied, "Not half so strange as that your mother should have ten children, and that they all should be fools."

A FAIR-HAIRED lady friend of ours writes:

"Nature blessed me with hair of a slightly sanguinary hue; but by dint of much care, I had flattered myself it would pass for 'auburn.' How I was brought to a sense of its true color was on this wise: Ernest, our little four-year old nephew, was staying with us, and one day I was quite ill and lying on the lounge, my face highly-colored by fever. He was quite exercised in mind, and insisted on taking a 'diagnosis' by feeling my pulse. Pressing his finger on my wrist a few minutes in silence, he said, gravely, 'Oh, aunty! your brud runs and runs; it's run'd up in your face and made it red; and'—while a sly look of humor shone in his eyes—"and it's run'd into your hair some!"

"I, LIKE many others, have a little friend Fred, who one day, not long since, got into such a glee of laughing that it seemed that nothing would make him cease. His mother threatened him, and finally had to whip him in order to make him desist. He took the chastisement without shedding a tear, and after the punishment was over he looked up into his mother's face and said, 'I tell you there was a big bunch of laugh in me!'"

"I GIVE you the saying of a little girl about five years old which we thought good. She resides in Chicago, but is now on a visit here (Boston), where she has many relatives, among whom are a grandfather, uncles, etc. A few evenings since she was taking tea at the house of an uncle where there was quite a collection of friends. While the company was being seated she very closely eyed her uncle, jumped up on her chair, and exclaimed, 'Uncle John, Uncle John, grandfather always prays when he eats; but papa don't, because he wants his dinner hot!'"

"My little light-haired girl is six years old to-day. A few evenings ago, when kneeling down to say her prayers, she looked up in her mother's face and said, 'Ma, ain't there some prayer to keep away war?' Her mother told her to make a prayer for peace, and perhaps God would bless it. So, after saying 'Our Father,' and 'Now I lay me,' she said, 'God bless Ellie, and make her a good little girl; and bless pa and ma; and, O God! bless all the people, and make them good, and then they won't want to go to war and fight and kill one another.'"

"A FRIEND of mine, while holding a mother's talk with her youngest (a little fellow of two and a half years), said to him,

"'Eddie, God made you, and papa, and me, and every thing.'

"Opening his eyes wide with wonder, he looked up and said,

"'Did! where does he live?'"

"'In heaven, above the sky,' she answered.

"'Does? Well, but, mother, where is his 'shop?'" And revolving this first unanswered question of theology in his mind, he slowly closed his eyes, and slept to dream and wonder where the 'shop' could be in which so many things were manufactured."



# Leaves from Little Daughter's Life.



*Pussy wont play properly*



*Sis powders herself*



*Her dream land*



*But makes believe he's one of Sissy's beaux*



*Mama "What makes my little girl look so miserable & cross"*  
*Sis "I'm playing. sitting up for papa"*

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*Abblutionary*



*The Shower bath.*



*In mamas finery*



*Night*



*Dolly in disgrace*



# Fashions for April.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*

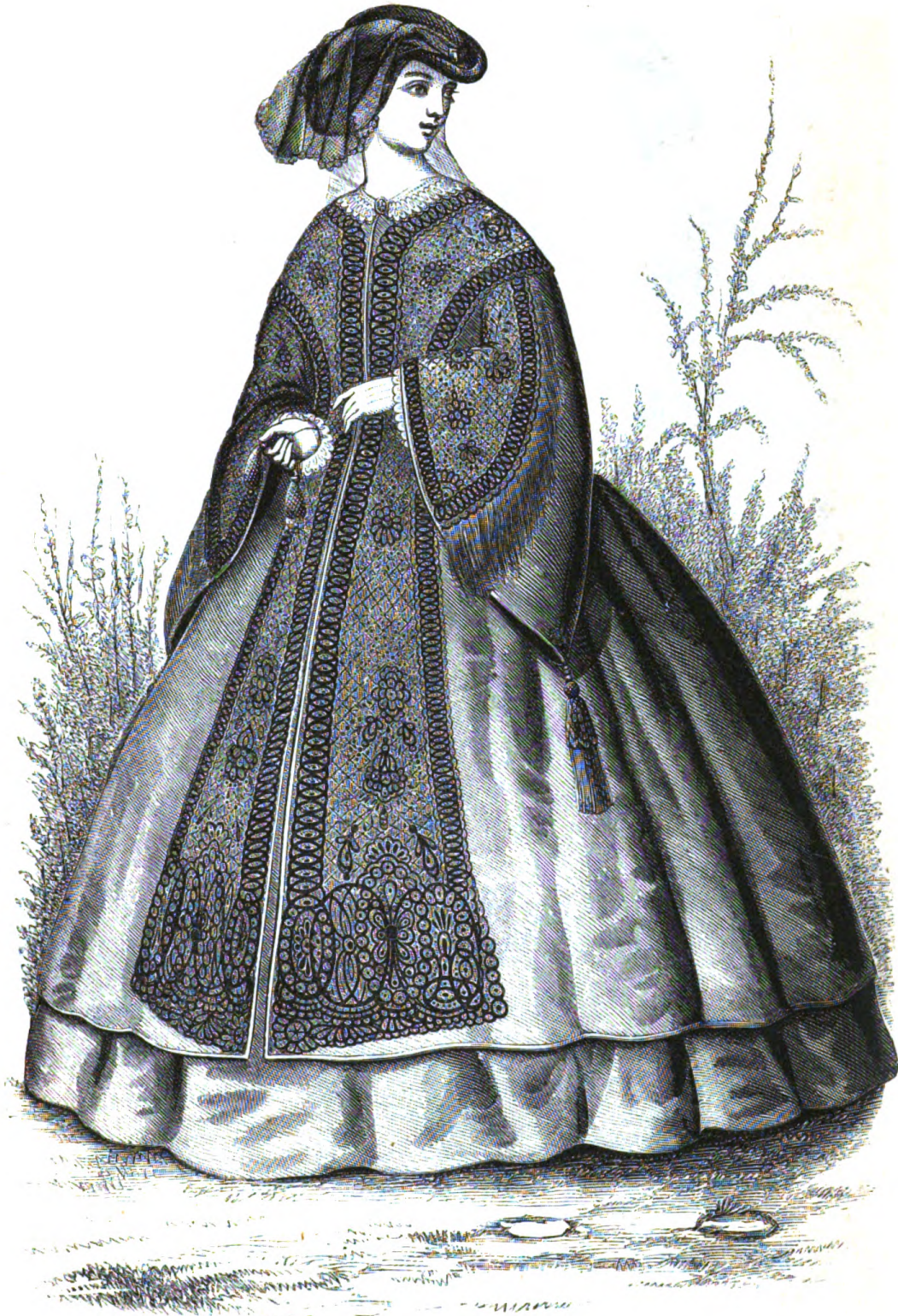


FIGURE 1.—SPRING PELISSE.





FIGURES 2 AND 3.—MORNING NEGLIGEE.

THE PELISSE is of silk, with a lace pelerine. In some garments of similar style the portion upon which the lace lies is of light-colored or white silk, which serves to bring out clearly the pattern of the lace.

THE MORNING NEGLIGEE, in the above illustration, is adapted for any fabric. We present it composed of two materials: the one of black taffeta, with braid ornamenting; the other of white merino, with embroidered needle-work.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXII.—MAY, 1861.—VOL. XXII.



AN EXPATRIATED PATRIOT.

## A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

[Fourth Paper.]

—“In a strange land  
Such things, however trifling, reach the heart,  
And through the heart the head, clearing away  
The narrow notions that grow up at home,  
And in their place grafting good-will to all.”

ROGERS.

**I**N Turkey one sees a great many Turks, and in Boston one naturally expects to meet a great many Yankees. Having seen them, it re-

quires a shrewd observer to perceive wherein they differ from other folks; for it is not in their great commercial cities that the peculiar characteristics of a people are developed or exhibited. The tourist, who having been for some time tossed on the rushing and tumultuous tides of population that ceaselessly ebb and flow through the channels of travel in our Central States (the

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mighty land of Hubbabub that lies between the Federal Capital and Albany), then turns eastward from the Hudson and enters the New England States, feels as one who has escaped from the surging waves of the open ocean into some placid, land-locked harbor. Quiet, decency, and order seem to be the established law of the land.



ON STATE STREET.

Every one appears to have some occupation, and to attend to it; so that at hotels, railway depôts, and street corners the loungers are few. In their intercourse with each other and with strangers the people are civil, good-humored, and obliging: somewhat curt in speech, it may be, and not over-gracious in manner, but rarely offering wanton offense. A gentleman who has published an admirable volume on the trees and shrubs of Massachusetts, says that, during the two years he was engaged in collecting the necessary information for his work, he traveled over every part of the State, and had more or less intercourse with every class of people to be found within its borders, and while acknowledging the thousand acts of obliging civility, kindness, and hospitality by which his labors were cheered and assisted, he recalls but one instance of exceptional rudeness. It is doubtful whether a similar compliment could be paid to any other community in Christendom; yet the experiences of my two months' tour go fully to confirm the writer's report of the land, excepting only the exception. Kindness and hospitality of the most pleasing character where we might have expected it, and often where we scarcely had a right to look for it. Even in our intercourse with those classes, elsewhere usually so fruitful in annoyances and difficulties—landlords, hackmen, boatmen, porters—we found no exception to the rule of obliging good-humor and fair dealing.

"That's true, every word of it!" cries Dick, with warmth; "they have been misunderstood and underrated: and for all they screw their mouths up so tight, and decline a julep in public, I've never seen any people more willing to take a sociable horn in private when they get a chance."

Connoisseurs observe in the master-works of painting a mellowness of tone which no copyist can imitate, and which time alone can give. So we may perceive in the manners of an old community a mellowness of refinement which is felt but can hardly be described: a finished civility, which is independent of externals, dress, equipage, or architecture; that antedates steamboats, railways, and electric telegraphs; which had its growth and temper before the days of German philosophy, with its wretched spawn of "isms;" which will remain with a people after wealth and power have departed, surviving even the decay of the Arts and education that gave it birth. He who would feel what I mean must visit some of the old towns in our old States, deserted by trade, where old manners and customs remain still uncrushed by the remorseless march of Progress. In spite of trade, progress, gas, steam, electricity, and isms, Boston retains its full share of this ancient stateliness.

The morning after the opera Dick started off to search for his acquaintance, Miss Prudence Teazle, while I took a solitary stroll about the city to see whatever was to be seen. For the first time in my life I was puzzled in finding my way about a town. Old Boston was never planned, but just happened. By dint of careful



observations and numerous inquiries, making many zigzags and detours, I managed to get to the post-office—distant, I believe, only a few hundred yards from our hotel. The sidewalk and steps leading to the building were occupied by a sharp-looking crowd, arranged in duos, trios, and quartettes, talking generally in an undertone, but with more earnestness and anxiety than was usual or altogether natural. Passing near a very old man who must have been over eighty, and who was talking to a young one with a round top hat and dog-ear whiskers, I overheard the following:

"I can't do it, Sir, on any terms. I am investing in certain lots which, in twenty years, will be worth ten times what they cost me."

I could not forbear summing up, "Twenty and eighty odd, make a hundred and odd. This must be a healthy climate!"

The parties separated, and the dapper youth rejoined a companion, to whose inquiring look he responded, with a facetious wink, "Not a red." I saw the old man afterward tottering along a narrow, gloomy street. A ragged child held out her hand to him; he threatened her with his skinny finger, and then entered the door of a dingy dwelling. When he disappeared the child went on singing until at the next cor-

ner she met our dapper friend, who threw her a dime.

How civil the people are! If you get bewildered in the labyrinth of narrow alleys, a citizen will walk a square to put you right; if you enter a shop to inquire the way to any given point, you will be directed with a zealous minuteness as if your informant felt a personal interest in your getting there. Having accidentally got my coat bespattered with mud, a working man in a blouse followed me across the street in the politest manner to inform me of it. Having entered an eating-house to refresh, I saw a quiet, well-dressed young man come in, followed by a fellow evidently drunk and quarrelsome. The first comer betook himself to a newspaper, placidly unmindful of the abuse, while the growling offender against good manners was unanimously wafted from the room on a breeze of hisses. Even down about the thronged markets no jostling, no disorder, no unmannerly sights or sounds.

But what quaint old building is this? Faneuil Hall! "The Cradle of American Liberty!" Well, it is nothing novel: there have been many such nurseries in the world. The child, beautiful and of hopeful promise; the youth, lusty and turbulent; manhood, the madhouse and double irons. There is insanity in the breed.

Ah! here is a veritable treat in the midst of all this muck-rake life—an exile from the classic land of the beautiful Arts, with his organ and a monkey, who pulls off his hat and says, "*Date obolum Belisario.*" With his tall, lithe figure, the fierce blackness of his eyes and massy locks of raven hair, he looks a very Massaniello of the stage. I'll warrant him some fiery patriot in disguise. Having waited until he ground through his doleful "See, Oh Norma!" I addressed him:

"How now, my brave Neapolitan! Why are you not fighting for your country's freedom under the orders of Mazzini or the banners of Garibaldi?"

The hero touched his hat in recognition of the dime I had dropped into the monkey's cap, and shrugged his shoulders with a half-contemptuous "*Che Signore*, a man must live. What matters it to us poor people who governs? All parties alike suck our blood, and devour the bread of our children."

But one who seeks pleasure rather than instruction wastes his time in exploring Old Boston, and especially in this leafy month of June will find far pleasanter strolling-ground in the lovely suburban towns that lie contiguous—Cambridge, Brookline, Roxbury, Dorchester, and oth-



WORTH A MILLION.



ers. Here dwell the men of retired wealth, and numbers of the active business-men of the city, who by means of the facilities afforded by railways and omnibuses can attend to their offices and warehouses, and then during their hours of leisure retire to their semi-rural homes, and with their families enjoy all the repose and health-giving pleasures of country life.

Returning at length to the Parker House, I found Dick had got back from his visit in high spirits, and with an invitation for me to spend the evening at the Teazles'. I wished for nothing better; so we dined and slept, and in due time decked ourselves and took the city cars, which would carry us within a short distance of our destination. The house was a pretty cottage of moderate dimensions, shaded by a pair of noble elms, and surrounded by trim grass-plots and luxuriant flower-beds, filling the evening air with fragrance. As we entered the hall we surprised a group of merry children romping with a kitten.



FEEDING PIGEONS.

In the adjoining parlor, on a velvet-covered chair, sat our sweet little friend Miss Prue, with a book, a bouquet, and a pair of specs—the usual complemental articles of a Boston girl's costume. The young lady received us with graceful vivacity, made us at home, and then excusing herself for a few moments, retired. Miss

Teazle was decidedly attractive. She reminded you of a snow-bird, with her neat, plump little figure so simply yet so tastefully attired, her quick and tripping movements. Then her delicately-moulded, fresh-colored, piquant face.

"Dick," quoth I "here's a charming little wife for somebody."

"All but the specs," he whispered, in reply. "I'm afraid she has hurt her eyes studying Latin."

"Then scrutinize this room, and tell me if it is not a fitting temple for a domestic goddess. Paintings, music, vases of flowers, rare books, port-folios of prints and drawings. I wonder if she is accomplished in all these things?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Dick replied. "When I was here this



THE KITTEN.





BOSTON GIRL.

morning she talked about her visit to Virginia and the beaux, just like all the other girls."

At this point our young hostess returned with her father and mother and several other members of the family: we were introduced and invited into the tea-room, which, in the cheerful elegance of its arrangement, accorded with the rest of the establishment. After tea the company was reinforced by the addition of several neighbors—ladies and gentlemen—and we fell into a general and lively conversation. I managed to monopolize Miss Prudence for a while, and opened upon the fine arts. I rather piqued myself upon my fluency on such subjects; and as all the surroundings were suggestive, I could hold forth without suspicion of forcing the conversation. She listened with marked and even deferential attention, and her remarks indicated an intelligent and cultivated taste, without pretension or overstrained enthusiasm. While we talked her handsome little face wore an earnest and thoughtful expression. She was interested, I felt assured, yet I was doubtful whether she enjoyed the conversation, and when it lagged she made but little effort to keep it up. Dick meanwhile was sitting by a sharp nosed, rigid young female, who seemed to be doing her best to spur him along.

"Well, Mr. Dashaway, how are you pleased with your first visit to Yankee land?"

"I admire the country very much, Miss—especially the ocean."

"But how do you find the manners and customs of the inhabitants?"

"They are very civil, and the ladies are very pretty and agreeable." (Dick cast a furtive glance toward our corner.)

"Have you visited Plymouth Rock?"

"Where's that?" said Dick, bluntly.

The questioner's look of astonishment was so decided that my young friend blushed up. "I am sure I don't know," he continued. "Is there good fishing about there?"

"I never heard, Sir," rejoined the lady, rather stiffly. "But I forgot you have only been a short time in Boston, and of course are not acquainted with every thing. But I presume you have seen some of the institutions that our city is so remarkable for?"

"I've seen the best-bred and best-kept dray-horses that I ever did see," replied Dick, with rising animation.

"Or perhaps have heard some of our famous lecturers?"

"I went to hear a lecture on Matrimony last night, and saw a crowd of devilish ugly old maids."

At this point both parties in the conversation, as if actuated by a mutual desire of deliverance, turned their supplicating looks to-

ward the corner where Miss Prue and myself sat. She immediately sprang up.

"What a shocking impertinent and ungallant speech to hear from you, Mr. Dashaway!"

"I am sure it should offend no one here," he answered, looking significantly at the speaker. "You were not there?"

"Of course I was not." (She spoke pettishly.) "I don't go to such places; and then what profit is there in listening to such silly tantalizing stuff, which always reminds one of the cookery-book receipt for dressing a hare: commencing, 'First catch your hare—'"

"You feel no interest, then," I said, "in learning the art of managing a husband?"

"What would be the use of acquiring an art," said she, "in a country that affords so little prospect of putting it to any practical use? And, besides," she added, in a lower tone and with a glance of sparkling archness, "what bewigged blockhead of a lecturer could teach a clever girl any thing on such a subject?"

Dick Dashaway and myself changed places. On taking my seat by Miss Stickley I perceived that she was at least ten years older than I had at first supposed. In revenge she was an enthusiastic admirer of the Muses, although her enthusiasm was expressed in the most select and bookish phrasology, and with a face as entirely emotionless and unchanging as could be conceived. It was an unlucky characteristic, as you were impressed with the belief that any change might have improved her looks. Even the slight smirk with which she received my compliments on her erudition was a temporary relief. But, poor thing, she couldn't help it; and so I exerted myself to be entertaining. We ranged through vast galleries of painting and sculpture; invited all the great musical com-





LECTURE ON MATRIMONY.

posers since the days of the royal harper David to our festival; pulled down from the shelves and fluttered the leaves of cart-loads of books. In short—to use the phrase of an envious and glib New Yorker—“we talked Bosting” enough in an hour to have lasted reasonable people a month.

During this time I could not forbear an occasional look toward the corner I had lately vacated. My young friend's uneasy awkwardness had all vanished. He was chatting in the most rapid and animated manner. As for Miss Prudence she was radiant; every trace of primness and constraint was gone; she laughed, clapped her hands, and tossed back her glossy brown hair with that free, joyous air which she wore when I had last seen her at one of our wild country dances in the South.

They were discussing old times—two years ago. Happy children whose old times are no older than that! Dick was narrating some of his adventures, and absurd enough they were to make any one laugh; but they are stories that belong to another climate, and we have no room for them here; and when the fun was over, they still laughed and looked pleased.

“So you don't like Northern gentlemen, Mr. Dashaway?”

“I have not seen a man with a pleasant expression of face since I came to New England,” replied Dick.

“They have no time to look pleasant,” said the lady.

“And you tell me, Miss Prue, they are not attentive to the ladies?”

“That's true indeed,” she sighed. “They are too busy for that. But we have a great many scholars and men of genius, talent, and accomplishment in every department of science, art, and literature. The pursuit of wealth has not entirely quenched the love of the beautiful among us.”

“May the devil— Excuse me, Miss Prue—but I always despised a book fumbler, and I have no respect either for the taste or heart of a man who chooses to stick his nose in an ink pot in search of notoriety—”

Perceiving that I was listening, Dick hesitated. I joined them, and finished the sentence. “—or talks nonsense over a piece of daubed canvas, and rants about the Greek ideal; at the same time neglecting the source of all true taste, the inspiration of all high and beautiful thought, the incarnate type of God's own ideal—the companionship of your lovely sex!”

I bowed low to the blushing maiden, who bowed again in acknowledgment.

“That's exactly what I was going to say,” cried Dick.

“Aha! my youth,” thought I, “that was a hit. She'll remember it when she has forgotten all your nonsense.”

Miss Teazle proposed some music. So we had music, followed by some general conversation, and then we rose to depart. Miss Prudence accompanied us to the hall, and amidst the leave-taking approached me with some hesitation and a flush on her cheek. I noticed, too, that she had a little bouquet half-concealed in her hand. I bowed low, and she profited by the occasion to whisper, -

“Come to see us again soon. Your elegant conversation has made a conquest.”



My heart gave a bound, and I reached to take the hand which held the bouquet that no one might perceive the transfer. But she gave me the other hand and articulated, "Miss Stickley." I was at the front gate in a twinkling, and as we passed out I saw the flowers in Dick's button-hole.

Next morning, as I walked on Washington Street, my eye was caught by a familiar name, which shone in gilt letters on a black plate tacked upon a door-post: "ABEL BROSSEN, *Artist. Up stairs.*" Now, I thought, I am very much mistaken if I have not found an old acquaintance; and as it is probably too early for sitters, I will call and see how he is getting on in the world. So I mounted three flights of narrow stairs, and knocked at a door labeled with the same name that had attracted my attention on the street. The summons was answered by a quick *Entrate!*—a good Tuscan word, but pronounced rather sharply for the tongue of a native Florentine.

"Ah! the affected dog; he has not been in Italy for fourteen years to my knowledge, and spoke the language very imperfectly when he left there. I suppose he keeps up these phrases to humbug customers; but he'll find himself caught when he sees me."

Opening the door, I entered a large room lighted from above, the atmosphere redolent with mingled fumes of tobacco, spirits of turpentine, and linseed-oil, the dingy walls almost hidden by paintings in all stages of progress, from the charcoal outline to the complete and varnished work, ready for exhibition. Over the green baize that covered the floor were scattered and piled in confused heaps port-folios, sketch-books, hieroglyphic notes in oil and crayon, torn, daubed, scratched, and smutted out of all in-

telligent form, so that none but a professional eye could see why such things were preserved. The chairs and tables in the room were similarly encumbered, so that a visitor was puzzled to find a place to seat himself, or even a spot to deposit his hat. The right-hand corner of the apartment was occupied by a rickety clothes-press, the top of which was decorated with a row of crippled gods and heroes in plaster. In the opposite angle stood a ghastly lay-figure, classically draped and topped with the artist's slouched hat. In the centre of this characteristic temple of genius rose the lofty-peaked easel, like the high altar under the dome of St. Peter's; and in front of the fair, broad canvas that leaned against it sat, in all the pomp of his professional robes, the veritable high priest of Art, with pallet, pencils, and maul-stick, puffing from his short Dutch pipe clouds of odoriferous incense, which rose toward the skylight above and dimmed the garish splendor of the day.

He did not look around when I entered, but continued, to all appearance, absorbed in the canvas before him. Still I found no difficulty in recognizing the old comrade of my Italian campaigns, and former fellow-worshiper at the shrine of the Muses. A sprinkling of silver in hair and beard reminded me of the years that had passed since we met, and the very steadiness of his *pose* indicated to my eye the dawning era of middle age.

After a moment's pause I tapped him on the shoulder, and saluted him with a sonorous "*Bon' giorno, Signore!*" Starting as if a Roman flea had bitten him, he lowered maul-stick and pallet, and stared at me without reply.

"*Reverisco la sua eccellenza Professore con merito, et cetera, et cetera.*"

"Good Heavens, Sir, do I owe you any thing?

I never was addressed in that phraseology except by a Florentine dun."

"In this climate I presume it should be—'Professor BrosSEN, Historical, Portrait, and Landscape Painter—also paints animals and *tableaux de genre* to order—General Designer on stone, wood, or any other material—executes busts and statuary in the neatest manner—does photography, electrotyping, architecture, and every thing else in his line of business, on reasonable terms.'"

At the commencement of this speech the artist's face reddened with irritation. Anger subsided into perplexity, which was presently resolved by recognition.

"*Anima benedetta!*" he exclaimed. "Bob Berkeley!" and throwing his arms around me the good fellow pressed me to his black-velvet bosom. "But take a seat, old boy, and we'll have a



THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.



jolly talk about old times." Here he tossed the contents of a chair upon the floor, and we seated ourselves. He continued: "It has been fifteen years since we parted. I had since that time entirely lost sight of you; but you, it seems, have followed me, for that salutatory tirade contains the history of my life. Who kept you informed of my doings?"

"The only information I have ever had of you since we took leave of each other was the momentary glance around your atelier as I entered just now."

"Does that, indeed, tell the tale so unmistakably? Well, it is true—'Jack of all trades and master of none.' I could never stick to a *spécialité*, and was not born for an old-world Cat-painter."

"Well, well! I don't blame you. Universalism is a characteristic of our people, and the industry that cultivates an extended surface may be, in its way, as useful as the labor that delves deeper in one spot. But your surroundings indicate prosperity. In our Modern Athens the arts must flourish, of course."

"Bosh!" he exclaimed. "It is the Artful who flourish here, not the artists; but I manage to make a respectable living, although in so doing I suffer chronic martyrdom from critics and bores."

"I pray you don't bore me with a description of your bores. Let us see what sort of work you are doing nowadays."

Brossen put his canvas aside, and exhibited the pieces he had on hand, finished or in progress. There were portraits of men, women, and children; some views on the sea-shore and in the White Mountains; and a large piece representing the Landing of the Pilgrims, unfinished and likely ever to remain so, for he seemed to have got boggled in the dead coloring and to have put it aside.

"Your portraits," said I, "remind me of Titian, and your landscapes of Claude."

"You are very kind to say so," he replied; "but I do flatter myself that I have got some good color in those heads; and as for the landscapes, I don't think you often see such warmth and mellowness of tone in an American scene."

I confessed that I had not, as our natural scenery in America was usually characterized by its cool freshness of color—gray rocks

green trees, and blue sky—while the complexions of New Englanders, especially, are compounded of the rose and the snow.

"That's what kills art in this country!" exclaimed Brossen. "You can get no fine color into any thing. How discouraging to sit down before one of these blue, red, and white complexions, when you remember those glorious heads of Titian and Giorgione; or to face a blue and green landscape without even a brown rock or dead tree to relieve it, when you can, at the same time, recall the luminous warmth of Claude!"

"You paint for the *dilettanti*, my friend; why don't you paint for the people?"

"Because the *dilettanti* buy pictures," he replied, "and the people neither buy nor appreciate."

"Montesquieu says, '*Le peuple est honnête dans ses goûts sans l'être dans ses mœurs.*' Perhaps, if you did not think it necessary to color all your faces of a uniform bronze, and your landscapes of a dirty yellow, so different from the nature the people are accustomed to see, your art might become more popular."

"But that is not legitimate art," Brossen answered, with some heat. "The principles upon which the old masters worked are certainly those which every artist should endeavor to understand and follow."

"Yet I hold that the principles upon which the greatest and Oldest Master of all has worked are still worthy of attention."

"Bless me, Berkeley, don't worry me with your fine-spun theories. I never could follow you, for you always out-talked me. But you



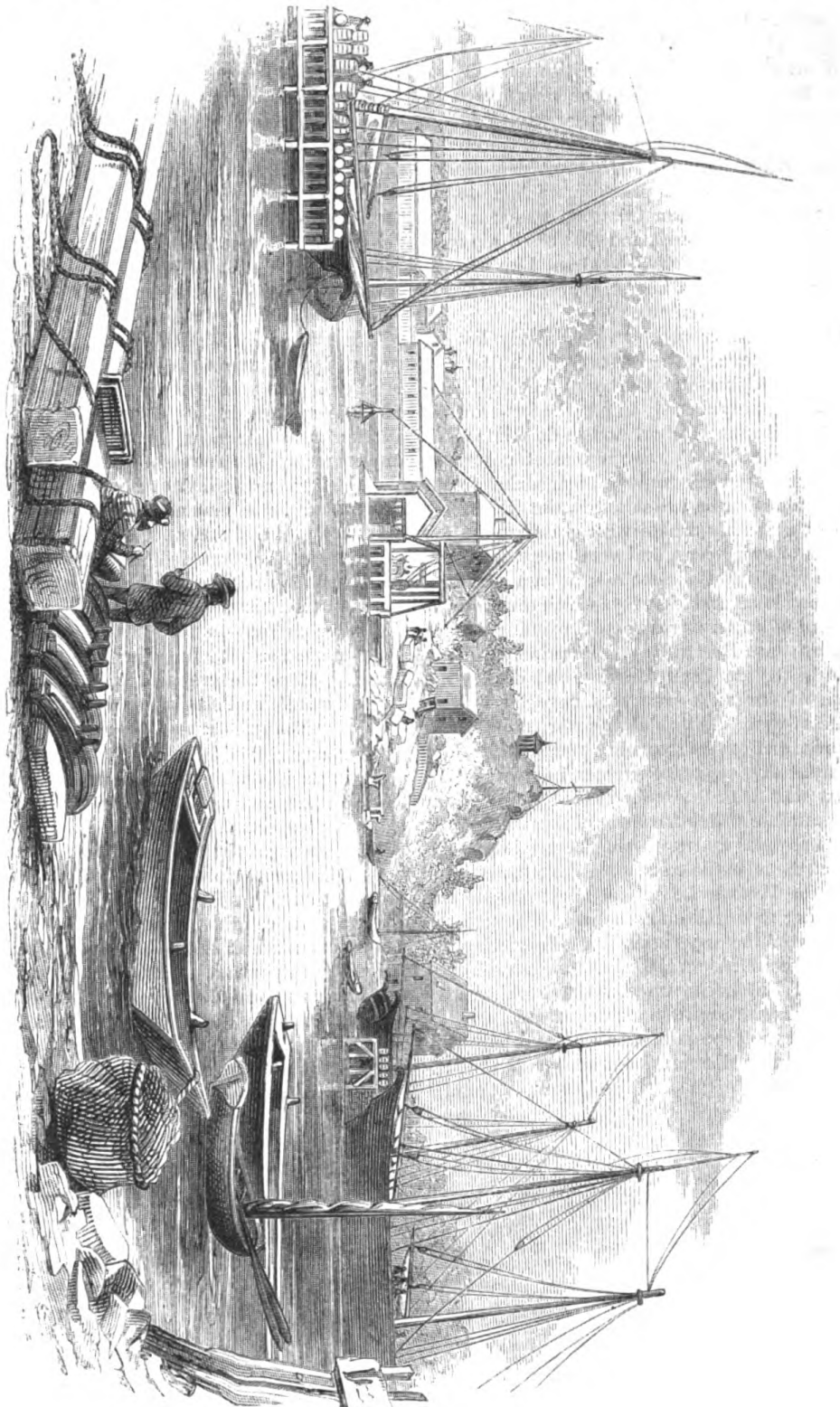
A POPULAR ORATOR.

know I am a legitimist in art, and can't bear reformers."

"Don't call me a reformer, Brossen. The Reverend Remarkable Twaddle, who from the pulpit seeks to undermine the ancient faith of the land, is a reformer; the Honorable Boanerges Honeyfuggle, who from the hustings pro-

claims the insufficiency of that constitutional liberty bequeathed to us by our fathers, is also a reformer; your old foggy legitimist calls the one a driveler, the other a rogue, and says, if a people, agape for novelty and change, should accept their doctrines, then farewell Peace, the guardian angel of liberty, social order, and religion."

HARBOR OF COHASSET.



"Perhaps your old foggy may be right. Those are dangerous subjects to meddle with. But in our fair domain, my dear friend, we may reform or legitimize to the end of time, and neither Church nor State be the worse for it. This world of beauty will still remain unchanged, and the love thereof burn unquenchable in the human breast.—But excuse me, I hear the knock of a sitter. Come dine with me at four o'clock to-day. *A rivederci.*"

Of all the more famous institutions in and about Boston—the schools, libraries, museums, monuments, churches, cemeteries, etc.—enough has been said and written to satisfy a reasonable public. After visiting the most prominent among them, with more or less pleasure, we came to the conclusion that Boston Common was "the Institution" *par excellence*, and that of all the tutelary divinities of the city, the Great Elm was the only one for which a nearer view had increased our regard and reverence.

As the weather became oppressively hot we were glad to accept the invitation of a friend to visit him at Cohasset. On board the *Mayflower* we steamed away cheerily among the fort-crowned islands of Boston Harbor, and in due time landed at Hingham, of wooden bucket notoriety. From hence we were conveyed by coaches to our destination, four or five miles distant, through a country agreeably ornate with grassy meadows, thickets of evergreens, and great weeping elms.

The village of Cohasset is built in a rambling way along lanes and highways which centre about the head of a narrow rocky cove, opening toward the north into Boston Bay. Its principal interest is in the mackerel fisheries, and during the season of our visit schooners engaged in this business were daily clearing for the fishing grounds, and others returning to discharge their cargoes. An object of greater interest to the tourist was a small, rocky-peaked island, from the summit of which the Federal flag waved over the stone-yards and work-shops occupied by the force engaged in the erection of the famous light-house on Minot's Ledge—a dangerous sunken rock lying three miles to seaward. Through the kindness of the superintending officer, Captain B. S. Alexander, of the United States Topographical Engineers, we saw the working hive in full buzz, and were made acquainted, step by step, with the process of planning and building.

The combined genius that sung and illustrated "the Song of the Bell" might have found a

theme for sublimer flights in "the Song of the Light-house."

When we had satisfied our curiosity by frequent visits to the shore works, and by making several voyages to the ledge, we varied our amusements by drives through the country and along shore, stopping at the various hotels and places of summer resort of all sizes, grades, and pretensions, dotted along the rocky shore between Cohasset and Nantasket beach. We drove down to Nantasket on a sultry afternoon; and it is hard to imagine any thing more exhilarating than the change from the heated air and dusty roads of the country to the delicious breeze and moist compacted surface of this magnificent beach. Passing through the gap in a high bank the scene opens upon you suddenly. To your right is the great ocean before you, a semicircular reach of smooth sand beach, a hundred yards wide at low tide and seven miles long. This superb esplanade is backed up by a line of hills or high banks, while its oceanward margin is ruffled by an unbroken line of white curling breakers. As your horse's hoof strikes the cool sand he springs in his harness. You breathe another atmosphere, and may imagine yourself in another world for a time. Your vehicle flies; and the light marks left by hoofs and wheels are obliterated in a moment by the billows that burst upon the shore, and, swashing far up on your track, fling tangled sea-weed about your wheel-spokes and horse's legs. It is glorious thus to amphibiate with one wheel on land, and the other at sea—to fancy one's self a gallant horse-marine serving in King Neptune's coast-guard. Here the greenest landsman may get himself salted, and sing uproariously,

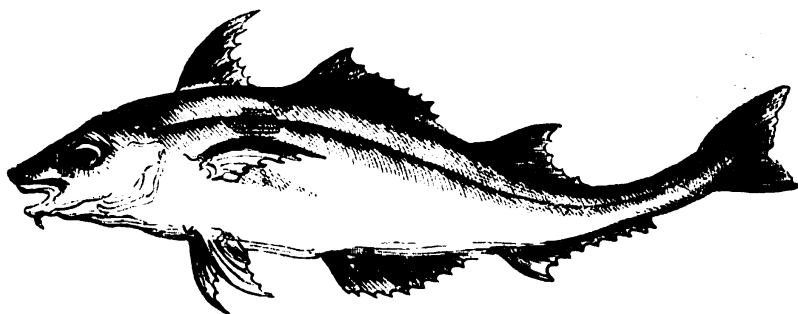
"The sea—the sea—the open sea,"

without any risk of being subjected to those humiliating trials which the aforementioned Potentate often puts upon those who undertake to pay their respects to him in a boat.

When we got tired of driving we went boating in Cohasset Harbor, and there for the first time cast our lines for cod. The fish bit freely, and we soon caught as many as we cared for. They were of small size—the largest, a haddock, weighing only about five pounds, and for the rest the sport was not very exciting; although the fish takes the bait greedily, he makes but little resistance and is hauled in like so much dead weight. Nevertheless, when our spoils were served at table, boiled or broiled, our re-

spect for the beast was decidedly magnified. Few fish surpass it. You, scornful Southerner, who hold your nose at the bare sound of the odoriferous monosyllable, please remember these were not salted cod we caught.

As we rowed homeward from one of these



A HADDOCK.





LOBSTER POT.

expeditions, one day, we questioned the friend who accompanied us in regard to some floats which we saw bobbing upon the surface of the water. He informed us that they indicated the spots where lobster pots were set, and, to gratify our curiosity, the boatman took in one of the floats, and, hauling up some forty or fifty feet of line attached to it, showed us at the other end a good-sized wooden cage filled with fine lobsters. The trap, which was simple enough, was baited with old fish tied in the centre. The only entrance was through a hole in one end, on the inside of which was tacked a tube of cotton canvas. The lobster entered easily through the tube; but if he attempted to escape, the canvas yielded and closed the exit. Thus they might crawl in until the wicker was full, but none could get out unless a couple of self-sacrificing fellows could have been persuaded to hold open the inner mouth of the canvas tube for the benefit of the remainder. Not many Christians would do so much, and it could scarcely be expected of a lobster. We lowered the pot again, and amused ourselves by pulling up several others. Each had three or four customers, so that the proprietor must have had a lucky day of it.

On the strength of our maritime adventures in Buzzard's Bay and off Nantucket, Dick had assumed a good many of the airs of an old salt, and affected to be very knowing about sea matters generally. Nevertheless, when the last pot was hauled, he could not forbear expressing his surprise at the color of the creatures; for, said he, those we used to catch in the Potomac were a bright red.

The boatman snickered outright; but presently recovering his polite composure, he replied, "The lobsters up here, Sir, don't generally turn red 'til arter they're biled."

One might have thought Dick's face was boiled, as he answered quickly, "Of course I know that. That's the way to cook them, and they make a first-rate salad, dressed with lettuce."

"I was not aware, said our friend, that you had lobsters in the Potomac."

"Well," answered Dick, sturdily, "I don't know about lobsters, but I've seen a sturgeon caught there weighing four hundred pounds, and any quantity of shad. Did you ever eat a planked shad?"

When we got back to our room Dick was unusually thoughtful for a while, but at length addressed me:

"Cousin Robert, I went a fishing to-day and got caught myself."

"My boy, I can give you two good rules for getting through the world without getting caught. Never do any thing that you can not give a reason for. Never talk on any subject unless you are well informed upon it."

"Whew! Cousin Bob, if those rules were observed, there would be precious little either done or said in this world."

In pondering over my young kinsman's reply, I have come to the conclusion that he is right, and have recanted the advice I gave him on that occasion.

One morning we walked out to see a small but picturesque lake a short distance from Cohasset. As one of the prettiest characteristic features of New England scenery, I made a sketch of it, while my companion, to pass time, joined some boys who were fishing from a boat moored near the shore. The drawing being finished, we continued our walk toward the interior, turning to the right or left as chance or fancy led. At length we perceived the day was growing very hot, and, feeling jaded, we stopped at the door of a poor-looking dwelling, and asked for water. The old woman who opened the door invited us to come in and be seated while she went to fetch the water. In one corner of the room, on a shoemaker's bench, sat the old man, who was so intently engaged with his pegging awl and hammer that he did not notice our entrance. Having occasion at length to readjust his strap, he saluted us curtly and went on with his work. By asking him some ques-





POND NEAR COLLIASSET.

tions in regard to his business I presently drew him into conversation, and was much entertained by his ready wit and shrewd good sense—cool, practical, calculating, and, as well as I could observe, entirely free from the conceits and superstitions which possess the minds of so many of his compatriots. When we got back to town I

happened to mention our visit to an acquaintance, who, as I described the man, began to laugh.

"That must have been old Souther," said he: "did he show you any of his machines?"

"Nothing more complicated than hammer and lapstone," replied I.



"Some years ago," continued my friend, "he was a more prosperous man than at present. He had a good house with an orchard, a garden, and several acres of meadow attached, besides a thousand dollars or more invested in paying stocks. In those days, when the shoe-trade was brisker than it is now, he was looked upon as a man to be envied.

"The only bad stock he had about him was a son—a worthless creature, who would neither work at his father's trade nor help with the farm, but preferred to hang about groceries, taverns, and places where drink might be got by sponging and odd jobs. However, as in the course of nature the demand increased from day to day, and the supply became more uncertain and irregular, Daniel Webster (such was the youth's appropriate name) was driven to the use of his wits, and soon verified the old proverb that 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' He disappeared from his customary haunts, and for a couple of weeks was only seen occasionally flitting about his father's premises, or, after dark, dodging here and there through the village, evidently seeking to shun observation, like a dog that has buried a sheep's head.

"What's come over Dan?" asked the old man one day. 'I admire to see him stickin' about home so much of late. I tell you, wife, this won't do; he's got to set himself on that bench I had made for him or else clear out.'

"Well now, dear me," said the old woman, in a coaxing tone, 'it appears to me as if he'd got somethin' in his head; I hear him a hammerin' and a scratchin' in the outhouse all day long, and then he sets off to hisself a studyin' and a contrivin'. I tell you, Souther, that boy's a ingenius, and he'll do somethin' astonishin' some of these days.'

"If he beant a-doing on it pretty quick," re-

iterated Souther, 'he's got to look out for board and lodging somewhere else than here.'

"In the mean time various trifles, such as awls, brads, and bits of leather, disappeared from old Souther's working-bench; but one morning he missed a fine knife-blade, and an explosion followed which speedily brought things to a head.

"To avoid prospective disinheritance and immediate repulsion from the premises, Dan condescended to exhibit the result of his secret labors—a machine for peeling apples, which, when completed, was to be patented and make the fortune of the family.

"The old woman was in ecstasies. She always knowed the boy would do something wonderful, owing to the careful raising he had had from her. Evil-tongued neighbors had persisted in devoting him to the gallows or State Prison; but she knew what was in him. What signified a few awls and an old knife-blade? or what signified Souther pegging away all the year round on the shoe-bench, when here was an invention that would make them rich?

"The old man rubbed his spectacles, growled and whistled, but finally overcome by curiosity, he consented to examine the thing. Several apples were experimented upon, while the inventor turned the crank and explained the principle upon which it worked.

"With the smooth, well-shaped fruit it was tolerably successful; but the knotty or one-sided ones invariably fell off or choked up the works.

"I think, Danny, I can mend this idee," said the shoemaker, thoughtfully.

"Dan remonstrated positively, and swore the old man shouldn't touch it. He'd spoil it to a certainty; and, moreover, he jest wanted to take the credit and the profit of it out of his hands. He'd fling the durned thing in the pond before the dratted old meddling concern should git the advantage of it. But, as in most contests between civilized men, the money power prevailed in the end. Dan was made to see that the chief defect of his model was in the want of proper materials for its construction. The old 'un could furnish the essential, whereas the son, by combining all the cash and credit he had in the world, could not have purchased a drink.

"So a copartnership was formed, which lasted for a week, with such continual altercations and bitter jealousy that, at the end of that period, Souther the younger was kicked out of the house and the senior partner left in full possession of the great design, to the improvement and completion of which he devoted all his time and energies. The injured youth made the neighborhood ring with the story of his wrongs, and the secret of the shoemaker's house got to be the talk of the village.

"Most people laughed at Dan, while some upheld the opinion that he had been badly treated. As it was, public curiosity became aroused, and folks visited the house to talk over the affair, hoping at the same time to get a sight of the invention. But you may imagine old Souther



THE APPLE-PEELER.



was too sharp for that: some undertook to be quizzical, and laughed at the idea. 'What! an apple-peeler! Is it to go by steam or horsepower? Why, my daughter, Jerusha Ann, will peel and core more apples in an hour than your notion will peel in a day; and she's a machine that's good for most any thing you set her at, for she can make 'em into sauce and eat 'em when they're cooked. Now, if it was a perpetual motion that you was a studying on, Souther, that's a notion that will bring money. The man that invents a perpetual motion will git a million dollars reward.'

"Souther was visibly affected, but held his peace. But the old woman exclaimed — 'A million dollars! What an almighty heap of money! With that I guess we might have the finest house in Bosting, and fellers with white gloves to help us in and out of a carriage!' and then she rolled up her eyes with pious fervor: 'Blessed Father, what intolerable benefits might be did for the heathen!'

"So things went on for weeks and months. The shoemaker's lapstone lay cold and silent, and his paste-horn dried up. His regular workshop was deserted, and the garret of his dwelling had become the scene of his secret machinations.

"At length it was proclaimed that the great design was completed, and that old Souther had bought a new suit of broadcloth, with the intention of going to Washington to sell his invention to the General Government. 'What! sell an apple-peeler to the Government?' Now what a squash-head one must be to suppose that an intelligent and ingenious mechanic would quit his legitimate business for five or six months to spend his time on such a pitiful idea? The machine proudly exhibited in the shoemaker's front room was no apple-peeler, but a great perpetual mover, which was to supersede all other motive powers then known, including wind, water, steam, electricity, and perhaps rum, as some envious person suggested.

"Folks crowded to see it, and from the multitude of wheels, springs, balances, screws, cogs, weights, and levers it was generally conceded to be a wonderful affair. When any one who pretended to have any knowledge of mechanics would ask why the machine was not going all the time, the old man would enter into long and excited explanations, and, to convince doubters, he would give it a start. It always went off with a wonderful buzzing and fizzing, which continued for five minutes or more, when it would stop suddenly. Every body would look surprised but the inventor, who never failed to discover the cause in the presence of a hair or a particle of dust lodged in some important part of the work. If any one presumed to suggest a defect in the principle, the marvelous model was put away and locked up for the day.

"However satisfactory these exhibitions might have been to the proprietor himself, they were not conclusive enough for the public. Mankind has never acknowledged the merit of an import-

ant discovery until forced to do so. Reversing the wise and merciful maxim of the criminal law, when a great invention stands on trial a doubt damns the prisoner. So envious people began to ask who was this old bean-fed cobbler that he should discover a principle which men of science has failed to establish after years of intelligent and patient study. Plain mechanics wanted to know, if the thing was a perpetual mover, why it stopped every five minutes, and had to be started again? These unkind criticisms so annoyed old Souther that he at length determined to justify himself before the world by telling the whole truth. Having got together several acquaintances among the Deacons and Selectmen, he addressed them with great solemnity:

"Neighbors, it may appear to you very singular that a poor unlearned man like myself, that was only brought up to the shoemaking business, could turn in and invent a wonderful piece of machinery like this. That poor foolish son of mine, Daniel Webster, wants to make out that he started the idee; but I tell you the credit of it is due neither to him nor to me. It was revealed to me by them that is not of this world. Last summer, after Deacon Stout told me about the mighty sum of money that was offered for the discovery of a perpetual motion, I went to bed, and there was so much exercised on the subject that I couldn't sleep a wink. So about midnight I heard a pounding and a filing in the room overhead, where I had been fixing up that gimcrack apple-peeler of Dan's that he hadn't sense enough to fix for himself. Thinks I to myself, Now there's that worthless boy a tinkering with my work, and I'll break his neck if I catch him. Then I got up and lit a light, and went up to the loft on tip-toes. First I peeped through the keyhole, but it was all dark and I could see nobody; but the noise went on jist the same. When I went in the room I broke out in a cold sweat, and thought I would have dropped. I could see the tools and things jumping about the work-table, and hear the rattling and clicking just as if there was three or four hands at work. I was minded to throw down the light and run at first, but it struck me that these was the doings of spirits and I had no call to be afeard; so I stood there and watched 'em till my candle was well-nigh burned out, and then feeling a little shaky in the knees, I went out, fastened the door, and got to bed. When I went up there next day I found things was helped considerable, and it appeared that ideas came to me faster and faster. Whenever I picked up a wheel or a spring I knowed exactly where to put it; and never had to think a minute what was to be done next, as I used to do when I first begun. So every night after that there was spirits at work in that room, and every morning there was new ideas and improvements and the tools laying about all over the place. I didn't go in there agin at night, you see, for fear of disturbing on 'em and mayhap angering them; and I never saw them in any

shape whatsoever. But when I made any mistake in the work, there was raps and signs which was to give me to understand that I must do it another way. So you see, friends, it was not of my own merit and strength that I was enabled to do this great thing, and give this light to the world, but of the spirits, which were sent to instruct me.'

"This frank and truthful statement was received with immense satisfaction, and effectually closed the mouths of all critical or incredulous objectors. The women, who had hitherto taken no interest in the matter, now flocked to see the machine and hear the story, which lost nothing by repetition.

"Next day the minister called, and after a glance at the machinery, which he did not profess or care to understand, he questioned Souter particularly as to the story of its origin—to every detail of which he listened with open-mouthed interest. At the conclusion he professed himself to be moved with a solemn joy. He said he was a man not given to easy credulity, and zealous, even to the confines of uncharitableness, against vulgar superstitions; so when he was informed that his humble parishioner Souter had made a discovery in science which was to throw into the shade the names of Archimedes, Newton, Franklin, Fulton, and Morse, he regarded the report as supremely ridiculous; but the explanation which he had just heard had robbed the story of its marvelous features; and as no sane man in this enlightened day could doubt the truthfulness and power of spiritual revelations, he congratulated his humble parishioner on having been the chosen instrument of such glorious manifestations. The minister himself had had many experiences in hearing strange noises in houses where he felt assured there was no other earthly beings save himself and the rats. He was acquainted with persons of undoubted veracity whose dwellings were kept in continual turmoil by the moving of their furniture; and a former neighbor of his had assured him that he had a little daughter, four years old, who had never been taught to read or write, and as yet but imperfectly lisped her native tongue, who, from the dictation of invisible beings, wrote and spoke Latin quite fluently. He himself, under the influence of spirits, had composed several sermons, the delivery of which, under Providence, had caused his dismissal by his last congregation; but 'Blessed are ye,' etc.

"Having received the sanction of this high authority, Souter no longer hesitated about going to the Federal city, and forthwith made all his arrangements for that purpose. But the day before he expected to start a stranger knocked at the door and asked to see the model. He was a good-looking young man, with the keen eye and decided air of one accustomed to deal with realities. For aught I know to the contrary, he may have been one of the military engineers engaged on the fortifications of Boston Harbor.

"The inventor had by this time acquired such confidence in his machine that he unhesitatingly took it out of the box in which it was being packed and set it to fizzing for the gratification of the visitor—entering upon the accompanying explanations with the patronizing air of a man already secure in his anticipated wealth and greatness. The stranger, paying but little attention to Souter's talk, examined the affair above and below, inside and out; touched the springs, felt the weights, and finally gave a long conclusive whistle.

"'Well, what do ye think of her? Did you ever see any thing like that?' asked Souter, a little staggered by the coolness of his visitor's manner.

"'No,' he answered, 'I never did; nor did any one else, I imagine.'

"The old man's countenance fell visibly, and he turned to put his work back in the box; for several neighbors had dropped in during the talk, and were listening intently to hear the stranger's opinion. His resolute, pitiless eye was fixed upon the trembling shoemaker.

"'My friend, I should be derelict in duty, and at the same time seriously unkind, if I permitted you to carry that piece of nonsense to Washington, when a few words of explanation will save you so much both of expense and mortification.'

"He went on, and in a manner so clear and conclusive, that a pig must have comprehended it. He showed that the wonderful machine was no more than a silly agglomeration of wheels, cogs, springs, weights, checks, balances, levers, and principles—a compound signifying nothing, fit for nothing—a buzzing absurdity. At the beginning of this cruel exposition Souter turned deadly pale, trembled like an aspen, and sunk speechless into a chair as it concluded. The stranger took his leave. The by-standers, at first astonished, then convinced, dropped off by twos and threes, and left the old man with his bursted bubble.

"Dan piously remarked that he always knew dad was a dratted old fool; and thereafter was seen no more in these parts, having gone, it was supposed, to California. The shoemaker took a smaller house, to suit his impaired fortunes, and with more cheerfulness than might have been expected, resumed his lapstone and hammer. When it happens that some unfeeling or indiscreet customer hazards an allusion to the subject of his machine, he only pegs away a little faster, and replies, with feigned carelessness,

"'Oh, that old concern! That was just some of that boy Dan's cursed lazy nonsense.'

On our return to Boston we found the city hotter and duller than ever, and again sought relief by going to Quincy to see the famous granite quarries and the first railway ever laid in the United States. The track is only a few miles in length, and still answers the purpose for which it was originally constructed—the conveyance of stone from the quarries to the water. There we saw also the mansion of the late John



THE SHOEMAKER.

Quincy Adams. The house, like the man, was "all of the olden time." Half a day's drive through the adjacent country showed us one of the prettiest and best improved rural districts we had yet seen in New England.

During the drive we stopped at a wayside tavern, and were introduced to old Tucker, the landlord—a growling humorist—a sort of amiable Thersites. He entertained us with a story that was better than his jokes—an anecdote of a favorite setter dog, who, among other exploits, had saved his daughter's life. The child was missing for a long time, and it was supposed she had wandered into the forest and had fallen into some stream or pond and perished. As the unsuccessful searchers, one after another, yielded to despair, it was proposed to call in the assistance of the dog. So he was brought out, and the facts communicated to him. Who looks surprised? Does any one suppose that the animal was not capable of receiving and appreciating all the facts of the case quite as well as the helpless bipeds who demanded his aid? Let the story proceed.

The dog whined, wagged his tail, and started on his errand. In a little while his barking was

heard away in the recesses of the wood, and hurrying to the spot, they found him caressing the lost one, who was seated on the banks of a stream, hungry and exhausted, but otherwise unhurt.

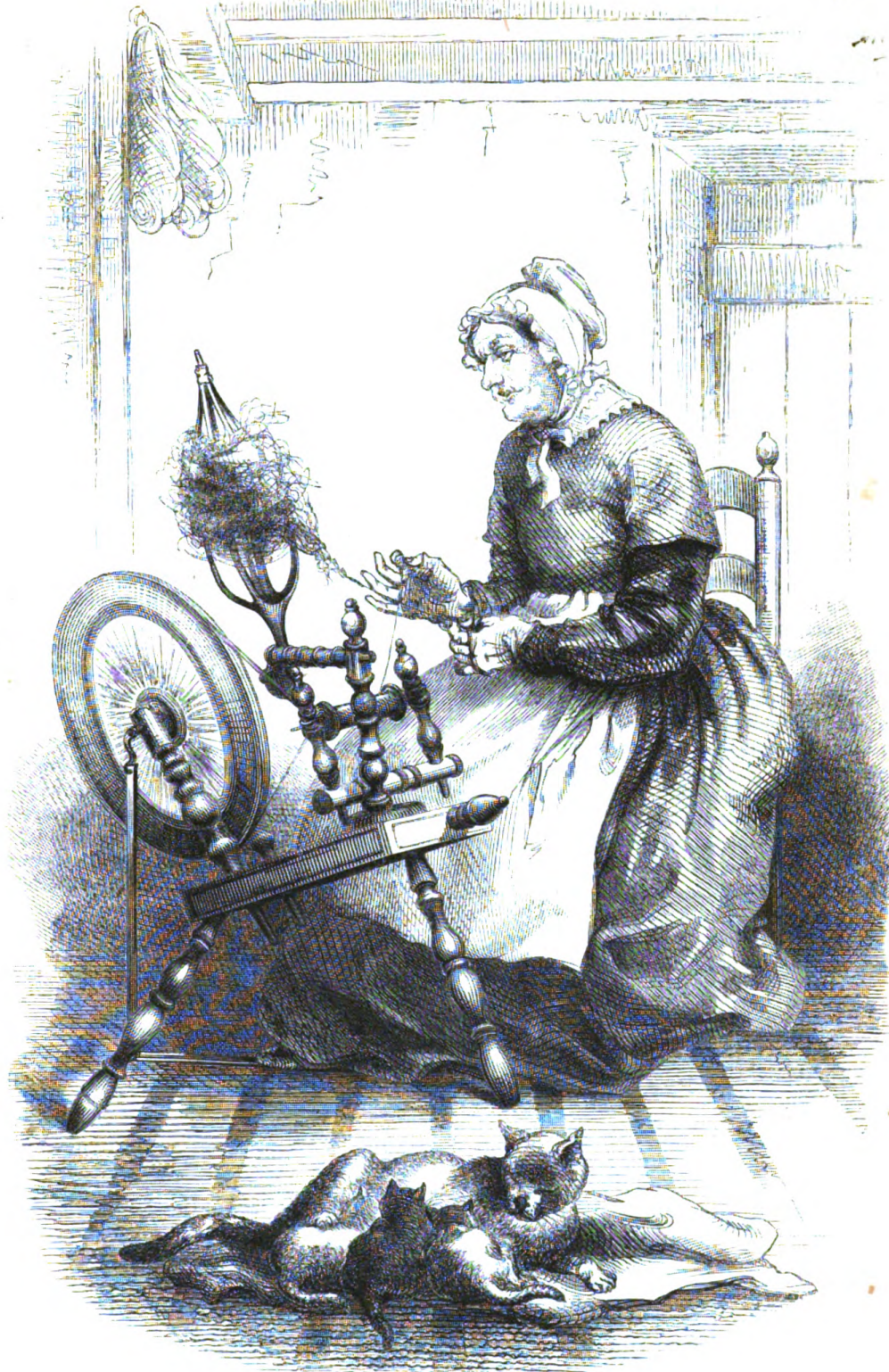
In confirmation of the tale, we were invited into the parlor. On the wall hung a picture, by Hinkley, of the hero helping his master to kill woodcock. Near the front window sat a blooming young matron, with a baby in her arms. That was the heroine.

Our next excursion was to Lowell, *par excellence* the manufacturing town of New England. It is a well-built town, containing upward of thirty thousand inhabitants, and situated about twenty-six miles from Boston, on the Merrimac River, which furnishes the principal motive-power for its numerous and extensive mills. Lowell is a place for statistics, not for pictures. On presenting our credentials to the polite superintendent of the Merrimac Mills we were given in charge to an intelligent sub., with orders to put us through.

Dick, on hearing the order, hesitated.

"Cousin Bob, I don't half like this business. We enter here as raw material, and may come





THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

out at the other end manufactured into bolts of ten-cent calico."

The conductor assured him that their present machinery was only calculated to manufacture such material as that—pointing to some bales

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of cotton which had just been dumped at the door of the initiatory mill. If there was nothing especially picturesque in that, it was at least suggestive of thought. Not long ago we had seen that same vegetable whitening the fields

of Alabama, or picked and embalmed, lying by square acres on the levee at New Orleans or the Bluffs at Memphis. Fleets of merchantmen lay at the sea-ports awaiting the arrival of palatial steamboats that brought their cargoes from the upper country. Here it is now in the heart of New England, just entering the factory-door, where it will be unpacked, cleaned, spun, woven, bleached, dyed, dried, and reeled off at the rate of four miles an hour; rolled in bolts, boxed and marked; trains of cars and fleets of vessels await to carry it back from whence it came. The political economist (if there is such an animal in our political world) may make his own deductions.

We have seen all these things in Lowell, from the raw material in bales to the packing and the marking-brush; elsewhere, more comprehensively, from the bloom of the cotton-plant to Aunt Dinah's calico gown.

We made the tour of the Merrimac Mills by installments, occupying parts of two days. To undertake it at a single heat would be tedious and unsatisfactory. The human mind can only grasp a limited amount of spinning-jennies and power-looms at one time. A surfeit might bring on congestion of the perceptive organs.

My companion went through the whole business with most praiseworthy patience and self-denial, only yawning a little toward the close of our visit. As he had made no remarks on what we saw, I supposed it had made no impression on him. But in that I was mistaken. When we got back to our hotel he expressed his astonishment at the whole affair, with the following characteristic commentaries:

"When you see an old woman at her spinning-wheel, Cousin Bob, you expect a bobbin of thread, don't you?"

I replied that it was an effect very likely to follow the proposed cause.

"Then," he continued, "when you see immense buildings like these around us, filled with such quantities of ingenious and costly machinery, requiring the full power of two rivers, and I don't know how many steam-engines, to keep it going; when you remember the hundreds and thousands of operatives employed in tending them, and reflect on the amount and variety of talent which has been combined to produce a result, you might naturally expect something magnificent. But when the end of it all appears in a bolt of eight-penny calico, the thing seems absolutely ridiculous."

"Your view of the subject is original, at least. But as we pass through the world, my boy, we may find many other occasions to wonder at the greatness of little things, as well as the littleness of great things."

That circumstance, however, which has given to Lowell a notoriety far more brilliant and extensive than its manufactures would seem to justify is, that in its establishment the most successful efforts have been made to dignify manual labor by combining with it the refining influences of education and personal comfort. Most of the labor is performed by females; and at the beginning the operatives were almost exclusively enlisted from the native population of New England. The children of the poorer classes, and even of families of more pretension with limited incomes, were glad to find employment at the factories, whose liberal wages enabled them to increase the common stock of household comforts, or to gratify some personal desire, otherwise unattainable.

The assembling of so large a number of young women under such circumstances produced a



RECREATION FORMERLY.



novel and interesting phase in the social life of labor. Absent from their homes without authorized guardians, they, during their leisure hours, enjoyed the fullest liberty that could be imagined, with no other curb upon their actions than the influence of that strict family education common to the people of the country, and the watchfulness of companions jealous of the reputation of their craft. So it was that no society in the world, perhaps, could boast of more uniform correctness of demeanor, or more entire exemption from irregularities, than that of Lowell.

In these days the favorite recreation of the operatives was in the entertainment and mental improvement derived from books, lectures, and the fine arts. A literary magazine was established, which for a number of years was sustained by contributions from the fair spinsters and weavers; and it was a usual sight to see the pretty factory-girl, at the conclusion of her daily task, retire from the monotony of manual labor and the hum of machinery to the quiet of her chamber, there to revel in the peaceful bliss of study, or the more stimulating delight of literary composition.

The days of sentimental shepherds and shepherdesses seemed to have been reproduced, under more Puritan auspices, in the factory-life at Lowell. Its fame went abroad into all lands, while political economists and moral philosophers crossed the ocean that they might become eye-witnesses of the reality.

When President Jackson visited the place the occasion was honored by a procession of the working-girls, uniformed in white, trimmed with flowers, and marshaled with appropriate banners. Although accustomed to review armies and not unused to civic processions, the old hero had never faced such a host as this; and after waiting a

reasonable time upon the balcony where he stood, he turned to one of those about him, and asked how many times they intended to march around the square? He had to be assured that the living stream had not once turned in its course, and that it required some little patience to see the end of a procession composed of seven thousand free-born Yankee damsels, who had been always accustomed to walk the gait that pleased them, and who would linger as they passed the balcony to look upon a man who (let the world say what it will) was every inch a man.

These, however, are the proud traditions of days gone by. Time and progress have wrought many changes in Lowell. Factories have sprung up all over the land; and as the demand for labor has increased, it is supplied by immigrants from the Old World, bringing with them the ideas and habits peculiar to their condition at home. Experience has shown that cotton cloth may be manufactured at a cheaper rate by operatives who prefer beer to literature, and the Utopian dream of combining money-making with the moral virtues has faded somewhat. The *Lowell Magazine* has perished, and the streets of the town now teem with the same mixed population that may be seen about any of the great work-shops of our heterogeneous republic.

Nevertheless a visit to the Merrimac Mills, and the boarding-houses of the employees there-to attached, will go far to convince any one that the pictures of the past are not overdrawn; and that, even as things now stand, there are perhaps no working people in the world who live in more comfort and independence, or are more to be respected for virtue and intelligence, than the operatives of Lowell.

As I pondered over these conclusions Dick Dashaway came in with his face illuminated.

"Cousin Robert, there's to be a thundering circus to-night! Suppose we go?"

"A circus, Dick; what are the special attractions?"

"There are to be four clowns," said he, "pledged to keep the public in a continued roar of laughter—admittance fifty cents."

"Fifty cents to see four fools, when one may see as many hundred gratis at any public assembly!"

"Yes, but these are amusing fools, cousin."

"To be sure the folly of your painted, professional harlequin is not so grievous as that of the more serious class of mountebanks."

"Then," quoth he, "there's the famous educated bull."

"Very well, Dick; we've seen a number of admirably educated bulls, oxen, and other animals in this country taught to behave themselves in a quiet, orderly manner, and to serve in useful and profitable labor."







THE CIRCUS.—PRIVATE ENTRANCE.

"Oh, but this bull is above all that! He is taught to run 'round on three legs, to knock the clown's hat off with his horn; and a variety of other droll tricks."

"Bless my soul! What a commentary on the dignity of labor! Nobody would pay half a dime to see a span of thoroughly-trained oxen yoked to a cart, or a tandem of mules harnessed to a dray; yet folks patronize this foolish bull, at fifty cents a head, because he can run 'round on three legs."

"Well, cousin," said Dick, in an apologetic tone, "it is not the bull's fault. He is forced to do it, I've no doubt."

"To be sure he is, Dick; as we well know that man is the only animal who voluntarily, at great cost and labor, learns that which is equally useless and unnatural; and having acquired a variety of extraordinary tricks piques himself thereon, and looks down on commonplace workers as inferiors. So it is, and so it will be forever, in spite of seraphic reformers."

Dick desired me to "shut up" with my philosophy, and say if we should go to the show.

"We'll go, of course, my boy. I never heard of philosophy preventing any one from going to the circus." So, when the time came, we did go.

Things went on swimmingly; the amphitheatre was well filled, and the company, both men and animals, played with a will. The clowns were glorious. Their wit and antics fully justified the large-sized type used in the bill. No pretentious innovations or wishy-washy novelties did they foist upon us; but the legitimate, time-honored jokes of the ring, whose merit has been tested by at least a century of public approval. We laughed none the less for that, for the joyousness of laughter is not to be measured by the quality of the wit that provokes it. Between times we had little by-plays to amuse us outside of the ring. Beneath the raised seats we occasionally heard stealthy footsteps and whispering voices; and looking under, one might catch glimpses of sharp, rat-like eyes peering

through the darkness. In the mean time some vacant benches in front of us began to be filled with boys. As no one had seen them coming in by the regular aisle, it might have puzzled some people to know how they got there. It did not puzzle me, nor Mr. Merryman neither; for at the conclusion of a highly-diverting scene between himself and the ring-master he happened to turn his eyes in our direction. In a twinkling the masquerade of mirth fell from his painted face, his antic posture was changed, and in all the dignified rage of high tragedy he advanced toward us. The trembling culprits huddled like a covey of terrified partridges under the swoop of a hungry hawk. I never saw an enraged clown before. What a hideous ogre he appeared as he leaped the barrier, and in a tigerish voice growled out,

"Come down off that bench, you dirty blackguards!"

The foremost bench, seven in number, rose, as if in response to its proper name, and hastened down to meet its fate, without a word of excuse or remonstrance. The dread arbiter took two of the most convenient by the neck, and dragging them, drove the others before him with a series of nimble and well-planted kicks. As the procession crossed the area to gain the regular exit, the vulgar applauded and laughed; but among the better-clad portion of the men and women there were some grieved and pitying faces.

The seatful of wretches which had been uncovered by this clearance sat in a state of partial paralysis, immovable as statues, except some convulsive twitchings of fingers and toes. Should they escape as they entered?—there might be a man watching with a whip. Should they stand and brave it?—swear they had paid?—perhaps he hadn't observed them?—perhaps he wouldn't come back?—perhaps the play would begin? Vain hopes! Remorseless and insatiable as death, here comes the blood-sucking tyrant again, with hasty and determined strides! Again the accusing finger is pointed, and the awful voice repeats, "Come down!" etc., etc.

"Mr. Clown," cried Dick, "what will you take to let that bench alone?"

The ogre coldly and deliberately measured the speaker with his eye, then numbering the sinners with the same penetrating organ, he answered, in a mollified tone, "One dollar and a half, Sir."

"Cousin Robert, give him the money, will you?"

I quietly did as I was ordered, and the great tragedian returned to the ring to resume his rôle of folly.

The bewildered boys sat for some minutes, twisting their legs and fumbling their caps, as if they were yet incapable of realizing their deliv-

erance. At length a resolute little fellow, with a red spot in each cheek, rose and thanked us.

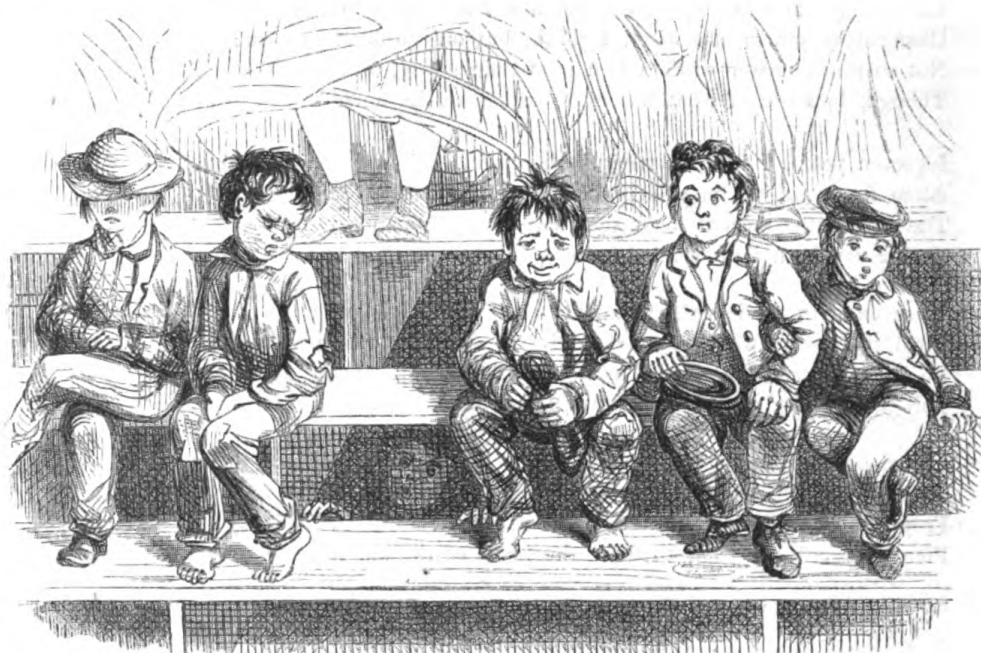
I whispered to my companion that his good-nature, although excusable enough, might teach the boys an immoral lesson. He acknowledged his error, and, to make amends, addressed them with great seriousness:

"Boys, don't you know that it is an awful sin to creep into circuses?"

The first speaker replied, "Yes, Sir, we know it is a sin; but we had no money to pay at the door."

"There, Cousin Robert! what answer can I make to that?"

"None at all. The argument is conclusive."



BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR.

## THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

ONCE more on the fallow hill-side, as of old, I lie at rest  
For an hour, while the sunshine trembles through the walnut-tree to the west—  
Shakes on the rocks and fragrant ferns, and the berry-bushes around;  
And I watch, as of old, the cattle graze in the lower pasture-ground.

Of the Saxon months of blossom, when the merle and mavis sing,  
And a dust of gold falls everywhere from the soft mid-summer's wing,  
I only know from my poets, or from pictures that hither come,  
Sweet with the smile of the hawthorn-hedge and the scent of the harvest-home.

But July in our own New England—I bask myself in its prime,  
As one in the light of a face he loves, and has not seen for a time!  
Again the perfect blue of the sky; the fresh green woods; the call  
Of the crested jay; the tangled vines that cover the frost-thrown wall:

Sounds and shadows remembered well! the ground-bee's droning hum;  
 The distant musical tree-tops; the locust beating his drum;  
 And the ripened July warmth, that seems akin to a fire which stole,  
 Long summers since, through the thews of youth, to soften and harden my soul.

Here it was that I loved her—as only a stripling can,  
 Who doats on a girl that others know no mate for the future man;  
 It was well, perhaps, that at last my pride and honor outgrew her art,  
 That there came an hour, when from broken chains I fled—with a broken heart.

'Twas well: but the fire would still flash up in sharp, heat-lightning gleams,  
 And ever at night the false, fair face shone into passionate dreams;  
 The false, fair form, through many a year, was somewhere close at my side,  
 And crept, as by right, to my very arms and the place of my patient bride.

Bride and vision have passed away, and I am again alone:  
 Changed by years; not wiser, I think, but only different grown:  
 Not so much nearer wisdom is a man than a boy, forsooth,  
 Though, in scorn of what has come and gone, he hates the ways of his youth.

In seven years, I have heard it said, a soul shall change its frame;  
 Atom for atom, the man shall be the same, yet not the same;  
 The last of the ancient ichor shall pass away from his veins,  
 And a new-born light shall fill the eyes whose earlier lustre wanes.

In seven years, it is written, a man shall shift his mood;  
 Good shall seem what was evil, and evil the thing that was good;  
 Ye that welcome the coming and speed the parting guest,  
 Tell me, O winds of summer! am I not half-confest?

For along the tide of this mellow month new fancies guide my helm,  
 Another form has entered my heart as rightful queen of the realm;  
 From under their long black lashes new eyes—half-blue, half-gray—  
 Pierce through my soul, to drive the ghost of the old love quite away.

Shadow of years! at last it sinks in the sepulchre of the Past:  
 A gentle image and fair to see, but was my passion so vast?  
 "For you," I said, "be you false or true, are ever life of my life!"  
 Was it myself or another who spoke, and asked her to be his wife?

For here, on the dear old hill-side, I lie at rest again,  
 And think with a quiet self-content of all the passion and pain,  
 Of the strong resolve and the after-strife—but the vistas round me seem  
 So little changed, that I hardly know if the past is not a dream.

Can I have sailed, for seven years, far out in the open world;  
 Have tacked and drifted here and there, by eddying currents whirled;  
 Have gained and lost, and found again; and now, for a respite, come  
 Once more to the happy scenes of old, and the haven I voyaged from?

Blended infinite murmurs of True Love's earliest song,  
 Where are you slumbering out of the heart that gave you echoes so long?  
 But chords that have ceased to vibrate the swell of an ancient strain,  
 May thrill with a soulful music when rightly touched again.

Rock and forest and meadow: landscape perfect and true!  
 O, if ourselves were tender and all unchangeable as you,  
 I should not now be dreaming of seven years that have been—  
 Nor bidding old love good-by forever, and letting the new love in!





CAMP AT FLATWATER.

## THREE MONTHS IN LABRADOR.

[Concluded.]

FOR thirty days the famous yacht *Charmer* lay in Tub Harbor and vicinity. Like a steed impatient of duress, she had chafed and swung at her anchors until there were no less than four round turns in her chain cables. Barnacles grew to her bottom; green filaments of sea-weed clung to her wales; and her sides, once black and glossy, were streaked with rust stains and dirty drivelings from the scuppers. Piles of fish gradually accumulated in her hold, and

the "ancient smell" emitted therefrom grew rank with age.

Within this time the scientific party had ample opportunity to acquaint themselves with the mysteries of cod fishing; also with the country round about. Every rock, shrub, and spire of grass on that desolate coast became painfully familiar. Thus it was ascertained there were just twenty-one prickly echini glued to the sunken rock by the point. In the little bight, two or

three star-fish were always to be found clinging to the algæ; and in the clear, dead water under the fishing-stage by old Williams's shanty, uncouth warty sculpins, shaped like peg-tops or ruta-baga turnips, tore entrails for amusement. When quids of tobacco were dropped into the water these wriggled awkwardly up to the surface, and at once ingulfed the morsel in their cavernous mouths, mumbled it for an instant, and becoming sick, turned themselves inside out with a terrific grimace, ejected it, and settled again to the bottom, tail foremost. Daily the settler's dogs searched the "land wash" for food at low tide, or dove into the water for fish, securing their prey as dexterously as an otter. Over the knoll was a marsh and a snow-drift, and upon the apex of a rocky hill a black pool of unknown depth—its waters so transparent that a shell might be seen for minutes glinting and flashing as it sunk to the bottom; and at night, when the moonbeams danced upon its surface, if a pebble were dropped in, elfin sprites in glittering robes seemed to rise from the bottom in rapid succession, floated away to the margin, vanished for an instant, and then reappeared to mingle with other sprites born of the disturbed waters.

Though ennui and nostalgia, with all their attendant miseries, constantly assailed, the philosophers found entertainment in the study of meteorology. The days were deliciously long, and twilight encroached far into the night. The longest days in that latitude, from sunrise to sunset, were of eighteen hours' duration. Even the short period of darkness was frequently usurped by a pale mysterious gleam, which might be ice-blink reflected upon the sky from the pack three hundred miles north, or merely polarized light. Ghostly meteors shot athwart the heavens at night, and there were haloes, and parhelia, and strange luminosities by day. At times the darkness was wholly vanquished by the combined light of moon and stars, and the brilliant gleaming of the *aurora borealis*. Once, when lounging on deck at evening, soothing the sense with music, a luminous halo appeared at the zenith like a segment of the galaxy—stationary at first, then pulsating with gentle undulations, which grew more and more rapid until it burst out in brilliant rays in all directions. Then streamers at once flashed up from the horizon to meet the others, and all mingled, darted, coruscated, faded, flashed again, and finally melted altogether from sight. But presently, from the deep blue back-ground, a silvery plume shot up, moving spirally like a water-spout, at first with easy movement, but increasing in velocity and expanding in volume, until, after the most impetuous whirlings and turnings, it whirled itself completely out of sight. After this display the zenith became brilliant with parti-colored clouds. Lurid flames glowed fiercely and surged across the vault, but were speedily extinguished by a deluge of liquid silver and gold. Then the auroral waves lapsed into a tranquil steady light, which gleamed in a burnished boss overhead;

and from this depended a silver canopy, which hung in graceful folds, swaying gently as if moved by passing zephyrs. Under this canopy the wanderers retired to sleep.

Old Williams's house was not a pretentious one, yet whoever entered its door was obliged to lift his foot over the sill and bow his head at the same time—thus rendering double obeisance. This movement brought him *vis-à-vis* with a fat Esquimaux matron, who greeted him with an "Okshi-ni" (good-morning), and then resumed her vigils over a decoction of spruce which was being metamorphosed into beer. Candles of rein-deer tallow and lamps of sputtering seal-oil emitted a feeble light, barely visible through the smoke of their burning, yet revealing seal-skins pendent from the rafters, kommetiks (dog-sleds) stowed overhead, and snow-shoes, guns, and fishing gear, hanging from pegs driven into the walls.

Though a Londoner by birth, and for twenty years a denizen of the great metropolis, Williams had found a charm in the wilderness for forty-one years. Nearly all the settlers are Englishmen or Newfoundlanders, who originally visited the coast as fishermen or as servants of the fur and trading companies; and he, like them, at last realized sufficient inducements to become a permanent resident. Perhaps his dusky inamorata was a primary attraction, or it might be that, having first decided upon a Selkirkian life, and finding it "not good for man to live alone," he had yielded to necessity, and, availing himself of the only matrimonial market the country afforded, appropriated to himself (as the printers have it) a "fat take." She, the wife, is a help-meet in the strictest sense of the word. She cures the codfish for market and for family consumption, manufactures seal-skin boots and garments, tends the salmon nets, "sculps" the seals, and prepares the oil for burning, feeds the dogs, etc., etc., besides performing her domestic and maternal duties. When driven by household cares, little vexations often occur to ruffle her temper, and then her shrill voice screams constantly as she works:

"Webuck—tam dog—ouk, ouk—clear out, I tell you! Susan! What be doon? Where's the dish-cloth? No, that beant *he*, blockhead. Mercy! who ever saw the flies and nippers so bad as they! You dar, shet that door—shet it. Hist! abide still, child—knock off, I tell ye, or I'll fix that bawling. Peruik! now who's had finger in that pot? Oh my!"

Etching laid siege one morning with his photographic apparatus, and captured the whole family. They were properly grouped before the house, and the necessity of remaining perfectly quiet was strictly enjoined; but the mosquitoes bit so savagely that few would have dared the experiment of sitting long enough for a portrait. But the paternal voice imperiously reiterated the artist's caution:

"Abide still, now. Move not a finger. Never mind *they*—let 'em bite."

Then he chose his own attitude, and he and





SETTLER'S CABIN.

they braved it through without flinching, although a dozen of the vermin were sucking the life's-blood from their faces and necks.

John Mudge once occupied the dilapidated house adjacent. He came the year before Williams, and was one of several intelligent and finely educated men living upon that coast, who were impelled thither either from pure love of adventure, or from misadventure in love. He came from an aristocratic family in England. One brother is now a heavy manufacturer at Bristol; another a colonel in Her Majesty's service at the Cape of Good Hope; and a brother-in-law was librarian to the Prince of Wales. In the heyday of his manhood he divided his loves between his hounds and a sweet-heart. But reverses came, and then the proud one rejected him. At once he strode forth from the uncongenial atmosphere of civilization, and turned his face to Labrador, vowing: "I will take some savage woman; she shall rear my dusky race, and not insult my poverty." When the vessel that bore him neared its destination, the chief of the Esquimaux and his daughter were watching its progress from an eminence. At her Mudge leveled his glass and said: "She shall be my wife." They were married, and to the bond the old chief affixed his seal. For forty-two years he devoted himself to cod and seal fishing, not once visiting his native land; and in the seclusion of this self-sealing envelop his first unrequited love found relief in blubber! Last May he died, at the age of 77 years.

All settlers are styled "planters"—a palpable

misnomer; not that *planting* is impossible upon the most sterile ground, but a crop is by no means an infallible sequence. With this humble people the short summer is a busy season, the cod, salmon, and seal fisheries demanding their constant attention. At its close they make up their accounts with the traders, and upon the approach of winter retire to the warmer regions of the interior, where the timber affords them fuel and a shelter from the biting cold. There, in snug houses heated by the immense two-story stoves peculiar to the Provinces, they pass their long hibernation in comfort. Indeed the winter is their gala season. When the frost has converted the rivers into thoroughfares, and the snows have graded the rugged and roadless waste of country, they harness up their dogs, and, flying over the frozen crust, make hasty calls upon their neighbors twenty miles away. That is the season of feasting too; for game abounds, and choice cuts of rein-deer and bear meat, delicate ptarmigan, hares, and squirrels, are toothsome viands after a four months' diet on fish. There are occasional encounters with the monster white bears, which, driven by hunger, boldly break in their provision stores and purloin the contents. At times the dreaded gray wolf prowls near the premises; but his race is almost extinct. The planter's traps demand constant attention, and large are the gains that he annually obtains from them. Strapping on his snow-shoes, he traverses successively the paths which radiate from his cabin in all directions, and sometimes extending fifteen miles, visiting each trap on the route, and



securing many a valuable prize of fox, marten, sable, mink, otter, ermine, beaver, weasel, or mountain cat; and lucky is he if he find a black or silver fox among them, for each is a twelve-pound note in his wallet. If a *white* fox be caught, it not unfrequently happens that he finds only a blood stain and remnants of his victim; for the arctic fox is an Ishmaelite among Reynolds. The black, silver, cross, red, and blue foxes are often found in the same litter, but the white fox never. He is of a distinct species. The others pursue him with inveterate hate and murderous intent, and drive him to the sea-shore, where he obtains but a precarious subsistence. He is evidently a victim of prejudice on account of color.

Thus much did the philosophic Quilldriver and his friends observe and learn of the country circumjacent, while moored in the solitude of Tub Harbor, tethered to their anchor—anchors all. At times the monotony was irksome; qualms of nostalgia depressed them; tantalizing visions of home luxuries mocked their yearnings; and each of Q.'s fellow-sea-furbers became in turn, mentally, a *felo de se*. But such foibles were speedily exorcised by diversions frequently recurring.

One morning they stowed three days' provisions in the long whale-boat, and, impressing old Williams, hoisted sail and stood away for the "Puffin Islands," fifteen miles out to sea. There the puffins most do congregate: awkward, demure-looking birds, with huge saffron-colored bills that give them an extremely bilious complexion, and eyelids as red as a toper's after a night's debauch; water-fowl that dwell on land, inhabiting holes which they dig in the earth with their mandibles and cat-like claws. Parts of the island were covered with a considerable depth of earth, and there the ground was completely honey-combed. Powder and shot were only wasted upon the laggards; for those that promenade the rocks or circled overhead scarcely made an effort to escape, while the rest sat just within the entrance of their holes, with owl-like gravity, quietly blinking at the intruders. Gaffhooks were therefore improvised, by which the birds were dragged out by hundreds, fluttering desperately and uttering dismal croaks. Once the Professor inserted his hand, without suspicion, but instantly withdrew it with a sharp cry of pain *minus* the bird. By this experience he learned wisdom.

The day following they ran down to a small island tenanted by sea-pigeons. It was a mere rock, utterly barren of vegetation, and seldom if ever visited by man. Yet one had been there before them. Upon a little shelf his uncoffined bones lay bleaching and fast crumbling into dust—some "poor Yorick" whom fate had cast away to die of slow starvation; the wrecked of some foundering vessel, or, perchance, some venturesome sealer who had crossed the treacherous ice from the main land in spring, and found no return over the drifting floe which the winds had suddenly broken up. But that was long since.

Those who then mourned his mysterious absence and uncertain fate have doubtless also passed away. But strangers' eyes have peered into the sightless apertures of his skull, and Vandal hands have ravished the empty knowledge-box from its kindred bones, and set it upon a shelf in Dr. Seidlitz's office, whence it glares with vacant stare upon other skulls and cross-bones *vis-à-vis*.

For four days after their return to the vessel the sportsmen were made the sport of the elements. Rain poured in douches from the supernal flood-gates, and ran in torrents over the deck, soaked through the seams into the cabin, and trickled down the stanchions to the bunks, where it expanded into sheets of water. The existence of this interior sea was first discovered by Smidt, to whom it occasioned surprise equal to the discovery of the great river by De Soto. A small pendant of oakum hung from the ceiling just over his bolster, and by it a little rivulet conducted, emptied into his mouth, which had not been judiciously trained to the etiquette of keeping shut at those times appropriated to slumber. All this was vexatious. The highest proof brandy is not water-proof; neither were the spirits of the expeditionists. The exhalations from musty boots, damp clothes, rubber and oil suits, and the bilge-water and half-pickled fish in the hold, impregnated the atmosphere of the cabin, mingling with the respiration of the eighteen occupants, huddled amidst a confusion of tables, stools, chests, carpet-bags, guns, and general accoutrements—out-of-door occupation being out of the question. The Professor is skinning birds at one table, with profuse use of arsenic and gypsum. Flayed carcasses hang from a rafter above, like poultry in a meat market. These tid-bits are sent up betimes to the cook for broiling. Near by the oologist is blowing eggs for specimens—some of them by no means odorous; and if the viscous contents are not blown into the arsenic on the left, they are sure to bespatter the elaborate sketch of the artist on the right. Kenyon finds the present time convenient for cleaning his gun, and its ramrod, carelessly handled, capsizes the ink-bottle upon Quilldriver's journal; and he, starting nervously, trips over the grease with which Smidt is greasing his boots. From one corner is wafted a combined odor of collodion and ether, where Etching rubs his photographic plates and prepares his chemicals. In another, the Doctor is mixing pills and powders with the rain-drops dripping from above, redolent of ammonia and paregoric. Bilbo draws inspiration from Byron; Warpinchock ditto from rye-juice; and Squid is mending old clothes. Thus they endure the pluvial dispensation.

Meanwhile the Doctor enjoys a flourishing practice among the fleet. He doses his patients, and receives his fees—not silver and gold (of that they have none)—but *cod-liver oil*, fifty cents per gallon. That is currency among the fishermen, and passes readily; but with the Doc-

tor it was a "drug in the market." So did his favorite specific "return to plague the inventor."

The day the clouds drifted off a slatternly, weather-stained craft came into harbor and dropped anchor—a schooner of some sixty tons burden. There were quaint little people on board—umber-colored folks, with Mongolian features, and long black hair hanging in unkempt masses—dressed in curious smock-frocks of seal-skin, trousers of woollen stuff, and neatly-fitting seal-skin boots. Over the vessel's side was slung a long, narrow boat of singular fashion. From the deck a strange jargon greeted the ears of the wondering scientific corps.

"Esquimaux!" shouted Quilldriver, at a venture.

At the word a dozen tumbled over the rail into the yawl-boat, and hastily boarded the newcomer. They scrutinized her simple appointments, dove into the hold and fore-castle, peered into the dingy cabin, examined the shuttle-shaped kayak and its materials of bone and seal-skin, and dawdled with three comical youngsters that sprawled upon the deck. Quilldriver and Smidt immediately laid siege to him who seemed the captain. He could speak broken English. He said his name was Shokalough. His crew were all native Esquimaux.

"Well, Sugarloaf, where you live?" Smidt asked.

"Up the bay."

"Up what bay?"

"Why, the bay."

"But what you call it—what name you call the bay?"

"Invucktoke."

"Where you get your schooner, Sugarloaf?"

"Up the bay."

"You buy it?"

"No. Make him."

"What! Did you build this vessel?"

"I suppose."

"Where you find the wood?"

"Up the bay."

"Did these masts grow up the bay?"

"I suppose. Big tant wood up the bay."

"Where is this bay? It seems to be a famous place."

"Down to nor'rud (northward)."

"Any thing else up the bay?"

"Water."

"Any Indians up there?"

"I don't oo."

"Any Esquimaux there?"

"I suppose some there—maybe."

Smidt taxed his ingenuity to break the old man's laconism, but was still kept at bay. He learned from other sources, however, that Shokalough had been truthful. His vessel was his own handiwork, built and equipped by himself without instruction or assistance, save the knowledge acquired by careful examination of the structure of other vessels. The masts and every foot of timber were cut one hundred miles in the interior, and sawed by hand with a com-

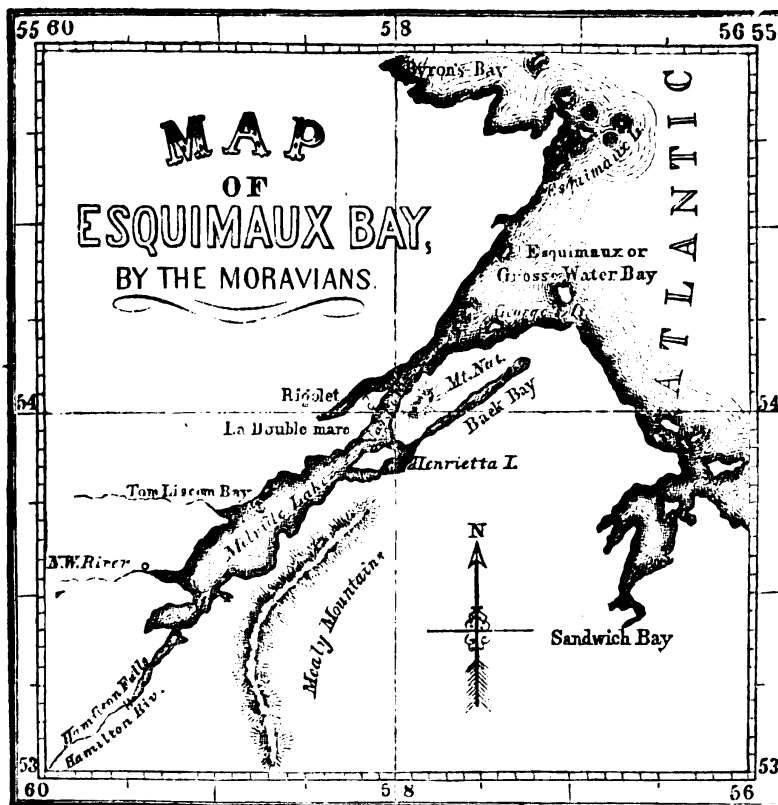
mon whip-saw. Iron work and canvas were procured from the traders. He was now freighting for the Hudson's Bay Company.

These facts were received with amazement, for they indicated a native tact and intelligence truly remarkable. Yet, in contemplating, a shade of disappointment clouded Quilldriver's face; for he had imagined the Esquimaux of this region to be as the untutored semi-barbarians of the Arctic Circle. He was consoled, however, upon learning that there were others "up the bay" less civilized, or at least less intelligent, who luxuriated in their primitive filth and grease.

Thenceforward it became his chief desire and purpose to see this great water, of whose existence even he had been ignorant. It opened to him a field of exploration seldom, if ever, trod—new wonders and strange people. Within the drear wall of rock that girts the sea-coast was an Arcadia of primitive forest, into which the Invucktoke Bay penetrates like a great arterial channel for one hundred and twenty miles, and then ramifies into branches and streams that thread the very heart of the wilderness. Midway between the latitudinal parallels of 54° and 55° it joins the ocean in a width of thirty miles, contracting gradually until it reaches the "Narrows," fifty miles inland, where its width is but a mile and a half; then again expands into an inland sea thirty miles wide: in form like a vast hour-glass, measuring time by the ebb and flow of tides. Forty years since uncouth sea-cows herded there. From them it received the name of Invucktoke, or Sea-Cow Bay. Those animals have now altogether disappeared from its waters. It has other names—Esquimaux Bay, Hamilton Inlet, and Grosse Water Bay. The last was given by the French, who were settled on its shores in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Since Captain Squid had positively asserted that the *Charmer* would proceed no farther, it was arranged to make the interior trip by boat. A party of eight was organized. Precious little time was required to stow away the necessary provisions for a fortnight's absence—a simple ration of salt pork, molasses, tea, and "hard tack" (ship bread); a few cooking utensils, fishing-tackle, guns, and ammunition; together with Etching's photographic apparatus. John Williams was pilot, who had known the bay from childhood. He took the helm; the painter was cast off from the schooner; the little craft heeled to her gunwale as her sails caught the breeze; and the adventurers receded rapidly from their comrades grouped on deck, amidst continued and vociferous adieus, which Smidt ungraciously declared was "much ado about nothing."

He and Quilldriver were in ecstasies at the prospect of meeting the native Esquimaux. With this view the latter had provided himself with gaudy trinkets, which he hoped to barter for curiosities; while Smidt, with utilitarian purpose, appropriated a gross of combs for a like object. With these they were certain the un-



sophisticated simplicity of the Indians would insure them profitable bargains.

With fair wind and tide the adventurers reached the Flatwater River in two hours—fifteen miles' sail. In that interval hard-favored nature had relaxed into smiles. The surf no longer broke in measured cadence upon shelves of interminable rock, but the embayed water rippled upon a smooth beach of yellow sand, which sloped gently to a lawn of vivid green; and that retreated into the shadow of a thick forest of tall spruce-trees, upon whose lance-like tips the setting sun seemed poisoning. The transition was delightful; and the scenery, which, under other circumstances, would have been tame, charmed the eye with its newness, as the green oasis enraptures the desert-worn pilgrim. And this in Labrador!—a country which preconceived impressions, founded on fragmentary information, had made but a drear monotony of barren rock and drifting ice. Creeping carefully for a mile up the broad but shallow channel of the river, which was thickly strewn with granite boulders of every size, the anchor was dropped over the side, and a landing speedily effected in the skiff. The Professor was the first on shore, and, with a shout, instantly plunged into the forest in search of "specimens."

A trail led through the woods for half a mile to Williams's winter-house. There the party were to camp for the night; and they quickly made their way thither, each laden with his individual baggage—Etching staggering under a ponderous camera and box of heterogeneous glasses containing chemicals; whom observing,

new beauties of scenery burst upon the sight—a green meadow, stretching away through a long vista of trees, and threaded by a running stream, whose windings might be traced by the alders which fringed its banks, until, sweeping up to the camp, it leaped in little cascades of foam over its rocky bed, and ran, laughing and chuckling, to pour its crystal tribute into the Flatwater. Quilldriver's heart fluttered in his breast. Down fell his knapsack upon the sod. His rod was quickly jointed, and, with agile step, he vanished precipitately in the direction of the fountain-head. At the first cast he felt a trout bite at his fly; the next instant myriads of flies bit at his end of the rod. The ground was marshy, the air still, and the sun had just dipped below the horizon. Swarms of midges flitted before his face, mosquitoes droned in his ears, gnats covered his hands. The battle was of short duration. He retreated ignominiously, with a single trout, and "glorious bites" without number, and found his companions jeering him from amidst the dense clouds of a smudge. The next day, however, he was piscatorially rewarded for his pains of the previous evening. The Professor, too, was happy in the acquisition of a bagful of birds, some of them of rare species. Kenyon, the botanist, enriched his herbal with numerous mosses, flowers, and plants—the purple wild vetch, flowering juniper, heath, ground willow, live-forever, blue-berry, bunch-berry, two plants with whitish-yellow flowers, called respectively Indian tea and Christian tea (whose leaves are used as a substitute for the Chinese herb, and are of medicinal properties), the baked

Smidt naïvely remarked that he "had taken a glass too much," and kindly offered to assist him. Hereupon Quilldriver took occasion to rebuke the philosopher's inveterate habit of pun-making.

"Puns," he said, "are in bad repute. Jokes are vulgar. Witticisms, when they gush spontaneously, may be tolerated; but to force wit is like opening a Champagne-bottle by pushing the cork in."

"I see," replied Smidt. "'A joke's prosperity,' as Shakespeare says, 'lies in the ear of the hearer.' But in this case you would evidently have it nearer the mouth."

Quilldriver was first at the camp. There



apple, and many others, whose botanical names are known only to the craft. The baked apple is an unpretending berry of a pale yellow color, and of the size of a blackberry. The settlers esteem it, but to foreign palates it has much the flavor of a rotten tomato.

Williams's house was representative of the winter domiciles occupied by the settlers—built of upright spruce studs, tightly calked with moss, with a view to comfort more than architectural elegance. Careful provision was made for the dogs in a kennel contiguous, which was thickly lined with fur and down, to protect them from the intense cold of winter. There was no other house within a good day's journey.

The following morning the wayfarers moved with alacrity to visit an Esquimaux encampment upon the opposite side of the Flatwater. The natives were engaged in netting salmon for barter and their own winter consumption. A tongue of land at first concealed the camp from view, and the party, uncertain of its precise location, proceeded to reconnoitre the shore in the vicinity of their landing-place. At this juncture a shout was heard from the Professor, whose ardor as a naturalist had led him, as usual, in ad-

vance of the rest. His gun, which had been cautiously presented toward a small clump of bushes, was dropped, and, reaching the spot, he stooped and picked up a nondescript creature, which he held by the nape of the neck at arm's-length, then called lustily to the Doctor, who quickly approached.

"Pray, what kind of creature is this?" he asked. "I am unable to determine."

The animal wore the semblance of humanity, but had the hairy skin of a seal, fitting tightly to the flesh. Its face was human, but excessively fat. Its paws were also smooth, and destitute of hair. For a moment the *savans* puzzled their brains over the *lusus naturee*; but to them it was no less an enigma than the incomprehensible "What is it." The Doctor at first contended that it was a seal, but both had finally decided that it was a species of sloth, when the conference was suddenly interrupted by the apparition of an Esquimaux woman, who darted from the woods with a jargon like the chatter of a woodchuck, and snatching the prize from their hands, quickly vanished under cover again.

As the party proceeded, speculating upon the



ESQUIMAUX TOUPIK.

strange episode, they were presently met by a couple of natives in semi-civilized costume.

"Okshi-ni!" saluted they, halting.

"Hooks-and-eyes!" promptly responded Smidt, who prided himself upon his adroitness as a linguist.

"Where's your toupik?" asked Captain Squid of the Esquimaux.

"Over here," in laconic English.

"Bless me!" said Smidt. "Do they use toothpicks? I might have brought some with my combs, to trade. To these heathen, who subsist almost wholly upon flesh and fish, and to whom the art of dentistry is doubtless unknown, they must be indispensable."

Squid explained that the toupik was their wigwam, or domicile.

The toupik stood upon a rocky point of land thickly strewn with small boulders. It was a simple covering of dressed seal-skins sewed together and stretched upon a frame-work of poles.

A troop of wolfish-looking dogs, with straight, pointed ears, sharp noses, and long, bushy tails, sauntered about the place, or lazily munched offensive offal scattered every where. The dissected carcass of a fine rein-deer lay near by, over which clouds of huge green-bottle flies swarmed buzzing; choice cuts of the same steaming in a large iron pot before the entrance. Capelin were drying upon the rocks, and salmon-trout and splendid salmon (*salmon pure*, according to Smidt) floundered high and dry where they had just been thrown by Madam, who was lifting the nets. Two graceful kayacks were drawn upon the rocks. The interior of the toupik boasted no furniture excepting coarse blankets underlaid with moss, and a rude lamp of stone suspended from the apex, to which lumps of seal fat, strung on sticks, supplied oil, melted by the blaze of wicks laid between.

The household comprised eight persons, of whom Joe Palliser was chief. Both males and females had adopted the dress of the whites, excepting the seal-skin boots and kossok—a hooded frock, known in Greenland as the kapetah, or jumper. Indeed, like all the Esquimaux of Southern Labrador, they had received some education from the Moravians, as well as from their frequent association with fishermen and traders, whose vices, it may be said, they had acquired equally with their virtues. Joe's old father, especially, had a weakness for whisky. An expressive word is whisky in the Esquimaux vernacular—*oogligooluck!* and when articulated by a native with the gusto of expectation, it gurgles musically clear to the bottom of his throat. Joe's wife was comely, maugre her filth. She had musical talent, too, which she graciously evinced at the request of her visitors, being sustained in her rôle by her female friends. Unlike many of the fair sex at home, they granted their favors without hesitation, and continued without pause until their auditory were fain to escape farther infliction by precipitate flight. Joe himself is a man of no mean talents. He learned to read a little at the mission-school at Okkak,

and has taught himself to write by transcribing the characters from an old copy-book upon a soft stone with a bit of iron. The disadvantages under which he labored would have sorely taxed the patience of others more favored than he. Not less clever is he as a hunter and fisherman; and among his countrymen he has no equal, whether it be in poisoning the harpoon, striking birds on the wing with the slender three-pronged javelin, driving a dog-team, trailing the slot of a deer, or riding the angriest waves in his frail kayak.

Neither is he ignorant of the tricks of trade.

A haunch of Joe's venison lay enveloped in its own fresh skin, not yet polluted by flies, upon which the party gloated with wistful eyes. The price he asked for the meat was equal to a quarter of a dollar per pound.

"That's big price, Joe."

"Eh? perhaps—*ei-lah*."

"We've no money, Joe. Will trade pork, pound for pound. Can't pay such big price."

"Eh? S'pose you ask big price for pork too."

This preliminary advised Smidt and Quill-driver that they had miscalculated in their anticipated speculations, and it was not without some misgivings that they opened negotiations. The Esquimaux are naturally an ingenious race; and these exhibited numerous exquisite specimens of their handiwork—seal-skin pouches ornamented with beads, feather bags and caps, trinkets wrought from whales' teeth, and carved figures representing the people of the northern tribes in full costume of undressed seal-skin. The latter took Quilldriver's fancy, and accordingly, with extravagant flourish, he produced half a dozen gaudy gilt buttons, which he offered in exchange. Joe was spokesman of the party, as the others could speak little or no English. He conferred briefly with his friends, and then returned the buttons with an indignant "No good." Whereupon Q. added a broken brooch set with paste brilliants as an inducement, and, failing of success, a brass watch-key. Joe was shrewd enough to perceive that his customer was eager to buy. He said he wanted money, and his price was three dollars. This was a "stunner." Q. cudged his wits, and presently produced a large plug of tobacco and a dilapidated silk cravat of brilliant hues. The bait unexpectedly took, and the bargain was consummated. As for Smidt, he expatiated upon the utility of his combs with powerful eloquence, and prevailed.

After the trade was concluded Etching obtained successful photographs of the Esquimaux and their residence; and the adventurers then departed, followed by many a hearty "*Tarvatarra*" (adieu), to which Smidt responded, in behalf of his companions, with a gracious "Topsy-turvy." That evening they regaled themselves upon juicy venison and luscious trout, and the following morning continued their voyage up the bay.

This great Esquimaux Bay was once the ren-





ESQUIMAUX OF UNGAVA.

dezsous of the southern tribes. Those of the north sojourn upon the shores of Ungava Bay, three hundred miles nearer the Arctic circle. The great dividing ridge, which lies midway between the two waters, forms a barrier which few, if any, of either branch of the nation have ever passed. Each is therefore as isolated from the other as are the antipodes; yet their habits and mode of life vary only in those respects which the difference of climate compels, and their intercourse with the whites has modified. The Ungava Esquimaux inhabit houses of ice, dress wholly in furs, carry their children in their boot-legs, or cradle them in the hoods of their kosoks. The women, reversing the fashion of civilized countries, wear coat-tails, which, doubled under them, are serviceable as cushions when sitting, while the men are content with garments less pretentious. Though wearing the breeches is one of the conceded rights of the fair sex, no extra privileges are granted them on that account—women being regarded by their lords and masters as a kind of *Caudle* appendage, useful in their sphere. With them a panacea for headache is to bump their heads upon the floor, and grief for the dead is manifested by wailing and

beating their faces and craniums with stones. Their southern brethren, by their frequent intercourse with the whites, have been induced to adopt the European dress and many of the white man's habits of life; yet necessity still compels the wearing of furs and skins during the long and rigorous winters, an almost exclusive fish and flesh diet, the employment of dogs for transportation, seal-oil for lamps, etc.; and in these particulars the whites have necessarily assimilated to them.

To this people, who have ever lived exclusively upon the coast, no locality was so favored as the great Invucktoke Inlet, for it abundantly afforded them all the necessities and luxuries of life they coveted—whales, seals, codfish, salmon, trout, herring, and sea-fowl innumerable; while in winter, when covered with undrifted snow, it was a proper thoroughfare for their dog-teams, over which they drove with exciting speed.

But in reverting to the past history of this remarkable people, as well as in contemplating their probable destiny, a shade of sadness involuntarily steals over the mind. They are rapidly diminishing—so rapidly that it is easy to mark,



within a generation, their rapid progress toward extinction; and this for a nation, the great "Inuit" (*the people*) that once controlled more than five thousand miles of sea-coast, and were wont to consider themselves as numerous as the waves of the sea! But who are they? Are they Mongols, or have they the same origin as the red Indians that peopled the continent of North America? Neither. The skins of their infants are fair and white, which grease, smoke, and inseparable filth in time tan to darker hues. Are they identical with the Lapps, whom they resemble in many respects? They are a people of no inferior intellect. They have a written language, and that language is identical from Labrador to Behring's Strait. The fact that a family of Esquimaux crossed to Labrador from the north shore of Hudson's Strait, in 1839, on a raft constructed of drift-wood (as stated by an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, then resident at Ungava Bay), goes to corroborate the opinion that these people originally came from Asia, and are possibly of a great northern family of which the Lapps are a branch.

The causes of their extinction are easily traced. For many years there existed a bitter and unceasing war between them and the Nascopies, or Mountaineers of the interior, which, when it was finally brought to a close through the efforts of the missionaries and other whites, left them terribly reduced in numbers. In 1773 there were three tribes of Southern Esquimaux, numbering upward of five hundred souls. Caubvick, with her brothers and sisters, was carried to England by Peter Cartright, the trader, where they contracted the small-pox. All died but Caubvick. She returned in health to her native land the following year; but the seeds of the disease latent in her clothing infected her people, and swept off hundreds. Rum and civilization have since worked fearfully upon the handful that remained. There are now scarce thirty living upon the Bay. Numerous graves along the shores tell where the rest have gone. There are two hundred in one burial-ground, thirty in another, and single ones are scattered here and there. There are probably not five hundred now living south of the Ungava district, and the number there is not larger. The entire Esquimaux population of Labrador may therefore be estimated at less than one thousand souls.

The influence of the Moravians has doubtless been good. The seeds of a Christian religion have been sown among them, though it is difficult to see where they have germinated. Polygamy, once common, is now scarcely known. An old patriarch of the Bay, known as "Ike the Mormon," has five wives, but his is an exceptional case. As all are now married under the Moravian ritual, this marital relation must have been assumed without sanction. That the Moravians have saved many of this devoted people from starvation is certain. They teach them to be industrious and provident. At each of the four mission stations the quaint, two-story, red-painted chapel rises from a cluster of native huts.

There are gardens where the more hardy vegetables are raised, a store, and work-shops for the native tradesmen. Whatever provisions the Esquimaux procure are placed at the missionaries' disposal, and by them distributed in the best manner for the general good. Waste and improvidence are thus guarded against. In times of scarcity the Brethren open their own stores for distribution. The product of the winter hunt and summer fisheries are disposed of in trade, and shipped in a vessel which sails annually to England; but the profits accruing are thrown into the general fund, for the Brethren seek not wealth, but only to do the greatest good.

In accounting for the diminution of these people, it is proper to state that many of the females have been absorbed, so to speak, by marriage with the whites.

As to the origin of the word "Esquimaux," which seems to be involved in doubt, it was unquestionably first applied by the Mountaineer Indians, who called them "*Ashkimai*," which, in their vernacular, signifies "eaters of raw meat," as distinguished from themselves, who always cooked their food. Esquimaux is but a corruption of *Ashkimai*, made by the early French explorers who penetrated the Inuvuktoke Bay, and had intercourse with the Mountaineers, and derived the word from them.

He who goeth forth into the wilderness must become reconciled to the stern vicissitudes of his new life. Sol does not always shine with benignant rays, and fair weather is not manufactured to order. The third day was ushered in with lowering clouds; the wind ahead and blowing almost a gale, which tossed the spray spitefully over the bows, and drenched the boatmen in spite of their oil suits and tarpaulins. However, they worked their way perseveringly, hugging the shore for security, and at early evening had made twenty miles, when they gladly took refuge from the darkness and the coming storm by running into a friendly cove under the lee of an island. A camp was hastily improvised by stretching the boat's sails upon her two masts, which were placed at an angle against the face of a perpendicular rock, blankets being spread upon the turf beneath. Quilldriver soon had the tea-kettle simmiring over a crackling fire, and pork frizzling in the pan. A hasty supper was swallowed without ceremony, and all then bestowed themselves to needed rest and slumber.

But soon a change of weather was sprung upon their felicity. The wind fell to a calm, the clouds broke, and moonbeams struggled fitfully through the drift. Presently a portentous sound, low but sharp, fell upon Quilldriver's drowsing sense, just under his ear. Whereupon, with the experience of many similar occasions impressed upon his mind, he immediately "vamosed the ranche," and gathering a supply of fuel fanned the flickering fire into a flame, and, swathed in his gutta-percha blanket, disposed himself in a cleft of the rock with his feet to the fire, backwoods fashion. While sleep yet dallied with his eyelids there came mingled murmurs, wailings,

and sharp expletives from the adjacent camp, at which he grinned sardonically. After that an hour's doze was extemporized in pleasant mood, at the end of which he awoke suddenly from a dream in which he seemed beset by all the Egyptian plagues at once, to realize that swarms of mosquitoes had invaded the penetralia of his blanket through an aperture judiciously left for air. With one spasmodic start he dispersed the enemy and proceeded to readjust the fire, which had waned to embers. There was dry wood for substantial fuel, bark for cheerful flame, spruce brush for its merry crackle, and damp moss for a smudge. Then he drew forth his pipe, charged it, and basking in the genial warmth of his fire, gazed into its rosy heart; heated water, and mingling with it the contents of a friendly flask, made slings with which he comforted the inner man; and all the rest of the night kept vigil under the protection of the kindly smudge, except when passing showers, which could not penetrate the blanket, drove the winged pests away temporarily. Then he slept sweetly. In the small hours Smidt joined him confidentially, and soon drowned his tribulations in good cheer, and when morning dawned the twain greeted the bright sun and favoring breeze which ushered in the day, with a temper unruffled by the night's distress.

The morning is one of enchanting loveliness. Through the warm purple atmosphere the hundred islands below loom up in fanciful outlines. The low black shore has given place to high wooded bluffs; and rocks, hills, and distant mountains rise in irregular knolls and knobs and isolated humps. Even the islands at hand and beyond are many of them crested with stunted spruce or mottled with dark green clumps; and long rank grass fills the little hollows and ravines among the rocks. To the left is Mount Nat, a lofty peak, standing alone in its grandeur, and wooded almost to its summit—a favorite resort for deer, which in summer flee to its very top to escape the flies and mosquitoes; and in the far distance, sixty miles away, are the shadowy outlines of the Mealy Mountains, the highest in Labrador, whose ever snow-clad spurs gleam in the sun like celestial beacons.

With this range for their landmark the voyagers sailed on with a favoring breeze, the scenery ever shifting, and the country becoming more generally wooded as they advanced, and the trees of larger growth.

There was something wonderfully exciting in thus penetrating a region so new, and an effluence of elation that pulsed through every nerve. Novelties met them at every stage of their progress. Seals bobbed their heads above water betimes, stared inquisitively, and then dove out of sight. Anon a whale came careering down with the tide, spouting as he rose momentarily to the surface. Grampuses gamboled with uncouth antics. Here was a deserted salmon-fisher's hut, and there an Esquimaux winter-house, built like an ice-house, three feet underground, with a moss-thatched roof. Strange birds hov-

ered around, and Kenyon sat in the skiff towing astern, and shot them *ad libitum*, picking them up as they drifted past, or pulling after them while the boat laid to; saddle-back gulls, bottle-nosed ducks, hagden, auks, puffins, sea-pigeons, eiders, and gannets. Sea-pigeons are game for a marksman. One sat impudently staring at Kenyon while he leveled his gun and fired. It dove at the flash, rose again and flew. Bang went the other barrel, and it dropped like a stone, but dove, presently reappeared, got up and made off without leaving even a feather as a souvenir.

Thus the hours were passed in genuine enjoyment until they approached the "Narrows," now some two miles distant. At this point the wind freshened to a seven-knot breeze, which drove them foaming through the waves.

"We are lucky," said John Williams, giving the craft a little more sheet, and keeping her away for the further shore. "The tide is agin us, and but for this breeze we'd a had to lay by for another night. I had miscalculated the tide by an hour. Look! you can see the white swash breaking like snow."

"Is the tide very strong?"

"Bless you! no vessel can stem it—not with a gale of wind blowing after. They must come and go with the tide; but small craft like ours can take advantage of the eddies, and work up along shore with a stiff breeze like this. Sure, it never freezes in the coldest of winters. 'Twas thirty years ago the *Cleopatra* man-of-war got caught by the tide just in the very middle of the "Narrows." She let go her two anchors to onst, and when they snubbed her up taut, she heeled three streaks of her deck under, and then snap went both chains like pipe stems."

The scenery at the entrance of the "Narrows" was romantic in the extreme. On either side hills towered to the height of a thousand feet, wooded with spruce from base to summit, and these twin escarpments abutted ranges of bold bluffs whose shadows seemed almost to meet midway in the narrow channel that separated them. Through this grand gloomy portal there was an unbroken vista for miles, until the channel made an abrupt turn that hid the water from view; but the great gorge continued on beyond till it was lost in blue shadow. This is the sluiceway for the waters of the vast inland sea above, through whose contracted space it sweeps with tremendous force at ebb and flow of tide, mingling the roar of its resistless current with the reverberations of its pent-up echoes, and heaping up billows of foam more angry than the storm-lashed waves of the ocean. Herein did its sublimity of wildness consist. Long before the boatmen reached the full strength of the tide it came surging down in impetuous billows that tossed their frail craft like a feather upon their angry crests; and they clutched the gunwales and thwarts, and gazed in silent awe upon the gloom and the rush of the dark green waves, as he who traversed with dread the shadowy glens of low-eaved Cimmeria. But Kenyon reveled in





RIGOLETTE.

the excitement. He was still in the skiff, squat in the stern, motionless as a statue—now poised upon the seething crest, now engulfed in the hollow, following the boat in all her wild vagaries. While she plunged into the trough he was mounting the sea behind. When she rose, he leaped forward with an impetus that shot him almost by, swaying fearfully from side to side, or tightening the tow-rope with a jerk that threatened to part it. And this disaster finally occurred. The rope snapped with a tremendous sea, and he vanished from sight in the trough. But he coolly picked up his oars, not at all disconcerted, and while the boat lay to, pulled gallantly to her. His presence of mind alone saved him from peril. In the midst of all this commotion, a huge whale came careering down with the current with the speed of a racer, not a hundred rods off, now dipping below the surface, now rising on the swell, and in a moment passed out of sight astern.

The spectacle was fearfully grand; but the voyagers breathed freer when they had worked their way into the eddy. Then they hugged the shore carefully, and so made gradual progress. At length the tide changed and bore them with it.

Now the setting sun glances over the hills upon the low line of buildings belonging to the post of Rigolette, a mile distant, with the H. B. Company's red flag flaunting from the tall staff in the centre. They are veritable human habitations built in the approved style of civilization—the first seen for two long months! The wind

has died to a breath, and mosquitoes keep the oarsmen company as they pull with measured stroke, till, in the waning twilight, they drop anchor in the little cove before the station under the shadow of the hills. Esquimaux are darting hither and thither in their kayacks; dusky figures are grouped on shore; dogs howl out their doubtful greetings; strange craft are at anchor or drawn up on shore, and one larger than the rest is moored beside a little pier that runs out from a dingy store-house. All this there was time to note while making hasty preparations to land. Presently a boat came out and carried the new-comers ashore, where they were greeted successively by the motley throng and then by Harry Conolly, the agent of the post, who extended a friendly hand, and invited them to the "office." There a bounteous repast of bread and boiled salmon was soon spread on snow-white linen, and served by Esquimaux waitresses, to which ample justice was done. How grateful were the viands to those who had so long waived the conventionalities of metropolitan life! After pipe, the weary guests retired to sleeping quarters that had been assigned them, but not before the Professor, in the zeal of his vocation, had innocently brought his gun to bear upon a tame raven which sat in the dusk upon the roof of an adjacent building. A timely warning startled the croaker from his perch, and as he flapped lazily away, he hoarsely said "Faugh!"

What a realm of novelty was before the adventurers when they looked out into the sunlight



on the following day! The air was balmy and summer-like. It was the warmest day of the season, the thermometer marking 80° in the shade. Each of the fourteen buildings belonging to the post, comprising houses for the officers and servants, store-houses for furs and other goods, a sale shop, coopers' shop, oil-house, fish-house, packing-house, oven-house, etc., excited a degree of interest. Some of them were frame buildings, and some of logs. Two were built more than sixty years ago by two French traders. It was not until many years after that the Hudson's Bay Company took occupancy. In the centre of the oil-house, surrounded by tierces and puncheons, and a villainous smell, Esquimaux were busily cutting flaps of seal blubber into small strips and cubes, which they threw into a tank, where they were to lie until resolved into oil. The oven-house is a detached building devoted exclusively to baking purposes. A barrel of flour is here used at a baking. There was a turnip patch before the house, fenced in with seines stretched on poles. In a sunny corner a luxuriant plant was growing in a half barrel, which Kenyon judged to be a rare exotic, so carefully was it nourished. A closer inspection, however, satisfied him that it was a potato vine. Four six-pound cannon and one eighteen-pounder, ranged before the principal store and pointed down the bay, give the post a rather warlike aspect; but these have never been used except on Queen's birthdays, or to greet the arrival of officers of the Company, or in manifestation of peace and good-will on other special occasions. There are nets hung on pickets to dry; and set nets for salmon sweep out into the cove in semicircles, like mammoth necklaces of beads. Here and there a sly old seal is seen prowling near, to rob the nets of their prize—doubly vigilant, inasmuch as he has one eye constantly on the fish, and the other on the man who sits with a gun watching him. On the rocks, half a dozen rods from the clerk's house, was the wreck of a small schooner, just where a September gale had dashed it to pieces the year before. On that fearful day the tide rose twelve feet and threatened the house with destruction, although the ordinary rise of tide is but six feet.

In a sparkling rivulet (Rigolette) near by Quilldriver caught trout; and just beyond, where alders and drooping willows clustered, mingling their foliage with the darker green of spruce, a neat white paling inclosed a burial lot, in which were graves without epitaphs, and others marked by rough wooden slabs rudely graven. From the summits of the neighboring hills is an extended view of the broad bay below, with its many islands, and the expanse of inland water above the Narrows; Mount Nat standing alone in his grandeur; the distant ocean drawn like a silver ribbon upon the horizon; and more impressive and sublimer than all, the long chain of Mealy Mountains looming up in soft, slaty clouds against the massive blue, thirty miles away—cloud-capped, and brilliant with the gleaming snow that crests their summits. Half

a mile below the post is the route of the projected telegraph recently surveyed by Captain M'Clintock, which, leaving Europe, traverses the Atlantic to the Faroe Isles, and thence *via* Iceland and Greenland, and six hundred miles across Davis Strait, to Labrador, and thence overland to Canada and the United States—a magnificent problem yet to be practically solved. When future messages shall be flashed from continent to continent, they will cross the Narrows on wires spun like a spider's web from bluff to bluff, six hundred feet above the surging tide.

This is now the liveliest portion of the year at the Company's post. Long days of active labor, and nights of mirth and gayety, from which brief hours are snatched for repose, fill up the fleeting respite of a rigorous winter. Esquimaux toupiks dot the shore, swarming with their swarthy tenants, who have assembled to barter the season's catch of salmon, seal-skins, and oil. The few white settlers on the bay are here for a like purpose. Trade goes briskly in the long salesroom of the shop. The Company's schooner (Shokalough's vessel) has carried her annual freight of "returns" to the dépôt at Cartright's, and is now here awaiting a fair wind to convey the yearly supplies to the "Norwest" station and interior posts. A few Nascopies have straggled down from above in full panoply of beads and buckskin. There is Michelet, an old Canadian *voyageur*, with his Esquimaux wife and seven children, each of them, from the mother to the babe, gifted with an extra pair of perfectly-formed fingers and toes—a six-fingered family! and Oliver, an Orkneyman, one of the hardest and most trust-worthy of the Company's servants, and the best dog-driver on the Bay. He has driven from Rigolette to Norwest River and back, 120 miles, in eighteen hours, changing dogs but once.

What is the jingle of sleigh-bells and a 2.40 nag in comparison with a dog-sledge ride over the smooth frozen crust, in the gleaming light of the *aurora borealis*? Not a breath of air stirs. From the blue massive firmament the magnificent stars are bursting out in intensified whiteness. Twigs snap in the arctic atmosphere, and the snow sounds crisp under the foot-fall. From distant points the dogs are howling wolfish responses to each other. Now Oliver's call sounds clear and full upon the still, frosty air—"Coh! coh! coh!" and in an instant the eager crew come dashing helter-skelter, scattering the snow-flakes as they run. With practiced dexterity he quickly adjusts each leathern collar, and fastens each dog to its long seal-skin trace, while they sit fidgeting on their haunches, or strain upon the leashes, whining their impatience. Now all is ready. Scarce time has he to bestow himself in his ample robes and seize his whip, before the eager team dash away pell-mell, now to the right, now to the left, crossing traces, and mingling in utter confusion. But a sharp "*st-st*" and a flourish of the whip, which brings a yelp at every crack, soon disciplines them to order, and away they scurry, eight



THE DOCTOR'S MISHAP.

abreast, spread out like a fan—the driver half-reclining, with the whip over his shoulder trailing behind, five fathoms long! “*Twet! twet!*” on! on!—“*ouk! ouk!*” to the right!—“*urrah! urrah!*” to the left! Trees and shrubs whirl past with dizzy speed, the crisp snow sparkles as it flies from the bone-shod runners, and the lambent flames of the *aurora borealis* dance to the music of pattering feet. What winter sport so exhilarating as dog-driving! But there are difficulties by the way. Perchance the sledge encounters some sudden obstruction—a hidden stone or icy hummock—which checks its impetuous career; driver and sledge at once assert the laws of centrifugal force and rotate rapidly, while the dogs pitch into each other indiscriminately, as if to punish the supposed offender for the mishap. Then the fight can only be stopped by a vigorous application of the whip; and this must be quickly done, otherwise the battle would rage until the stronger triumphed; and that dog which first succumbed would at once receive the vengeance of all the rest, and speedily end his “day.”

The sledge-adventures related by Oliver excited the ardor of his listeners. The Doctor could not restrain his desire. There were dogs and kommetiks in abundance—why should he not have a sledge-ride? Truly, the ground was barren of snow, but the dogs were strong, and spoiling from lack of work. Oliver was prevailed upon to harness a team; the Doctor was instructed, and with whip in hand forthwith embarked upon his experimental trip. The dogs started at the word, but from lack of recent training dashed away in great disorder. Stones

were numerous. A shock came. The sledge leaped in air, and the man of medicine made a sudden somersault into the grass. At the instant came a medley of canine yells and wrangling, fierce shouts from Oliver, and successive blows—in the midst of which the Doctor scrambled hastily from the arena, with dilapidated trowsers and shirt reduced to “shoddy.”

Scarcely less ridiculous was another misadventure of his. There was an Esquimaux burying-ground near by, tenanted by the dead of a former generation. The surface was thickly strewn with boulders, and of these rude cairns had been formed at frequent intervals (for the Esquimaux never interred their dead), and through the crevices of the loosely-piled stones the sun stole in and revealed bleached skulls and skeletons lying as they were left years before. The Doctor peered into the silent chambers, and, prompted by scientific motives, was seized with a purpose to purloin the contents. He kept his own counsel, and anxiously awaited a convenient opportunity. He had serious misgivings as to the feasibility of the undertaking. He feared the vengeance of the resident Esquimaux, should they detect him. He even imagined that the native dogs might scent him at his sacrilege. Twice he ventured out under cover of the night, but his courage failed him. At last he stole quietly away in the early gray of the morning, and, taking a careful survey of the premises, proceeded to open a cairn, casting frequent furtive glances about him the while, fearful lest the rattling stones might prate of his illicit occupation. After unremitting toil and perspiration he completed his task; then snatched



the skull from its place, and cutting branches of spruce, wrapped them about it, and with his prize under his arm, hurried away with stealthy steps.

At that moment Smidt was taking his morning stroll, who, detecting the retreating form of the Doctor, hailed him (without suspicion) with an emphatic "Hi!" Down fell the booty in a trice, and without a pause or glance behind, the culprit darted into the woods and vanished from sight. An hour after, Smidt privately handed him the skull, remarking quietly that he "had left his head behind him."

Those were pleasant days at Rigolette. But the visit of the tourists approached its close, and the holiday season of the natives waned rapidly. Festivities are now redoubled. There are varied out-of-door sports, and feasting on seal-meat, young dog-meat, and salmon, smoked, boiled, baked, and roasted. At night, in the servants' room, are uncouth dances and strange music—dances by the dim light of burning seal-oil and deer's tallow candles, energetic and fantastic—a strange commingling of dusky shadows that flit athwart the walls and ceiling and through the veiling smoke—a ceaseless thump and twirl, a Babel of tongues, and a suffocating permeation of perspiration and combined nameless stenches. There are no invitations to dance. Each one pulls his partner to the floor, willy nilly, *vi et armis*; but Smidt innocently begs to be introduced, bows, offers his arm, and—all grin horribly! Not at all abashed, he "switches off," takes the floor, and improvises an inimitable *pas seul*, with pigeon-wings, double shuffles, and grape-vine twists without stint, that win for him the applause of all. When he yields, the dance progresses according to native programme; and thus the night is made merry.

Now for a bird-wing jaunt to the far interior. The wind is fair, and Shokalough's vessel is already speeding up the Narrows. Michelet is aboard, who goes to join his crew at Norwest River, whence they are soon to convey the supplies to the inland posts. Bold wooded bluffs continue through the Narrows. Just beyond the portal is a cluster of islands, one of them, Gull Island, made famous by a Gretna Green affair of tragic end. Thus the story runs: A young and fiery half-breed won the heart of an Esquimaux maiden, but her parents would not grant her hand. Love suggested the usual alternative in such cases. They fled together, and passing down the bay in a boat, landed upon Gull Island, where the swain sought wild flowers with which to adorn the maiden's hair. While they strolled together, in that sweet oblivion which love begets, a gale sprung up and lashed the placid bay into waves of foam. They hastened to the spot where they had left their boat, but it was gone! The wind had torn it from its moorings. Their agony at the discovery of this calamity can only be surmised, for they left no record of their sufferings—how they grew frantic as hunger pressed them; how they very sensibly agreed that a life of celibacy would have

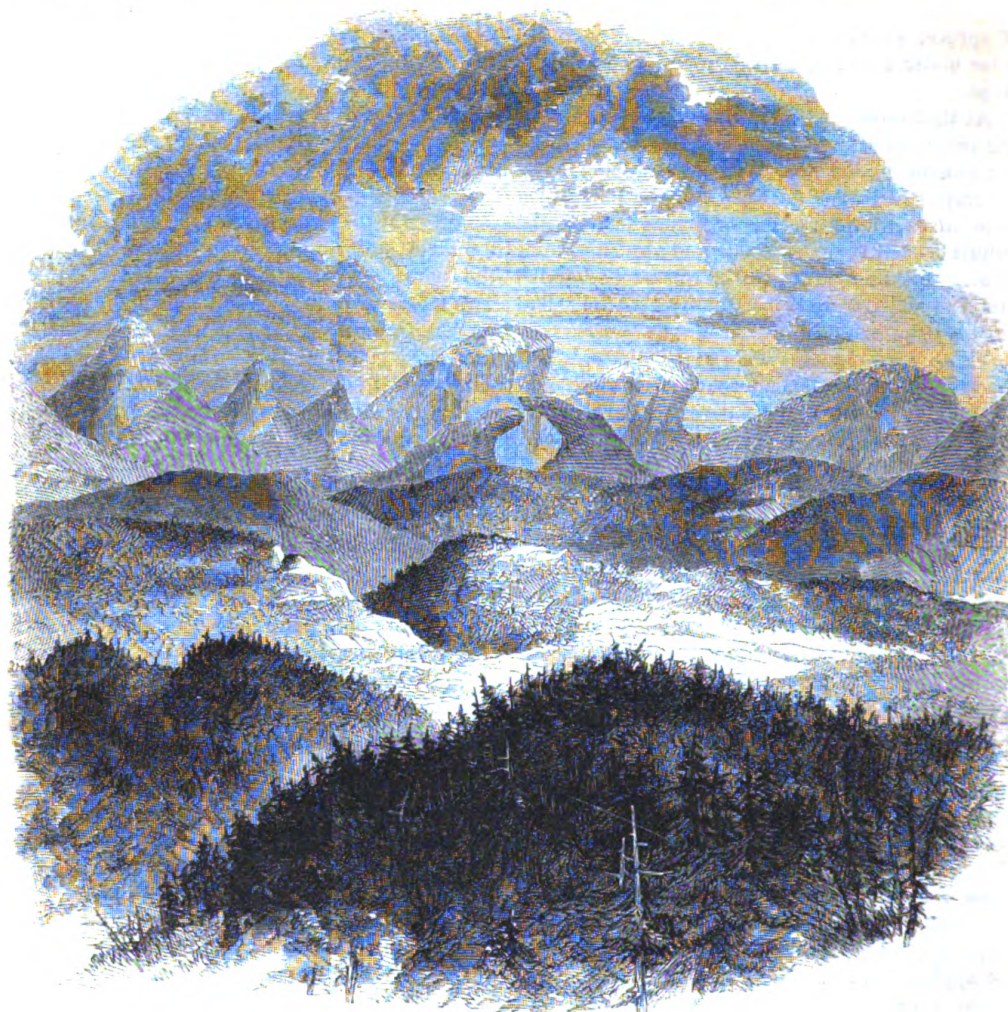
been practically much preferable to wedlock in death; how they wasted until delirium seized them; and how they yielded their breath with the pang that released them from suffering. Weeks passed, and brought no tidings to their anxious friends. Winter came, and the bay was frozen. One day the father was driving by with his dog-team, but the dogs refused to pass the island. With plaintive howls they turned from the track, and running to the land, began to paw the snow, and soon dug out a shriveled arm. The lovers were found stretched upon the earth together, and near the spot was the severed rope that held the boat tied firmly around a rock. The painful mystery was thereby solved.

Passing Gull Island, the broad expanse of the bay sweeps out like a boundless sea, unrelieved by rock or island. The hills on the right are a monotonous range; but on the left the huge bosses of the Mealy Mountains, which have been a distant landmark for so long a time, now form in long procession parallel with the shore and scarcely two miles distant—singular shapes—not conical, nor pyramidal, nor serrated, but a succession of colossal thumbs, or hay-cocks of gigantic dimensions, which Titans have half toppled over in sport, and all trending southerly. They are wholly barren of vegetation. Michelet has climbed to the top of the highest on snow-shoes. The inequalities of surface were then filled and smoothed by a frozen mantle, which rendered the ascent comparatively easy. Hence, at a moderate estimate, it must be as high as Mount Washington in the United States.

There is something strangely grand about those cold bald knobs, so massive and grotesque; but the greatest wonder is the "Broken Mountain" (shown in the engraving)—a symmetrical elevation a thousand feet high, shaped like a huge inverted bowl, and rent from top to bottom! It was undoubtedly hollow once; for, according to Michelet's assertion, the bottom of the chasm is filled with rubbish and broken masses of rock, through which a small stream of water flows, as at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, while the portions of the mountain standing are concave. At some remote period, then, the superficial crust fell in by its own weight. Thousands of tons of rock crashed down from that fearful height into the cavernous depths! What a mighty concussion! What reverberations! what a terrific utterance of concentrated thunders! This is no hypothetical deduction. It is strangely corroborated by the existence of a hill or mountain near Double Mare Bay, forty miles from Rigolette, which may some time hence suffer a similar fate; for it is undoubtedly cavernous. Families living near affirm that even an ordinary footfall upon its top will give an echo like an empty cask, while a blow from an iron or wooden bar will produce a fearfully sonorous sound—and this phenomenon is found by repeated tests to extend for the distance of half a mile. Few persons can be induced to venture upon it.

These strange facts naturally lead to an investigation of the geological structure of the





MEALY MOUNTAINS.

country. Its whole surface bears evidence of having been once subjected to fearful convulsions, violent heat, and volcanic action. From the Atlantic Ocean to Hudson's Strait, as is ascertained from the Hudson Bay Company's officers, is one vast bed of granite, syenite, and syenitic schist, upheaved in successive billows of rock, as though the entire mass had been poured over the earth in a deluge of liquefaction, and suddenly cooled before the great waves had subsided. Many of these are polished to shining smoothness, but cracked and seamed in every direction, and traversed by veins of quartz and white, green, and rose-colored feldspar, interspersed with cubes and laminae of purest black mica. Some of the cumulose rocks are furrowed and striated, as though all the icebergs of a former creation, laden with drift, had dragged their length and breadth across. Yet the absence of boulders is remarkable. None are found on the high land. They appear only in water channels, beds of rivers, or at their debouchure; but in such localities are strewn very abundantly.

As to the hollow mountains, were they stupendous bubbles floating on the molten lava,

which became rigid when it cooled? or were they plastic undulating masses, whose surfaces first became cooled, and thereby formed roofs beneath which the molten stream flowed on and out to lower levels? Even Kenyon's geological knowledge was inadequate to a satisfactory conclusion.

Now, continuing up the Bay, the land on either side becomes low, but retreating to high hills. Twelve miles below Norwest River is an isolated peak called the "Clerk," from its resemblance to a cloaked figure in the attitude of writing. On the water side it shows a perpendicular face of stratified sandstone, with an over-jutting cap; behind, it slopes steeply. Opposite, the Bay is studded with islands, sixty or more, some of them covered with trees. A little beyond are three houses, the only ones seen since leaving the Narrows.

At length, rounding a low headland, which had seemed to be but a spur of an unbroken shore, a little cove unexpectedly opens to view. This is the mouth of Norwest River, and a mile and a half up is the long line of buildings belonging to the post, with a red flag flying before the agent's house. There the river is some 300



yards wide, the shore sandy and quite level, though sloping gradually to hills in the rear. The general features of the fort are similar to those of Rigolette, the buildings comprising store-houses, shops, etc., some twenty in all. A little apart from the houses are the frame poles of numerous NascoPie lodges, disposed in a large circle. These are covered with skins and occupied when the Indians come down to trade. The scenery is picturesque. The river threading the sombre forest until it is lost in its recesses; the sandy soil and the green turf; the wood-covered hills, spangled here and there with foliage of a brighter hue than evergreen; the calm bay below, and the blue mountains beyond, make up a landscape not at all characteristic of bleak and barren Labrador.

Then the astonished ear is greeted with the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep on shore; and in the rear of the agent's house are veritable barns, from whose open windows hangs fragrant new-mown hay; and a noisy cackle within is ominous of fresh-laid eggs! Surely Nature has been remarkably lavish here, or some presiding genius, of no ordinary enterprise and taste, has redeemed the place from its wilderness desolation! Both are true. The climate is much warmer here than upon the coast, and there is a fair admixture of soil. Donald Alexander Smith,

the intelligent agent of the post, is a practical farmer, and, by continued care and the employment of proper fertilizing agents, succeeds in forcing to maturity, within the short summer season, most of the vegetables and grains produced in warmer latitudes. He has seven acres under cultivation, of which a considerable portion is under glass. There are growing turnips, pease, cucumbers, potatoes, pumpkins, melons, cauliflowers, barley, oats, etc. Corn will not ripen, nor even form upon the ear. Before Smith's house is a flower-garden. Here, too, is a carriage-road, two miles long (strange sight in this roadless country!), upon which the agent betimes indulges in the luxury of a drive; for he has two horses, which he employs upon the farm. A bull, twelve cows, half a dozen sheep, goats, fowls, and dogs comprise his live-stock. There is no other place like Smith's in Labrador, in all its area of 420,000 square miles!

Here, too, the forest trees grow luxuriantly. Spruce attains a remarkable size, and is cut for building purposes and for the masts of vessels. Those of Shokalough's vessel were obtained near by, sixty feet long, and clear of knots. Some trees are said to attain a diameter of three feet and more. Wild currants, strawberries, whortleberries, poplar, aspen, fir, juniper, tamarack, and birch are frequently met with. The last is



NASCOPIES, OR MOUNTAINEERS.

quite abundant in the interior, and much used by the Mountaineers for making canoes, and for various other purposes.

Of the Nascopies, or Mountaineers, little is known to those living beyond the boundary of this district. For many years they were the dreaded enemies of the Esquimaux, whom they held in supreme contempt, and were rapidly exterminating. But the Esquimaux knew nothing of them as at home in their mountain fastnesses. They never ventured there. Travelers have not penetrated to their retreat, to learn their customs and reveal them to the world. Until the year 1840 they held no intercourse with the whites. They were the simple children of Nature. They believed in a Supreme Being, the author of all good; and also in a Bad Spirit. To each they offered sacrifices: to the one in supplication and gratitude; to the other in conciliation. Women were abject slaves. Full license was given to polygamy, and he married most wives who could support most. The aged were killed, the nearest relative being executioner.

But since the establishment of the trading posts many have become partially civilized, and will trade freely. Hither they come in the early summer, in fleets of birchen canoes laden with the spoils of the winter hunt. Then trade goes briskly, and many are the furs and pelts exchanged for the Company's goods. After a few days they are seen no more until the lapse of another winter brings them again to the post.

They number in all about five hundred souls, and speak a dialect of the Cree language, almost identical with that spoken on the North Pacific coast. They are tall, straight, graceful, of light complexion and pleasing features. It is certain that they were known to the early French explorers, and by some it is believed that they have a tinge of French blood in their veins. The men are passionately fond of dress; and their native garments, of softest buckskin, are of most faultless cut, and fancifully decorated with pigments of various colors, and wrought with silk, in designs representing birds, flowers, canoes, etc. Their yellow dye is obtained from the spawn of trout. A scarlet sash, which girds the coat, is worn about the waist, the flowing ends reaching to the knees. The women affect the Bloomer costume—petticoats and trowsers; but their dress is far inferior to their lords' and masters'. Tall conical caps of gaudy flannel are invariably worn, ornamented with beads, and sometimes with bears' and eagles' claws. The style of dressing the hair is unique. The women, parting theirs behind, draw it forward and do it up in egg-shaped bunches on either side of the head; while the men wear theirs in queues, decorated with beads, and terminating in a bead tassel. An indispensable article of dress is the fur gauntlet, which is made to reach above the elbow. These are held in place by a thong passed over the shoulders. A few have adopted the dress of the whites in part, but will wear only the finest cloth, and that of the gayest colors. Thomas Chimo, the head chief, in-

dulges in lace to the *ne plus ultra*. He is a man of fifty years, short in stature, and can boast but one arm, the other having been shot off by accident. On that occasion he was self-appointed surgeon, and amputated the mangled limb with his hatchet.

The Nascopies are nomadic in their habits, seldom abiding more than a week in a place—not even in mid-winter. At that season they traverse the forests in every direction, setting their traps wherever sign is discovered, or seeking the rein-deer where he resorts to feed upon the moss. In these wanderings they drag their effects upon sleds, by means of breast-straps, marching in single file, the better to make a beaten track, and alternately taking the lead. The sleds are made of thin birchen boards, turned up in front, and, presenting a broad flat surface, are well adapted to the soft and yielding snow of the woods. When they camp at night they thrust their nether limbs into capacious bags lined with down, and with knees drawn up to their chins sleep warmly. Whatever they take in the chase is equally divided, for they have a community of goods. After successful hunts they feast for five days, eating continually until nature becomes exhausted with the surfeit. Small game is shot with bows and arrows; but for the larger animals they use fire-arms, with which they are remarkably expert.

To them the rein-deer is as indispensable as are seals to the Esquimaux. The deer are of two kinds—the stationary, or wood deer, and the migratory. The latter are very numerous, and range in herds from the coast to the interior, and *vice versa*, following regular routes of travel at certain seasons of the year, so that the sagacious hunter is always able to find them in their haunts. In summer they are of a dark-gray color, and in winter white. The same peculiarity is true of many of the birds and animals of Labrador. Thus Nature provides for them protection from their enemies. When man goes forth upon the snow to hunt, where upon the spotless mantle the smallest dark object would be readily detected, then they are robed in white. The white partridge flies up from his very feet, where he perceived but lumps of feathery snow. The deer, bear, fox, ermine—all clad in white—pass him with impunity. In the summer they are slaty and mouse-colored, like the rocks; or wood-colored, like the trees; and in many an imaginary rock, stick, or stub there is animal life, which will take to itself legs or wings when opportunity of easy escape offers.

Now all is bustle and activity at the post. The *voyageurs* are preparing for their arduous journey to Fort Nascopie, at the "Heights of Land," 300 miles in the interior. Excepting this, and those already mentioned, the Company has now but one other post in Labrador, Kibokkok, which is on the eastern coast, and near the Moravian station of Nain. Two batteaux are heavily laden with the supplies, each manned by eight stalwart men. When all is



ready they bid adieu to their friends, and with hearty cheers pull away.

Fifty miles of plain sailing they have, and then commences toil, and the ascent of the great dividing ridge which separates the waters that flow north and west to Hudson's Bay, and south to the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence—the same watershed which, deflecting southerly, traverses the region of country between the great lakes and James's Bay, and thence, following the fiftieth parallel of latitude, with slight deviations to the *Coteau des Prairies* of Minnesota, continues on to the Rocky Mountains. Here the face of the country is unlike any thing below: the rocks jagged and precipitous, and abounding in rifts and ravines; and the first colossal step is over a waterfall fifty feet high. To surmount this a portage of three-fourths of a mile must be made. The goods are strapped upon the backs of the *voyageurs*, 180 pounds to each man, who climb the steep ascent with comparative ease, and transfer their burdens to canoes in waiting at the slack water above. In like manner the entire distance to the upper post is performed, no less than twenty falls and rapids being passed in the journey, at which portages must be made. The trip occupies more than a month—less than ten miles a day. One of these cataracts is among the highest in the world, and is known as the Grand Fall. It is 270 miles from the coast, and was discovered by John M'Lean, a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1838. The scenery of this great wonder is described as fearfully grand. Three miles above the fall the river suddenly contracts from a width of 600 yards to 100 yards; then rushing along its gloomy channel in a continuous, foaming rapid, again contracts to a width of 50 yards, leaps through a cloud of ever-rising spray into a chasm four hundred feet deep, and then roars and foams through zigzag walls of rock, 300 feet high, for a distance of thirty miles! *Voyageurs* affirm that the fall is 1000 feet high, but Mr. M'Lean's estimate is doubtless nearest the truth. Its roar can be heard twelve miles away, and the spray that rises from the chasm can be seen that distance in clear weather. At the verge the precipice vibrates fearfully, and it is almost impossible to see the basin into which the plunge is made, for it is concealed from view by an abrupt angle which the rocks form immediately below. The mighty gorge itself is not apparent to the visitor until his feet are nearly upon the dizzy brink, so level is the ground and so precipitous the impending walls. What a geological mystery is this frightful ravine, so many miles in extent! Has the fall receded this distance, slowly wearing away the hard syenitic rock through ages and ages beyond computation; or has the earth been rent by some mighty convulsion at that time when this whole region was made the sport of earthquakes and volcanoes? Or was it at a period so recent as two centuries ago, when, as history affirms, the Canadas and Labrador were rocked by a convulsion that not only destroyed buildings and life, but rent the hills and cast them

into the sea, and turned the waters of the River St. Lawrence to the color of milk? As to the evidences of volcanic action which are every where apparent, there are Indians who even now profess to believe in the existence of a volcano somewhere in the interior; but no white man has ever seen it.

To compass the Grand Fall, the *voyageurs* make a detour of twenty miles through a chain of lakes and streams which Nature seems to have specially provided. The Heights of Land post is just half-way to Ungava Bay. The Company formerly had a post called Fort Chimo, upon a river of that name, near the Bay, but it was abandoned as unprofitable. Thither a journey was annually made by water, similar to that made from Rigolette hither. The character of the country along the route resembles that already noticed—alternate belts of heavy timber and bare hills, interspersed with lakes, rivers, and streams of varied extent. From the Heights of Land there are trails leading to the Company's territory in the Far West.

Back to Rigolette. It is near the close of August, and the rapidly lengthening nights admonish of the coming storms that annually usher in the long and dreary winter. The Esquimaux are gone, and most of the settlers have started for the sea-board to prepare their household goods for transportation to their winter-houses. Business is over, and the post well-nigh deserted. Only half a dozen trappers remain, to wind up the season in a grand carouse. There is old Joe Goudy, for forty-three years in the service of the Company, who has traveled hence to the Selkirk settlement on snow-shoes, 2500 miles, and in all that journey camped without tent or shanty. He and two others have formed a trapper-tight alliance over a gallon of whisky, and will not raise the siege until the foe is vanquished.

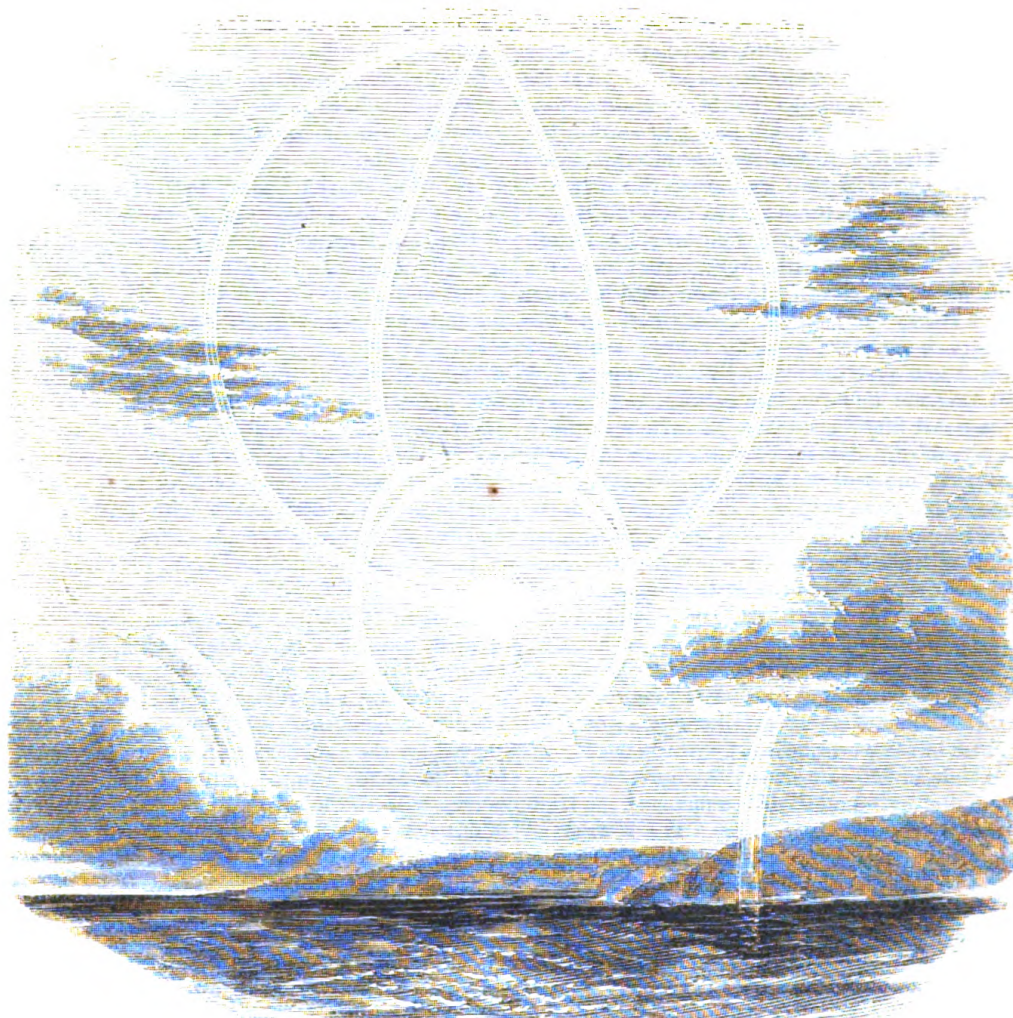
Now the white sails of the long whale-boat are shaking in the breeze, as she rides at anchor awaiting the pleasure of the expedition. While John Williams stows the luggage warm adieus are exchanged with Mr. Conolly, the hospitable host, and his family and servants grouped on shore. Twice the little skiff plies between the boat and land, and when all are aboard the anchor is weighed, and the jaunty craft pays off on her course; but before she has fairly gathered headway the Company's flag flutters rapidly to the mast-head. The compliment is as happy as unexpected.

"Boys! your guns—are they loaded?"

"Ay, ay—all!"

"Tis well. Ready! fire!"

The volley rings among the hills, and three hearty cheers follow. Hardly have the echoes died before a similar answer comes from shore, and, as though this is not sufficiently demonstrative, fuses are applied to two of the cannon, and their thunder booms from hill to hill. Salute answers salute, the little craft under full headway and dancing over the waves, until the sound at last comes faintly and the red flag is lost in the distance.



PARHELIA AT TUB HARBOR.

The adventurers were the only whites, with one or two exceptions, who had ever visited the post, besides the settlers and the Company's officers and servants.

That night they lodged at a settler's cabin down the Bay, and were feasted upon the fat of the land, the family, with genuine hospitality, surrendering their beds to their guests. All the next day they beat down against a cold headwind, and at midnight reached the delectable precincts of Tub Harbor, and startled their comrades on the *Charmer* from their slumbers. The place was entirely deserted. Of all the large fishing fleet they had left not one vessel remained.

The succeeding day was warm and pleasant, thermometer at  $66^{\circ}$ , the weather clear, and a light breeze from the south. Early in the afternoon was observed a most remarkable parhelion. The sun, at an altitude of  $45^{\circ}$ , was encircled by a halo of rainbow hues, which was intersected by others of a clear white light, the largest having a diameter of  $90^{\circ}$ , and sweeping the heavens to a point  $45^{\circ}$  above the eastern horizon. A parti-colored sundog appeared on either side of the sun. This was the certain premonition of a

storm. Nevertheless orders were given to heave the anchors, and they came up with a will. All sail was set, and the *Charmer* sped gayly out of harbor before a favoring breeze, without the slightest regrets on the part of the Scientific Expedition. She took the gale early in the morning, and ran before it under double-reefed sails, fairly flying along the coast. Rocks and islands boiled with foam, and around the bases of the gray cliffs and headlands the drifting surf ran like serpents, or leaped in their spite full fifty feet up their confronting side. Three days after, they reached the Strait of Belle Isle, and ran under the frowning walls of Chateau Island into the little landlocked basin of Henley Harbor. The full round moon was just peering over the ramparts of the castle as they dropped anchor, and the black, gloomy walls, thrown in shadow, seemed like some grim fortress of the feudal ages, from whose embrasures big-mouthed cannon were ready to belch forth flame and smoke. On the very verge of the parapet a cross stood out in bold relief in the gleaming moonlight, like a sentinel upon his watch-tower. As they gazed upon the imposing crags strange emotions filled their



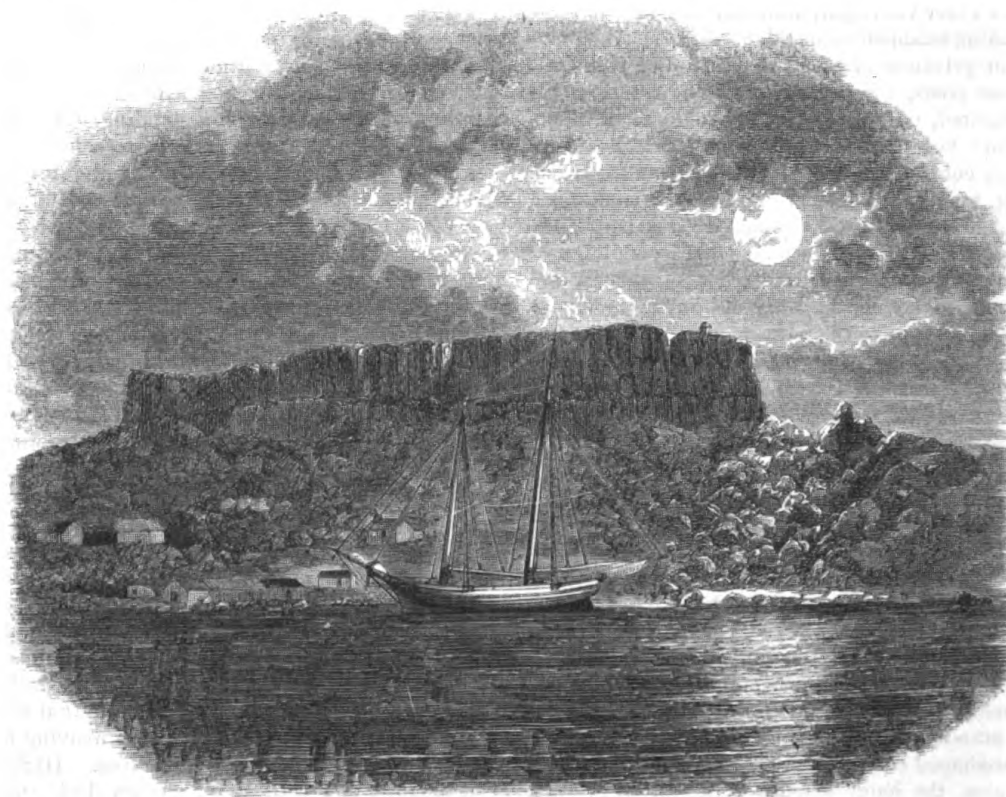
breasts, which could not be repressed. There were those among them who even credulously believed that these were the mighty ruins of some ancient fortification; and Smidt, who had heard of battles fought between the French and English years before in this vicinity, readily identified the castle as the creation of their skill. He was impatient to visit and examine this historical relic; and learning privately that the key was in possession of an old crone on shore, who would grant its use for a fee, he kept his own counsel, and started off on his adventure in the early morning before his friends were up.

This castle is a most remarkable pile of basaltic rock, rising in vertical columns from an insulated bed of granite. Its height from the level of the ocean is upward of two hundred feet. It is composed of regular five-sided prisms, and on all sides the ground is strewn with single blocks and clusters that have become detached and fallen from their places. The "reef" is another massive pile of similar formation, and separated from its counterpart by a deep and narrow channel. Not less impressive than the scene of the night before was the view presented when the rising sun beamed full upon the massive pile, revealing every detail of its structure; but wonder and emotion multiplied when two colossal figures of stone were perceived upon the very crest of the hill beside the castle, with human features limned in bold relief against the sky. One was seated upon a rock, with his limbs gathered up like a veteran of many years, and wrapped in moody meditation; the other knelt reverently at

an altar, gazing out upon the rising sun and the clouds bathed in his golden light—Fire Worshipers upon the Sacred Mount! It was hard to realize that they were but inanimate masses—mere blocks of sandstone set up in that strange position by some geological freak. Certainly they are among the most remarkable of profile rocks.

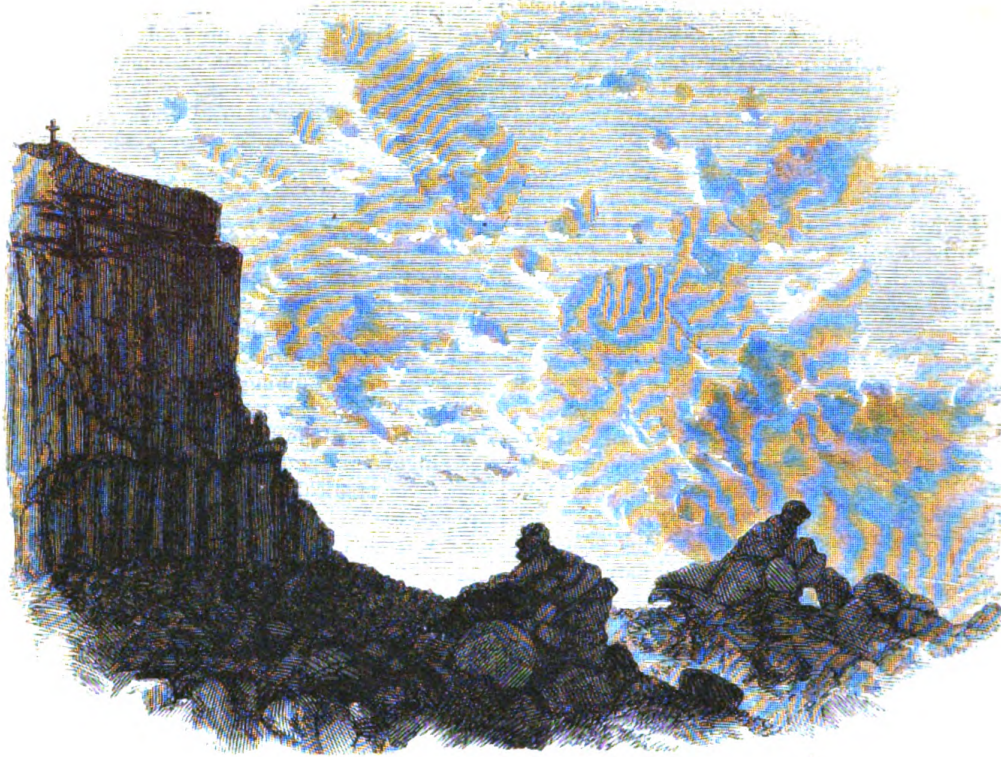
At Henley Harbor Captain Squid proposed to remain until he took a fare of herring, which were daily expected to "strike in." The passengers therefore improved the time to examine the various objects of interest in that locality. The sportsmen found constant employment among the curlews which thronged the marshes in flocks of thousands. Etching was busy with his photographic apparatus, and coined money among the fishermen. The Doctor discovered some new and singular recipes among the settlers—one for fever: the application of the two halves of a live chicken to the head. "Worms" are cured homeopathically. Nine earth-worms are tied in a bag and placed upon the patient's stomach, where they are required to remain for nine days; at the expiration of which time they become dry and crumble to powder. These recipes the Doctor deemed a valuable acquisition to the *materia medica*.

Henley Harbor is one of several arms of Chateau Bay. The entire locality is rich with historical associations. The fishery rights were here vigorously disputed for many years by the French and English, who deemed this the most important point upon the coast. In 1765 a block-



CHATEAU ISLAND.





PROFILE ROCKS AT HENLEY HARBOR.

house was erected by the English at Chateau Bay, and garrisoned by an officer and twenty men, to protect the property of Noble O. Pinson and Peter Cartright, who had large fishing and trading establishments there. In 1778 the American privateer *Minerva* sailed in and plundered these posts, together with three vessels richly freighted, of property to the value of £70,000. Some years afterward Pinson's establishment, then comprising some fifty houses and ten fishing rooms, was blockaded by a French fleet, which was vigorously repulsed by a small battery stationed upon a high island commanding the entrance of the little harbor, until their ammunition failing, the English burned the village and retreated to the back country. It was this same fleet that destroyed the fishing station at the Bay of Bulls, near St. Johns, Newfoundland. Chateau village has since risen from its ashes, and is now a thriving post.

But the most interesting relic in the vicinity is a ruined fortification, supposed to have been constructed by the French Acadians, who are known to have fled hither from Breton Island and Nova Scotia about the middle of the last century. It was abandoned in 1753; but although upward of one hundred years have since elapsed, its plan and general arrangements can be distinctly traced, all of which indicate that it was constructed on strictly geometrical principles. It stands upon a high gravelly bluff, and is a star-shaped enceinte with salient and re-entering angles, the outer defense being an earth-work with a stockade or *chevaux de frise*. Inside of

this was another similar barrier; next a fosse; and then a wall of masonry ninety feet square, with bastions on each of the four corners, in which were run-ways for hauling up cannon. Occupying a central position within the inclosure are the stone foundations of a building, at one end of which was a magazine of cemented masonry, whose walls are still standing. There are also beds of earth separated by trenches two feet wide and a foot deep. From the inner square a road, ten feet wide, crosses the ditch by a stone bridge to a gate on the western side of the outer stockade, and thence descends the bluff to the water's edge, where is a stone pier for vessels. Just inside the gate are the walls of a block-house eighteen feet square. The whole fortification is surrounded by an irregular gravel walk. Some portions of the stockade were standing twenty years since, and the butts of many of the spruce pickets are still visible above the earth-works, but so rotten as to crumble at the touch. The whole place is overgrown with grass, moss, and juniper bushes.

It is now near the middle of September. One by one the vessels have left the harbor on their homeward voyage, until less than half remain. Others are soon to follow. It is evening, and the air is still and summer-like. Out from the ocean rises the great red moon, round and full, floating upward through nebulous strata that rib it with dark, silver-edged zones, and weaving a net-work of golden lace upon the waves. Higher it mounts, and Quilldriver sits on deck and watches it swung like a silver shield in the clear

blue firmament, paling Orion and Ursa Major, and melting out the lesser lights. Sleep is banished, and from unwearying lids the eye gazes fixedly into the celestial space, and wanders away to scenes at home—sees Mrs. Quilldriver pensive under the honey-suckles rustling before the window, and her eyes peering out into vacancy, vainly seeking his. At last he forces himself to his narrow bunk, which now seems contracted to suffocation, and turns his cheek restlessly upon his collapsed pillow, anticipating with feverish impatience the delights of a large airy room, clean white sheets, and his own —.

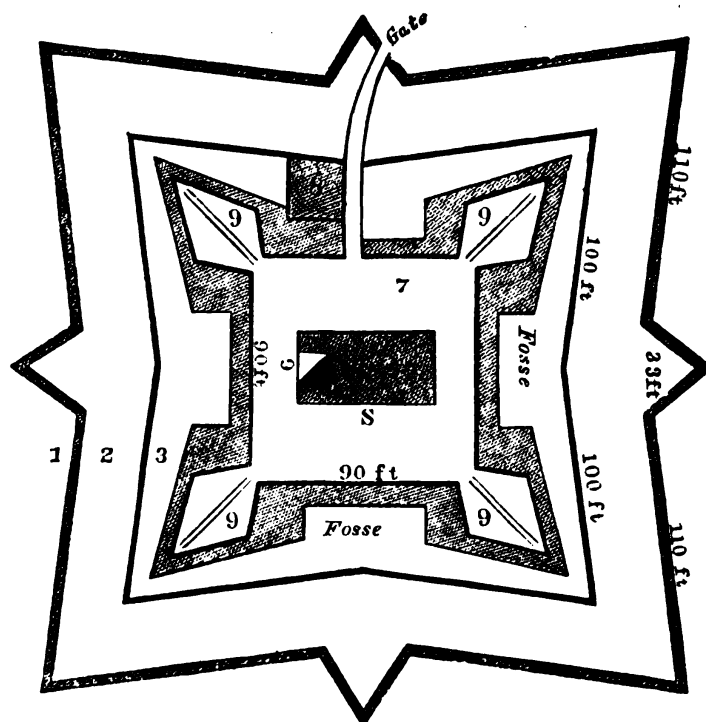
"Cheerly men, ahoy! yo-heave-ho! raise the dead! heave! hearty! yo-ho!"

Homeward bound! How the musical words vibrate upon the heart-strings! How the sailors work with a will! How good-natured the passengers all are! With what suavity black Dan, the steward, dispenses his favors! Sterile Labrador is astern—home and all its pleasures before. What's the news there? Not a syllable has reached the party during their long iso-

lation. How kindly will they greet old familiar faces on shore! Are strawberries gone, peaches, melons, and all the summer fruits, of which none have been vouchsafed to the self-exiled? Smidt is more a vegetarian, theoretically, than ever. Salt junk, salt codfish, junk and fish, fish and junk—slanders upon the name of food—and those large round petrifications of dough, punctured with purchase-holes for the teeth, yclept ship bread—these have tortured his digestion into rebellion. And the ladies—bless them! What a vision to see a *hoop* again! How like the whisperings of young forest leaves in early spring the rustle of a silk would sound! An old hat and dilapidated coat are employed, as the representative of a *man*, to scare crows forsooth; but the sight of even a crinoline would charm to fascination. What a luxury to don "store clothes" again! How awkward a garrote collar, stove-pipe hat, and kids! How strange to see a morning paper wet from the press, the latest pictorial, or an unthumbed copy of a magazine!

Whatever of romance there was in the voyage home; in the recurrence of deathly sea-sickness; in the tempest wailings of one dreadful night in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when the crockery was knocked to shivers, and Smidt providently made his will; in the delights that filled the eye and soul when the hills of Breton Island hove in view, brilliant with green sward and golden fields of ripening grain; in the revelry of the "sailors set on shore" the night they lay in Wilmot harbor on the easternmost point of Nova Scotia; and in the happy transmigration from the community of tanned and sunburned faces to the pale of civilization on the long-wished-for shore—that is referred to the Scientific Corps collectively for adjudication.

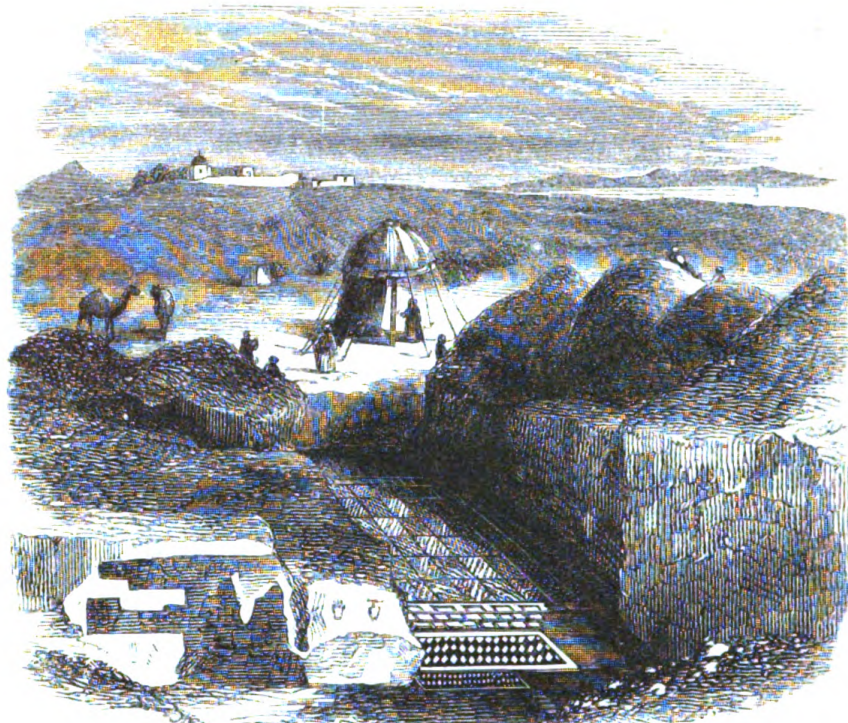
What benefits may accrue to the world from the labors of the expedition remain to be seen. Captain Squid bows to the potency of the 12th zodiacal sign, and on his escutcheon is deeply graven: "PISCES—IN HOC SIG-NO VINCES."



Lateral Section,  
FORT AT CUATRECASAS BAY.

1. Outer earth-works and stockade.—2. Inner stockade.—3. Fosse.—4. Inner wall.—5. Barracks.—6. Magazine.—7. Beds of earth and trenches.—8. Block-house.—9. Bastions.





EXCAVATION AT CARTHAGE.

### DIGGING FOR CARTHAGE.\*

THE story of Carthage has been told by her enemies. They detail fully her decline and fall, but knew little of the rise and progress of the great African Republic which for more than five hundred years was powerful on the land and supreme on the ocean, and whose destruction was the first great step made by Rome toward universal dominion. Founded about nine hundred—some say more than twelve hundred—years before Christ by the trade-loving Phœnicians, in a few generations her colonies dotted the African shore, stretching back to the great desert. She held the best ports of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and other Mediterranean islands. Her merchants were found in every mart; her caravans brought precious stones, gold, and ivory, and slaves from Central Africa; her ships, passing the Pillars of Hercules, ventured into the stormy seas of the North, bringing back amber from the Baltic and tin from Britain. Every school-boy knows the history of her fall: how, after a series of wars extending over a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years, the sentence with which Cato invariably concluded every speech in the Roman Senate—"Furthermore, I am of opinion that Carthage must be destroyed"—was carried into effect, and a solemn imprecation pronounced upon any one who should rebuild her.

\* *Carthage and her Remains*: Being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa, and other adjacent places. Conducted under the auspices of Her Majesty's Government. By Dr. N. DAVIS, F.R.G.S., etc. 1 vol. 8vo, with numerous illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

For a century this imprecation was revered. Then a new city began to spring up on the site of the old, and the rebuilt Carthage, known as the Rome of Africa, became famous for its wealth and licentiousness. Then came the Vandals, whose attack was so sudden that the city was captured before half its population knew that it was assaulted. It now became the Vandal capital. From Carthage Genseric stepped on board his ships, telling the pilots to leave their course to the winds, for they would bear him to some land "which God willed should be punished." Hither he brought back among the spoils of Rome the seven-branched candlestick which Titus had borne, four centuries before, from Jerusalem. Another hundred years, and the last Vandal king was carried captive to Constantinople to grace the triumph of Belisarius—that same Belisarius, who, according to later erroneous legends, disgraced and blinded, begged for a penny in the public streets. One hundred and fifty years more (A.D. 698), and Carthage was overswept by the tide of Saracen invasion, and the city of Dido was delivered to the flames. Year by year its ruins disappeared, its materials were carried away to build other towns, and nothing was left visible on the site of the city save a few stones not worth removing, and a magnificent fragment of the aqueduct which once conveyed water from a distance of sixty miles.

The destruction of the Carthaginians has been even more complete than that of their capital. The Phœnician race has been swept away or amalgamated with the mongrel hordes who took possession of the country. Their literature and



language have perished utterly. A dozen lines of Plautus, put into the mouth of a Carthaginian, which, as they were neither Latin nor Greek, were long regarded by the learned as mere gibberish, are extant. Later scholars conjectured that these lines might be Carthaginian, and, guided by the known fact that the Punic language was essentially the same with the Hebrew, have endeavored to restore the words and explain their meaning. Volumes have been written on this subject, and the learned have at length settled down into the conviction that the rendering of the famous Gesenius is the true one; although some Irish savans, with characteristic national feeling, have given a different meaning to the lines, based upon analogies which they found with their own ancient tongue. Besides these, there were about seventeen Punic inscriptions in various European museums. These, which all told would scarcely fill a column of this Magazine, were every known word extant of the Carthaginian tongue previous to the explorations of Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis had long resided at Tunis, one of the oldest, and incontestably the filthiest, city in the world. Ten miles away is the site of Carthage—a bold peninsula looking out over a bay as beautiful as that of Naples. Inspired, probably, by the brilliant results of Layard's excavations at Nineveh, he came to the belief that beneath the corn and bean fields, which lie among the masses of stone, brick, and mortar, were valuable relics of ancient Carthage. He had more than once done good service to the Government of Tunis, by suggesting means by which the Bey might put money in his purse without imposing fresh taxes upon his poor subjects. He had told him of abandoned mines of gold, silver, copper, and lead, waiting to be reopened; had suggested that cotton might be grown in the Regency—an idea which the Bey promised to carry into effect, but the results of which have not yet appeared in commercial reports. At all events, the Bey was debtor to Mr. Davis; and when he applied for permission to dig among the ruins of Carthage, the request, after due Oriental delay, was granted. Armed with this permission, Mr. Davis hastened to England and asked the Government to furnish him with funds, offering to hand over any antiquities that might be discovered to the British Museum. The request was granted, and ample means were placed at his disposal. He then hurried back to Tunis and commenced his work.

Upon the site of ancient Carthage are two miserable Arab villages: Moalkah, the habitations of which are principally formed of the ancient vaulted cisterns, once supplied with water by the great aqueduct; and Dowar Eshutt, an irregular mass of hovels, chiefly constructed of ancient materials. Broken granite columns, fragments of bas-reliefs and statues, which once adorned temples, are mingled with mud, small stones, and rotten timber. To the inhabitants of these villages he was to look for laborers. His first interview with these was any thing but

satisfactory. When he made his object known he was surrounded by a gang of as roguish-looking fellows as he had ever seen. While conversing with them his saddle-girths were stolen, and the Arab who held his horse swore by the sacred head of the Prophet that he had not the slightest idea who did it or how it was done. But Mr. Davis was confident in his power of managing even these refractory customers. Fixing upon one who appeared less stupid but more knavish than the rest, he engaged him as headman, and Ali Karema—this was his name—undertook to procure laborers for sevenpence-halfpenny a day. To do these poor fellows justice, their employer's first impressions of their roguery were not realized. When they found they were to be paid for their work they were anxious to engage; and Mr. Davis employed from twenty to fifty of them during the three years that his excavations lasted. He found them steady and docile, though not very active laborers. Ali Karema, whom he had been inclined to denominate his "head scamp," proved to be a zealous and not unintelligent overseer.

The Arabs believe that untold treasures are buried among the ruins of Carthage, and they narrate innumerable instances of fortunate individuals who have lighted upon some of them. One of these was told to Mr. Davis by Baba Ali, from time immemorial the American dragoman at Tunis. A man from Moalkah, he said, was once digging for stones among the ruins, when a sudden fall of earth took place. Among the fallen rubbish he found something which he supposed to be a large brass mirror set round with bits of glass. A little rubbing showed him that what he had taken for brass was solid gold, and he naturally concluded that the bits of glass would turn out to be precious stones. He kept his own counsel, and told his neighbors that he had resolved to make the pilgrimage to Mecca—this being his only way of quitting the country. He went to Alexandria and placed the mirror in the hands of an auctioneer. Within two days 700,000 dollars were offered for it. Mohammed Ali, hearing of this, summoned the peasant to explain how so valuable an article came into his possession. The man told the whole truth, and the pious Pacha answered, "I will not take from you what God has bestowed; but I will buy the mirror myself. Here is money on account, and when the auctioneer ascertains the value of the mirror I will pay you the full sum. You shall send for your family, and reside in my country." Nobody would bid against the Pacha, so the Moalkah peasant received only 700,000 dollars, the sum which had been previously offered. "I did not know the peasant myself," added the scrupulous Baba Ali, "though I may have seen him; but I have spoken to the individual who was sent by Mohammed Ali to carry his family to Egypt."

The Arabs have great faith in the knowledge of Europeans in every thing which relates to the affairs of this life, piously consoling themselves

for their own inferiority in this respect by the reflection that the possession of the only true faith will give them the advantage in the life to come. "O ye people doomed to the fire," said one to Mr. Davis; "how very dull are ye about religious matters! Ye are able to defy Satan himself with the astonishing things you produce.

You find your way in your steamers into distant seas and countries, but the way to heaven you are ignorant of. This world is only transitory, the other—the other, is eternal. What will you do with this world's goods when the world itself shall pass away? If you want to avoid the fire, you must believe that there is no god but God,



CAPE CAETHLAG, AND RUINS OF ANCIENT SEA-GATE BELOW.

and that Mohammed is his apostle." They believe also that "the Book" of the Nazarenes points out the hiding-places of all the treasures buried in the earth. Karema took care to impress upon his men that their employer was profoundly versed in this wonderful volume. "Dig away, boys!" he would say; "dig away! The master has consulted the Book, and we are sure to come upon something good!" But if they had any interest in the matter beyond their fifteen cents a day their confidence must have been sorely tried.

Three months passed away and nothing of any value had been found. Mr. Davis, looking about for a promising place for another excavation, came upon a bit of wall, which he thought might have been the outcropping of an ancient edifice. He examined the spot for some time and resolved to make a trial here. But he had been watched by the keeper of the chapel erected in memory of the death of the crusading St. Louis, who concluded that some important discovery had been made. Next morning Mr. Davis rode to the spot, and found the sharp Frenchman with a couple of natives digging away. "If ever," he writes, "in the course of my life, I was actuated by a feeling of jealousy, it was when I beheld the result of their morning's labor. It was the most magnificent piece of mosaic I had ever seen, and measured about four feet by two and a half. Three months of incessant anxiety and toil, without any thing to show for it, was my painful experience, while a few hours' labor rewarded him with such a gem of ancient art. My feelings were wrought up to such a pitch that I could scarcely bear to look at it." The Frenchman exulted in his prize, taking great pains to point out all its beauties. He could not think of selling it; and Mr. Davis was forced to swallow his vexation. However, he has his revenge soon.

The Frenchman's mosaic ended abruptly against the fragment of wall; but an examination of the pattern convinced Mr. Davis that it was a portion of a much larger piece; that the builders of the modern wall, in digging for a foundation, had cut down through this mosaic; and that the remainder would be found on the other side of the wall. He resolved to excavate there, and in an hour his Arabs were busily digging. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and assured him that it was all "money thrown away" to dig there. Before night Mr. Davis had the gratification of seeing an ample reward for his labors. "We had," says he, "before our eyes a large portion of the magnificent pavement of which the keeper of St. Louis had only a fragment. It measured about fifteen feet by nine, and contained, besides the elegant and chaste designs, a colossal female bust and two priestesses, full length and robed. The heads of the latter were rather damaged; but there can be but one opinion as to the artistic talent displayed in the execution of this mosaic, whether as regards grace, attitude, or coloring. It is an exquisite specimen of ancient art, to recover

which, and before we came upon it, we had to break through two distinct pavements. This, undoubtedly, proves that those who built upon it, during different periods, were entirely ignorant of its existence. We were actually shrouded in perfect darkness before I could tear myself from this important discovery. I placed a guard over it, and reluctantly departed for my lonely abode."

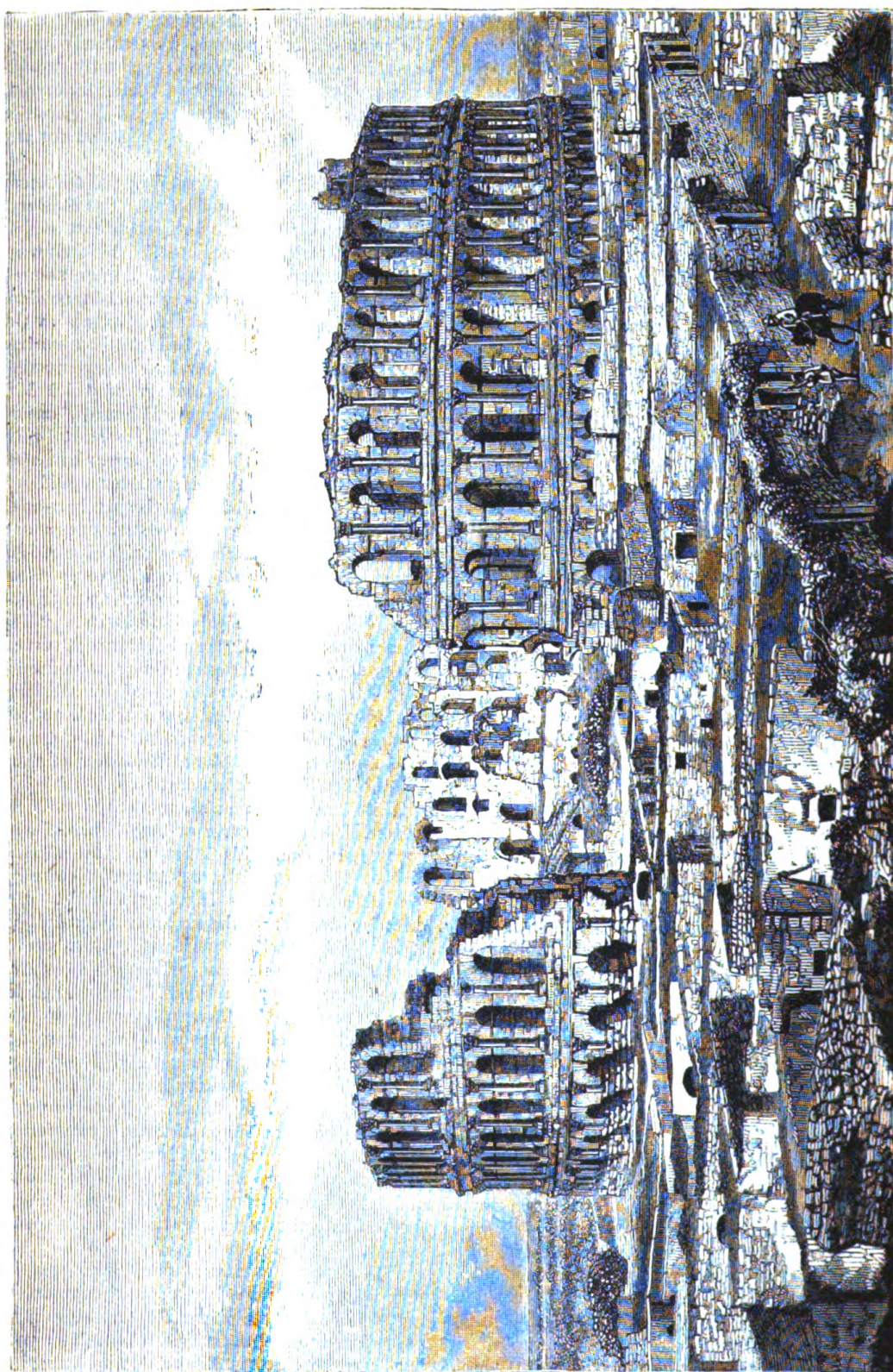
At midnight he was aroused by Ali Karema, who came in great perturbation. "O Master," he exclaimed, "may we be kept from the Evil One and his wicked associates!" He then went on to say that various people had often assured him that his master must be a wicked magician, for he had been seen in different places at the same time. He had never believed these stories; but this evening while they had been discussing at the coffee-house the manner in which Mr. Davis had found the "beautiful pictures," one of the party said it was no wonder, as he had been seen flying about in the air for hours, night after night. He begged that his master would tell him if this was true. Mr. Davis gravely assured his questioner that he had no such power, and added that he was perfectly astonished that Mohammedans, who profess to believe in God, should ascribe to a mere mortal an attribute which belonged exclusively to the Deity. "The Deity alone," he said, "can be present in several places at one and the same time; your friends are therefore *koffaar* (heterodox) by ascribing this power to me." Ali was satisfied, and on leaving he indignantly exclaimed, "*Naal Bo jidhom, kadzaba!*—Cursed be the father of their grandfather, liars as they are!"

This cursing a man's ancestors is no light matter. One may curse an Arab himself with impunity; to curse his father is a grave offense; far worse to curse his grandfather; to curse his grandfather's father still more offensive. But an infidel may curse the ancestors of an Arab up to Father Ishmael far more safely than utter a word against his religion. To say "*Naal Deenak*—Cursed be your religion," can be expiated only by death. Mr. Davis once came into peril from a charge of having done this. One day a gang of his workmen suddenly threw down their tools before the proper hour. He ordered them to go on and finish their day's work. They obeyed grumbling, with the exception of Hamed, their ringleader. Mr. Davis told him to go to work or else be struck off the books, and lose three days' pay. The Arab at length jumped into the trench, but as he did so said, sulkily,

"You may curse me if you like, it matters very little; you may even curse my father and my grandfather too: I can not help it, seeing I am reduced to the necessity of working for you; but [here he elevated his voice, and turned to the rest of the workmen] why do you, a Nazarene, curse my religion—the religion of the faithful?"

"Did you hear me curse your religion?" asked Mr. Davis.





THE AFRICAN COLISEUM

"Most decidedly," replied Hamed; "and so did all the Moslems here present."

Mr. Davis appealed to the men, if they were not infidels, to testify upon their religion wheth-

er they had heard him use such expression. They affirmed with one voice that they had not. Whereupon he leaped down into the trench, and with his tough English fists gave the rascally



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF BAAL HANNON.

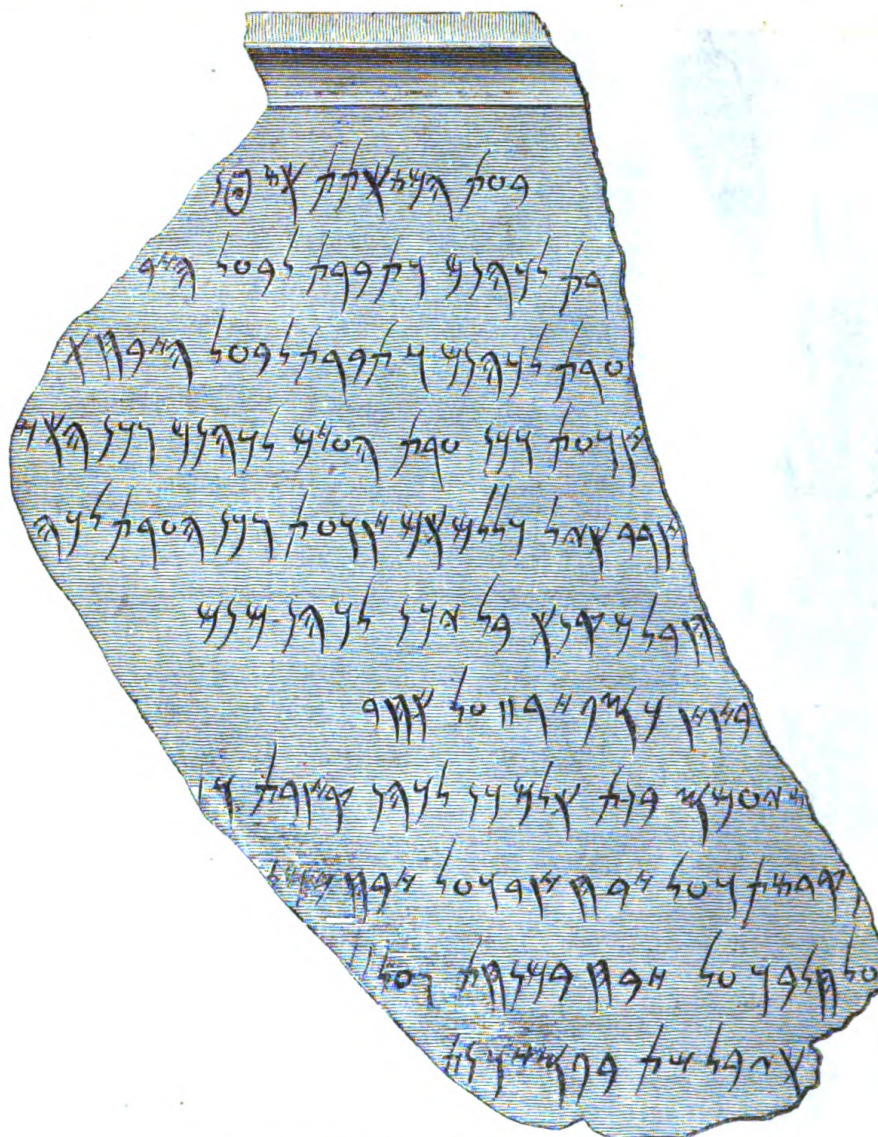


Hamed a most satisfactory drubbing. A few weeks after he met the fellow, who was in great distress. He made him a present of some money, for which he professed the utmost gratitude. "*Kol shai bilkitba*—Every thing's foreordained," said he, by way of apology; "I obeyed the instigations of the Evil One, and now I suffer for it."

Numerous incidents of this sort, which pre-

sent striking traits of Arab character, relieve the somewhat dry details of excavation and antiquarian research; for digging among dust and rubbish, even though it be the dust and rubbish of Carthage or Nineveh, is monotonous work. We can only indicate the general results of these excavations. The object of Mr. Davis was not to settle the topography of Carthage, but to recover such memorials as might be removed and de-





INSCRIPTION FOUND NEAR THE TEMPLE OF BAAL HAMMON.

*Translation.*—"In the time of Hamshathath [Pentarchy?], of supreme eminence... Decreed for the guidance of the priest a rule relative to matters appertaining to death and covenantal offerings to Baal... A rule for the priest relative to matters appertaining to death and covenantal offerings to Baal. The immolation of man... Is ordered by precepts, and there exists likewise a rule respecting annual victims. To the priest is to be presented the man... To be immolated to God completely fortified, and in an opportune time... And there is likewise prepared for the priest a direction... The abolition of the place for mourners. Provision is made for the priest's portion... Bazaz of colonial silver, 11. One... Who transgresses against the daughter of the gods shall forfeit to the priest his harvest... Carthaginian and Tyrian sacrifices, whether of oil... Or of milk, or offerings of a free-will nature, or... Offerings relating to mourning is recorded in the said directory, and let it be complied with."

posited in the British Museum. Incidentally he has thrown considerable light upon the architecture of the ancient city by his ground-plans of ancient temples; but as nothing but the foundations remain, and as these, with the exception of some shapeless masses, are buried beneath twenty or thirty feet of soil, they give no idea of the magnificence of the structures reared upon them. The amphitheatre, of which some remains are visible, existed as late as the twelfth century as a magnificent ruin, which is described by the Arabian writer Edrisi. An idea may be gained of its splendor from the view of that of Eljem, the ancient Tysdrus, which is second

only to the Coliseum of Rome. If such a structure was found in a Phœnician city of inferior rank, we may well presume that the amphitheatre of imperial Carthage equaled that wonder of the world. An interest of a different kind belongs to the ruins of the temple of Baal Hammon, of the present aspect of which we give a representation. He was the Moloch of the Hebrews, the Saturn of the Romans—the deity to propitiate whom human sacrifices were offered. Excavations were made sufficient to enable Mr. Davis to construct a ground-plan of the building, which consists of a series of seven concentric circles, formed by ranges of columns and



pilasters. The diameter of the outer circle is two hundred feet; that of the inner twenty-nine. Sinking a deep shaft in the very centre of the inner circle, Mr. Davis came upon a layer composed of burned bones and ashes. Here he is fully satisfied stood the brazen image of the terrible Baal, into whose outstretched arms the sacrificial child was placed, from which it rolled into a pit below filled with fire. The burned bones and ashes were the remains of victims consumed more than two thousand years ago. The abomination of human sacrifices was the dark trait in the religion of the Carthagenians. It excited the horror of other nations, and we have accounts of treaties stipulating for its abolition. Yet, in spite of these, it remained down to the destruction of the Phœnician city. It presents such a cruel caricature of the Christian doctrine of the atonement, typified in the Mosaic sacrifices, that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin"—a plausible inference being that the more noble the victim the more acceptable the sacrifice—that we may almost accept as literally true the saying of Justin Martyr, that the demons, unable in any other way to combat with the true faith, imitated its doctrines and rites, only giving them an obscene and cruel form. At all events this bloody rite prevailed at Carthage, and was in course of time regulated by positive laws, which seem to have been publicly posted up before the people. A fragment of an inscription of this kind, dug up by Mr. Davis near the temple of Baal, is by far the most notable of all the Carthaginian relics extant. It is imperfect, portions of lines, and probably the conclusion, being wanting. We present on the preceding page a copy of it, together with Mr. Davis's rendering, although he acknowledges that there may be room for doubt as to some words.

We have stated that previous to Mr. Davis's explorations there were but about seventeen Punic inscriptions known to exist. He added more than a hundred to the number; but they were mainly votive tablets, containing little more than the names of the donors and those of the deities to whom they were inscribed. It is somewhat strange that the sole exception to this rule is this tablet, containing express reference to the most revolting peculiarity in Carthaginian institutions. For the rest the discoveries of Mr. Davis consist mainly of mosaic pavements and fragments of sculpture. The reason for the absence of other works of art is obvious. The various conquerors of Carthage carried off every thing portable which they could find. They left behind only the relics covered deep amidst the rubbish formed by the fallen ruins.

Mr. Davis found it no easy matter to remove these mosaics, of whose rare beauty he speaks in glowing terms, which are fully borne out by the reports of those who have seen them, and by the representations which he furnishes in his volume. The cement in which the colored marbles were embedded had become so brittle that it crumbled into dust when any attempt was

made to raise the work. The Frenchman who anticipated him in the first discovery broke his treasure into fragments in trying to move it, and was glad to sell to Mr. Davis the only portion left whole. He exhausted all the mechanical ingenuity of Tunis in trying to devise some means to raise his discoveries. At last he succeeded by a simple device of his own. He glued a piece of stout canvas to the face of the mosaic, which had been marked off into portions of manageable size. One edge of the canvas was nailed firmly to a board; this was carefully raised, the marbles adhering to the canvas, while the crumbling cement dropped away. The piece of mosaic, face downward, was borne away; the particles of cement still adhering were removed: plaster of Paris, mixed with water, was poured over the back; when this had "set" the mosaic was as firm as when first laid down; the glue which fastened its face to the canvas was dissolved by water, and the picture, carefully washed, was as fresh as when it had been laid down, perhaps five-and-twenty centuries before. A rough casing of boards nailed around it insured its safe transportation. The British Government, besides furnishing money to pay for excavations, had ordered its vessels to convey the recovered treasures to London, as occasion served; and they are now open to inspection in the British Museum.

In January, 1859, the monotony of digging was broken by the announcement that the frigate *Euryalus*, having on board Prince Alfred, was coming up the bay, and Mr. Davis was requested to do the honors of ancient Carthage to the royal midshipman. He thought that these old ruins would be a bore to the young gentleman; but on riding back with him to Tunis he was agreeably surprised to be assured by the Prince that he could hardly repress his delight at rambling over the ruins of Carthage. "In reading Virgil," he said, "the part which most impressed itself on my mind was that relating to Carthage." And he showed that he was "well up in his humanities" by reciting verse after verse, in the original, from the great Latin poet. We who have seen the fine young gentleman who in the due course of nature will at some day—a distant one, we trust—wear the British crown, may well be pleased to learn by such an incidental notice that other members of the royal family do honor to the training of their admirable mother, and promise to make men forget the scandalous characters of previous generations of princes of the House of Brunswick.

Shortly after this visit of Prince Alfred, Mr. Davis received a courteous note from the British Foreign Office, apprising him that, while the Government fully appreciated his labors, "it did not feel justified in authorizing any further expenditures for that purpose." Mr. Davis then brought his work to a close; shipped his recovered treasures to London; filled up the trenches which he had dug, so that the owners of the land might receive it in the condition in which it was when he began to disturb its surface; and gave

over the site of Old Carthage to be again occupied as fields for corn and beans.

The relics which he found may now be seen in the British Museum. Those who can not inspect them there may find pictorial representations of a portion of them in the popular volume which the explorer has already given to the public; or may await a more elaborately illustrated volume which he promises, to be entitled "Carthaginian Remains Illustrated."

The volume already published will, for all scientific purposes, bear comparison with Layard's works upon Nineveh; while the incidental pictures of Arab life and character, and the stories which he has transcribed—listened to while he was resting from his work—read in many cases like a modern "Arabian Nights' Entertainment."

### THE DEBATABLE BABY.

IT was a fortnight before Christmas, and the hills of New England had been clothed in a vesture of thick snow for two or three weeks past. The night was dark, cold, damp, and starless; the wind, which had been careering about in an unsettled state of mind all day, creaking in the branches of the old trees, and groaning in the weather-vanes, had seemingly settled down at nightfall in the conviction that the northeast was the best point to come from, and having made up its opinion it became, of course, less vehement and boisterous. The snow was beginning to fall again; but the great, loose, feathery flakes, which fluttered down with a rotary motion, and adhered with a damp, disagreeable tenacity to whatever object they rested upon, did not yet fall in sufficient abundance to injure the sleighing, which for some weeks had been pronounced by common consent "capital."

Externally, "The Pines," as Mrs. Clifford's place was called, was certainly not looking its best that night. In summer, the large, rambling, dark-hued building, with its wide, ever-open portal, its shadowy evergreens, ever rustling and whispering, and giving out their strong aromatic odor at stillly noon and quiet eventide, its profusion of roses and honey-suckles, its wide lawn and broad avenue, was at once cheerful and imposing; but now, shut up and silent, not a ray of light gleaming from its long windows, it stood, frowning and gloomy, a huge dark object, looming up in the darkness amidst the inky blackness of the pines, that looked even more grim than usual from contrast with the light snow that tipped their outer branches.

But the very cold and cheerlessness of the scene *without* seemed to heighten by contrast the perfect comfort *within*, where, in a large and lofty apartment, so finely proportioned as to appear smaller than it really was, Mrs. Clifford and her three daughters were assembled.

The room was paneled with dark, polished wood, and the heavy crimson damask curtains which were let down before the windows had concealed from outside view the glowing light of the bituminous coal-fire, which, all unrivaled

by gas or lamp light, was leaping and flashing in the wide grate—now sending up a vivid jet of fitful flame, illuminating the farthest corners of the room, penetrating into the darkest nooks, and bringing out the paintings on the wall with sudden and almost startling distinctness; now playfully gleaming from the gilded frames or polished panel-work, or stealing, with a quivering touch, over the glittering surface of the mirrors; then sinking down into that cozy red glow which calls up so readily the day-dreams and memories which the next sudden flash of light will as readily dispel.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Clifford—still a handsome, erect, and dignified woman—her relinquished knitting still in her left hand, while the right was spread daintily between her face and the restless, dancing fire-light, which played in the lustrous folds of her rich black silk, and called out the vivid hues of the loose soft web of Berlin wools upon her lap till it looked like a heap of pomegranate blossoms.

At the other side of the fire sat Miss Clifford, her eldest daughter—a fair but delicate-looking woman, no longer young, but with soft brown eyes and smooth braids of glossy brown hair, looking as if they had been sculptured, so faultless was their arrangement. She, too, had suspended her employment; for an unfinished piece of crochet-work was still in the hands which dropped idly in her lap, and she sat gazing at the fire with a pensive and abstracted look.

On a sofa, in a graceful, but careless, half-recumbent position, was the second daughter, Miss Helen, playfully drawing through her slender fingers the soft ears of a small, beautiful, fawn-colored Italian greyhound, who shared her sofa with her, and who lay with his large, mild, dark eyes fixed on her face with that sad, patient, half-human look of sweetness which the eyes of dumb things sometimes wear, and which often makes us feel as if only language, not sympathy, is wanting in them.

Upon an ottoman, rather more in front of the fire, sat Laura, the youngest daughter—a bright, intelligent, and handsome woman. Laura had been "the youngest" all her life; and this fact, which was never lost sight of in that orderly household, had impressed itself forcibly not only upon her memory, but upon her very character and manners. It is almost proverbial that "the youngest ne'er grow old" either in their own estimation or in that of the senior members of their family circle; and this constant recognition of her youth as "a fixed fact," had given to Laura, unconsciously to herself, a childlike abruptness and a sort of reckless disregard of etiquette and responsibilities scarcely in true keeping with her eight-and-twenty years; but all this, it seems, was scarcely noted as a blemish in the eyes of her fond mother, brothers, and elder sisters. She was good-natured and gay, and if sometimes a little brusque or thoughtless, it was overlooked as the pretty fault of an indulged child.

Laura had been indulging in the foolish and reprehensible, but tempting enjoyment of read-

ing by the fire-light; but at a mild, grave rebuke from her mother she closed the alluring volume, and prepared herself to talk: but as Mrs. Clifford went on, in a mild, washy, milk-and-watery sort of way, enlarging upon the use and incalculable benefit of *having* eyes, the great folly of injuring them, and the utter impossibility of obtaining another pair, as good as your own, at any expense of love or money, if you *did*—of the great care which ought to be taken not to risk them in any foolish way by people in general, and by Miss Laura in particular, who had had a weak eye once when she was a baby; and though, to be sure, it did not come to any thing very serious, and Dr. Francis had said, from the very first, it wouldn't be, still he *had* said, etc.—Miss Laura at last grew restless, and asked, by way of creating a change of subject:

"Well, mamma, what do you say about Claude and Annie?"

"Say?" repeated Mrs. Clifford. "Why, that I expect them fully."

"Oh yes, mamma; *that* of course; but how soon?"

"The day before Christmas, my dear. Did he not say that in his last letter to you, Margaret?"

Miss Clifford raised her eyes, made an effort to find her place in the conversation, recovered it, and said, gently, "Yes, mamma; his letter said so."

"I wonder will they bring the baby," said Laura, after a short pause. "Dear little Tot! I long to see her! What do you think, mamma—will they bring her?"

"I can't say, my dear; I do not know; I hope so. Claude did not mean to bring her when he wrote last, but I think the message I sent him in Margaret's letter may induce him to change his mind. You have had no answer to that last letter yet, have you, Margaret?"

"No, mamma; no answer yet."

The intelligent reader may have observed that the conversation was not very vivacious and animated; it is apt to flag a little sometimes in country-houses, at twilight, in the dead of winter, when there is snow on the ground, and the inmates, a circle of ladies, have spent the whole duration-day together unenlivened by visitors; they have sat together at the same table, and ate from the same dishes, and been warmed by the same fire, and read the same books and papers, and looked out of the same windows, and seen the same snow, till they have lost their own identity, and think the same thoughts, and say the same things; they are mentally in much the condition of the Siamese Twins; and you might as reasonably expect Chang to startle Eng with some wonderful experience, or original thought, as to expect such a circle to rise beyond truisms and repetitions! so you must not regard Mrs. Clifford as a Mrs. Nickleby because she made the most of that weak-sighted passage in Laura's early history. Laura having then satisfied her conscience that she had done her duty by this amiable effort to "amuse mamma," and having

exhausted her present fund of remarks (and, by-the-way, they were not in the least original, the same conversation having already taken place twenty times, and being good for at least twenty more), she suffered the conversation to die away again, and with the closed volume still in her hand, and her eyes watching the ruddy, restless, dancing fire-light, she too sunk into twilight musings.

A loud clear ring at the door startled the silent group; the ladies, who had been sitting "at ease" before, "recovered arms" in a moment. "The hall-door, my dears," said Mrs. Clifford, reclaiming her wandering white satin cap-strings, and shaking out into free sweep the lustrous folds of the shining black silk.

"Who can it be?" said Miss Clifford, languidly straightening herself in her chair, and taking up her neglected work.

"Oh! nobody coming in such a night as this, of course," said Helen; yet she, too, rose from her recumbent attitude, and put the dog from her as she spoke. Laura did not speak, but she jumped up, laid her book on the table, made a hasty revision of her curls in the chimney glass, and then turning round, stood with her back to the fire ready to receive the new-comer.

In the mean time Ben had proceeded leisurely to answer the summons, mentally grumbling, as he did so, at "folks who hadn't no more manners than to pull a bell that way, as if they wanted to haul it out by the roots, and he didn't doubt but that they *would*, some day or other."

He opened the hall-door, closing the door of the vestibule behind him, and thus, while he shut the light and warmth into the hall, he shut himself out into the outer darkness.

In this obscure state of things, Ben, who had come from the lighted kitchen, could but dimly discern the tall figure of a man, who, much wrapped up and still more muffled by his shawl or cape, which was drawn over his head and gathered about his face as if to protect him from the storm, stood upon the upper step.

"Are the ladies at home?" asked the stranger, in a harsh, hurried voice.

"Well, they be," said Ben; and he hesitated; he did not like to add the usual "Won't ye walk in?" for he did not like the looks of the man. "Give them this basket," said the stranger, producing a large covered basket with a handle, which, carried on his arm, had been concealed by his cloak and the favoring darkness.

"Glass! handle with care; don't drop it for your life; take it to the ladies at once," said the stranger, transferring the heavy basket to Ben's hands.

"Yes, Sir!" said Ben; for there was a suggestion of command in the man's face; "any thing to pay, Sir?"

"Nothing."

Ben peered out a moment vaguely, as the man plunged into the darkness of the night; but his eyes caught nothing but two dabs of moist, feathery snow, which, settling on his eyelashes, added to the general mistiness of things; but it



made no great difference after all, for a turn in the avenue, and a clump of thick black trees, would have hidden him had the moon been shining. Ben fancied there was a sound of horses at the gate; but he could not tell, so he closed the door, locked it, and then, basket in hand, entered the drawing-room.

"What have you got there, Ben?" inquired Mrs. Clifford.

"Glass, mum, he said it was."

"Oh yes, the new carriage-lamps, I suppose; I spoke to Mr. John about them the other day—light the gas, Ben, and then you may open it."

Ben set down the basket very carefully in the middle of the room, and moving about for a moment, a flood of pure white light filled the room, and with its steady radiance quite put down the trembling, blushing, dancing fire-light.

"Haden't I best open it in the hall, mum?" said Ben, returning to the basket; "chopped straw or saw-dust, I s'pose; make dirty work on the carpet."

"No," said Mrs. Clifford, glad of any diversion of the quiet dullness. "Open it here, at least till you come to the chopped straw."

So, while the ladies kept their places, for they were too well-bred to betray an idle curiosity, Ben stooping down lifted the cover of the basket, which, oddly enough, had been left unfastened.

"Oh, my goodness gracious! who'd have thought it? Oh, my soul and body!" exclaimed Ben, dropping the cover, and jumping up with a perfectly absurd look of terror.

"What is it, Ben?" asked Mrs. Clifford and the younger ladies.

"Oh, mum! Miss Clifford! *La-dies!*" said Ben, turning with outstretched hands from one to the other, as he addressed them. "I don't know nothing about it, no more nor nothing; I swear I don't! I hadn't any suspicion; I wouldn't have took it in to you if I had; I vow I wouldn't; and I'll pitch it right out into the snow *now* if you say so; I *will* mum—you on'y say the word—I will."

Roused from the apathy of their quiet indifference by these strange remarks of the usually staid and laconic Ben, the ladies rose simultaneously and gathered round the basket; and Laura, stooping, lifted again the cover which Ben had dropped, and so doing, disclosed to view a fair and sleeping child, apparently of eighteen or twenty months old.

The opening of the cover, the sudden stream of bright gaslight which fell full upon her, or the loud exclamations of Ben, awoke the little sleeper, who, finding herself among strangers, looked round her for a moment with a quivering lip, and a quick sob in her breath; but as she met the many eyes all bent upon her, it seemed as if she read aright their look of pity and tenderness—she felt she was with friends, and breaking into a sunny smile, she held out her soft dimpled arms to be taken up.

There was no resisting the pleading look which accompanied this mute appeal; and Miss Clif-

ford answered it at once by stooping and lifting the child to her lap.

"Here's the bill sent in along with her," said Ben, whose faculties seemed rather confused by this unexpected arrival—"I wouldn't pay it, mum, if I was you, you hain't no call to." And as he spoke he picked up a small slip of paper which fell from the folds of the child's dress. Miss Helen opened it at once, and read aloud:

"She is not the child of sin or shame, but the daughter of honest and respectable parents who will gladly reclaim her when they are able to do so; till then, will you give her love and shelter?"

"What a lovely child it is!" said the ladies, admiringly, as they passed her from the arms of one to another. "Is not she perfectly beautiful?"

And indeed it was true, the child *was* "beautiful exceedingly!" From the little graceful head, with its soft, loose rings of amber-colored hair, glossy and fine as spun glass, and curling naturally as the new tendrils of the summer vines; the deep violet eyes, with their pretty, earnest, bewildered gaze, beneath eyebrows faint, but perfect, as the arch of the dissolving rainbow; the softly glowing cheek; the vermillion mouth, curved like the bow of the infant cupid; down to the little naked cuddling feet, drawn up like the feet of a nestling bird, polished and rosy, and with their graceful appendages curled up under them, like soft-hued petals dropped from the inmost heart of a rose, there was no blemish in her.

A closer inspection of the basket failed to throw any new light upon the subject; the child's dress was a simple one—a plain, loose, white robe, neatly made and of delicate materials, but without any ornament whatever. After the ladies had exhausted themselves in delighted exclamations at the child's beauty, and useless conjectures as to her parentage, and repeated cross-questions of Ben (who was beginning to feel a doubt whether his part in the transaction was blamable or praiseworthy after all), a new thought dawned upon the mind of Miss Clifford, and she said, earnestly,

"I dare say she is hungry, mamma; do you think so?"

"Very possibly," said Mrs. Clifford; "Ben, bring some warm bread and milk."

It took Ben some time to fill this simple order, because he had to stop and detail in the kitchen the remarkable transaction which had taken place in the parlor, and when he did return, three or four eager female faces peeped in at the door, which he had obligingly left ajar.

"Come in, cook; come in, Martha; come in, girls, all of you," said Mrs. Clifford, kindly. "Come and look at the baby, and see if you can tell us any thing about her." And many were the "ohs!" and "ahs!" and many and various the exclamations of "Look at that, now!" "Oh, what a beauty!" "Did you ever?" "Oh, goodness me!" "Well, well, well!" "I never!" And then, when Miss Clifford prepared to administer the bread and milk, many were the

kind offers of assistance. "Let me do that; you ain't used to the likes of that, Miss Margaret." "Hadn't I better take her? you'll only spoil your nice silk dress." But Miss Margaret would not relinquish her purpose; and with the zealous co-operation of the baby, who seemed to enter into her plans with a hearty good-will, a reasonable share of bread and milk was soon disposed of.

People talk (and doubtless they think they are talking wisely and morally) of the vanity and worthlessness of beauty. Solomon has said, "Beauty is vain, and favor is deceitful;" and copious authority, more modern if less world-renowned, is daily assuring us that "Handsome is that handsome does;" that "Beauty is only skin-deep;" and "Looks are nothing, behavior's all." But, in face of all this authority, we ask, *is it true?* The love of the Beautiful is inherent in every pure and lofty mind—implanted there as a means of enjoyment by a beneficent Creator; and cultivation elevates and refines, not subdues it, and it is only its abuse which is blamable. The same eye which delights to dwell on the graceful flower, the gorgeous autumn woods, and the regal sunset, must admire the fairer forms of beauty in those intelligent creations which were "the last, best work" of the same plastic Hand. We should count the man a stupid if his heart did *not* swell and his eye kindle as he saw the covenant rainbow spanning the lately storm-swept sky, or the moon riding in calm splendor in the blue vault of heaven; it is only when he bends the knee in erring worship of the moon, or stretches out his reckless, passionate arms to grasp the rainbow that we condemn his folly.

But we need not wander thus from our story; doubtless, if the little stranger had been a broad, freckled-faced child, with a shock of wiry red hair, wide mouth, turned-up nose, and squint eyes, she would have stood just as much (perhaps more) in need of shelter and kindness, and doubtless she would have received it, for the ladies would have given her their money and their pity freely; but she would have been an alien to their *love*—she would not have been admitted at once into their hearts, as this little dainty creature, with her exquisite beauty and grace was. Miss Clifford was the first to ask the question which was throbbing in all their hearts.

"Mamma! what must we do with her? May we keep her? she is so lovely!" And the soft, brown eyes looked up hurried and beseechingly, while the eager looks of the younger sisters seconded the appeal.

"Of course we *must* keep her to-night, my dear," said Mrs. Clifford. "We can do nothing else."

"Yes! but *always*, mamma! We could not send her away, *could* we?"

"Time enough to decide upon that hereafter," said Mrs. Clifford. "But do you know it is getting late—I mean late for a baby to be kept up—what is to be done with her to-night?"

Each of the ladies declared her willingness to share her accommodations with the little stranger, and Mrs. Clifford's suggestion that she had

better be given into the care of the chambermaid being overruled, the three sisters, with the little one, departed for the chambers of repose.

"Margaret, stop a minute!" said Helen, who carried the child, to Miss Clifford, who was a little in advance of her on the stairs. "Do you know, there's *one* thing: Are babies washed at night?"

"I'm sure I do not know," said Margaret, and she looked back to Laura, who brought up the rear—"Laura do *you* know?" But Laura was profoundly ignorant on this important question.

"Mamma will be sure to know," said Helen.

"Yes, indeed," said Margaret, "just run down again, Laura—that's a good girl—and ask mamma, will you?"

So Laura descended, like a *good girl*, and did as she was bid. Opening the drawing-room door she said, abruptly, "Mamma, are babies washed at night?"

"Not usually, I believe, my dear," said Mrs. Clifford, with a smile; and Laura returned to her anxious constituents.

And now there was a little debate as to who should be the "sleeping partner" of the firm; but this was amicably adjusted, as their debates usually were. Laura, by virtue of her youth (she being by six and eight years the junior of her two sisters), standing thus much nearer than they to the fast receding shores of Babyland, and being therefore expected, naturally enough, to retain a more vivid recollection of the needs and habits of her infancy, was unanimously elected to this important office; which she accepted with cheerful alacrity, though not without a somewhat pompous exhibition of her own sense of the awful responsibilities of the situation, and great and cumbrous preparations for the faithful discharge of its duties.

First, the bed had to be turned round sideways and pushed up close to the wall, that side of the little inclosure being farther protected by a hastily thrown up redoubt of pillows; "for babies have been known to slip through, you know," said Laura, gravely, "and hang by their dear little chins between the bed and the wall till they were—*dead three times*, you know!" And with a tremble in her voice at thought of such an unbearable horror, she strengthened her position by the addition of the easy-chair cushion, and hung a blanket over the foot-board, leaving no aperture through which an eel might slip, even supposing him to be an eel viciously addicted to nocturnal expeditions. Next, she laid in her rations: bread and milk, milk diluted with water, and milk *per se*; gingerbread for actual hunger, and lumps of sugar for temporary alleviations; cups, mugs, glasses, and spoons—why, Florence Nightingale would have watched the whole sick-ward of the hospital with half the array! Then, laying out her warm dressing-gown, thick Shetland shawl, and fleece-lined slippers in ostentatious readiness for active service, she bade her sisters "Good-night" (they promising to hold themselves in a state of readi-

ness as "minute-men," to come in as relays at any hour of the night if her duties should prove too burdensome for her to sustain alone and single-handed; and next, having devoutly commended herself to the protection of Heaven, she took her place by the side of the little squab, who was already fast asleep, and whose glowing slumber seemed to diffuse warmth and tranquillity around her, like the benediction of a holy prayer!

Softly taking the little velvety hand in hers, Laura, perfectly resigned to the certainty that she should not sleep a wink all night, fixed her widely-opened eyes on the wall above the barricade of pillows, and gave herself up to the contemplation of the various causes which could have impelled the "honest and respectable parents" to abandon so sweet a child. But the long, deep, regular breathing of the baby was soporific. Sympathetically, but unconsciously, timing her own respirations to it, she dropped the thread of her cogitations, and before she had half settled it, whether the respectable mother whose place she was filling was most entitled to blame or pity, she too, led by the hand of her little companion, had wandered off into the land of dreams. She was awakened by a soft, murmuring sound like the cooing of a young dove, and by tiny, nerveless fingers, which essayed to open her eyes; and looking round, she was perfectly astonished to find it was full, fair day; that she had not had to call in the allied powers, but, on the contrary, had been herself able to slumber at her post. The downy intrenchment which flanked the little fortification was uninvaded; and as she looked round at the varied preparations of the night before, ingenious and abundant certainly, but *wholly uncalled for*, she thought within herself, "How great a victory at how little cost!"

Laura rose, and dressed hastily; and then a wild ambition seized her—to wash and dress the baby too, all herself! She had seen Cousin Jane wash and dress little Jeanie, and she was determined to try. Last night it would have seemed like washing and dressing an anaconda; but familiarity, though it had not "bred contempt," as the copy-book always assured us it would, had somewhat lessened her awe of the baby; and so, with trembling, eager hands, but a hopeful heart, she commenced the undertaking.

Now it is a fact, not generally known perhaps, that babies do not break so easily as ignorant people are apt to imagine; their arms and legs do not come off when handled (like the legs and wings of a fly in the hands of a heedless child); there is more India rubber in them than there is in older folks, and their little bones are supple as well as slight. The thing went off grandly. To be sure, a sudden and unlucky thrust of the little plump foot did upset the china basin and flood the hearth-rug; but that was Laura's affair, and if she did not complain why need we?

By the time the sisters made their appearance, with their tardy offers of assistance, Laura had the little one in her arms, washed and dressed, bright, rosy, and smiling; and in an-

swer to their admiring praises of her capabilities, she triumphantly assured them "It was *nothing*; no trouble at all!"

To be sure, Miss Laura herself was not quite so nicely got up as was her usual wont at matins; her hair was not brushed to its usual satin glossiness; her plain linen collar was rumpled a little; one of her under-sleeves had a mosaic button, and the other a plain gold one; and the dear baby, in imitation of the washing process, had put one of the silk tassels of her morning robe into its mouth. This was not much, but as a faithful historian we are bound to record it.

Miss Clifford kissed the child fondly, and, taking it in her arms, the three ladies descended to the breakfast-room, where they found their elder brother John, who had been out when the baby arrived, and who now, having finished his breakfast, was engaged with the newspaper.

As Miss Clifford approached him with the smiling child in her arms, he looked up over his paper, and said, pleasantly, "Ah! that is the poor little thing Ben was telling me of last night. Poor little thing! She *is* a pretty child."

"Is not she lovely?" said the impulsive Laura.

"Quite," said John, dropping his eyes upon his paper again. "When I go out to-day I will call on the overseers about her."

"What for, John?" asked Margaret, in a faint voice.

"To tell them to come for her, of course. What else *could* you do with her?"

The sisters looked blankly in each other's faces.

"Keep her, John," said Margaret, timidly.

"Keep her!" repeated John.

"Educate her," said Helen, nervously.

"Educate her!" sneered the brother.

"Have her for our own," said Laura, boldly.

"For your own!" said John, still more scornfully, and rising as he spoke. "My dear sisters, *are you fools?*" Here Margaret began to cry, Helen looked uncertain, and Laura's cheeks grew burning red.

"Nay, hear me," said John. "I did not mean to call you fools; I beg your pardon; but just think what you are about. Your sympathy is misleading you; you know nothing of this child's history or parentage; you can not depend upon such children. A beggar's brat taken from the very dregs of society, she may inherit disease and vice as her only patrimony; and these will one day surely develop themselves to the heartache and shame of those who love her."

"But she is not a beggar's brat," said Helen, warmly.

"How do you know that?"

"Because the paper said she was the child of honest and respectable parents," said Laura, triumphantly.

"Nonsense!" said John; "and you are weak enough to believe it?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you really think the man who was base enough to desert his own child would be



scrupulous about making a false statement, do you?"

Laura did not reply, but Margaret said:

"There are other proofs, John; look at the child herself. This is not a child of the lower classes; a jury of fifty women would tell you this was a lady's child."

"Possibly," sneered John. "An aristocratic little pauper then, whose refined and educated parents, unable to rear it in all the luxuries its birth entitled it to, drop it like a blind kitten at a stranger's door. But, my dear Margaret, your argument is a bad one; if the parents were *not* ignorant and destitute, they were the more to be condemned; if there was neither sin nor shame, want nor ignorance, what drove them to this crime? In that case their desertion of their helpless child was doubly criminal and hard-hearted, because uncalled for. Do you not see that, in taking away even the miserable excuse of ignorance and poverty, you must double and treble the amount of wickedness? Besides," continued he, "how can you keep it? you do not know any thing about the management of children; you would not know how to feed and clothe it even."

"Indeed we do," said Laura; "Margaret and Helen were managers at the orphan asylum for two years, and I am a directress of the charity-school. We *do* know a great deal about children; and as to baby clothes, we make all sorts of things for fairs, and for our friends, and to give away to poor people: I guess few married ladies ever made half as many! I'm sure if we *don't* know about children it's high time we *did*!"

"Quite!" said her brother, sententiously; and the way in which he uttered that one little word was more offensive than all he had said before. There was a short silence, and then Margaret said, calmly,

"After all, it will be for mamma to decide, I suppose."

"Of course; and I thank Heaven my mother is a reasonable woman."

"Yes," said Helen; "and I have often heard *her* say there was a blessing upon the roof which sheltered an orphan child."

"A blessing in the form of a trial then, in this case," retorted John. "But how do you know she is an orphan? I thought just now she had 'respectable parents;' but it is no use talking," said the old bachelor brother, "a woman *can not* reason; it is not in the eternal nature of things: their hearts are well enough, but their *heads*—I wouldn't give *that* for their heads!" and we regret to say that as he spoke he snapped his fingers contemptuously.

Now the baby had all this time been sitting in Margaret's arms, regarding John with a pale look of troubled thought, doubtful whether to laugh or cry at his vehemence: possibly she thought he *looked* like her respectable father, but did not *act* like him; and this state of uncertainty continued up to the moment when he snapped his fingers: *that* action was conclusive, and sure in her happy ignorance that he had

been doing it all for her sole amusement, her sweet face dimpled into sudden smiles, she crowed long and loudly, and stretched out her round, white arms to go to him.

This was more than flesh and blood (an old bachelor's flesh and blood) could stand; John rustled his paper full in her face, and returned to his own chair; and his sisters exchanged looks that said plainly the baby had conquered. Two hours after John was closeted with his mother in her morning-room, in earnest conversation.

"You do not mean to sanction the girls in such absurd folly, mother?" he said.

"I shall sanction no folly, knowing it to be such, John," was the dignified reply. "But I am far from sure this would be such. You may not see it, but I do, your sisters have too much leisure on their hands; while I am able to take charge of all within doors, and you without, they have no employment but light reading, music, and fancy work; too much time to themselves. I see the bad effects of it in each one of them; Margaret is nervous and fanciful about her own health; she is fast sinking into confirmed invalidism; Helen is growing morbidly sensitive—too visionary and abstracted; and Laura is heedless, trifling, and too independent. Something to occupy their thoughts, and take them out of themselves, would be the best thing for each of them. This child may do it; at least we will see. I shall not decide upon any course at present: we make no pledges, but I will try the result." And with this reasonable view of things John had to content himself.

In the course of the day Dr. Mason, the medical attendant and personal friend of the family, came in to see Margaret, as he did nearly every day; of course the all-engrossing topic was discussed with him, and at his request Ben was called in and subjected to a sifting examination; but nothing more was to be learned from him, simply because he knew nothing more. At first, indeed, he had declared himself ready to take his "mortal say-so," that the man was a "nigger, a furriner, or the old Nick;" but the note, with its allusion to the "honest and respectable parents," had touched a soft place in Ben's head or heart: every time he told his story he polished the man up a little more, until now he was ready to affirm, with that same solemn asseveration, that to the best of his belief he was "a born gentleman." What reliance could be placed upon the testimony of such a vacillating witness as this? But let it be put down to the credit of the well-meaning but impressible Ben, that in repeating the few words the stranger had uttered he never varied a hair: in the conjectural part of the subject, the probabilities of the case, he might be driven all round the compass, but as to the *facts*, as made known to him in words, *there* he stood fixed, true as the needle to the pole.

When, in conclusion, Mrs. Clifford said, "Well! Dr. Mason, do you get any light on this subject? have you any *clue* to give us?" he replied,

"My dear Madam, I fancy I *have*; but I must trust to your kindness not to question me at present. We hear strange things in our profession, sometimes; I can give you no satisfaction yet, but give me time, a week or two, and I think I can give you some information, but it requires much delicacy. In the mean time, if you will take my advice, you will make as little noise about it as possible; speak to your servants, and ask them to be silent; depend upon it, if you can keep the parents in ignorance of the fate of their child they will reveal themselves all the sooner."

This was sensible advice; and when the Doctor added, "It is certainly a very beautiful and promising child, and seems healthy; but as the ladies are not much used to children, I will, if you please, look in every day and see how it gets along," Margaret's soft eyes thanked him for this thoughtful kindness.

Days passed, and rapidly and surely the baby was making its way to all hearts. She certainly was a lovely child, and *remarkably intelligent*! There was no end to her pretty little tricks; she could crow like the cock, and "baa" like the sheep; could tell what the cow said; and show how the chickens ate; and was quite a proficient in the dog's tongue and the pussy-cat language. She could kiss her hand, and nod and shake her little curly head when bidden, and screw up her rose-bud of a mouth in a comical attempt to whistle. And when either of the ladies called upon an imaginary "baker's man," and gave orders for a certain cake, which requires an unusual amount of manipulation to prepare it, the baby was always ready to show him how to do it, "patting and patting, and rolling and rolling, and picking and picking," with a patient assiduity which would have made her an invaluable class-leader in a primary school.

The three sisters spent nearly all their time in tending, playing with, and sewing for her; the piano was silent, or if opened at all, "Still so gently o'er me stealing" and "Beautiful Venice" had succumbed to "Little Bo-peep" and "The three blind Mice." Helen had laid aside her novels and poems, and Margaret had ceased to paint hand-screens and flower-pieces, and had executed three pictures in colored crayons, historical, commemorative, and portraiture (or intended to be so) of the baby.

The first of the series, exhibiting her in her basket on the night of her advent, was singularly suggestive of the great Hebrew lawgiver, when he commenced the voyage of life, embarking at the Nile in an ark of bulrushes—the parts of Pharaoh's daughter and her maidens being well represented by the three Misses Clifford and their mother, in costumes of less barbaric splendor, indeed, but of far greater amplitude.

The second, exhibiting the darling taking her bath at the hands of Laura, awakened furtive recollections of Herod's Murder of the Innocents; and the third, a sleeping-piece, was strikingly like one of the innocents as it might have appeared *after* the murder.

Nevertheless they were very pretty pictures; and though an impartial spectator might not have been found ready to affirm upon oath that they were likenesses of *the* baby in particular, or indeed of *any other* baby he had ever actually *seen*, still *any body* would see at a glance that they represented *some* baby; and that was something in an amateur performance!

The sisters thought them lovely, only less beautiful than the baby herself; but who *could* paint a complexion like hers? As Helen very prettily observed,

"Pencil and paints were never made  
To draw pure light without a shade!"

Even old Ben had hunted out a long-disused high chair from the lumber-room, where it had stood stretching forth its empty arms for a quarter of a century, and brought it to the table every day, after dinner, as regularly as he did the dessert; and little Jura, the Italian greyhound, had so far mastered his feelings as to career playfully, with short, sharp yelps of dog-laughter, round the little one, as she sat on the carpet in her pretty baby dignity, now and then thrusting his little cold nose into her hand, or leaping up to lick her little rosy lips; and only growling *very softly, low down in his throat*, when she grasped rudely, with little audacious hands, at his red velvet collar with its musical silver bells.

But the greatest wonder of all was that wrought in brother John—dear old bachelor John! Two days before Christmas he went into town, and was gone all day, returning in the early evening in a singularly disturbed state of mind, not easily accounted for; he seemed nervous and uneasy, distracted and absent-minded; answering at random, or not at all; and once, when Mrs. Clifford made some inquiries about "the political crisis," he had said "knife and fork" when he meant "North and South."

His sisters looked at him wonderingly; his mother became alarmed. Could he have been dining out, and—? But John was never known to have any convivial tendencies—he was the very salt of the earth, immaculate in its whiteness! But then, the very fact of his having so much salt in his composition might induce drought; and she called him to her corner, and held him in a long desultory conversation; but this elicited nothing, only the undeniable fact that he was perfectly sober; so she came to the conclusion that John was *inventing* something—a new hydraulic ram, or something else pretty and useful—for John had a mechanical genius, and had invented several machines, which would have made his fortune if some stupid fellow had not always been and invented them first. But John did not know this till he went to the Patent Office; and so he really did invent them, and ought to have part of the honor as he had all the disappointment. So she concluded his mind was *running on wheels*; and she returned to her knitting and John to his own side of the fire.

But when Madam had gone to her own room, and his sisters were taking their chamber-lights to retire, John's nervous condition seemed to

reach its culmination; he jumped up, stood with his back to the fire, and began to whistle; then instantly checking himself in this ungentlemanly performance, and blushing scarlet, he rubbed up the hair from his temples with both hands, and turning to Miss Clifford—who, being the sister nearest to him in age, had ever been his especial friend and confidante—he said, “Margaret!”—shooting out the word as if it had been a cannon-ball.

Miss Clifford turned toward him in mute surprise, and waited for what might come next, while the melted wax of the candle she unheedingly held fell, drop by drop, in the candlestick; but John, nervously shifting from one foot to the other, and with his hands deep in his pockets, seemed not inclined to go on.

“What is it, John?” she said at last, laying her kind hand on his shoulder. “What is it, brother?”

Her kind manner and gentle smile seemed to reassure him. “I suppose,” he said, and paused—“that little thing up stairs—*drinks*—don’t she?”

“Drinks!” repeated Margaret, looking in his face with troubled eyes.

“Drinks!” repeated the other sisters, in horrified astonishment, as if he had accused that innocent child of being addicted to habitual intemperance.

“I went into Bigelow’s,” rapidly pursued John, who having made the first plunge was determined to get through with the matter—“I went into Bigelow’s to-day, to buy a feeding apparatus for Claude’s child—knife, fork, and spoon, you know,” he said, drawing an oblong morocco case from his pocket (such as bachelor uncles are supposed to be required by law to bestow upon the young and tender branches of the family tree)—“Santa Claus, and all that, you know; and I didn’t want to hurt the feelings of that poor little thing up stairs—” and here he plunged his hand into the other pocket, and drew out a roll which he held toward her.

“Here, take it, can’t you!” he said, as if it burned his fingers. “Put it into her stocking, if she’s got one; if not, you’d better peg her a pair!” and, snatching up his light, John departed.

With wondering eagerness Margaret unrolled the soft, jeweler’s paper, and there, sparkling and bright, on a bed of rose-tinted cotton, lay a richly-chased silver cup.

“Dear old John!” said Margaret, while tears trembled in her soft eyes.

“Dear old John! is not he a darling, after all?” said the other sisters, far more delighted with this pretty gift to the baby than if their dear elder brother had given them each a diamond ring.

But while the little stranger gained golden opinions daily time was moving on, and the day before Christmas—the day fixed for the arrival of Claude and Annie—had actually come. It was still uncertain if they would bring their child, no answer having been received to the last

letter, written at Mrs. Clifford’s desire to urge them to bring her, as she knew their visit would be a short one if they came without her; and this great question of probabilities had been discussed over and over again. The sisters could hardly tell whether they most wished she *might* or *might not* come. “The bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;” and already the little stranger they petted and called their own was taking the place of the little niece they had never seen but once, and then at a very early period of her infancy.

“To be sure,” said they, “there would be the pride and pleasure of showing off *our* baby; and I’m sure Annie’s baby *can’t* excel her (though, of course, she and Claude will think there never was any child equal to theirs): but then it will be awkward, and they will feel jealous if we don’t make more of her, and call her prettier than this dear darling—and she won’t be; she *can’t* be; she *sha’n’t* be:” and a shower of kisses finished the remark.

Evening drew on—the innocent little usurper, all unconscious of her usurpation, dressed in her prettiest new frock, and ribbons to outrival the true heiress, was laughing and crowing up stairs, ready to be produced at a moment’s notice, and pitted against her innocent antagonist.

Mrs. Clifford, her son, and daughters were assembled in the drawing-room, waiting the long anticipated arrival; and just as the elder lady had said for the seventh time, “I hope, my dears, your brother will not make it very late,” a carriage drew up to the door, and the travelers had come.

John hastened out to receive them, and Laura springing to the window, which commanded a view of the front entrance, watched the debarkation of the new-comers, and issued hasty bulletins to the rest of the family.

“There’s Claude, dear fellow! how well he looks: and there’s Annie, how carefully he lifts her out: and there’s—why, no! I declare that’s *all*! No baby! Why, grandmamma! the baby has not come.”

“Oh! I’m sorry,” said Mrs. Clifford; “but maybe Claude was not willing: best not mention it, my dears,” she added, with thoughtful kindness. “Annie is such a dear, little, impulsive thing, you may set her crying; better not speak about the baby till she does.”

At this moment the door was flung open, and Annie—a fair, graceful, little, fairy creature, whose rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and dancing curls, made her look even more youthful than she really was—bounded into the room, hastened to the open arms and warm motherly welcome of Mrs. Clifford, warmly embraced all her sisters-in-law, and received laughingly and blushing the brotherly kiss of John.

“And now,” she said, as she pulled off her many furs and myriad wraps, and scattered them round her like an eager child; “Now for the baby! Let me see the baby the very first thing.”

The sisters exchanged wondering and disappointed glances.



"And you have heard all about the baby?" asked Helen.

"Oh yes; of course I have *heard* of it; but that is not like *seeing*, you know. I want to *see* her—myself—to see just how she looks. Don't keep me waiting, Helen; that's a dear good soul. I'm dying with impatience: do have her brought in."

Thus adjured, Helen could do no less than hasten to find the baby and bring her.

"And how did you hear about her, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clifford, while Helen was gone. "We have not written, I think, since she came."

"No," said Annie. "I thought one of the girls *would* write: I hoped they would, but Dr. Mason wrote to Claude; he is here so often, and he could tell us all about her. Oh, here she is!" and springing forward as Helen entered with the beautiful child in her arms, she snatched the baby from her, and giving it one hasty, but seemingly all-comprehending glance, she covered it with kisses, exclaiming breathlessly at intervals, "Oh! is not she lovely—lovely—lovely! Is not she perfect? Did you ever see any thing more beautiful?"

"You dear, little, loving creature," said Mrs. Clifford, smiling at this sudden outburst of enthusiastic feeling.

"And how well she looks too! perfectly healthy, is not she?" pursued Mrs. Claude, turning to her sisters-in-law. "I am sure she has had the *best* of care."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Clifford, senior; "no fear of that. I believe the girls have done little since she came but play with and tend her."

"And how very fine she is too!" said the younger lady, noting the heavy embroidery on the delicate frock, and lifting the fringes of the dainty sash and shoulder-knot. "Where did she get this pretty dress I wonder: she did not bring all this finery with her, I know."

"Oh no!" said Margaret, smiling. "That was a present from her aunts."

"I thought so; I'm sure you are very kind," said Mrs. Claude: "it is a splendid dress, almost too rich for such a child as she is."

"No—oh no!" said Laura, hastily, wincing at the last words. "We do not think so; we mean to clothe and educate her as our own."

"*You do?* I'm sure you are very good," said Annie, pressing her lips to the child's soft curls. "And I hope she will grow up a good girl, and make some return for the love of her kind aunts."

"Claude will not feel hurt, will he?" asked the pacific Margaret.

"Hurt? No indeed; how could he be? I am sure he will feel as I do—that you are all very kind and generous."

"Oh no, not at all," said Margaret. "I am sure you are very generous; we were afraid—we thought—you might feel a little—" She hesitated.

"Jealous!" said Annie, laughing. "Oh no, not a bit; it gives me pleasure to find you all so interested in her, and so it will your brother, I

know. You may love her just as much as you want to," she said, pressing the child in a closer embrace—"only let me love her too."

"Dear Annie," said Margaret, kissing her fondly, while tears filled her eyes, "how sweet you are! I was afraid you and Claude would feel we ought to do *more* for your child."

Before Annie could reply, the impulsive Laura, unable any longer to contain her pride in her beautiful little protégée, broke out with the question:

"How does she compare with *your* baby?"

"*My* baby?" said Annie, lifting her dreamy eyes to the speaker's face.

"Yes, your baby; your *own* baby," persisted Laura.

"*My* baby! is not *this* my baby?" said Mrs. Claude, turning with a frightened and bewildered look from one face to another.

"No!" said Helen, laughing; "this is *our* baby, you know." And then and there ensued a mixed dialogue of,

"*My* baby!"

"*Our* baby!"

"*Your* baby!"

"*Whose* baby!"

"*What* baby!"

"*This* baby!"

A perfect baby-babel of sounds it was, while Annie's slender, white fingers tightened their clasp upon the unconscious little bone of contention, who, as if bent upon adding fuel to fire, sat dividing her attentions between the belligerents; now nodding to Margaret, kissing her hand to Helen, stretching out her arms to Laura, and hiding her roguish eyes and sunny curls on Annie's shoulder. The two younger sisters laughed, thinking it was all a jest; but Margaret noticed the tightening hands, the deepening breath, the dilating eyes and crimsoning cheeks, and her heart misgave her. She knew Annie was delicate as a flower, nervous and impulsive; she had been quite ill lately, and Claude's letters had been very vague and unsatisfactory (but then men's letters always are). Could Annie be subject to aberrations of mind? As this sudden apprehension seized her she looked round for her mother, but Mrs. Clifford, "on hospitable thoughts intent," had left the room. She looked toward Claude—if she could only sign to him to come to her; but Claude, at the other end of the room, and with his back toward her, was telling something to John—a capital joke, no doubt, for the brothers were both laughing heartily. She could not summon Claude to her aid without a direct appeal; and, besides, the thought came to her, could he be thus gay with such a trouble on his mind?—impossible. Now thoughts and events which it takes time to chronicle may happen in a very momentary space—and Margaret's thoughts had been almost instantaneous. She felt that the emergency must be met at once, unaided, and holding out her arms to take the child she said, with mild, persuasive gentleness, "You had better let me take her now. You know, dear Annie, this is *not* your baby; it is a

poor little unfortunate child, whose parents have deserted it; it was left at our door, and we adopted it in charity." She had time to say no more; with wide eyes flashing fire, burning cheeks, and quivering lips, Annie had risen, and clasping the disputed child closer in her arms, she made one bound, swift and noiseless as the spring of a tiger-cat, and reached her husband's side.

"Claude! Claude!" she said, in tones half-inarticulate with passion, "is not this my baby? Speak to your sisters. What do they mean? They say I have deserted my child—given it away—and they have adopted it in charity—and that *this* is *not*—my—my baby!" And here, getting involved in the double confusion of ideas that Margaret's address had awakened, the impulsive little creature dropped her head upon her husband's arm and broke down in a paroxysm of passionate, hysterical weeping.

"Annie! Annie! my dear Annie!" said Claude, turning hastily toward her, "of *course* it's your baby. Hush, hush! It is only a joke. Your baby! Yes, indeed! And there is not another such baby in all the world!"

"Tell them! tell them!" sobbed the young mother.

"Yes, yes, I will," said Claude, soothingly; "only compose yourself, Annie, for mercy's sake. My dear sisters, can you forgive me? I own, with contrition, this was a ridiculous hoax. *This is our child*; and Annie and I, its 'honest and respectable parents,' have 'come to reclaim it.'"

"Claude! Claude! you need to be reclaimed yourself. This is too bad!" said John, as he saw the blank consternation of his three sisters.

"Claude," said his mother, who had entered with her quiet step, and having taken up her place in the corner, had heard the close of his sentence—"Claude, my son, your conduct needs some explanation." This was said with a degree of gravity amounting almost to sternness.

"I know it, mother; and it shall have it. It was a joke—a practical joke—which has not turned out half so funny as I thought it would. There, sit down close by mother, Annie," he said, leading his childlike wife to the sofa, "and I will make confession—humbly kneeling on my knees if you desire it. The fact is, dear mother, we had fully decided not to bring this little puss with us, as we meant to make some stay in New York, and she would have been quite an impediment in the way of our engagements there; but your kind desire to see her, conveyed to us in Margaret's last letter, changed our plans (Annie, in fact, had always wanted to bring her, but had yielded to my wishes); and partly in filial devotion to you, mother, partly in conjugal submission, and most of all, if the truth were told, from parental pride in the youngest Miss Clifford, I consented to bring her.

"We reached New York more than a fortnight ago; but just as we had entered upon our round of engagements there, Bessie, the nurse, in whom Annie has unbounded confidence, was called home to see a sick brother. This was

an awkward dilemma. Annie was not strong enough to take care of the child herself, and if she had been, such a charge would completely have frustrated all our plans and engagements. We neither of us could consent to trust our darling to the care of a stranger—'a hairy-scary thing, picked up haphazard,' as Bessie said, at a strange intelligence office.

"Under these circumstances, I proposed the child should be forwarded to you in advance. I knew you and my sisters would gladly receive her; and as Bessie's friends lived somewhere near Boston, she could bring the child for me so far, and from Boston out to you I was considered worthy of being intrusted with her (though it *now* seems I was *not*).

"When we reached Boston a sudden whim seized me: I would play a grand practical joke upon my sisters. I *know* it was foolish and wrong, but I did not stop to reflect upon the consequences then. Unknown to Bessie, I procured a large basket and a cheap shawl, and put them into the carriage; and then telling her it would be dark before I reached here, and that the undressing of the baby beforehand might save the ladies some trouble in the beginning, as the child would be asleep when it arrived, I had the satisfaction of seeing it arrayed in plain clothes which would tell no tales. The child was fast asleep when Bessie gave her to me. As soon as we had left the city I placed her in the basket, where she slept quietly until you took her out.

"I was in fear that Ben would know me; but the snow gave me a fair excuse for muffling myself up, and he did not recognize my voice. After I had left the young lady I drove to Dr. Mason's, told him the whole story, obtained his promise to write to me every day, and left in his keeping the 'purple and fine linen,' and the long letter of instructions which poor Annie, with much trouble to herself, had prepared and sent with the child. *That* was too bad, Annie, I allow. Can you forgive me?"

"I should not have expected Dr. Mason to have lent himself to such a deception," said Mrs. Clifford, senior.

"He would not if he could have helped it," said Claude, laughing; "for he is truth and rectitude incarnate; but I swore him to secrecy before I told him."

"That was the reason, then," said Laura, "that he was always saying the child would certainly be reclaimed, and telling us not to fix our affections upon it."

"No doubt," said Claude. "He is a fine fellow, and when he tells either of my sisters where she *had* better fix her affections, I for one hope she will follow his advice."

John's laugh and Margaret's blush "pointed a moral" to this seemingly careless remark.

"And now, my friends," said Claude, "having made my confession, and owned with contrition that it was a *very silly* thing to do, and that I hereby renounce all practical jokes for the rest of my life, upward and onward, may I be

allowed to say that I am as hungry as penitent. Please give me some supper, or who knows what new wickedness I may fall into. Hunger is savage; perhaps I may eat up the baby, if Annie does not do it first. Cannibalism goes naturally with child desertion, does it not?"

At this point in the conversation Mrs. Claude arose. She was a dear little thing, certainly; and besides, being now the winning party, she could afford to be generous. So she arose, with her baby in her arms, and crossing the room to Margaret, kissed her sister-in-law affectionately, and setting the child on her lap, said, very sweetly:

"Thank you all, my dear sisters, for your kindness to the dear baby." (Was it not good in her not to say "*my baby?*" for no doubt she ached to say it, but she *did not*.) "I hope you will all feel that you have a right in her—a greater right than you had *before*—as she is your own brother's child; and I trust you will not love her the *less* for being in *reality* what your love would have feigned her to be—your own dear little niece!"

Annie was a dear little thing, certainly; and when not called upon to defend her sacred rights, or to enact the character of "a bear robbed of her whelps," she was not a *bit of a vixen!*

#### GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

"**W**HEN," said Jo Daviess, in one of his finest orations, "I contemplate the character of George Rogers Clarke, I feel as did Moses when he drew near the burning bush, that I ought to put the shoes from off my feet, for the place where I stand is holy ground."—"What a great commander he was!" exclaims the earliest historian of Kentucky, after narrating his campaign in Illinois; and few have ever read that eventful episode of our revolutionary struggle without echoing the sentiment, and being led to wonder why one of the loftiest minds that America possessed at that momentous period should have failed to find scope and opportunity for the exercise of its powers on that more conspicuous theatre of the war which lay to the east of the Alleghany Mountains.

Not that the work he actually performed was in anywise unimportant; for we now, after the lapse of eighty years, see clearly that the interests it secured were inferior only to those involved in the success of Washington himself. Indeed the independence of the thirteen colonies would have been comparatively worthless had the valley of the Ohio and Upper Mississippi remained under the dominion of England. And no one can doubt that, had not the authority of Virginia already extended over that region, it would have been left in the possession of its ancient master at the peace. The colonists, worn down by a seven years' struggle, would have been willing to hasten its termination by relinquishing all claim to a territory they had never really possessed; and we know that our French and Spanish allies had even before the end of the

war begun to grow jealous of the future power of the young Republic, and strove to fix the Appalachian ridge as its boundary, and to exclude it from the navigation of the western waters. When Clarke hoisted the stars and stripes over the fortifications of Kaskaskia and Vincennes he really added the whole of the vast territory in which they stood to the domain of his country.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, in the year 1752, of respectable parents of the middle class. Concerning his boyhood but little is known, except that, like so many of those whose names adorn the pages of our early history, his education was not carried beyond what could be imparted in the country schools of his native province. His acquirements were therefore of the most elementary kind, except in the sciences of geography and mathematics, for which he manifested a peculiar aptitude, and in which he made far more than ordinary proficiency. At the age of sixteen he became a land surveyor. This seems to have been a favorite occupation with those who afterward rose to eminence in the military service of the colonies. Washington, Clarke, Wayne, and Shelby, all began life as surveyors. Nor is it strange that such should have been the case, since many of the qualities required in a surveyor at that time were precisely those necessary in a good commander. The young man who took up his chain and compass to penetrate and map down the wild lands of Western Virginia and Pennsylvania had other duties besides running lines and determining angles, being usually the captain of a considerable party of men, of whose equipments the rifle and hatchet were important articles, since it was always necessary to be prepared for a skirmish with the roving bands of red men who infested the wilds, amidst which the work of the adventurers lay, and who seldom permitted any opportunity of attacking the Big Knives with advantage to pass unimproved. Even where no such danger was to be apprehended the ordinary difficulties of the forest were such as to require discipline and organization, so that the functions of a surveyor were often combined with those of a commander, and the successful prosecution of the duties of the former was good evidence of fitness for a military life. Besides, the same active spirit that led the youth to adopt the adventurous life of a surveyor in the backwoods in times of peace, would be sure to impel him into the career of arms when it was opened to his choice.

So it proved in the case of our hero; for when, in revenge for the murder of the family of Logan, the northern Indians took up the hatchet, and Lord Dunmore began to muster the forces of his province to oppose them, we find Clarke, then in his twenty-second year, holding the rank of captain in one of the regiments from the lower counties. These, however, had the misfortune to act under the immediate orders of the noble Governor himself. They formed the right wing of the army, which did almost nothing toward effecting the objects of the campaign. In what



little service they were allowed to perform Clarke took an active part, and on the waters of the Upper Ohio for the first time met savages in arms, and acquired his first lesson in that species of border warfare in which he afterward became so expert. But he lost the opportunity that the young soldier so much covets, of distinguishing himself in a general battle; and that, too, when such a battle—probably the bloodiest, certainly the most obstinately contested, that ever occurred between the two races—was being fought almost within his hearing. For while Dunmore was wasting his time and that of three thousand hardy soldiers in building a useless fortification at the mouth of the Hocking, General Lewis, with his seventeen hundred frontiersmen, was engaged thirty miles below, in the bloody conflict of Point Pleasant; where, from the rising of the sun until evening twilight, the Indians and white men drove each other to and fro through the thick woods, almost every tree of which was afterward found bespattered with the blood of the combatants.

After the hasty treaty with the Indians at the Sciota Mountains Clarke returned to Virginia, where his regiment was dismissed; but so much notice had he attracted by his promptness and intelligence, even in that barren campaign, that a commission in the royal service was offered him by the Governor. But the dispute between the colonies and the mother country was fast assuming the aspect of a civil war, and he felt that he could not take the oath of allegiance to the King which duty to his native land might soon require him to disregard. He rejected the tempting offer.

But having once tasted the excitement of actual war, he could not easily resume the drudgery of his former life; and fortunately, a field of adventure was just then opening in the West, well suited to one of his daring and self-reliant character. Boone, Harrod, and a few other kindred spirits, had recently penetrated the passes of the Alleghanies, and located themselves in the midst of that beautiful "cane country," which had for many years been the dream-land of the hardy border population among whom he had lately lived. The way once pointed out, and a few stockade forts erected at widely distant points, the tide of emigration, which has ever since been running in a continually augmenting stream, had begun to flow slowly in that direction, and the long conflict between the two races for the possession of that fair region had even then commenced.

Clarke resolved to visit this country, and early in the spring of 1775 set out, alone and on foot. Of this journey and his subsequent stay in the country we know little or nothing. He seems to have had no fixed location, but wandered from settlement to settlement, spending most of his time in the woods, studying the face of the country, with which he became thoroughly acquainted, and pondering on the situation of the colony, its importance as a defensive bulwark to the frontier of Virginia, and its own prospective

greatness. He saw the vigor of the germ that was being planted in the wilderness; and was, a few months afterward, moved to contemptuous merriment by the ignorance of some of the objectors to his Illinois campaign, who suggested the removal of the settlers of Kentucky back to their native State at public expense, in order to save the immense sums which they feared would be required for their defense in so remote a situation.

We know little of the previous career of this young adventurer, concerning whom neither history nor tradition has preserved any thing more than has been here related. Yet even then, in his twenty-third year, he must have rendered himself remarkable for those qualities to which he owed so much of his subsequent success; for on this his first visit to Kentucky he was chosen to command the militia when assembled on some pressing emergency. The force thus placed under his orders was indeed small; since the whole population of the territory two years afterward did not amount to two hundred souls, of whom but eighty-five were fighting men. But no community ever contained so large a proportion of bold and tried spirits—such as Boone, Harrod, and Kenton. Yet the reputation for skill and courage which Clarke must have possessed overcame the disadvantageous considerations of youth and recent acquaintance, and he was chosen generalissimo of the little army of the pioneers. No leader ever had a more onerous task; and how well it was performed we may judge from the fact that he was thenceforth the chosen leader of the settlers in their desperate struggle for the possession of the "dark and bloody land." During the next eight years they looked to him for assistance in every unusual difficulty, and thrice in the murderous strife, when they had received from their tireless antagonists a fiercer blow than common, under which the spirit of the boldest for a moment gave way, every eye and heart was turned toward Clarke for encouragement and direction.

Major Clarke, as he was now styled, remained in Kentucky during the summer and fall of this year. But in the mean time events had been hastening toward a crisis in the East; of which, however, he heard but little. But one summer evening, as a band of hunters sat around their camp-fire, on a branch of the Elkhorn, where they had just marked out the lines of a stockade, a messenger going from Boonesborough to Carrollton appeared among them, with the tidings that blood had at last been spilled in the quarrel between England and her colonies, and that the town of Lexington, in Massachusetts, had witnessed the first collision between the regulars and provincials. The news was received with exulting cheers by the patriotic borderers, and they at once resolved that their new town should bear the name of Lexington, in commemoration of the event. Eager to satisfy himself of the situation of affairs by a personal inspection, Clarke set off late in the fall for Virginia, intending to join the army there; in which, no doubt, he

would have achieved distinction. But Fate had already cast his lot in the West; and after spending the winter east of the mountains we again find him, in the early spring, threading the wilderness with his face turned westward, resolved thenceforth to unite his destiny with that of the rising Commonwealth. Again he journeyed alone, indulging that love of solitary musing and adventure which no danger could ever extinguish or repress. The woods were swarming with hostile Indians. The various parties of surveyors had been driven into the forts, and every path and stream was beset by the savages, who skulked under the very wall of the stockades, and dogged the steps of every one who ventured outside, so that no corn could be planted except within rifle range of the protecting walls. It was through these perilous regions the young major made his way toward Harrodsfort, then the most important station in the country.

"I had," says General Ray, then a youth of sixteen, who afterward made himself a special favorite with Clarke, "gone out one evening about four miles from the fort, to turn some horses into the range, and having killed a small blue-winged duck, proceeded to roast it for my dinner. I had just taken it off the fire, and was waiting for it to cool, when suddenly I saw a fine, soldierly-looking man advancing toward me, who exclaimed, 'How do you do, my little fellow? What is your name? Ain't you afraid of being in the woods by yourself?' After answering his inquiries, I invited him to partake of my duck, which he did without leaving me a bone to pick, his appetite was so keen. I then asked the stranger's name and business in this remote region. 'My name,' said he, 'is Clarke; and I have come out to see what you brave fellows are doing, and to lend you a helping hand, if necessary.'"

He again entered into the adventurous forest warfare with all the zest and vigor of the most thorough borderer. The people now knew his worth, and thenceforward he was their recognized chief. Dressed in the common hunting-shirt and moccasins, with rifle on shoulder and tomahawk at side, he fought the savages hand to hand and foot to foot, with an eye as quick and an arm as nervous as the veriest bush-fighter of them all; now leading the eager file as it glided swiftly and noiselessly through the forest, on the trail of the marauders whose horrid handiwork the preceding dawn had revealed, in the smoking ruins of some isolated cabin and the mangled bodies of its inmates; and now clattering forward, at the head of a troop of horsemen, to the relief of some beleaguered station. It was by services of this kind that Clarke obtained that influence over the pioneers of the West which afterward enabled him to achieve so much with their aid, and so win their confidence and affection that they willingly and trustingly followed him when his genius, taking a wider sweep, projected schemes they might not all be able to understand.

Such schemes he had already begun to medi-

tate. Practiced as he soon became in the strategies and surprises, skirmishes and pursuits which constituted the whole system of hostility hitherto practiced in Kentucky, he saw plainly that the whites were playing a losing game, and exhausting themselves without making any serious impression upon their enemies. As long as the whites confined their operations to mere defense, and the red men felt none of the evils of war in their own villages, they would be able and perfectly willing to continue the contest. To bring them to terms, Clarke saw that it was necessary to strike at the very root of their power, which was to be found in that line of settlements extending from Lake Ontario to the Mississippi, which had passed into the possession of the English, who had thus succeeded to the influence over the tribes of the Northwest once exercised by their old opponents, the French. These posts, he saw, must be wrested from the English before the settlements in Kentucky could enjoy permanent security from Indian attacks.

But such vast schemes were as yet impracticable, for Kentucky was not strong enough to accomplish them herself. All her force was required to protect her own firesides. The work could only be accomplished by the assistance of Virginia; and it therefore became necessary to determine the relation which the people of the West were to bear to that State: whether they were an integral portion thereof, or tenants and vassals of a great speculating Land Company. Clarke, therefore, during the summer of the year 1776, procured a meeting of all the citizens of Harrodsfort, to take these matters into consideration. The acts of that assembly are part of the history of Kentucky, with which we have nothing to do except so far as they are connected with the career of our hero, who, with Gabriel Jones, was elected to represent Kentucky in the Legislature of Virginia, and particularly charged with the duty of bringing about a final settlement of the dangerous question of jurisdiction, and of procuring material aid, in the form of gunpowder, which was then alarmingly scarce in the new colony.

The two envoys set out on their mission immediately, taking the road through the great Southern wilderness, in order to avoid the roving bands of savages by which the more northern routes were infested. For two weeks they marched through the dripping forest, and over ground soaked by continual rains, afraid to kindle a fire at night lest it should guide the enemy to their miserable resting-place, and suffering with the disease known as scald feet "more intense torment," says Clarke, "than I ever before experienced." On reaching at last the Cumberland Gap, they found the forts in which they had hoped to rest themselves abandoned through fear of the Indians. This was a bitter disappointment; but their raw and swollen feet could bear them no further, and in spite of the danger they determined to remain in one of the deserted stockades until in some degree recovered. This was sufficiently accomplished in two weeks,

when Jones turned off to visit his family on the Holston, leaving Clarke to proceed alone upon the mission.

A tedious negotiation awaited him. The State of Virginia was then straining every resource in the fight with the mother country, into which she had been hurried unprepared; and it is no disparagement to her public men that they were not able, at such a moment, to take a view of the entire horizon, while the thunder-cloud that was rolling up from the East occupied their whole attention. Clarke spent several days endeavoring to convince them of the importance of the Kentucky settlements, both as a defensive frontier and as a permanent possession, but without effect. The Executive Council sympathized deeply with their fellow-citizens of the West; and at last, moved by his powerful appeals, agreed to *lend* five hundred pounds of gunpowder on his own personal security, and issued an order to the keeper of the public magazine to furnish him with that quantity, to be transported at his own expense.

"The country that is not worth defending is not worth claiming!" exclaimed the young envoy, indignantly, as he threw back the order upon the table. "I am sorry that the people of Kentucky must look elsewhere than to their native State for protection; but I have no doubt they can obtain it!" And he left the chamber, fully resolved to proceed to Kentucky and procure the establishment of an independent government.

But his representations, backed by the parting menace, had aroused the attention of the more enlightened members of the Council; and, after his departure, it was resolved to grant the principal demands. Next day, therefore, he was unexpectedly recalled, and an order placed in his hands directing the conveyance of five hundred-weight of powder to Fort Pitt, there to be held subject to the orders of Mr. George Rogers Clarke, or his agents, for the use and benefit of the people of Kentucky. Thus the first formal exercise of authority on the part of Virginia over the Western country was an act of kindness, by which she secured to herself that magnificent domain, a portion of which she afterward transferred to the Federal Government, and to the remainder of which, on the first request, she magnanimously conceded the right of political independence.

Having thus happily accomplished the first part of his commission, it only remained for Clarke to defeat the intrigues of the Land Company of Henderson and Co., which was done at the ensuing session of the General Assembly, by the creation of the District of Kentucky, which thenceforward became an integral portion of the Old Dominion. This was certainly one of the most important events in the whole history of our State; since, had it failed, and the Company's purchase from the Cherokees been declared valid, one half of the citizens, instead of becoming freeholders, would have possessed their land by a perpetual quit-rent to a small body of proprietaries—a state of relations that would inevita-

bly have resulted at no distant day in a violent, if not probably a bloody, conflict.

Having at length performed the whole of his mission, Clarke proceeded, early in the spring of 1777, to Fort Pitt, in order to attend personally to the transportation of the powder, which still remained at that point waiting his orders. This he embarked on a flat-boat, and in company with Mr. Jones and four other men, committed himself and his treasure to the current of the beautiful river. But scarcely had they floated out of sight of the garrison flag when they saw a canoe stealing forth from the bank, and knew at once that they were watched by the savages. From this point the pursuit was unintermitting, for the Indians had learned that the solitary ark bore the fortune of the detested Big Knives of Kentucky.

We know of nothing that shows more strikingly the tireless perseverance of these people than this long chase from Pittsburg into the heart of Kentucky, a distance of five hundred miles; at the end of which they were so close upon their prey that Clarke himself was only saved from death or captivity by an unconscious exercise of his characteristic promptitude. For after, upon one occasion, concealing the powder upon the bank, and setting the boat adrift, he had set off with his little party for Harrodsfort, intending to return immediately with a larger force, and convey it away. The next day they arrived at a cabin on a branch of the Licking, where he was informed that Colonel Todd was then in the vicinity with a number of men sufficient for his purpose. He remained here a few hours and then pushed on, not choosing to wait an indefinite time for assistance, which he could certainly obtain by an additional tramp of fifty or sixty miles through the wilderness. Jones, unluckily for himself, chose to consult his ease by remaining behind. Clarke had departed but a few hours when Todd came up with ten or twelve men, and thinking himself strong enough for the service, determined to transport the powder into the settlements without delay, taking Jones and his two companions as guides, the other two having accompanied the Colonel. They had advanced but a few miles when they met a large party of Indians following swiftly upon Clarke's trail, and a sharp fight at once commenced, in which the whites were quickly overpowered, Todd and Jones being killed, together with more than half their men, and the rest made prisoners. Fortunately these proved true to their friends, and did not betray the secret of the concealed powder, which in a few days was safely removed by Clarke and distributed among the settlers, who were thus enabled to carry on the war with greater vigor than before.

Twice during this summer Clarke came near losing his young friend James Ray, who had first welcomed him to Kentucky the preceding year. This youth, by his activity and intelligence, had rendered himself a great favorite with the Major, as well as with the whole body of settlers; and his death, even at the age of sev-



enteen, would have been mourned as a public calamity. Being engaged one morning with a younger brother and another man named Cooms in clearing up the land of his step-father, the notorious Major Hugh M'Gary, they were suddenly fired on by a large band of Indians, and the younger Ray, a lad of fourteen, fell, mortally wounded. Cooms, after running a short distance, dived into the top of a prostrate hickory, the yellow leaves of which were nearly the color of his own clothes, where he lay hid from the sharp eyes of the Shawanees until assistance arrived. But James, knowing well that the fate of the garrison depended on their being warned, dashed forward at the top of his speed, closely pressed by three of the swiftest Indian runners. These he distanced in the four-mile heat, and reached the fort in safety with the tidings of the enemy's approach and his brother's death.

Next morning the place was found to be beleaguered by a greater number of Indians than had ever appeared together in Kentucky. On every side their hideously painted forms were seen flitting among the trees, and the fearful war-whoop, resounding from every direction, awoke the little garrison to a full sense of their danger, and warned them to prepare for a siege—the closest and longest continued ever undertaken by the Indians. Week after week, while spring changed to summer, and summer drew on toward autumn, they surrounded the place, never venturing an assault, in which they knew there was no chance of success; but maintaining so strict a watch upon every motion of the whites that even the oldest frontiersmen hardly dared to show themselves outside the gates. No corn of course could be planted, and famine itself would have finally compelled a surrender but for the heroism of young Ray, who would steal out every few nights, leading an old horse—the only one left unappropriated by the Indians—penetrate the besieging lines, and after getting to a safe distance would kill a load of meat, and again make his way in, under cover of darkness. This would have been utterly impossible but for the neglect of the Indians in posting regular sentinels—a precaution they are said never to take, relying, instead, on the ceaseless vigilance of their habits, which, however, the bold young ranger always contrived to elude, although every one else who attempted to follow his example was either killed or driven back into the fort.

This exploit he continued to repeat until the strictness of the blockade began to relax, when, strange to say, he came near losing his life a second time through a culpable want of caution. He had gone out with a young friend to indulge in the popular amusement of shooting at a mark, in the clearing immediately about the fort, where they were perfectly safe, as the Indians were not generally good shots, and would scarcely venture to expose themselves within range of the walls. Gradually, however, the young men lost sight of prudence in the excitement of their sport, and approached too near the skirt of the forest. They

were of course watched by the concealed savages, until they had advanced sufficiently near for a certain aim, when the crack of half a dozen rifles and the instant fall of his companion warned Ray of his perilous situation. But the impulse of revenge was stronger in the young woodsman's heart than that of terror, and, guided by the smoke, he promptly leveled his gun in that direction, and was in the act of returning the fire, when a body of Indians, who had crept close upon him under cover of the tall weeds, rushed forward, some directly toward him, and others in a way to cut him off from the fort. Compelled once more to trust to his feet, he shot by the latter, making straight for the gate. This he reached safely, but found it closed, and the garrison, panic-stricken by the sudden appearance of so many savages rushing with fierce yells toward them, refused to open it, as they expected an instant assault. In this desperate situation the quick-witted boy threw himself flat upon the ground, behind a small stump within a few feet of the walls. His mother, who was within the place, and who had, a month or two before, seen one of her sons brought in a mangled corpse, strove by tears and prayers to induce the men to admit him; but in vain: so great was the fear of Indian stratagem, for no one could tell how many of them were skulking among the weeds, that grew tall enough to hide a man on horseback, within a few yards of the defenses. Thus, for four hours, was the mother compelled to see her only boy lying almost within reach of her hand, barely protected by his cover from the bullets that every moment tore up the earth at his sides. And thus he might have lain until some better-aimed shot put an end to her suspense but for a happy suggestion of the boy himself. "Why don't you dig a hole under the cabin wall and take me in?" he called out to those who gazed unhelpingly upon him from the block-houses which flanked his position. The idea was quickly executed, and he was drawn in by the feet unhurt.

A few days afterward indications were observed which led to the belief that the besiegers, having accomplished their secondary purpose of preventing the cultivation of a crop, were about to withdraw. The people were anxious to pursue and revenge their own sufferings, by cutting off any straggler who might yet be lingering behind with the hope of getting a scalp. But Clarke wisely forbade such rashness, fearing that the appearances of a retreat might be only a feint intended to draw them away from their defenses. The people of the fort, having failed to raise any corn, determined to plant a turnip-patch, in order to eke out their scanty winter supplies with its produce. For this purpose some of them sallied out next day to prepare the ground, but had just begun work when a skulking Indian was fired at by the guard, and the party at once retired into the fort. The following morning the cattle were observed in a state of great excitement, galloping and snuffing round a field, about four hundred yards from the gate, which had

grown up in tall weeds during the season. Such symptoms of alarm always awakened suspicion, as indicating the presence of Indians, and conveyed a warning which the experience of the early settlers had taught them not to disregard. Clarke conjectured that the savages were lying concealed among the weeds, awaiting the reappearance of the laborers at the turnip-field; and he determined to turn the tables upon the wily foe by effecting a counter-surprise. For this purpose a few men were ordered to saunter carelessly out to the field and proceed to work, as if in perfect security, stopping now and then to call upon their companions within to come out and take their share of the task. This conduct convinced the Indians that their presence had not been detected, and induced them to withhold their fire, that it might be delivered with more effect when a greater number should come within reach. In the mean time Clarke, with a strong party, passed out at the opposite gate, and making a circuit through the woods, came upon the rear of the savages, twenty-five in number, crouched down among the weeds, and so intently engaged in watching the whites in the field as to be unaware of his approach until they received a volley of rifle bullets at the distance of half a dozen paces, by which four of them were killed on the spot, and several others crippled. One of those killed fell by the hand of the Major himself, and another by that of young Ray, who, in reward for his many services, received from his commander the gun of this the first enemy he had ever slain. The pursuit was not continued far for fear of falling upon the main body of savages, and being cut off from their place of safety. What the number of the besiegers had been was now first seen; for at the distance of four or five hundred yards from the fort the whites came upon a camp, which, from every appearance, had been used the whole summer by at least five or six hundred warriors. Yet so closely had the settlers been confined during all that time that they had never suspected the existence of such an extensive establishment, though almost within sight of their own block-houses.

These incidents give a vivid picture of the state of the country at that period, and of the kind of service in which Clarke was occupied during the year previous to his famous northwestern campaign. Besides, this siege of Harrodsfort is remarkable in the early history of Kentucky as the first instance in which the impatient warriors of the forest had so far deviated from their usual habits as to sit down for any great length of time before a fortified post. And it was probably the reflections excited by this extraordinary circumstance that finally determined Clarke to attempt the immediate execution of those wide schemes of conquest which brought out so conspicuously his great qualities as a commander, and rendered his name one of the most deservedly famous in American history. By the events of this summer he became more than ever convinced that the contest in which the Kentuckians

were engaged could never be brought to a happy termination while the English posts in the West continued to supply the savages with arms and ammunition, and their families with provisions while the warriors were absent on the war-path, carrying, at the command of their civilized allies, death and desolation into the homes of the Big Knives. And if even the smallest regular force should join the tribes in their invasions, he well knew that the contest would be decided in a month by the extirpation of every settlement from the soil of Kentucky.

He had already, on his own account, sent two spies to Kaskaskia and Vincennes, whose reports were at once favorable and alarming. Favorable, because he learned that a negligent guard was kept over the fortifications, and that the sentiments of the French inhabitants were secretly not at all hostile to the American cause. Alarming, because he was informed that preparations were already on foot for a combined invasion of Kentucky by the British and Indians, to be commenced the next summer. This was to be anticipated, and Clarke resolved to hasten once more to Virginia and lay his plans before the Governor and Legislature. For this purpose he set forth on his third journey through the forest, which lay unbroken by a single habitation between Licking River and the frontiers of Virginia. The people saw him depart with regret and fear. Knowing his great qualities so well themselves, they dreaded lest such inducements might be held out as would tempt him to remain in the East, or that the threatened storm might burst upon them in his absence. "Every eye," he writes, "was turned toward me, as if expecting some stroke in their favor. Some doubted my return, expecting that I would join the army in Virginia. I left them with regret, promising that I would return to their assistance, which I had predetermined."

We will not follow him through his negotiations, which proved, he confesses, easy beyond his hopes. The surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and the assurance of assistance from France, had rendered the final success of the war certain, and public men had begun to look somewhat to the future. Governor Henry and his Council were enchanted with the splendor and boldness of Clarke's plans, and so active in furthering them that he acknowledges that he himself had but little left to do. Still it was necessary to act with secrecy; and on the 2d of January, 1779, he received, with a commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, two sets of instructions: one public, directing him to proceed to Kentucky for its defense; the other confidential, ordering an attack on the British forts of Vincennes and Kaskaskia. With these he received twelve hundred pounds in depreciated paper to meet the expenses of the expedition, the officer at Fort Pitt being directed to give him every assistance in procuring stores and boats. The only condition imposed was that he was to recruit his men west of the Blue Ridge. Three companies were soon raised in the northern portion of the

State, while two others from the southwest were to march through Kentucky and meet him at the Falls of the Ohio. Early in the ensuing spring, at the age of twenty-six, he embarked, sole commander of an enterprise wholly his own in conception and plan, which had been for three years the darling object of his ambition.

Here really begins the extraordinary career that was to render the name of George Rogers Clarke so famous in Western story. A career which justifies our previous assertion, that one of the greatest military geniuses of the Revolution found no room for its display in the main theatre of that struggle. For if fertility of invention, rapidity of combination, and swiftness of execution be among the highest qualities of a commander, few men ever surpassed Clarke.

Arriving at the Falls about the 20th of June, he was joined by the men from the Holston settlement and interior of Kentucky; and here for the first time the real destination of the expedition was made public. Part of the regiment was to remain for the protection of the country, while the rest, consisting, after a rigid selection, of only four companies, less than three hundred strong, were to constitute the invading force. These were encamped on what is now known as Corn Island, in order to prevent the desertion of Captain Dillard's company, which had shown a disinclination to the service. But in spite of this precaution, during the night before departure, a large part of this company, headed by a lieutenant whose name Clarke generously conceals, found means to elude the guard, and by swimming an arm of the river gained the Kentucky shore and made off. The commander was not a man to be trifled with; and he mounted a detachment on the horses of the Harrodsburg volunteers with orders to pursue the fugitives and bring them back dead or alive. Only a very few were recaptured; while the rest, with the lieutenant, made their way to Harrodsfort, where the garrison for a long time refused them admittance. Many of these cowardly fellows perished from exhaustion or by the hands of the Indians on their way home through the wilderness, the settlers every where refusing indignantly either to receive or hold communication with them. The expedition was doubtless happily rid of their presence amidst the hardships through which it afterward had to pass.

On the twenty-fourth of June the boats were again launched, and the little army, now mustering not much over two hundred men, passed over the falls amidst the darkness of a total eclipse, and resumed its voyage down the Ohio. On the island at the mouth of the Tennessee River they met two traders just from Kaskaskia, who gave Clarke his first information since the preceding summer of the condition of things at those places. Some vague rumor—the invariable forerunner of even the best concealed enterprises—had reached the authorities, who, however, expected the blow to come from the nearer Spanish territory, and had posted spies along the Mississippi, never dreaming that a march would be

attempted from the distant settlements in Kentucky. The militia were kept in a high state of preparation; but the forts were destitute of any sufficient guard. Encouraged by these reports, the boats were dropped down to a point near Fort Massac, or Massacre, and there carefully concealed; while the army landed and took up its line of march across the marshy regions of Southern Illinois. The hardships though great were cheerfully borne by the men, who saw their leader marching at the head of the column, bearing his own knapsack and rifle, like a common soldier.

But on the third day every one was thrown into confusion and dismay by the strange conduct of the guide, John Saunders, who at last confessed that he had missed the way, and was completely lost. This not unnaturally aroused suspicions of treachery, as it was a country he had traversed repeatedly, and the landmarks of which were too striking to be easily forgotten. The threats of vengeance that he heard on every side only increased the poor fellow's bewilderment; who at last, with tears in his eyes, begged his Colonel's permission to go off into a prairie, in full view, to recover himself; Clarke granted the request, but told him sternly that if he did not put the party into the hunters' road, leading to Kaskaskia, he should certainly be shot; and sent two trusty men along with him to prevent an escape. After a search of two hours, Saunders discovered a place that he knew, and his innocence was at once clearly established.

The march was joyfully resumed, and urged with the utmost speed. But two days before reaching their destination the provisions gave entirely out; and as they durst not stop to hunt game, which was very scarce, they were reduced almost to starvation, when on the night of the 4th of July they struck the Kaskaskia River, a little above the town of that name. From a soldier, whom they had captured in the evening, they obtained the gratifying intelligence that their advance was not discovered or even suspected, so rapid had been the march across the country from the Ohio.

The fort in which resided the commandant—who is variously called Rocheblau, Rocheblaw, Rochelblau, and Rochdublar—stood on the western bank of the stream, opposite to and within point-blank range of the town. This being guarded by a few soldiers, it was necessary to take before venturing to assail the latter. Clarke therefore divided his force into three parts, two of which were to cross the river and hold themselves in readiness to act on the appearance of a preconcerted signal. With the third party the Colonel himself was to attempt the surprise of the fort. He moved silently down the stream between the walls and the water until he came to a small postern pointed out by the captive soldier. Through this the whole party crept unchallenged by the sentinels, who were disarmed before they were aware that an enemy was within three hundred miles. Rocheblau, roused by the noise, came out half dressed



to the door of his quarters to inquire into the disturbance, and was met by Clarke, and informed that he was prisoner to the dreaded Americans. There were important papers in this gentleman's possession which Clarke was anxious to obtain; but Madame Rocheblauve resolutely seated herself upon the chest that contained them in order to prevent a search; in which she was more successful than the Queen of Poland, who tried the same manœuvre with Frederick the Great, when that ungallant monarch captured Dresden. But Clarke had not got rid of his American respect for the sex. The signal was now given, and the other detachments rushed into the village. Clarke had resolved to turn to his own advantage that fear of the Americans which the English had been at so much pains to instill into the minds of the inhabitants.

He ordered his men to patrol the streets during the whole night with whoops and yells, while the inhabitants remained with closed doors, listening shudderingly to the horrid uproar; expecting every instant to hear the shrieks and groans of their kindred and friends announcing the commencement of a general massacre.

But the night passed away without one act of violence either to person or property. Wondering at such unlooked-for forbearance, and slightly reassured, they at last ventured timidly forth, and assembling together in groups, began to discuss the wonderful event. Suddenly some of the most influential of them, militia officers, were seized and shut up in the guard-house, without a word of explanation. All their consternation was immediately revived. They were saved, they supposed, from massacre only to be exiled from their beloved village, and scattered far and wide in strange lands, among a population hostile to their race and their religion. But resistance was impossible, and they resolved to submit, sorrowfully but patiently, hoping to gain by their meek behavior some little alleviation of their hard lot at the hand of the conqueror. Perhaps, if they did not exasperate him by resistance, he would not separate fathers, mothers, and children from each other, but allow those united by family ties the consoling privilege of going into exile together.

At length the priest, M. Gibault, with a few of the oldest men of the community, were sent to wait on their conqueror and learn their fate. They were led into the commander's tent, where the idea they had formed of the barbarity of the Americans was strangely confirmed by the appearance of the group in whose presence they found themselves. The clothing of Clarke and his officers, torn and soiled by their hard march, and their faces tanned and unshaven, were enough, as he himself acknowledges, to shock any eyes. After timidly inquiring for the commander, the good priest began by saying that his people expected to be separated never to meet again in this world; but he ventured, with the deprecating air of one who half-expected a repulse, to request permission for the inhabitants

to assemble once more in the church to take leave of each other, and unite for the last time in the worship of God. Hardly able to restrain his own feelings at this touching prayer, but assuming a rough and careless manner, Clarke replied that the Americans left religion to every man and his God; that he had no intention of interfering in such matters, and had no objection to the inhabitants assembling at church, but that they must not go outside of the town. Somewhat relieved by this, the old men would fain have entered into some further conversation in order to soften, if possible, the enmity of the conquerors; but their timid advances were coldly repulsed, and they were abruptly informed that the commander had other business to attend to.

All the inhabitants of the town then assembled in the old church, where they remained for an hour, performing together, as they supposed for the last time, the religious services of their faith beneath the humble roof where four generations of their simple ancestors had knelt to worship God after the fashion of their forefathers in Maine and Normandy. Then succeeded a sorrowful leave-taking, after which they once more dispersed to their homes to prepare for their departure, having first deputed their pastor, with the same committee of aged gentlemen, to wait on Colonel Clarke and "thank him for the kind indulgence they had received." It was pitiable to see the anxious submissiveness with which those poor people strove to propitiate their dreaded conqueror, in order to obtain so small a boon as that they sought. The curé again sought the Colonel's tent to convey the thanks of his flock, and to inform him that they were now ready to submit themselves to his commands. But first he begged leave to address him on a subject dearer to them than all others. "The inhabitants," he said, "were sensible that their present situation was the fate of war, and they could endure the loss of property. It was true they had been influenced in their conduct by their commandants alone, whom they thought themselves bound to obey, though they were not sure whether they even so much as understood the ground of quarrel between England and her colonies. Indeed some of them had incurred suspicion by expressing themselves in favor of the latter. Still they would not complain. They expected to be removed from the village; but"—and the good priest's voice broke into sobs as he thus plead for this single indulgence for his people—"they hoped they might not be separated from their wives and children, and that some clothes and provisions might be allowed for their immediate support."

The scene had now become too painful to be longer endured, and Clarke, that he might not give way to his own tears, suddenly rose, with a stern expression, and exclaimed, "Do you mistake us for savages?" At this the poor curé, fearing that he had compromised his cause by giving offense to the dreaded chieftain, attempted some confused explanation. But the Colo-

nel continued, "I am almost certain you do from your language! Do you think Americans strip women and children, and take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen disdain to war upon helpless innocence, and it was only to prevent the horrors of Indian butchery upon our own wives and children that we have penetrated into this remote region." He then continued in a milder tone: "The King of France, your old master, has united with the Colonies, and the war will not probably continue long; the inhabitants are at liberty to take which side they please without danger. About religion there will be no disagreement, as we respect all forms alike. And now, to prove my sincerity, will you inform the people that they are at liberty to conduct themselves as usual, without any apprehension, as I am now convinced the English officers have deceived you, and your friends shall be immediately set at liberty."

The first portion of the speech was listened to with breathless alarm, which changed to doubtful surprise, the old men seeming as if they could hardly trust their own ears. But when the last kind assurance was given, the reaction was too great to be borne with calmness. The whole Committee broke out into raptures of joy, overwhelming Clarke and his companions with protestations of gratitude, and amidst incoherent thanks and blessings attempting some explanation of the imputation of barbarity contained in their previous request. Clarke, with great tact, gently dispensed with these on the ground that they had been deceived by the English officers in regard to the character of the Americans, and desired them to go at once and relieve the anxiety of their countrymen. This they hastened to do; and the poor people, as soon as they could be made to believe the report, passed in a moment from the depths of fear and despondency to the most extravagant pitch of joy. Every tongue was busy in telling, or every ear in hearing, the goodness of the great chief of the *Bostoni*, who, from an object of almost superstitious terror, became at once complete master of every heart in that secluded community, which was bound to him by ties of gratitude that were never afterward broken.

It was not long before their sincerity was thoroughly tested. The small village of Cahokia, sixty miles to the north, was to be taken, and Colonel Bowman was sent with a few men for that purpose. Many of the Kaskaskian gentlemen volunteered their services to mediate between the invaders and the people of that place: which they did; lauding so highly the clemency and power of the Americans that the whole population voluntarily swore allegiance to the State of Virginia.

But a more serious matter now began to weigh heavily upon Clarke's mind. He had barely made himself master of Kaskaskia before he learned how very timely his bold enterprise had been. For he was informed by the people that the British Governor of these posts was actively engaged in organizing an expedition against

Kentucky, backed by the whole power of the Indian tribes residing between the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the lakes. The expedition was to move simultaneously from Detroit and Kaskaskia—one party entering Kentucky by way of the falls of the former river, while the other made its way down the Great Miami and up the Licking; both being furnished with field artillery. This expedition, which had been anticipated by the promptness of Clarke's own attack, was to have set out in the following spring—of 1779—and Governor Abbot, straining every resource to complete its organization, had proceeded, a few days before the arrival of the Americans, from Vincennes to Detroit in order to attend to the equipment of the regulars and Canadian volunteers destined to co-operate with the savage host in this grand movement, leaving the latter place, with all the artillery and stores there collected, under the care of the local militia. It was absolutely necessary for Clarke to gain possession of this place; for he could not permit so strong a post within striking distance of his present position to remain in the enemy's hands. Besides, the possession of these very stores and guns had been specified in his instructions as one of the great results expected from the enterprise.

But how was it to be done? After the detachment under Bowman was made he had remaining with him less than one hundred and fifty men. He dared not make any further division of this small force, lest it should be cut off in detail by the savages, large parties of whom were hovering around him at a distance. While meditating on his desperate situation the good priest Gibault happened to pay him a visit, and being made acquainted with his perplexity, at once volunteered to relieve him of it by going to the people of Vincennes, who were also under his pastoral charge, and inducing them, like their neighbors of Kaskaskia and Cahokia, to throw off the English yoke, and accept the protection of Virginia. The result justified his confidence. The people eagerly complied with his advice, and in an hour the English flag was hauled down and the stars and stripes run up over the fort, much to the amazement of the Indians, who were assembled around the place in great numbers. Thus, without the shedding of one drop of blood, all those posts in the Northwest passed into the hands of the Americans, and the boundary of the rising republic was permanently extended to the great River of the West. And yet there have been histories of the United States written in which the name of the man who accomplished all this is hardly mentioned.

This blow against the British power in the extreme Northwest enabled another to be struck five hundred miles away in the south, which, in its turn, influenced in no trifling degree the fortunes of the Revolutionary war. We have said that the sudden appearance of Clarke interrupted a plan for an invasion of Kentucky by a combined force—whites and Indians—which would certainly have resulted in the complete destruc-

tion of every settlement west of the Cumberland ridge. And not only was this invasion prevented, but, as we shall soon see, all the tribes west of the Wabash were detached from the English alliance, leaving those east of that stream, who remained under the influence of the agents at Detroit, to continue the war alone. But so much were they paralyzed by the desertion of their western allies that hostilities were carried on languidly, and the settlements south of Ohio enjoyed eighteen months of comparative quiet,

during which they spread from Green River to the spurs of the Alleghanies, and in 1780 were able to muster two thousand efficient fighting men; thus forming an impenetrable barrier for the inhabitants of the southwestern frontier of Virginia. This security enabled the eight hundred mountaineers of that region to leave their homes in September, 1780, on that expedition which ended in the destruction of the English army on King's Mountain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE, AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR THORNE," "THE BERTRAMS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE GREAT ORLEY FARM CASE.

IT is not true that a rose by any other name will smell as sweet. Were it true, I should call this story "The Great Orley Farm Case." But who would ask for the ninth number of a serial work burdened with so very uncouth an appellation? Thence and therefore—"Orley Farm."

I say so much at commencing, in order that I may have an opportunity of explaining that this book of mine will not be devoted in any special way to rural delights. The name might lead to the idea that new precepts were to be given, in the pleasant guise of a novel, as to cream-cheeses, pigs with small bones, wheat sown in drills, or artificial manure. No such aspirations are mine. I make no attempts in that line, and declare at once that agriculturists will gain nothing from my present performance. Orley Farm, my readers, will be our scene during a portion of our present sojourn together; but the name has been chosen as having been intimately connected with certain legal questions which made a considerable stir in our courts of law.

It was twenty years before the date at which this story will be supposed to commence that the name of Orley Farm first became known to the wearers of the long robe. At that time had died an old gentleman, Sir Joseph Mason, who left behind him a landed estate in Yorkshire of considerable extent and value. This he bequeathed, in a proper way, to his eldest son, the Joseph Mason, Esq., of our date. Sir Joseph had been a London merchant; had made his own money, having commenced the world, no doubt, with half a crown; had become, in turn, alderman, mayor, and knight; and in the fullness of time was gathered to his fathers. He had purchased this estate in Yorkshire late in life—we may as well become acquainted with the name, Groby Park—and his eldest son had lived there with such enjoyment of the privileges of an English country gentleman as he had been able to master for himself. Sir Joseph had also had three daughters, full sisters of Joseph of

Groby, whom he endowed sufficiently, and gave over to three respective loving husbands. And then shortly before his death, three years or so, Sir Joseph had married a second wife, a lady forty-five years his junior, and by her he also left one son, an infant only two years old when he died.

For many years this prosperous gentleman had lived at a small country house, some five-and-twenty miles from London, called Orley Farm. This had been his first purchase of land, and he had never given up his residence there, although his wealth would have entitled him to the enjoyment of a larger establishment. On the birth of his youngest son, at which time his eldest was nearly forty years old, he made certain moderate provision for the infant, as he had already made moderate provision for his young wife; but it was then clearly understood by the eldest son that Orley Farm was to go with the Groby Park estate to him as the heir. When, however, Sir Joseph died, a codicil to his will, executed with due legal formalities, bequeathed Orley Farm to his youngest son, little Lucius Mason.

Then commenced those legal proceedings which at last developed themselves into the great Orley Farm Case. The eldest son contested the validity of the codicil; and indeed there were some grounds on which it appeared feasible that he should do so. This codicil not only left Orley Farm away from him to baby Lucius, but also interfered in another respect with the previous will. It devised a sum of two thousand pounds to a certain Miriam Usbech, the daughter of one Jonathan Usbech, who was himself the attorney who had attended upon Sir Joseph for the making out of this very will, and also of this very codicil. This sum of two thousand pounds was not, it is true, left away from the surviving Joseph, but was to be produced out of certain personal property which had been left by the first will to the widow. And then old Jonathan Usbech had died while Sir Joseph Mason was still living.

All the circumstances of the trial need not be detailed here. It was clearly proved that Sir Joseph had during his whole life expressed his



intention of leaving Orley Farm to his eldest son; that he was a man void of mystery, and not given to secrets in his money matters, and one very little likely to change his opinion on such subjects. It was proved that old Jonathan Usbech, at the time in which the will was made, was in very bad circumstances, both as regards money and health. His business had once not been bad, but he had eaten and drunk it, and at this period was feeble and penniless, overwhelmed both by gout and debt. He had for many years been much employed by Sir Joseph in money matters, and it was known that he was so employed almost up to the day of his death. The question was whether he had been employed to make this codicil.

The body of the will was in the handwriting of the widow, as was also the codicil. It was stated by her at the trial that the words were dictated to her by Usbech in her husband's hearing, and that the document was then signed by her husband in the presence of them both, and also in the presence of two other persons—a young man employed by her husband as a clerk, and by a servant-maid. These two last, together with Mr. Usbech, were the three witnesses whose names appeared in the codicil. There had been no secrets between Lady Mason and her husband as to his will. She had always, she said, endeavored to induce him to leave Orley Farm to her child from the day of the child's birth, and had at last succeeded. In agreeing to this Sir Joseph had explained to her, somewhat angrily, that he wished to provide for Usbech's daughter, and that now he would do so out of moneys previously intended for her, the widow, and not out of the estate which would go to his eldest son. To this she had assented without a word, and had written the codicil in accordance with the lawyer's dictation, he, the lawyer, suffering at the time from gout in his hand. Among other things, Lady Mason proved that on the date of the signatures Mr. Usbech had been with Sir Joseph for sundry hours.

Then the young clerk was examined. He had, he said, witnessed in his time four, ten, twenty, and, under pressure, he confessed to as many as a hundred and twenty business signatures on the part of his employer, Sir Joseph. He thought he had witnessed a hundred and twenty, but would take his oath he had not witnessed a hundred and twenty-one. He did remember witnessing a signature of his master about the time specified by the date of the codicil, and he remembered the maid-servant also signing at the same time. Mr. Usbech was then present; but he did not remember Mr. Usbech having the pen in his hand. Mr. Usbech, he knew, could not write at that time, because of the gout; but he might, no doubt, have written as much as his own name. He swore to both the signatures—his own and his master's; and in cross-examination swore that he thought it probable that they might be forgeries. On re-examination he was confident that his own name, as there appearing, had been written by himself;

but on re-cross-examination he felt sure that there was something wrong. It ended in the judge informing him that his word was worth nothing, which was hard enough on the poor young man, seeing that he had done his best to tell all that he remembered. Then the servant-girl came into the witness-box. She was sure it was her own handwriting. She remembered being called in to write her name, and seeing the master write his. It had all been explained to her at the time, but she admitted that she had not understood the explanation. She had also seen the clerk write his name, but she was not sure that she had seen Mr. Usbech write. Mr. Usbech had had a pen in his hand; she was sure of that.

The last witness was Miriam Usbech, then a very pretty, simple girl of seventeen. Her father had told her once that he hoped Sir Joseph would make provision for her. This had been shortly before her father's death. At her father's death she had been sent for to Orley Farm, and had remained there till Sir Joseph died. She had always regarded Sir Joseph and Lady Mason as her best friends. She had known Sir Joseph all her life, and did not think it unnatural that he should provide for her. She had heard her father say more than once that Lady Mason would never rest till the old gentleman had settled Orley Farm upon her son.

Not half the evidence taken has been given here, but enough, probably, for our purposes. The will and codicil were confirmed, and Lady Mason continued to live at the farm. Her evidence was supposed to have been excellently given, and to have been conclusive. She had seen the signature, and written the codicil, and could explain the motive. She was a woman of high character, of great talent, and of repute in the neighborhood; and, as the judge remarked, there could be no possible reason for doubting her word. Nothing also could be simpler or prettier than the evidence of Miriam Usbech, as to whose fate and destiny people at the time expressed much sympathy. That stupid young clerk was responsible for the only weak part of the matter; but if he proved nothing on one side, neither did he prove any thing on the other.

This was the commencement of the great Orley Farm Case, and having been then decided in favor of the infant it was allowed to slumber for nearly twenty years. The codicil was confirmed, and Lady Mason remained undisturbed in possession of the house, acting as guardian for her child till he came of age, and indeed for some time beyond that epoch. In the course of a page or two I shall beg my readers to allow me to introduce this lady to their acquaintance.

Miriam Usbech, of whom also we shall see something, remained at the farm under Lady Mason's care till she married a young attorney, who, in process of time, succeeded to such business as her father left behind him. She suffered some troubles in life before she settled down in the neighboring country-town as Mrs. Dockwraith, for she had had another lover—the stupid young

clerk who had so villainously broken down in his evidence; and to this other lover, whom she had been unable to bring herself to accept, Lady Mason had given her favor and assistance. Poor Miriam was at that time a soft, mild-eyed girl, easy to be led, one would have said; but in this matter Lady Mason could not lead her. It was in vain to tell her that the character of young Dockwrath did not stand high, and that young Kenneby, the clerk, should be promoted to all manner of good things. Soft and mild-eyed as Miriam was, Love was still the lord of all. In this matter she would not be persuaded; and eventually she gave her two thousand pounds to Samuel Dockwrath, the young attorney with the questionable character.

This led to no breach between her and her patroness. Lady Mason, wishing to do the best for her young friend, had favored John Kenneby, but she was not a woman at all likely to quarrel on such a ground as this. "Well, Miriam," she had said, "you must judge for yourself, of course, in such a matter as this. You know my regard for you."

"Oh yes, ma'am," said Miriam, eagerly.

"And I shall always be glad to promote your welfare as Mrs. Dockwrath, if possible. I can only say that I should have had more satisfaction in attempting to do so for you as Mrs. Kenneby." But in spite of the seeming coldness of these words, Lady Mason had been constant to her friend for many years, and had attended to her with more or less active kindness in all the sorrows arising from an annual baby and two sets of twins—a progeny which before the commencement of my tale reached the serious number of sixteen, all living.

Among other solid benefits conferred by Lady Mason had been the letting to Mr. Dockwrath of certain two fields, lying at the extremity of the farm property, and quite adjacent to the town of Hamworth, in which old Mr. Usbech had resided. These had been let by the year, at a rent not considered to be too high at that period, and which had certainly become much lower in proportion to the value of the land, as the town of Hamworth had increased. On these fields Mr. Dockwrath expended some money, though probably not so much as he averred; and when noticed to give them up at the period of young Mason's coming of age, expressed himself terribly aggrieved.

"Surely, Mr. Dockwrath, you are very ungrateful," Lady Mason had said to him. But he had answered her with disrespectful words; and hence had arisen an actual breach between her and poor Miriam's husband. "I must say, Miriam, that Mr. Dockwrath is unreasonable," Lady Mason had said. And what could a poor wife answer? "Oh! Lady Mason, pray let it bide a time till it all comes right." But it never did come right; and the affair of those two fields created the great Orley Farm Case, which it will be our business to unravel.

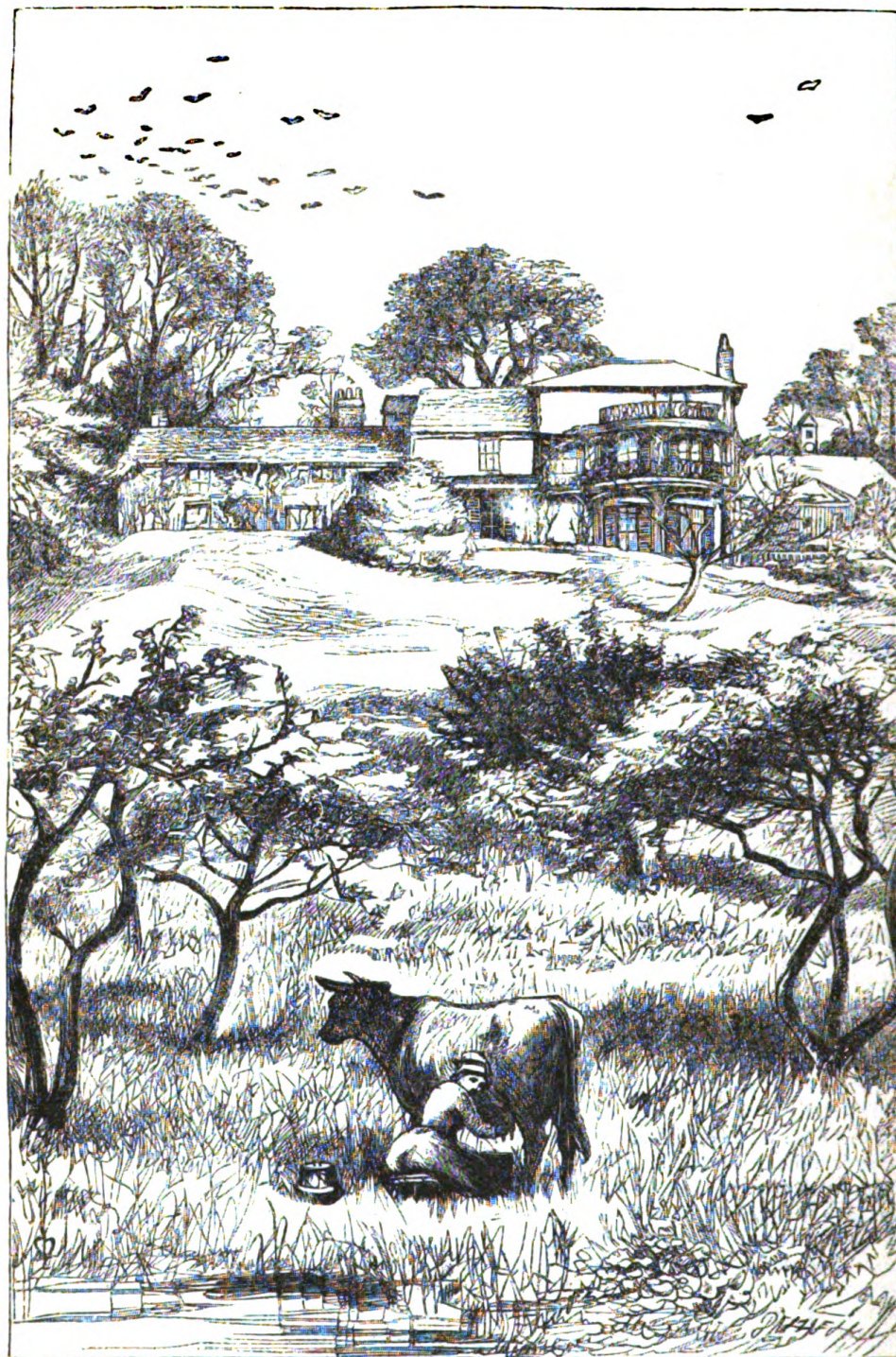
And now a word or two as to this Orley Farm. In the first place, let it be understood that the

estate consisted of two farms. One, called the Old Farm, was let to an old farmer named Greenwood, and had been let to him and to his father for many years antecedent to the days of the Masons. Mr. Greenwood held about three hundred acres of land, paying with admirable punctuality over four hundred a year in rent, and was regarded by all the Orley people as an institution on the property. Then there was the farm-house and the land attached to it. This was the residence in which Sir Joseph had lived, keeping in his own hands this portion of the property. When first inhabited by him the house was not fitted for more than the requirements of an ordinary farmer, but he had gradually added to it and ornamented it till it was commodious, irregular, picturesque, and straggling. When he died, and during the occupation of his widow, it consisted of three buildings of various heights, attached to each other, and standing in a row. The lower contained a large kitchen, which had been the living-room of the farm-house, and was surrounded by bake-house, laundry, dairy, and servants' room, all of fair dimensions. It was two stories high, but the rooms were low, and the roof steep and covered with tiles. The next portion had been added by Sir Joseph, then Mr. Mason, when he first thought of living at the place. This also was tiled, and the rooms were nearly as low; but there were three stories, and the building therefore was considerably higher. For five-and-twenty years the farm-house, so arranged, had sufficed for the common wants of Sir Joseph and his family; but when he determined to give up his establishment in the City, he added on another step to the house at Orley Farm. On this occasion he built a good dining-room, with a drawing-room over it, and bedroom over that; and this portion of the edifice was slated.

The whole stood in one line fronting on to a large lawn which fell steeply away from the house into an orchard at the bottom. This lawn was cut in terraces, and here and there upon it there stood apple-trees of ancient growth; for here had been the garden of the old farm-house. They were large, straggling trees, such as do not delight the eyes of modern gardeners; but they produced fruit by the bushel, very sweet to the palate, though probably not so perfectly round, and large, and handsome as those which the horticultural skill of the present day requires. The face of the house from one end to the other was covered with vines and passion-flowers, for the aspect was due south; and as the whole of the later addition was faced by a veranda, which also, as regarded the ground-floor, ran along the middle building, the place in summer was pretty enough. As I have said before, it was irregular and straggling, but at the same time roomy and picturesque. Such was Orley Farm-house.

There were about two hundred acres of land attached to it, together with a large old-fashioned farm-yard, standing not so far from the house as most gentlemen farmers might perhaps desire. The farm buildings, however, were well hidden,





ORLEY FARM.

for Sir Joseph, though he would at no time go to the expense of constructing all anew, had spent more money than such a proceeding would have cost him in doctoring existing evils and ornamenting the standing edifices. In doing this he had extended the walls of a brew-house, and covered them with creepers, so as to shut out from the hall door the approach to the farm-yard, and had put up a quarter of a mile of high

ornamental paling for the same purpose. He had planted an extensive shrubbery along the brow of the hill at one side of the house, had built summer-houses, and sunk a ha-ha fence below the orchard, and had contrived to give to the place the unmistakable appearance of an English gentleman's country-house. Nevertheless, Sir Joseph had never bestowed upon his estate, nor had it ever deserved, a more grandil-



loquent name than that which it had possessed of old.

Orley Farm-house itself is somewhat more than a mile distant from the town of Hamworth, but the land runs in the direction of the town, not skirting the high road, but stretching behind the cottages which stand along the pathway; and it terminates in those two fields respecting which Mr. Dockwrath the attorney became so irrationally angry at the period of which we are now immediately about to treat. These fields lie on the steep slope of Hamworth Hill, and through them runs the public path from the hamlet of Roxeth up to Hamworth church; for, as all the world knows, Hamworth church stands high, and is a land-mark to the world for miles and miles around.

Within a circuit of thirty miles from London no land lies more beautifully circumstanced with regard to scenery than the country about Hamworth; and its most perfect loveliness commences just beyond the slopes of Orley Farm. There is a little village called Coldharbour, consisting of some half-dozen cottages, situated immediately outside Lady Mason's gate—and it may as well be stated here that this gate is but three hundred yards from the house, and is guarded by no lodge. This village stands at the foot of Cleeve Hill. The land hereabouts ceases to be fertile, and breaks away into heath and common ground. Round the foot of the hill there are extensive woods, all of which belong to Sir Peregrine Orme, the lord of the manor. Sir Peregrine is not a rich man—not rich, that is, it being borne in mind that he is a baronet, that he represented his county in parliament for three or four sessions, and that his ancestors have owned The Cleeve estate for the last four hundred years; but he is by general repute the greatest man in these parts. We may expect to hear more of him also as the story makes its way.

I know many spots in England and in other lands, world-famous in regard to scenery, which to my eyes are hardly equal to Cleeve Hill. From the top of it you are told that you may see into seven counties; but to me that privilege never possessed any value. I should not care to see into seventeen counties, unless the country which spread itself before my view was fair and lovely. The country which is so seen from Cleeve Hill is exquisitely fair and lovely—very fair, with glorious fields of unsurpassed fertility, and lovely with oak woods and brown open heaths which stretch away, hill after hill, down toward the southern coast. I could greedily fill a long chapter with the well-loved glories of Cleeve Hill; but it may be that we must press its heather with our feet more than once in the course of our present task, and, if so, it will be well to leave something for those coming visits.

"Ungrateful! I'll let her know whether I owe her any gratitude. Haven't I paid her her rent every half-year as it came due? what more would she have? Ungrateful, indeed! She is one of those women who think that you ought to go down on your knees to them if they

only speak civilly to you. I'll let her know whether I'm ungrateful!"

These words were spoken by angry Mr. Samuel Dockwrath to his wife, as he stood up before his parlor-fire after breakfast, and the woman to whom he referred was Lady Mason. Mr. Samuel Dockwrath was very angry as he so spoke, or at any rate he seemed to be so. There are men who take a delight in abusing those special friends whom their wives best love, and Mr. Dockwrath was one of these. He had never given his cordial consent to the intercourse which had hitherto existed between the lady of Orley Farm and his household, although he had not declined the substantial benefits which had accompanied it. His pride had rebelled against the feeling of patronage, though his interest had submitted to the advantages thence derived. A family of sixteen children is a heavy burden for a country attorney with a small practice, even though his wife may have had a fortune of two thousand pounds; and thus Mr. Dockwrath, though he had never himself loved Lady Mason, had permitted his wife to accept all those numberless kindnesses which a lady with comfortable means and no children is always able to bestow on a favored neighbor who has few means and many children. Indeed, he himself had accepted a great favor with reference to the holding of those two fields, and had acknowledged as much when first he took them into his hands, some sixteen or seventeen years back. But all that was forgotten now; and having held them for so long a period he bitterly felt the loss, and resolved that it would ill become him as a man and an attorney to allow so deep an injury to pass unnoticed. It may be, moreover, that Mr. Dockwrath was now doing somewhat better in the world than formerly, and that he could afford to give up Lady Mason, and to demand also that his wife should give her up. These trumpery presents from Orley Farm were very well while he was struggling for bare bread; but now, now that he had turned the corner—now that by his divine art and mystery of law he had managed to become master of that beautiful result of British perseverance, a balance at his banker's, he could afford to indulge his natural antipathy to a lady who had endeavored in early life to divert from him the little fortune which had started him in the world.

Miriam Dockwrath, as she sat on this morning, listening to her husband's anger, with a sick little girl on her knee, and four or five others clustering round her, half covered with their matutinal bread and milk, was mild-eyed and soft as ever. Hers was a nature in which softness would ever prevail; softness, and that tenderness of heart, always leaning, and sometimes almost crouching, of which a mild eye is the outward sign. But her comeliness and prettiness were gone. Female beauty of the sterner, grander sort may support the burden of sixteen children, all living—and still survive. I have known it to do so, and to survive with much of its youthful glory. But that mild-eyed, soft, round,

plumpy prettiness gives way beneath such a weight as that: years alone tell on it quickly; but children and limited means combined with years leave to it hardly a chance.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," said the poor woman, worn with her many cares.

"Sorry; yes, and I'll make her sorry, the proud minx. There's an old saying, that those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

"But, Samuel, I don't think she means to be doing you any harm. You know she always did say—. Don't, Bessy; how can you put your fingers into the basin in that way?"

"Sam has taken my spoon away, mamma."

"I'll let her know whether she's doing any harm or no. And what signifies what was said sixteen years ago? Has she any thing to show in writing? As far as I know, nothing of the kind was said."

"Oh, I remember it, Samuel; I do indeed!"

"Let me tell you then that you had better not try to remember any thing about it. If you ain't quiet, Bob, I'll make you, pretty quick; d'ye hear that? The fact is, your memory is not worth a curse. Where are you to get milk for all those children, do you think, when the fields are gone?"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, Samuel."

"Sorry; yes, and somebody else shall be sorry too. And look here, Miriam, I won't have you going up to Orley Farm on any pretense whatever; do you hear that?" and then, having given that imperative command to his wife and slave, the lord and master of that establishment walked forth into his office.

On the whole Miriam Usbech might have done better had she followed the advice of her patroness in early life, and married the stupid clerk.

## CHAPTER II.

### LADY MASON AND HER SON.

I TRUST that it is already perceived by all persistent novel readers that very much of the interest of this tale will be centred in the person of Lady Mason. Such educated persons, however, will probably be aware that she is not intended to be the heroine. The heroine, so called, must, by a certain fixed law, be young and marriageable. Some such heroine, in some future number, shall be forthcoming, with as much of the heroic about her as may be found convenient; but for the present let it be understood that the person and character of Lady Mason is as important to us as can be those of any young lady, let her be ever so gracious or ever so beautiful.

In giving the details of her history, I do not know that I need go back beyond her grandfather and grandmother, who were thoroughly respectable people, in the hardware line; I speak of those relatives by the father's side. Her own parents had risen in the world—had risen from retail to wholesale, and considered themselves for a long period of years to be good representatives

of the commercial energy and prosperity of Great Britain. But a fall had come upon them—as a fall does come very often to our excellent commercial representatives—and Mr. Johnson was in the "Gazette." It would be long to tell how old Sir Joseph Mason was concerned in these affairs, how he acted as the principal assignee, and how ultimately he took to his bosom as his portion of the assets of the estate, young Mary Johnson, and made her his wife and mistress of Orley Farm. Of the family of the Johnsons there were but three others—the father, the mother, and a brother. The father did not survive the disgrace of his bankruptcy, and the mother in process of time settled herself with her son in one of the Lancashire manufacturing towns, where John Johnson raised his head in business to some moderate altitude, Sir Joseph having afforded much valuable assistance. There for the present we will leave them.

I do not think that Sir Joseph ever repented of the perilous deed he did in marrying that young wife. His home for many years had been desolate and solitary; his children had gone from him, and did not come to visit him very frequently in his poor home at the farm. They had become grander people than him, had been gifted with aspiring minds, and in every turn and twist which they took, looked to do something toward washing themselves clean from the dirt of the counting-house. This was specially the case with Sir Joseph's son, to whom the father had made over lands and money sufficient to enable him to come before the world as a country gentleman with a coat of arms on his coach-panel. It would be inconvenient for us to run off to Groby Park at the present moment, and I will therefore say no more just now as to Joseph junior, but will explain that Joseph senior was not made angry by this neglect. He was a grave, quiet, rational man, not however devoid of some folly; as indeed what rational man is so devoid? He was burdened with an ambition to establish a family as the result of his success in life; and having put forth his son into the world with these views, was content that that son should act upon them persistently. Joseph Mason, Esq., of Groby Park, in Yorkshire, was now a county magistrate, and had made some way toward a footing in the county society around him. With these hopes, and ambition such as this, it was probably not expedient that he should spend much of his time at Orley Farm. The three daughters were circumstanced much in the same way: they had all married gentlemen, and were bent on rising in the world: moreover, the steadfast resolution of purpose which characterized their father was known by them all—and by their husbands: they had received their fortunes, with some settled contingencies to be forthcoming on their father's demise; why, then, trouble the old gentleman at Orley Farm?

Under such circumstances the old gentleman married his young wife—to the great disgust of his four children. They of course declared to each other, corresponding among themselves by

letter, that the old gentleman had positively disgraced himself. It was impossible that they should make any visits whatever to Orley Farm while such a mistress of the house was there; and the daughters did make no such visits. Joseph, the son, whose monetary connection with his father was as yet by no means fixed and settled in its nature, did make one such visit, and then received his father's assurance—so at least he afterward said and swore—that this marriage should by no means interfere with the expected inheritance of the Orley Farm acres. But at that time no young son had been born—nor, probably, was any such young son expected.

The farm-house became a much brighter abode for the old man, for the few years which were left to him, after he had brought his young wife home. She was quiet, sensible, clever, and unremitting in her attention. She burdened him with no requests for gay society, and took his home as she found it, making the best of it for herself, and making it for him much better than he had ever hitherto known it. His own children had always looked down upon him, regarding him merely as a coffer from whence money might be had; and he, though he had never resented this contempt, had in a certain measure been aware of it. But there was no such feeling shown by his wife. She took the benefits which he gave her graciously and thankfully, and gave back to him in return, certainly her care and time, and apparently her love. For herself, in the way of wealth and money, she never asked for any thing.

And then the baby had come, young Lucius Mason, and there was of course great joy at Orley Farm. The old father felt that the world had begun again for him, very delightfully, and was more than ever satisfied with his wisdom in regard to that marriage. But the very genteel progeny of his early youth were more than ever dissatisfied, and in their letters among themselves dealt forth harder and still harder words upon poor Sir Joseph. What terrible things might he not be expected to do now that his dotage was coming on? Those three married ladies had no selfish fears—so at least they declared, but they united in imploring their brother to look after his interests at Orley Farm. How dreadfully would the young heir of Groby be curtailed in his dignities and seigniories if it should be found at the last day that Orley Farm was not to be written in his rent-roll!

And then, while they were yet bethinking themselves how they might best bestir themselves, news arrived that Sir Joseph had suddenly died. Sir Joseph was dead, and the will when read contained a codicil by which that young brat was made the heir to the Orley Farm estate. I have said that Lady Mason during her married life had never asked of her husband any thing for herself; but in the law proceedings which were consequent upon Sir Joseph's death, it became abundantly evident that she had asked him for much for her son—and that she had been specific in her requests, urging him to make

a second heir, and to settle Orley Farm upon her own boy, Lucius. She herself stated that she had never done this except in the presence of a third person. She had often done so in the presence of Mr. Usbech the attorney—as to which Mr. Usbech was not alive to testify; and she had also done so more than once in the presence of Mr. Furnival, a barrister—as to which Mr. Furnival, being alive, did testify—very strongly.

As to that contest nothing further need now be said. It resulted in the favor of young Lucius Mason, and therefore, also, in the favor of the widow; in the favor, moreover, of Miriam Usbech, and thus ultimately in the favor of Mr. Samuel Dockwrath, who is now showing himself to be so signally ungrateful. Joseph Mason, however, retired from the battle nothing convinced. His father, he said, had been an old fool, an ass, an idiot, a vulgar, ignorant fool; but he was not a man to break his word. That signature to the codicil might be his or might not. If his, it had been obtained by fraud. What could be easier than to cheat an old dotting fool? Many men agreed with Joseph Mason, thinking that Usbech the attorney had perpetrated this villainy on behalf of his daughter; but Joseph Mason would believe, or say that he believed—a belief in which none but his sisters joined him—that Lady Mason herself had been the villain. He was minded to press the case on to a Court of Appeal, up even to the House of Lords; but he was advised that in doing so he would spend more money than Orley Farm was worth, and that he would, almost to a certainty, spend it in vain. Under this advice he cursed the laws of his country, and withdrew to Groby Park.

Lady Mason had earned the respect of all those around her by the way in which she bore herself in the painful days of the trial, and also in those of her success—especially also by the manner in which she gave her evidence. And thus, though she had not been much noticed by her neighbors during the short period of her married life, she was visited as a widow by many of the more respectable people round Hamworth. In all this she showed no feeling of triumph; she never abused her husband's relatives, or spoke much of the harsh manner in which she had been used. Indeed, she was not given to talk about her own personal affairs; and although, as I have said, many of her neighbors visited her, she did not lay herself out for society. She accepted and returned their attention, but for the most part seemed to be willing that the matter should so rest. The people around by degrees came to know her ways; they spoke to her when they met her, and occasionally went through the ceremony of a morning call; but did not ask her to their tea-parties, and did not expect to see her at picnic and archery meetings.

Among those who took her by the hand in the time of her great trouble was Sir Peregrine Orme of The Cleeve—for such was the name which had belonged time out of mind to his old mansion and park. Sir Peregrine was a gentleman



now over seventy years of age, whose family consisted of the widow of his only son, and the only son of that widow, who was of course the heir to his estate and title. Sir Peregrine was an excellent old man, as I trust may hereafter be acknowledged; but his regard for Lady Mason was perhaps, in the first instance, fostered by his extreme dislike to her step-son, Joseph Mason, of Groby. Mr. Joseph Mason, of Groby, was quite as rich a man as Sir Peregrine, and owned an estate which was nearly as large as The Cleeve property; but Sir Peregrine would not allow that he was a gentleman, or that he could by any possible transformation become one. He had not probably ever said so in direct words to any of the Mason family, but his opinion on the matter had in some way worked its way down to Yorkshire, and therefore there was no love to spare between these two county magistrates. There had been a slight acquaintance between Sir Peregrine and Sir Joseph; but the ladies of the two families had never met till after the death of the latter. Then, while that trial was still pending, Mrs. Orme had come forward at the instigation of her father-in-law, and by degrees there had grown up an intimacy between the two widows. When the first offers of assistance were made and accepted, Sir Peregrine, no doubt, did not at all dream of any such result as this. His family pride, and especially the pride which he took in his widowed daughter-in-law, would probably have been shocked by such a surmise; but, nevertheless, he had seen the friendship grow and increase without alarm. He himself had become attached to Lady Mason, and had gradually learned to excuse in her that want of gentle blood and early breeding which, as a rule, he regarded as necessary to a gentleman, and from which alone, as he thought, could spring many of those excellences which go to form the character of a lady.

It may therefore be asserted that Lady Mason's widowed life was successful. That it was prudent and well conducted no one could doubt. Her neighbors, of course, did say of her that she would not drink tea with Mrs. Arkwright, of Mount Pleasant villa, because she was allowed the privilege of entering Sir Peregrine's drawing-room; but such little scandal as this was a matter of course. Let one live according to any possible or impossible rule, yet some offense will be given in some quarter. Those who knew any thing of Lady Mason's private life were aware that she did not encroach on Sir Peregrine's hospitality. She was not at The Cleeve as much as circumstances would have justified, and at one time by no means so much as Mrs. Orme would have desired.

In person she was tall and comely. When Sir Joseph had brought her to his house she had been very fair—tall, slight, fair, and very quiet—not possessing that loveliness which is generally most attractive to men, because the beauty of which she might boast depended on form rather than on the brightness of her eye, or the softness of her cheek and lips. Her face, too, even at

that age, seldom betrayed emotion, and never showed signs either of anger or of joy. Her forehead was high, and though somewhat narrow, nevertheless gave evidence of considerable mental faculties; nor was the evidence false, for those who came to know Lady Mason well, were always ready to acknowledge that she was a woman of no ordinary power. Her eyes were large and well formed, but somewhat cold. Her nose was long and regular. Her mouth also was very regular, and her teeth perfectly beautiful; but her lips were straight and thin. It would sometimes seem that she was all teeth, and yet it is certain that she never made an effort to show them. The great fault of her face was in her chin, which was too small and sharp, thus giving on occasions something of meanness to her countenance. She was now forty-seven years of age, and had a son who had reached man's estate; and yet perhaps she had more of woman's beauty at this present time than when she stood at the altar with Sir Joseph Mason. The quietness and repose of her manner suited her years and her position; age had given fullness to her tall form; and the habitual sadness of her countenance was in fair accordance with her condition and character. And yet she was not really sad—at least so said those who knew her. The melancholy was in her face rather than in her character, which was full of energy—if energy may be quiet as well as assured and constant.

Of course she had been accused a dozen times of matrimonial prospects. What handsome widow is not so accused? The world of Hamworth had been very certain at one time that she was intent on marrying Sir Peregrine Orme. But she had not married, and I think I may say on her behalf that she had never thought of marrying. Indeed, one can not see how such a woman could make any effort in that line. It was impossible to conceive that a lady so staid in her manner should be guilty of flirting; nor was there any man within ten miles of Hamworth who would have dared to make the attempt. Women, for the most part, are prone to love-making—as nature has intended that they should be; but there are women from whom all such follies seem to be as distant as skittles and beer are distant from the dignity of the Lord Chancellor. Such a woman was Lady Mason.

At this time—the time which is about to exist for us as the period at which our narrative will begin—Lucius Mason was over twenty-two years old, and was living at the farm. He had spent the last three or four years of his life in Germany, where his mother had visited him every year, and had now come home intending to be the master of his own destiny. His mother's care for him during his boyhood, and up to the time at which he became of age, had been almost elaborate in its thoughtfulness. She had consulted Sir Peregrine as to his school, and Sir Peregrine, looking to the fact of the lad's own property, and also to the fact, known by him, of Lady Mason's means for such a purpose, had

recommended Harrow. But the mother had hesitated, had gently discussed the matter, and had at last persuaded the baronet that such a step would be injudicious. The boy was sent to a private school of a high character, and Sir Peregrine was sure that he had been so sent at his own advice. "Looking at the peculiar position of his mother," said Sir Peregrine to his young daughter-in-law, "at her very peculiar position, and that of his relatives, I think it will be better that he should not appear to assume any thing early in life; nothing can be better conducted than Mr. Crabfield's establishment, and after much consideration I have had no hesitation in recommending her to send her son to him." And thus Lucius Mason had been sent to Mr. Crabfield, but I do not think that the idea originated with Sir Peregrine.

"And perhaps it will be as well," added the baronet, "that he and Perry should not be together at school, though I have no objection to their meeting in the holidays. Mr. Crabfield's vacations are always timed to suit the Harrow holidays." The Perry here mentioned was the grandson of Sir Peregrine—the young Peregrine who in coming days was to be the future lord of The Cleeve. When Lucius Mason was modestly sent to Mr. Crabfield's establishment at Great Marlow, young Peregrine Orme, with his prouder hopes, commenced his career at the public school.

Mr. Crabfield did his duty by Lucius Mason, and sent him home at seventeen a handsome, well-mannered lad, tall and comely to the eye, with soft brown whiskers sprouting on his cheek, well grounded in Greek, Latin, and Euclid, grounded also in French and Italian, and possessing many more acquirements than he would have learned at Harrow. But added to these, or rather consequent on them, was a conceit which a public-school education would not have created. When their mothers compared them in the holidays, not openly with outspoken words, but silently in their hearts, Lucius Mason was found by each to be the superior both in manners and knowledge; but each acknowledged also that there was more of ingenuous boyhood about Peregrine Orme.

Peregrine Orme was a year the younger, and therefore his comparative deficiencies were not the cause of any intense sorrow at The Cleeve; but his grandfather would probably have been better satisfied—and perhaps also so would his mother—had he been less addicted to the catching of rats, and better inclined toward Miss Edgeworth's novels and Shakespeare's plays, which were earnestly recommended to him by the lady and the gentleman. But boys generally are fond of rats, and very frequently are not fond of reading; and, therefore, all this having been duly considered, there was not much deep sorrow in those days at The Cleeve as to the boyhood of the heir.

But there was great pride at Orley Farm, although that pride was shown openly to no one. Lady Mason, in her visits at The Cleeve, said

but little as to her son's present excellences. As to his future career in life she did say much both to Sir Peregrine and to Mrs. Orme, asking the council of the one and expressing her fears to the other; and then, Sir Peregrine having given his consent, she sent the lad to Germany.

He was allowed to come of age without any special signs of manhood, or aught of the glory of property; although, in his case, that coming of age did put him into absolute possession of his inheritance. On that day, had he been so minded, he could have turned his mother out of the farm-house, and taken exclusive possession of the estate; but he did in fact remain in Germany for a year beyond this period, and returned to Orley Farm only in time to be present at the celebration of the twenty-first birthday of his friend Peregrine Orme. This ceremony, as may be surmised, was by no means slurred over without due rejoicing. The heir at the time was at Christchurch; but at such a period a slight interruption to his studies was not to be lamented. There had been Sir Peregrine Ormes in those parts ever since the days of James I.; and, indeed, in days long antecedent to those there had been knights bearing that name, some of whom had been honorably beheaded for treason, others imprisoned for heresy; and one made away with on account of a supposed royal amour—to the great glorification of all his descendants. Looking to the antecedents of the family, it was only proper that the coming of age of the heir should be duly celebrated; but Lucius Mason had had no antecedents; no great-great-grandfather of his had knelt at the feet of an improper princess; and therefore Lady Mason, though she had been at The Cleeve, had not mentioned the fact that on that very day her son had become a man. But when Peregrine Orme became a man—though still in his manhood too much devoted to rats—she gloried greatly in her quiet way, and whispered a hope into the baronet's ear that the young heir would not imitate the ambition of his ancestor. "No, by Jove! it would not do now at all," said Sir Peregrine, by no means displeased at the allusion.

And then that question as to the future life of Lucius Mason became one of great importance, and it was necessary to consult, not only Sir Peregrine Orme, but the young man himself. His mother had suggested to him first the law: the great Mr. Furnival, formerly of the home circuit, but now practicing only in London, was her very special friend, and would give her and her son all possible aid in this direction. And what living man could give better aid than the great Mr. Furnival? But Lucius Mason would have none of the law. This resolve he pronounced very clearly while yet in Germany, whither his mother visited him, bearing with her a long letter written by the great Mr. Furnival himself. But nevertheless young Mason would have none of the law. "I have an idea," he said, "that lawyers are all liars." Whereupon his mother rebuked him for his conceited igno-

rance and want of charity; but she did not gain her point.

She had, however, another string to her bow. As he objected to be a lawyer, he might become a civil engineer. Circumstances had made Sir Peregrine Orme very intimate with the great Mr. Brown. Indeed, Mr. Brown was under great obligations to Sir Peregrine, and Sir Peregrine had promised to use his influence. But Lucius Mason said that civil engineers were only tradesmen of an upper class, tradesmen with intellects; and he, he said, wished to use his intellect, but he did not choose to be a tradesman. His mother rebuked him again, as he well deserved that she should, and then asked him of what profession he himself had thought. "Philology," said he; "or as a profession, perhaps literature. I shall devote myself to philology and the races of man. Nothing considerable has been done with them as a combined pursuit." And with these views he returned home—while Peregrine Orme, at Oxford, was still addicted to the hunting of rats.

But with philology and the races of man he consented to combine the pursuit of agriculture. When his mother found that he wished to take up his abode in his own house, she by no means opposed him, and suggested that, as such was his intention, he himself should farm his own land. He was very ready to do this, and had she not represented that such a step was in every way impolitic, he would willingly have requested Mr. Greenwood, of the Old Farm, to look elsewhere, and have spread himself and his energies over the whole domain. As it was, he contented himself with desiring that Mr. Dockwrath would vacate his small holding, and as he was imperative as to that, his mother gave way without making it the cause of a battle. She would willingly have left Mr. Dockwrath in possession, and did say a word or two as to the milk necessary for those sixteen children. But Lucius Mason was ducal in his ideas, and intimated an opinion that he had a right to do what he liked with his own. Had not Mr. Dockwrath been told, when the fields were surrendered to him as a favor, that he would only have them in possession till the heir should come of age? Mr. Dockwrath had been so told; but tellings such as these are easily forgotten by men with sixteen children. And thus Mr. Mason became an agriculturist with special scientific views as to chemistry, and a philologist with the object of making that pursuit bear upon his studies with reference to the races of man. He was convinced that by certain admixtures of ammonia and earths he could produce cereal results hitherto unknown to the farming world, and that by tracing out the roots of words he could trace also the wanderings of man since the expulsion of Adam from the garden. As to the latter question his mother was not inclined to contradict him. Seeing that he would sit at the feet neither of Mr. Furnival nor of Mr. Brown, she had no objection to the races of man. She could endure to be talked to about the Oceanic Mon-

golidsæ and the Lapetidsæ of the Indo-Germanic class, and had perhaps her own ideas that such matters, though somewhat foggy, were better than rats. But when he came to the other subject, and informed her that the properly plentiful feeding of the world was only kept waiting for the chemists, she certainly did have her fears. Chemical agriculture is expensive; and though the results may possibly be remunerative, still, while we are thus kept waiting by the backwardness of the chemists, there must be much risk in making any serious expenditure with such views.

"Mother," he said, when he had now been at home about three months, and when the fiat for the expulsion of Samuel Dockwrath had already gone forth, "I shall go to Liverpool to-morrow."

"To Liverpool, Lucius?"

"Yes. That guano which I got from Walker is adulterated. I have analyzed it, and find that it does not contain above thirty-two and a half hundredths of—that which it ought to hold in a proportion of seventy-five per cent. of the whole."

"Does it not?"

"No; and it is impossible to obtain results while one is working with such fictitious materials. Look at that bit of grass at the bottom of Greenwood's Hill."

"The fifteen-acre field? Why, Lucius, we always had the heaviest crops of hay in the parish off that meadow."

"That's all very well, mother; but you have never tried—nobody about here ever has tried—what the land can really produce. I will throw that and the three fields beyond it into one; I will get Greenwood to let me have that bit of the hill-side, giving him compensation, of course—"

"And then Dockwrath would want compensation."

"Dockwrath is an impertinent rascal, and I shall take an opportunity of telling him so. But as I was saying, I will throw those seventy acres together, and then I will try what will be the relative effects of guano and the patent blood. But I must have real guano, and so I shall go to Liverpool."

"I think I would wait a little, Lucius. It is almost too late for any change of that kind this year."

"Wait! Yes, and what has come of waiting? We don't wait at all in doubling our population every thirty-three years; but when we come to the feeding of them we are always for waiting. It is that waiting which has reduced the intellectual development of one half of the human race to its present terribly low state—or rather prevented its rising in a degree proportionate to the increase of the population. No more waiting for me, mother, if I can help it."

"But, Lucius, should not such new attempts as that be made by men with large capital?" said the mother.

"Capital is a bugbear," said the son, speaking on this matter quite *ex cathedra*, as no doubt he was entitled to do by his extensive reading at a



German university—"capital is a bugbear. The capital that is really wanting is thought, mind, combination, knowledge."

"But, Lucius—"

"Yes, I know what you are going to say, mother. I don't boast that I possess all these things; but I do say that I will endeavor to obtain them."

"I have no doubt you will; but should not that come first?"

"That is waiting again. We all know as much as this, that good manure will give good crops if the sun be allowed full play upon the land, and nothing but the crop be allowed to grow. This is what I shall attempt at first, and there can be no great danger in that." And so he went to Liverpool.

Lady Mason, during his absence, began to regret that she had not left him in the undisturbed and inexpensive possession of the Mongolidæ and the Iapetidæ. His rent from the estate, including that which she would have paid him as tenant of the smaller farm, would have enabled him to live with all comfort; and, if such had been his taste, he might have become a philosophical student, and lived respectably without adding any thing to his income by the sweat of his brow. But now the matter was likely to become serious enough. For a gentleman farmer determined to wait no longer for the chemists, whatever might be the results, an immediate profitable return per acre could not be expected as one of them. Any rent from that smaller farm would now be out of the question, and it would be well if the payments made so punctually by old Mr. Greenwood were not also swallowed up in the search after unadulterated guano. Who could tell whether, in the pursuit of science, he might not insist on chartering a vessel himself for the Peruvian coast?

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CLEEVE.

I HAVE said that Sir Peregrine Orme was not a rich man, meaning thereby that he was not a rich man considering his acknowledged position in the county. Such men not uncommonly have their tens, twelves, and twenty thousands a year; but Sir Peregrine's estate did not give him above three or four. He was lord of the manor of Hamworth, and possessed seigniorial rights, or rather the skeleton and remembrance of such rights with reference to a very large district of country; but his actual property—that from which he still received the substantial benefits of ownership—was not so large as those of some of his neighbors. There was, however, no place within the county which was so beautifully situated as The Cleeve, or which had about it so many of the attractions of age. The house itself had been built at two periods—a new set of rooms having been added to the remains of the old Elizabethan structure in the time of Charles

II. It had not about it any thing that was peculiarly grand or imposing, nor were the rooms large or even commodious; but every thing was old, venerable, and picturesque. Both the dining-room and the library were paneled with black wainscoting; and though the drawing-rooms were papered, the tall, elaborately-worked wooden chimney-pieces still stood in them, and a wooden band or belt round the rooms showed that the panels were still there, although hidden by the modern paper.

But it was for the beauty and wildness of its grounds that The Cleeve was remarkable. The land fell here and there into narrow, wild ravines and woody crevices. The soil of the park was not rich, and could give but little assistance to the chemists in supplying the plentiful food expected by Mr. Mason for the coming multitudes of the world; it produced in some parts heather instead of grass, and was as wild and unprofitable as Cleeve Common, which stretched for miles outside the park palings; but it seemed admirably adapted for deer and for the maintenance of half-decayed venerable oaks. Young timber also thrived well about the place, and in this respect Sir Peregrine was a careful landlord. There ran a river through the park, the River Cleeve, from which the place and parish are said to have taken their names; a river, or rather a stream, very narrow and inconsiderable as to its volume of water, but which passed for some two miles through so narrow a passage as to give it the appearance of a cleft or fissure in the rocks. The water tumbled over stones through this entire course, making it seem to be fordable almost every where without danger of wet feet; but in truth there was hardly a spot at which it could be crossed without a bold leap from rock to rock. Narrow as was the aperture through which the water had cut its way, nevertheless a path had been contrived, now on one side of the stream and now on the other, crossing it here and there by slight hanging wooden bridges. The air here was always damp with spray, and the rocks on both sides were covered with long mosses, as were also the overhanging boughs of the old trees. This place was the glory of The Cleeve, and as far as picturesque beauty goes it was very glorious. There was a spot in the river from whence a steep path led down from the park to the water, and at this spot the deer would come to drink. I know nothing more beautiful than this sight, when three or four of them could be so seen from one of the wooden bridges toward the hour of sunset in the autumn.

Sir Peregrine himself at this time was an old man, having passed his seventieth year. He was a fine, handsome English gentleman with white hair, keen gray eyes, a nose slightly aquiline, and lips now too closely pressed together in consequence of the havoc which time had made among his teeth. He was tall, but had lost something of his height from stooping—was slight in his form, but well made, and vain of the smallness of his feet and the whiteness of his

hands. He was generous, quick-tempered, and opinionated; generally very mild to those who would agree with him and submit to him, but intolerant of contradiction, and conceited as to his experience of the world and the wisdom which he had thence derived. To those who were manifestly his inferiors he was affable, to his recognized equals he was courteous, to women he was almost always gentle; but to men who claimed an equality which he could not acknowledge, he could make himself particularly disagreeable. In judging the position which a man should hold in the world, Sir Peregrine was very resolute in ignoring all claims made by wealth alone. Even property in land could not in his eyes create a gentleman. A gentleman, according to his ideas, should at any rate have great-grandfathers capable of being traced in the world's history; and the greater the number of such, and the more easily traceable they might be on the world's surface, the more unquestionable would be the status of the claimant in question. Such being the case, it may be imagined that Joseph Mason, Esq., of Groby Park, did not rank high in the estimation of Sir Peregrine Orme.

I have said that Sir Peregrine was fond of his own opinion; but nevertheless he was a man whom it was by no means difficult to lead. In the first place, he was singularly devoid of suspicion. The word of a man or of a woman was to him always credible, until full proof had come home to him that it was utterly unworthy of credit. After that such a man or woman might as well spare all speech as regards the hope of any effect on the mind of Sir Peregrine Orme. He did not easily believe a fellow-creature to be a liar, but a liar to him once was a liar always. And then he was amenable to flattery, and few that are so are proof against the leading-strings of their flatterers. All this was well understood of Sir Peregrine by those about him. His gardener, his groom, and his woodman all knew his foibles. They all loved him, respected him, and worked for him faithfully; but each of them had his own way in his own branch.

And there was another person at The Cleeve who took into her own hands a considerable share of the management and leading of Sir Peregrine, though, in truth, she made no efforts in that direction. This was Mrs. Orme, the widow of his only child and the mother of his heir. Mrs. Orme was a younger woman than Mrs. Mason, of Orley Farm, by nearly five years, though her son was but twelve months junior to Lucius Mason. She had been the daughter of a brother baronet, whose family was nearly as old as that of the Ormes; and therefore, though she had come penniless to her husband, Sir Peregrine had considered that his son had married well. She had been a great beauty, very small in size and delicate of limb, fair-haired, with soft blue wondering eyes, and a dimpled cheek. Such she had been when young Peregrine Orme brought her home to The Cleeve, and the bride at once became the darling of her father-in-law. One

year she had owned of married joy, and then all the happiness of the family had been utterly destroyed, and for the few following years there had been no sadder household in all the countryside than that of Sir Peregrine Orme. His son, his only son, the pride of all who knew him, the hope of his political party in the county, the brightest among the bright ones of the day for whom the world was just opening her richest treasures, fell from his horse as he was crossing into a road, and his lifeless body was brought home to The Cleeve.

All this happened now twenty years since, but the widow still wears the colors of mourning. Of her also the world, of course, said that she would soon console herself with a second love; but she too has given the world the lie. From that day to the present she has never left the house of her father-in-law; she has been a true child to him, and she has enjoyed all a child's privileges. There has been but little favor for any one at The Cleeve who has been considered by the baronet to disregard the wishes of the mistress of the establishment. Any word from her has been law to him, and he has of course expected also that her word should be law to others. He has yielded to her in all things, and attended to her will as though she were a little queen, recognizing in her feminine weakness a sovereign power, as some men can and do; and having thus for years indulged himself in a Quixotic gallantry to the lady of his household, he has demanded of others that they also should bow the knee.

During the last twenty years The Cleeve has not been a gay house. During the last ten those living there have been contented, and in the main happy; but there has seldom been many guests in the old hall, and Sir Peregrine has not been fond of going to other men's feasts. He inherited the property very early in life, and then there were on it some few encumbrances. While yet a young man he added something to these; and now, since his own son's death, he has been setting his house in order, that his grandson should receive the family acres intact. Every shilling due on the property has been paid off; and it is well that this should be so, for there is reason to fear that the heir will want a helping-hand out of some of youth's difficulties—perhaps once or twice before his passion for rats gives place to a good English gentlemanlike resolve to hunt twice a week, look after his timber, and live well within his means.

The chief fault in the character of young Peregrine Orme was that he was so young. There are men who are old at one-and-twenty—are quite fit for Parliament, the magistrate's bench, the care of a wife, and even for that much sterner duty, the care of a balance at the banker's; but there are others who at that age are still boys—whose inner persons and characters have not begun to clothe themselves with the "toga virilis." I am not sure that those whose boyhoods are so protracted have the worst of it, if in this hurrying and competitive age they can be saved from being absolutely trampled in the dust before they

are able to do a little trampling on their own account. Fruit that grows ripe the quickest is not the sweetest; nor when housed and garnered will it keep the longest. For young Peregrine there was no need of competitive struggles. The days have not yet come, though they are no doubt coming, when "*detur digniori*" shall be the rule of succession to all titles, honors, and privileges whatsoever. Only think what a lift it would give to the education of the country in general, if any lad from seventeen to twenty-one could go in for a vacant dukedom; and if a goodly inheritance could be made absolutely incompatible with incorrect spelling and doubtful proficiency in rule of three!

Luckily for Peregrine junior these days are not yet at hand, or I fear that there would be little chance for him. While Lucius Mason was beginning to think that the chemists might be hurried, and that agriculture might be beneficially added to philology, our friend Peregrine had just been rusticated, and the head of his college had intimated to the baronet that it would be well to take the young man's name off the college books. This accordingly had been done; and the heir of The Cleeve was at present at home with his mother and grandfather. What special act of grace had led to this severity we need not inquire, but we may be sure that the frolics of which he had been guilty had been essentially young in their nature. He had assisted in driving a farmer's sow into the man's best parlor, or had daubed the top of the tutor's cap with white paint, or had perhaps given liberty to a bagful of rats in the college hall at dinner-time. Such were the youth's academical amusements, and as they were pursued with unremitting energy, it was thought well that he should be removed from Oxford.

Then had come the terrible question of his university bills. One after another half a score of them reached Sir Peregrine, and then took place that terrible interview—such as most young men have had to undergo at least once—in which he was asked how he intended to absolve himself from the pecuniary liabilities which he had incurred.

"I am sure I don't know," said young Orme, sadly.

"But I shall be glad, Sir, if you will favor me with your intentions," said Sir Peregrine, with severity. "A gentleman does not, I presume, send his orders to a tradesman without having some intention of paying him for his goods."

"I intended that they should all be paid, of course."

"And how, Sir? by whom?"

"Well, Sir—I suppose I intended that you should pay them;" and the scape-grace as he spoke looked full up into the baronet's face with his bright blue eyes—not impudently, as though defying his grandfather, but with a bold confidence which at once softened the old man's heart.

Sir Peregrine turned away and walked twice the length of the library; then, returning to the

spot where the other stood, he put his hand on his grandson's shoulder. "Well, Peregrine, I will pay them," he said. "I have no doubt that you did so intend when you incurred them; and that was perhaps natural. I will pay them; but for your own sake, and for your dear mother's sake, I hope that they are not very heavy. Can you give me a list of all that you owe?"

Young Peregrine said that he thought he could, and sitting down at once he made a clean breast of it. With all his foibles, follies, and youthful ignorances, in two respects he stood on good ground. He was neither false nor a coward. He continued to scrawl down items as long as there were any of which he could think, and then handed over the list in order that his grandfather might add them up. It was the last he ever heard of the matter; and when he revisited Oxford some twelve months afterward, the tradesmen whom he had honored with his custom bowed to him as low as though he had already inherited twenty thousand a year.

Peregrine Orme was short in stature, as was his mother, and he also had his mother's wonderfully bright blue eyes; but in other respects he was very like his father and grandfather—very like all the Ormes who had lived for ages past. His hair was light; his forehead was not large, but well formed and somewhat prominent; his nose had something, though not much, of the eagle's beak; his mouth was handsome in its curve, and his teeth were good, and his chin was divided by a deep dimple. His figure was not only short, but stouter than that of the Ormes in general. He was very strong on his legs; he could wrestle, and box, and use the single-stick with a quickness and precision that was the terror of all the freshmen who had come in his way.

Mrs. Orme, his mother, no doubt thought that he was perfect. Looking at the reflex of her own eyes in his, and seeing in his face so sweet a portraiture of the nose and mouth and forehead of him whom she had loved so dearly and lost so soon, she could not but think him perfect. When she was told that the master of Lazarus had desired that her son should be removed from his college, she had accused the tyrant of unrelenting, persecuting tyranny; and the gentle arguments of Sir Peregrine had no effect toward changing her ideas. On that disagreeable matter of the bills little or nothing was said to her. Indeed, money was a subject with which she was never troubled. Sir Peregrine conceived that money was a man's business, and that the softness of a woman's character should be preserved by a total absence of all pecuniary thoughts and cares.

And then there arose at The Cleeve a question as to what should immediately be done with the heir. He himself was by no means so well prepared with an answer as had been his friend Lucius Mason. When consulted by his grandfather, he said that he did not know. He would do any thing that Sir Peregrine wished. Would Sir Peregrine think it well that he should pre-



pare himself for the arduous duties of a master of hounds? Sir Peregrine did not think this at all well, but it did not appear that he himself was prepared with any immediate proposition. Then Peregrine discussed the matter with his mother, explaining that he had hoped at any rate to get the next winter's hunting with the H. H.—which letters have represented the Hamworth Fox Hunt among sporting men for many years past. To this his mother made no objection, expressing a hope, however, that he would go abroad in the spring. "Home-staying youths have ever homely wits," she said to him, smiling on him ever so sweetly.

"That's quite true, mother," he said. "And that's why I should like to go to Leicestershire this winter." But going to Leicestershire this winter was out of the question.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE PERILS OF YOUTH.

GOING to Leicestershire was quite out of the question for young Orme at this period of his life, but going to London unfortunately was not so. He had become acquainted at Oxford with a gentleman of great skill in his peculiar line of life, whose usual residence was in the metropolis; and so great had been the attraction found in the character and pursuits of this skillful gentleman, that our hero had not been long at The Cleeve, after his retirement from the university, before he visited his friend. Cowcross Street, Smithfield, was the site of this professor's residence, the destruction of rats in a barrel was his profession, and his name was Carrotty Bob. It is not my intention to introduce the reader to Carrotty Bob in person, as circumstances occurred about this time which brought his intimacy with Mr. Orme to an abrupt conclusion. It would be needless to tell how our hero was induced to back a certain terrier, presumed to be the pride of Smithfield; how a great match came off, second only in importance to a contest for the belt of England; how money was lost and quarrels arose, and how Peregrine Orme thrashed one sporting gent within an inch of his life, and fought his way out of Carrotty Bob's house at twelve o'clock at night. The tale of the row got into the newspapers, and of course reached The Cleeve. Sir Peregrine sent for his grandson into his study, and insisted on knowing every thing—how much money there was to pay, and what chance there might be of an action and damages. Of an action and damages there did not seem to be any chance, and the amount of money claimed was not large. Rats have this advantage, that they usually come cheaper than race-horses; but then, as Sir Peregrine felt sorely, they do not sound so well.

"Do you know, Sir, that you are breaking your mother's heart?" said Sir Peregrine, looking very sternly at the young man—as sternly as he was able to look, let him do his worst.

Peregrine the younger had a very strong idea that he was not doing any thing of the kind. He had left her only a quarter of an hour since; and though she had wept during the interview, she had forgiven him with many caresses, and had expressed her opinion that the chief fault had lain with Carrotty Bob, and those other wretched people who had lured her dear child into their villainous den. She had altogether failed to conceal her pride at his having fought his way out from among them, and had ended by supplying his pocket out of her own immediate resources. "I hope not, Sir," said Peregrine the younger, thinking over some of these things.

"But you will, Sir, if you go on with this shameless career. I do not speak of myself. I do not expect you to sacrifice your tastes for me; but I did think that you loved your mother!"

"So I do—and you too."

"I am not speaking about myself, Sir. When I think what your father was at your age—how nobly—" And then the baronet was stopped in his speech, and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. "Do you think that your father, Sir, followed such pursuits as these? Do you think that he spent his time in the pursuit of—rats?"

"Well; I don't know; I don't think he did. But I have heard you say, Sir, that you sometimes went to cock-fights when you were young."

"To cock-fights! well, yes. But let me tell you, Sir, that I always went in the company of gentlemen—that is, when I did go, which was very seldom." The baronet, in some after-dinner half-hour, had allowed this secret of his youth to escape from him, imprudently.

"And I went to the house in Cowcross Street with Lord John Fitzjolly."

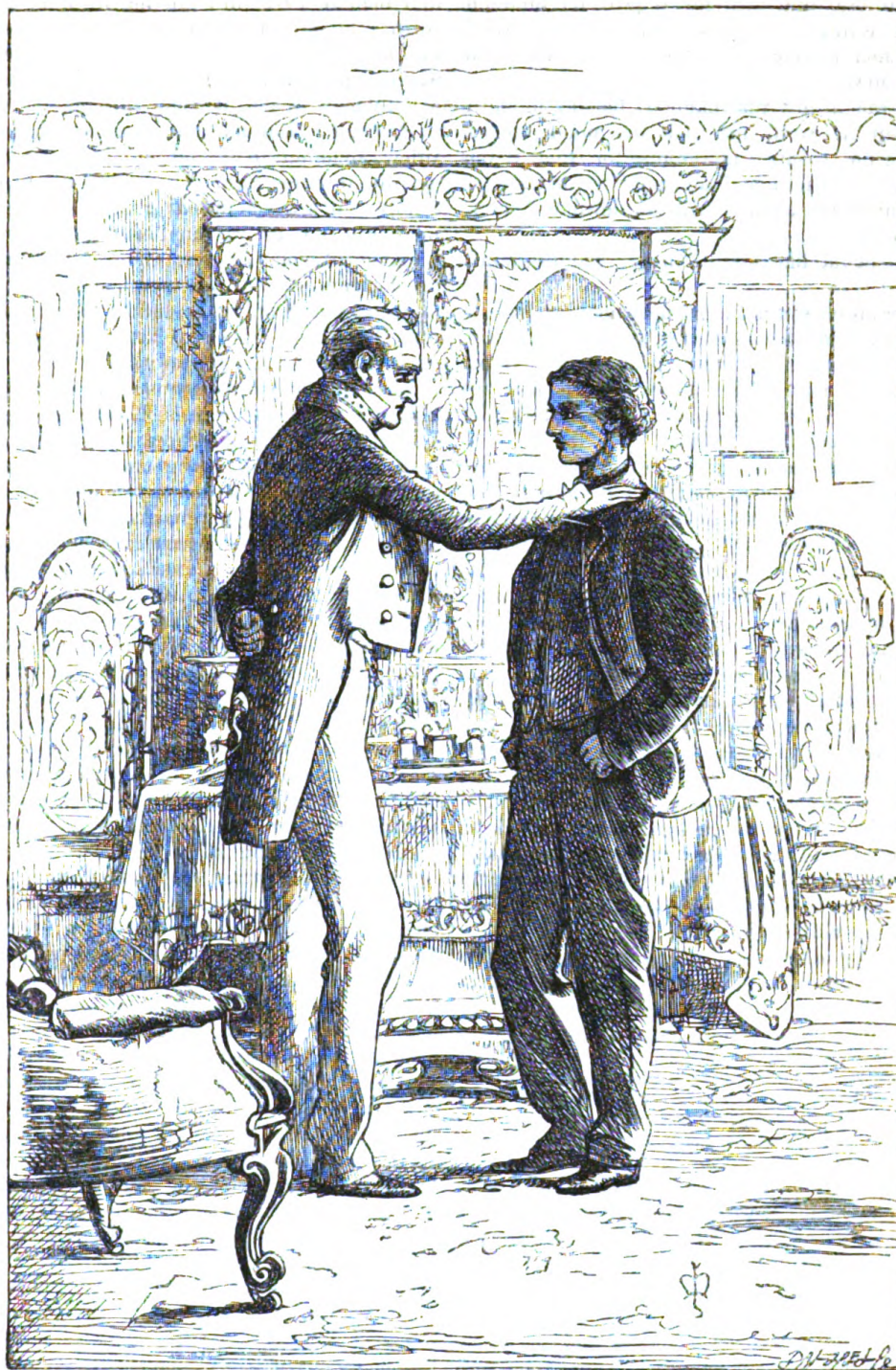
"The last man in all London with whom you ought to associate! But I am not going to argue with you, Sir. If you think, and will continue to think, that the slaughtering of vermin is a proper pursuit—"

"But, Sir, foxes are vermin also."

"Hold your tongue, Sir, and listen to me. You know very well what I mean, Sir. If you think that—rats are a proper pursuit for a gentleman in your sphere of life, and if all that I can say has no effect in changing your opinion—I shall have done. I have not many years of life before me, and when I shall be no more, you can squander the property in any vile pursuits that may be pleasing to you. But, Sir, you shall not do it while I am living; nor, if I can help it, shall you rob your mother of such peace of mind as is left for her in this world. I have only one alternative for you, Sir—" Sir Peregrine did not stop to explain what might be the other branch of this alternative. "Will you give me your word of honor as a gentleman that you will never again concern yourself in this disgusting pursuit?"

"Never, grandfather!" said Peregrine, solemnly.

Sir Peregrine, before he answered, bethought himself that any pledge given for a whole lifetime must be foolish: and he bethought him-



SIR PEREGRINE AND HIS HEIR.

self also that, if he could wean his heir from rats for a year or so, the taste would perish from lack of nourishment. "I will say for two years," said Sir Peregrine, still maintaining his austere look.

"For two years!" repeated Peregrine the younger; "and this is the fourth of October."

"Yes, Sir; for two years," said the baronet, more angry than ever at the young man's pertinacity, and yet almost amused at his grand-

son's already formed resolve to go back to his occupation at the first opportunity allowed.

"Couldn't you date it from the end of August, Sir? The best of the matches always come off in September."

"No, Sir; I will not date it from any other time than the present. Will you give me your word of honor as a gentleman, for two years?"

Peregrine thought over the proposition for a minute or two in sad anticipation of all that he



was to lose, and then slowly gave his adhesion to the terms. "Very well, Sir—for two years." And then he took out his pocket-book and wrote in it slowly.

It was at any rate manifest that he intended to keep his word, and that was much; so Sir Peregrine accepted the promise for what it was worth. "And now," said he, "if you have got nothing better to do, we will ride down to Crutchley Wood."

"I should like it of all things," said his grandson.

"Samson wants me to cut a new bridle-path through from the larches at the top of the hill down to Crutchley Bottom; but I don't think I'll have it done. Tell Jacob to let us have the nags; I'll ride the gray pony. And ask your mother if she'll ride with us."

It was the manner of Sir Peregrine to forgive altogether when he did forgive, and to commence his forgiveness in all its integrity from the first moment of the pardon. There was nothing he disliked so much as being on bad terms with those around him, and with none more so than with his grandson. Peregrine well knew how to make himself pleasant to the old man, and when duly encouraged would always do so. And thus the family party, as they rode on this occasion through the woods of The Cleeve, discussed oaks and larches, beech and birches, as though there were no such animal as a rat in existence, and no such place known as Cowcross Street.

"Well, Perry, as you and Samson are both of one mind, I suppose the path must be made," said Sir Peregrine, as he got off his horse at the entrance of the stable-yard, and prepared to give his feeble aid to Mrs. Orme.

Shortly after this the following note was brought up to The Cleeve by a messenger from Orley Farm:

"MY DEAR SIR PEREGRINE,—If you are quite disengaged at twelve o'clock to-morrow, I will walk over to The Cleeve at that hour. Or if it would suit you better to call here as you are riding, I would remain within till you come. I want your kind advice on a certain matter.

"Most sincerely yours, MARY MASON.

"Thursday."

Lady Mason, when she wrote this note, was well aware that it would not be necessary for her to go to The Cleeve. Sir Peregrine's courtesy would not permit him to impose any trouble on a lady when the alternative of taking that trouble on himself was given to him. Moreover, he liked to have some object for his daily ride; he liked to be consulted "on certain matters;" and he especially liked being so consulted by Lady Mason. So he sent word back that he would be at the farm at twelve on the following day, and exactly at that hour his gray pony or cob might have been seen slowly walking up the avenue to the farm-house.

The Cleeve was not distant from Orley Farm more than two miles by the nearest walking-path, although it could not be driven much under five. With any sort of carriage one was obliged to come from The Cleeve House down to the lodge on the Hamworth and Alston road,

and then to drive through the town of Hamworth, and so back to the farm. But in walking one would take the path along the river for nearly a mile, thence rise up the hill to the top of Crutchley Wood, descend through the wood to Crutchley Bottom, and, passing along the valley, come out at the foot of Cleeve Hill, just opposite to Orley Farm Gate. The distance for a horseman was somewhat greater, seeing that there was not as yet any bridle-way through Crutchley Wood. Under these circumstances the journey between the two houses was very frequently made on foot; and for those walking from The Cleeve House to Hamworth the nearest way was by Lady Mason's gate.

Lady Mason's drawing-room was very pretty, though it was by no means fashionably furnished. Indeed, she eschewed fashion in all things, and made no pretense of coming out before the world as a great lady. She had never kept any kind of carriage, though her means, combined with her son's income, would certainly have justified her in a pony-chaise. Since Lucius had become master of the house he had presented her with such a vehicle, and also with the pony and harness complete; but as yet she had never used it, being afraid, as she said to him with a smile, of appearing ambitious before the stern citizens of Hamworth. "Nonsense, mother," he had replied, with a considerable amount of young dignity in his face. "We are all entitled to those comforts for which we can afford to pay without injury to any one. I shall take it ill of you if I do not see you using it."

"Oh, Sir Peregrine, this is so kind of you," said Lady Mason, coming forward to meet her friend. She was plainly dressed, without any full exuberance of costume, and yet every thing about her was neat and pretty, and every thing had been the object of feminine care. A very plain dress may occasion as much study as the most elaborate—and may be quite as worthy of the study it has caused. Lady Mason, I am inclined to think, was by no means indifferent to the subject, but then to her belonged the great art of hiding her artifice.

"Not at all; not at all," said Sir Peregrine, taking her hand and pressing it, as he always did. "What is the use of neighbors if they are not neighborly?" This was all very well from Sir Peregrine in the existing case; but he was not a man who by any means recognized the necessity of being civil to all who lived near him. To the great and to the poor he was neighborly; but it may be doubted whether he would have thought much of Lady Mason if she had been less good-looking or less clever.

"Ah! I know how good you always are to me. But I'll tell you why I am troubling you now. Lucius went off two days since to Liverpool."

"My grandson told me that he had left home."

"He is an excellent young man, and I am sure that I have every reason to be thankful." Sir Peregrine, remembering the affair in Cow-



cross Street, and certain other affairs of a somewhat similar nature, thought that she had; but for all that he would not have exchanged his own bright-eyed lad for Lucius Mason with all his virtues and all his learning.

"And indeed I am thankful," continued the widow. "Nothing can be better than his conduct and mode of life; but—"

"I hope he has no attraction at Liverpool of which you disapprove."

"No, no; there is nothing of that kind. His attraction is—; but perhaps I had better explain the whole matter. Lucius, you know, has taken to farming."

"He has taken up the land which you held yourself, has he not?"

"Yes, and a little more; and he is anxious to add even to that. He is very energetic about it, Sir Peregrine."

"Well; the life of a gentleman farmer is not a bad one; though in his special circumstances I would certainly have recommended a profession."

"Acting upon your advice, I did urge him to go to the bar. But he has a will of his own, and a mind altogether made up as to the line of life which he thinks will suit him best. What I fear now is, that he will spend more money upon experiments that he can afford."

"Experimental farming is an expensive amusement," said Sir Peregrine, with a very serious shake of his head.

"I am afraid it is; and now he has gone to Liverpool to buy—guano," said the widow, feeling some little shame in coming to so inconsiderable a conclusion after her somewhat stately prologue.

"To buy guano! Why could he not get his guano from Walker, as my man Symonds does?" "He says it is not good. He analyzed it, and—"

"Fiddle-stick! Why didn't he order it in London, if he didn't like Walker's. Gone to Liverpool for guano! I'll tell you what it is, Lady Mason; if he intends to farm his land in that way, he should have a very considerable capital at his back. It will be a long time before he sees his money again." Sir Peregrine had been farming all his life, and had his own ideas on the subject. He knew very well that no gentleman, let him set to work as he might with his own land, could do as well with it as a farmer who must make a living out of his farming besides paying the rent—who must do that or else have no living; and he knew also that such operations as those which his young friend was now about to attempt was an amusement fitted only for the rich. It may be also that he was a little old-fashioned, and therefore prejudiced against new combinations between agriculture and chemistry. "He must put a stop to that kind of work very soon, Lady Mason; he must indeed; or he will bring himself to ruin—and you with him."

Lady Mason's face became very grave and serious. "But what can I say to him, Sir Peregrine? In such a matter as that I am afraid

that he would not mind me. If you would not object to speaking to him?"

Sir Peregrine was graciously pleased to say that he would not object. It was a disagreeable task, he said, that of giving advice to a young man who was bound by no tie either to take it or even to receive it with respect.

"You will not find him at all disrespectful; I think I can promise that," said the frightened mother: and that matter was ended by a promise on the part of the baronet to take the case in hand, and to see Lucius immediately on his return from Liverpool. "He had better come and dine at The Cleeve," said Sir Peregrine, "and we will have it out after dinner." All of which made Lady Mason very grateful.

## A SINGLE WOMAN'S STORY.

"Life, indeed, is not  
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead;  
And then we women can not choose our lot."

"IF his love should fail me, I might as well die at once. I should care for nothing else in life."

Aunt Rachel Welles looked up from the frill she was hemming with a sad smile on her face.

"A girl's thought, dear," she said, gently; "only a girl's thought. I believe that Harry loves you as well as you love him; but even if he *should* fail you, there would be many things left in life, and it is a true saying that blessedness is higher than happiness."

"You know nothing about it," I answered, impatiently. "You who never loved can not tell how I feel. What blessedness could I find without him?"

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

She paused a moment after these words, which she uttered in a low, solemn tone. Then she went on, very gently,

"The blessedness God gives us is not like the happiness we seek after for ourselves. It is not dependent on what is mortal, and therefore changeable; and yet I think it takes a weary and sorrowful discipline before we are ready to be satisfied with it. I know how young hearts hunger and thirst after earthly and human love; I know how bitter is the sense of bereavement when one we had thought all our own is ours no longer; and yet, blessed be God, I know there is something which, even in this life, transcends all the pains and pleasures of earth, and is, even here, a foretaste of the eternal Peace."

I did not know Aunt Rachel's early history. I called her aunt, but she was really no relative of mine. She was a friend of my father's, in whose care he had left me when he died, desiring that we should reside together until I should have another protector. She was very dear to me—she should have been, for I think my own mother, who died when I was ten years old, could never have loved me better, or striven more earnestly to make me good and happy. Still she was so quiet, so cheerful, so thorough-

ly, as it seemed to me, destitute of romance, that I never dreamed her heart had once known the sweet tortures of love and jealousy. Her words had now excited my suspicions, and aroused my interest, and I proceeded at once to draw forth her confidence by an appeal to her affection.

"I think, Aunt Rachel, that your heart must have a history about which I know nothing. I have kept no secrets from you, but I see you have not thought me worthy of your confidence."

"It is not that, love, not that; but at my age one does not like to talk of a youth whose roses have long ago burned to ashes. And yet I will tell you all. I have meant to do so ever since you have been in my charge, and I will postpone it no longer.

"You would hardly believe now that I had ever been pretty; but at your age I had pink cheeks, and blue eyes, and hair like a hazel-nut in its bright, sunny brown. Thirty years lie between that day and this, and even for forty-seven I am not a young-looking woman. I had my admirers then, who used to say I was the handsomest and merriest girl in Berkshire county, and many were the rustic tributes I received—the largest apples, the sweetest blossoms, and the reddest ears at huskings.

"Reeves Hawthorne and I had grown up friends and neighbors, as our parents had been before us. His future career was to be that of a merchant. He was to go into his uncle's store in Boston. His uncle was at the head of an extensive wholesale house, and every one who knew Reeves's destination said that his fortune was made. He went to college first—they used to think in those days that a man of business was not spoiled by a liberal education, and his parents were able to send him. When he first went he was sixteen, and I was thirteen; a little girl not old enough to think of love, and natural and honest enough to avow my preference for Reeves Hawthorne beyond any other boy in the village. I grew a little shyer in the four years that followed. When he was at home during his vacations he always came often to see me; but there was no thought of love-making between us until the summer he left college.

"He was to go to his uncle in the fall; he had been studying hard, and he spent the whole summer at his home in Lennox, with no business but that of resting and amusing himself. I suppose it is very easy for an idle young man in the country to drift into love. What else had he to do? I can speak of that young, thirty-years-ago self of mine as if the Rachel Welles, spinster, who sits before you to-day, were quite another person. That young Rachel Welles was the prettiest girl in Lennox, and Reeves Hawthorne had a quick eye for all a woman's fine points. I knew I was not his equal in learning or accomplishments; still he never seemed to feel this, and we passed much of the time together. We rode often on horseback, for I was a fearless and habitual rider; we walked together in the breezy pine-woods, and gathered the bright,

hardy mountain blossoms to fill the old china pitchers which did duty as vases at home. And yet, now I look back upon it, it seems to me that all must have appeared very homely and homespun to him. He had been out into the world somewhat, but I knew about nothing finer or grander than our quiet Berkshire ways. The only wonder is how he ever came to think I would do for his wife.

"I remember the day and the hour when he asked me to marry him as well as if it were but last month or last year. It was September, and he was going away the next day. We had been wandering all the afternoon through the pine-woods, neither of us saying much, both of us sad, I suppose, with the brooding shadow of our near parting. It gives me a strange, choking feeling about the heart to this day to inhale the balsamic odor of a grove of pines. I never smell it but I live over again that September sunset.

"We sat together on a rock where the moss was thick and soft as a cushion, and looked out between the straight, slender tree-boles toward the west, where the sun was going down. The wind blew from the south, and wafted to us, along with the sweet odor, a susurrous murmur, which seemed, Reeves said, like the lamenting voice of the dying day. We watched the clouds after the sun had set. A soft, violet-colored island seemed to sleep in a sea of flame, and to it led a shining rift, as if some bark had just cut the golden sea and left behind it its phosphorescent glow. Reeves looked with kindling eyes—then his hand sought mine. I remember noticing—it was an odd, incongruous thought at such a moment—how brown and coarse my hand looked lying in his white, student's palm. We mountain girls never spared hands or faces when we had any thing to accomplish, and my fingers were not much like those of a city lady. I wondered if Reeves observed it. Had the hand been never so fair he could hardly have held it more fondly. He bent over me with his handsome hazel eyes looking straight into mine, and he said,

"'Rachel, I love you. I do not think any one else will ever be so dear to me as you are, and I do not want to leave Lennox without your promise to be my wife when I am able to claim you.'

"I do not know how it was, but his words brought me more pain than joy, though I loved him in those days, God forgive me, better than my own soul. Something seemed to tell me that it was too much to be true, and I wept a girl's passionate tears on his bosom where he had drawn me. He was quick-tempered, and this seemed to vex him. He put me away a little, and cried,

"'Have you then no answer for me but weeping, when I offer you all man can offer to woman?'

"'It is because I am not worthy,' I sobbed, 'and because I can not make it seem real. Look at me, Reeves, and tell me solemnly, before God, that whatever may come in the future, in this hour you love me better than any thing

else in the world. There may come a time when I shall need the memory of such words.'

"He held my hand—he looked steadfastly into my eyes—he said,

"'Rachel, more than any thing else in the world I love you—beyond all other wishes is the wish to make you my wife. Do you promise to marry me?'"

"I answered that I loved him as well as he could love me, but I thought he might some day find a wife to please him better; and we were both so young, perhaps we had best not be engaged. But this only vexed him again, and he made some bitter speeches about my thinking I should have too long to wait for him, and not liking to be fettered; so that I was glad enough to do what I had only hesitated about for his sake, and promise all he wished. We went home, under the stars, engaged lovers, and I thought there had never been such a night, such stars, such sky, such a lover. I have not forgotten one throb of that tremulous joy, though I am forty-seven now, and a single woman.

"The next day he went away, and I was left behind to hope and to dream. Not that I had much leisure for dreaming that autumn. There were apples to pare for drying, corn to husk, wool to card, and yarn to get ready for the winter's weaving. Then came the short, busy winter days, and if I could not have thought and worked at the same time I should not have had much opportunity to think of Reeves, except, indeed, the nights, when I went early to bed, and lay awake long in the cold and the dark, solacing my memory with every word he had ever said to me, every look of his handsome eyes.

"The next summer he came home, but it was only for two weeks, and he was nobler-looking and more elegant than ever, and farther above me, I thought sadly, in the depths of my heart. He was at home for so short a time, and had so many claims on his attention, that we were not together as much as I could have wished. Still he seemed very fond of me, and the last night before he went away we walked to the place where we had made the promise which bound us to each other, and sat and watched there while the sun went down and the summer moon came up. Again he told me how dear I was to him, and bade me remember, when the days of his absence should seem long and weary, that he was working to win the home which some day I should share with him.

"The next morning he went away, and then followed another year like the preceding one—full of toil, but full also of fond remembrance and far-reaching hope. I did not hear from him very often. Letters were not such common things then as now; but I question if any girl, whose absent lover writes to her every two days, could possibly value his letters as I did those rare, precious epistles which came at intervals of three or four weeks—which slept under my pillow at night, and in my bosom by day—which I never tired of reading, though every word was written upon my heart as plainly as upon the paper."

Aunt Rachel paused for a few moments, and I thought I saw a slow tear trickle down her cheek and drop upon her work. I was impatient to hear the rest of her story, and I recalled her to it as delicately as I could.

"How much you must have loved him, Aunt Rachel!"

"Yes, child, yes. I loved him well enough, but I knew all the time that he had one fault which did not promise well for my future happiness. I do not mean his quick temper—I could bear with that. I do not even think it would ever have troubled me much; for, though he was exacting and easily angered, he had a most generous nature, and was incapable of holding malice against his worst enemies. But he had, what I dreaded far more, a certain morbid sensitiveness to the tastes and opinions of others—a desire to rise in the world which claimed kindred with vanity rather than pride. In spite of this one foible I thought him the noblest man I ever knew. There was so much that was grand in him—such fine, heroic sense of honor—such power of self-denial and self-sacrifice, that I felt he would climb to grander heights than I could ever reach.

"Again, the second summer, he came home, and this time I think we were more together than before. He seemed to love me very dearly, but sometimes I could not help fearing he was far from satisfied with me. He talked a great deal of what he wished me to learn when I should be his wife. French and the piano, he said, would be indispensable; and of course my life would be altogether different in every way. We spent the last evening before he left in talking about these things. We should be married, he said, the next summer. His uncle had done so well by him that he should be quite able to marry then, and he did not wish me to live such a toilsome life any longer. My mother was dead, and I had, chiefly, the charge of my brothers and sisters, as well as the dairy and the house-keeping concerns. When I should marry father would get a housekeeper, but Reeves was very earnest that this step should be taken at once. I ought to have time, he argued, to get a little rest, and to make preparations for my marriage. Besides, he said, and he strove to speak playfully, but I saw that the feeling under his words was serious, he would like me to be a little more careful of my fingers. People noticed brides a good deal; the fairer and smoother my hands were the better. Perhaps I was foolish, but this wounded me a little. I tried to be reasonable, and to realize how natural this feeling was in one who saw so many delicate and beautiful women.

"After he was gone my father called me to him, and said he:

"'Rachel! Reeves has been talking to me about getting a housekeeper, and I think I had better. If I have not done so before, it was not because I was unwilling to spare you the toil; but somehow I felt as if you might not like to have any other person put over you, and it was



a pleasant thing to me to see my daughter mistress of her father's house.'

"'You shall see her so still,' I answered, as I kissed him. 'God has given me to you. If He ever gives me to another, it will be time enough then to lay down the old duties. For the present no one has so strong a claim on me as you. When I am Reeves Hawthorne's wife, I can do what his wife ought.'

"I know this resolution made my father happy, and that knowledge more than repaid any sacrifice it cost me. Indeed, I was better pleased myself to have all things remain as they were. So I went on, keeping the house and taking care of the children, and training my eldest sister, Bessie, who was sixteen by this time, so that she might be able to take my place when I was gone, and save my father from the trial of having a stranger at the head of his board.

"I was busy at every odd moment I could find in the day, and many hours besides when others slept, in making my simple preparations for my bridal. I tried all I could, moreover, to spare my hands for Reeves Hawthorne's sake. I made a long handle to my dish-cloth, and swept and dusted with moleskin mittens on; but do what I would my hands looked like a country girl's still. In spite of being so busy, I had more sad moments that year than I had had either of the preceding ones. I was so fearful that I should never be fine and fair enough for Reeves that it weighed upon my spirits. His letters were not less frequent, and in every one some allusion was made to our near marriage; but there seemed something in them forced and unnatural. I mention these vague foreshadowings of sorrow, but they were only slight spots upon the sun of my joy. In spite of them I believed in Reeves Hawthorne as I believed in Heaven, and looked forward to our marriage with joyful and confident expectation.

"The first of July he came. His uncle had given him a three months' holiday. At the end of two months we were to be married, and spend the remaining four weeks traveling quietly with a horse and chaise over the pleasant roads of Massachusetts, and then I was to go with him to Boston. How delightful all the plans seemed! With what bright colors life was opening before me!

"Reeves had brought from the city an India muslin for my bridal robe, and a heavy gray silk for my traveling dress. They excited the wondering admiration of the few intimate friends to whom I showed them, no less than did the soft lace veil, looped with orange blossoms, which came packed in a box from a Boston milliner. How kind and thoughtful he had been—how tender and gentle he was! And yet a vague disquiet began to trouble my heart. Why did he never seek to be alone with me? Why was Bessie so often asked to be the companion of our rides and walks? Why were his eyes so sad and his smiles so rare? Was this like a lover who was so soon to marry the woman of his choice?

"I said nothing; what could I say? I went on making my wedding garments, but sometimes my eyes were dim and my fingers trembled. I tried to shake off these feelings. I laughed hollow laughs at their absurdity, and I was always cheerful in Reeves's presence.

"One day I took my work and wandered out alone, through the pine-wood, toward the rock where we had sat together the night he asked me to be his wife. As I approached it I saw that he was there before me, but the look on his face was not that of a happy lover who had gone back to the spot linked with the tenderest memory of his past, to indulge there in dreams of a happier future. If ever I saw despair written on any man's face, I saw it written on his then. His hands hung listlessly beside him; his shoulders were bent forward; his whole attitude told the same story as his face. The truth came home to me, resistless as bitter. I knew that he, round whom every fibre of my heart had clung, with whom I had linked every dream and hope of my whole future, that he did not love me. There was that in his face which told me he had rather die than marry me. I went up to him. I spoke to him gently and with forced calm.

"'Reeves,' I said, 'why are you so sad and moody?'

"His temper blazed up. I suppose he thought that to get angry was the easiest way to elude my inquiries. He cried, in a scornful tone:

"'What creatures you women are! A man must wear a perpetual simper or, forsooth, he is gloomy and has moods. Not content with the devotion of his life, you want him to draw every muscle of his face into compliance with your fancies.'

"I was calm, for I thought not of myself and my own sorrow, but of him. I answered, gently still—

"'I am sorry if I have asked too much. I will not be exacting of you any more, for I have come to make you free.'

"'Wind, vapor, thistle-down!' he sneered, scornfully. 'Which of you is so light, so variable as a woman? Why did you engage yourself to me, if I may make so bold as to ask, if not because you loved me, and meant to marry me?'

"'When I gave you my troth-plight,' I answered, firmly, 'you assured me before God that you loved me better than any thing else on earth—that it was the first wish of your heart to make me your wife. Can you look eternity in the face and say so now? I promised to marry you, Reeves, because I loved you, as I thought you loved me. I have come to tell you I will not keep that promise because I love you better still. You are too dear to me to be made unhappy through my means. I know that you would wed me from duty, not from choice. If you had never assumed the ties which bind us, with your larger knowledge of the world, you would not seek to assume them now. My resolution is unchangeable.'

"My words turned his susceptible feelings into another channel. He tried to persuade me that his love was unchanged—that it was still the most earnest wish of his heart to marry me. God knows how I longed to believe him, but I could not. No man can deceive by false professions the woman who truly loves him. The heart is keen to penetrate its own despair. I knew that I could no longer make his happiness, and I was firm in insisting that our engagement should be at an end. Of course I conquered. He acknowledged, at last, that he believed his love for me had been that of a brother for a sister. Then a woman's feverish longing possessed me to know whether he had loved any other better. I said to myself that such an assurance would be my best cure, and I kept down the anguish of my own heart, and led him on to reveal the secret of his.

"I found that the daughter of his uncle's partner was the magnet which had drawn him from his allegiance to me. He never meant to love her, he said. The passion had grown upon him unconsciously, and never by word or look had he conveyed the slightest intimation of it to its object. I believed him, for I knew he was the soul of honor, else should I not have loved him. He had never thought for one moment of any other alternative than our marriage; and he had hoped in the still peace of domestic life to forget his mad dream of Constance Gray. But I saw well enough that his very heart was full of her. He tried to conceal, for my sake, the depth of his devotion, but, cunning in self-torture, I drew it from him. I made him linger over her charms—the delicacy of her beauty, the sweetness of her voice, the grace of her manners; and I said to myself, inwardly, 'Such and such is the woman he ought to marry, and were you blind enough, poor fool, to think you could please him? Learn wisdom, Rachel Welles.'

"I do not imagine that he suspected the depth of my suffering. I meant to make him think lightly of it, and I believe I succeeded. I promised him that I would be his sister, faithful and true, and that in any great strait of his life I would never fail him; and he seemed to love me better, now that we had got upon a true and right footing, than he had done before since he came home.

"After this he left Lennox almost immediately. Of course it was not pleasant for him to stay, and I was glad when he had gone. I explained every thing to my own family, telling them the whole truth. Beyond them I made no confidants, leaving it to common rumor to explain and dilate upon my affairs—doubtless a pleasant task."

"I should have died, Aunt Rachel, I know I should," I cried, impetuously, taking advantage of her pause, and she answered me as before—

"Only a girl's thought, dear—a girl's thought. I did not die, though I do not deny that for a time I despaired of ever feeling any thing like happiness again. One of the hardest trials was to put away my wedding things. I laid them

all in the new trunk which had been bought for me to take away from home. I folded them carefully—the soft, gray silk; the white, dainty muslin; the filmy veil, with the orange blossoms looping it—and scattered lavender over them. The lace and muslin are yellow now, and the lavender is withered. So am I.

"After that I just went on with my duties as ever. My father felt for me as tenderly as a woman. He proposed to send me away from home for a while. I might go to a boarding-school, he said, or visit his only sister, who was settled in a distant city; but I told him I desired no change. My ambition to be accomplished was over—I should be better at home among the hearts which were my own true kindred. And so all went on as before. I saw to the dairy and the housekeeping, and cared tenderly for the children, and I believe the Lord was my Helper. I made but one change. Hitherto my chamber had been on the side of the house looking toward the pine-wood. Sitting at my open window on summer nights I had dreamed about my promised husband. The wind had borne to me that peculiar balsamic odor. The susurrous, murmuring music had blent with my thoughts of him. Now music and odor were alike intolerable. I moved my few possessions to another room, on the opposite side of the house, and I took my youngest sister—five years old—'the baby,' to sleep with me. If any tears fell at night upon her sunny hair they did not disturb the happy calm of her restful slumbers.

"The next summer Reeves Hawthorne brought home his bride. Before his arrival a note came to me telling me of his marriage, and that he should bring his wife to Lennox. He called me his dear sister, and begged me to come and see his Constance, and love her for his sake. When they had been two days in town I went. Perhaps pride drove me there, or a past habit of obedience to Reeves, or a resolution to look my trouble in the face steadfastly. No matter. I went.

"I did not wonder that I had lost my lover when I saw her who had so innocently won him from me. How beautiful she was! with just that delicate, high-born beauty which it was Reeves Hawthorne's nature to crave. She seemed to me like a white lily, so pure, so fragile, so very fair. No trace of toil had ever soiled those fingers; no bearing of burdens had bowed the slender shoulders, or spoiled the grace of the girlish figure. It needed only to look at her to see that she was as good as she was fair. Truth shone in the clear eyes; tenderness and love hovered round the carnation-colored lips. I could not blame Reeves. I saw that she was exactly suited to make him happy, and I tried not to envy them, or dwell upon my own grief.

"That fall a blow fell upon us which taxed my energies to the utmost. Suddenly my father was stricken blind. We did all we could to avert this calamity, but the simple remedies of our country doctor failed utterly. When

Reeves Hawthorne heard of our trouble, he sent a celebrated oculist from Boston to ascertain whether there was any possibility of relief. Our last hope failed when the city physician told us decidedly that the malady was incurable, and then we settled our future plan of life. Bessie relieved me of the housekeeping, and I devoted myself entirely to nursing and entertaining my poor father. During the four years that Heaven spared him to me, I hope he missed his sight as little as any one so situated could. I tried faithfully to be eyes for him. I think to me this calamity was a blessing in disguise. It diverted my thoughts from my own sorrow, and brought me the healing which always accompanies earnest endeavor for the sake of others; until, by-and-by, a blessedness came to me which was more than happiness, because its birth-place was heaven, not earth. Both of Reeves Hawthorne's parents had died during the first year of his marriage; so that, after that one visit, neither he nor his bride were seen any more in Lennox, and I suppose this circumstance helped me in my victory over myself.

"When my father had been blind four years his eyes were opened—not on earth, indeed. The flowers, the skies, the fields on which he looked were fairer than those old Berkshire ones he had loved so well. The face beside him on that awaking was one he had laid away under the church-yard grass nine years before.

"The children were my charge when he was gone. Bessie married first; and then the two boys went out into the world; and, last of all, 'the baby,' the little, fair-haired Nell—who had slept in my bosom when my great trouble first came and ever afterward—went away with a husband whom she loved, and so I was left alone.

"After a while I heard that Reeves Hawthorne's wife had died, leaving one child, the last of many; and then seven more long, lonely years went by me, bringing no tidings of him.

"At length, after all these years, a letter came. Long as it had been since I had looked upon his handwriting, I knew it at once. The words which it contained were these:

"'Rachel, my sister, you promised once that your love should not fail me in the great straits of life. If you would keep your faith with me, come to me now. I have not long to live, and I want to leave my daughter in your care. There is no one else on earth to whom I would so willingly intrust her. Let me place her hand in yours before my summons comes. Your brother REEVES.'

The secret came home to me as Aunt Rachel repeated the words of that note, and kneeling down beside her I cried,

"He whom you have called Reeves Hawthorne was my father, is it not so? You have been telling me his story under another name."

"You are right, dear. When I came here, one year ago, I came because your father had written me those words. I had looked upon him last twenty-five years before—a gay young

bridegroom, standing by the bride of his choice—strong, happy, still in the glow and glory of youth. I was to look on him now—a middle-aged man, worn and weary with the battle of life—look on him as he lay a-dying.

"You were not in the room when we met. He held my hand in his for a moment, then he drew my face down toward him and kissed me—the first time in so many years.

"'Rachel,' he said, 'I have not been unmindful of you during all these silent years. I have heard of every one of your sorrows. I have gloried in your self-denial and heroism. But when I have heard that no one who sought you for a wife could win you, I have feared that in taking you at your word I did you a bitter wrong. I did not mean it, Rachel; but you saw Constance afterward, and you know I could not have helped loving her. I have longed, inexpressibly, to have your forgiveness for every pang I ever cost you. Can I have it now?'

"'Fully and freely I forgive you, Reeves,' I answered; struggling with the tears that almost choked my utterance. 'And yet what do I say? What have I to forgive? The only wonder was that you could ever have thought me a fit wife for you, not that you afterward loved Constance.'

"'And you will grant my request, Rachel,' he asked, searching my face with his great, anxious eyes—'you will stay here when I am gone, and be a guardian for my daughter—Constance's child and mine?'

"'I will stay,' I said, 'and be to your child as nearly a mother as I can.'

"Just then you came in, dear, with your tender eyes, your young, bright face—your mother's very image. You know the rest—how your father put your hand in mine, and I took you to my heart, and into my heart. When he died his last words blessed us both, and we mourned for him together. Since then I have loved you better than I ever loved any thing on earth except your father."

I looked at her face as she paused. No one could have called her old-looking now, or uninteresting. There was a pink flush on her cheeks, such as they must have worn in her lost youth; her eyes were blue and tender, and for one brief moment, lit up by that transfiguring glow, I seemed to see in her the pretty Berkshire girl who had sat by my father's side on the rocks of Lennox, with the pine-trees overhead. I could scarcely have loved her better had she been his wife and my mother. She was the first to speak:

"Harry is coming to-night, is he not, dear?"

"Yes, Aunt Rachel, Harry is coming, and I love him. Should it please God to make me his wife, I will be true and faithful to him to his life's end or mine; but even if his love should fail me, you have made me feel that heaven is above earth, and I would not die because I had lost happiness, when the Infinite Father was ready to give me in its stead blessedness."



## THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



## CHAPTER VIII.

WILL BE PRONOUNCED TO BE CYNICAL BY THE  
BENEVOLENT.

GENTLE readers will not, I trust, think the worse of their most obedient, humble servant for the confession that I talked to my wife, on my return home, regarding Philip and his affairs. When I choose to be frank, I hope no man can be more open than myself: when I have a mind to be quiet, no fish can be more mute. I have kept secrets so ineffably that I have utterly forgotten them until my memory was refreshed by people who also knew them. But what was the use of hiding this one from the being to whom I open all, or almost all—say all excepting just one or two—of the closets of this heart? So I say to her, “My love, it is as I suspected. Philip and his cousin Agnes are carrying on together.”

“Is Agnes the pale one, or the *very* pale one?” asks the joy of my existence.

“No, the elder is Blanche. They are both older than Mr. Firmin: but Blanche is the elder of the two.”

“Well, I am not saying any thing malicious, or contrary to the fact, am I, Sir?”

“No. Only I know by her looks, when another lady’s name is mentioned, whether my wife likes her or not. And I am bound to say, though this statement may meet with a denial, that her countenance does not vouchsafe smiles at the mention of all ladies’ names.

“You don’t go to the house? You and Mrs. Twysden have called on each other, and there the matter has stopped? Oh, I know! It is because poor Talbot brags so about his wine,

and gives such abominable stuff, that you have such an unchristian feeling for him!”

“That is the reason, I dare say,” says the lady.

“No. It is no such thing. Though you *do* know sherry from port, I believe upon my conscience you do not avoid the Twysdens because they give bad wine. Many others sin in that way, and you forgive them. You like your fellow-creatures better than wine—some fellow-creatures—and you dislike some fellow-creatures worse than medicine. You swallow them, Madam. You say nothing, but your looks are dreadful. You make wry faces: and when you have taken them you want a piece of sweetmeat to take the taste out of your mouth.”

The lady, thus wittily addressed, shrugs her lovely shoulders. My wife exasperates me in many things; in getting up at insane hours to go to early church, for instance; in looking at me in a particular way at dinner, when I am about to eat one of those *entrées* which Dr. Good-enough declares disagree with me; in nothing more than in that obstinate silence which she persists in maintaining sometimes when I am abusing people whom I do not like, whom she does not like, and who abuse me. This reticence makes me wild. What confidence can there be between a man and his wife if he can’t say to her, “Confound So-and-So, I hate him!” or, “What a prig What-d’-you-call-em is!” or, “What a bloated aristocrat Thingamy has become since he got his place!” or what you will.

“No,” I continue, “I know why you hate the Twysdens, Mrs. Pendennis. You hate them because they move in a world which you can only occasionally visit. You envy them because they are hand in glove with the great: because they possess an easy grace, and a frank and noble elegance with which common country people and apothecaries’ sons are not endowed.”

“My dear Arthur, I do think you are ashamed of being an apothecary’s son. You talk about it so often,” says the lady. Which was all very well: but you see she was not answering my remarks about the Twysdens.

“You are right, my dear,” I say then. “I ought not to be censorious, being myself no more virtuous than my neighbor.”

“I know people abuse you, Arthur; but I think you are a very good sort of man,” says the lady, over her little tea-tray.

“And so are the Twysdens very good people—very nice, artless, unselfish, simple, generous, well-bred people. Mr. Twysden is all heart: Twysden’s conversational powers are remarkable and pleasing: and Philip is eminently fortunate in getting one of those charming girls for a wife.”

“I’ve no patience with them,” cries my wife, losing that quality to my great satisfaction: for then I knew I had found the crack in Madam

Pendennis's armor of steel, and had smitten her in a vulnerable little place.

"No patience with them? Quiet, lady-like young women!" I cry.

"Ah," sighs my wife, "what have they got to give Philip in return for—"

"In return for his thirty thousand? They will have ten thousand pounds apiece when their mother dies."

"Oh! I wouldn't have our boy marry a woman like one of those, not if she had a million. I wouldn't, my child and my blessing!" (This is addressed to a little darling who happens to be eating sweet cakes, in a high chair, off the little table by his mother's side, and who, though he certainly used to cry a good deal at the period, shall be a mute personage in this history.)

"You are alluding to Blanche's little affair with—"

"No, I am not, Sir!"

"How do you know which one I meant, then? —Or that notorious disappointment of Agnes, when Lord Farintosh became a widower? If he wouldn't, she couldn't, you know, my dear. And I am sure she tried her best: at least every body said so."

"Ah! I have no patience with the way in which you people of the world treat the most sacred of subjects—the most sacred, Sir. Do you hear me? Is a woman's love to be pledged, and withdrawn every day? Is her faith and purity only to be a matter of barter, and rank, and social consideration? I am sorry, because I don't wish to see Philip, who is good, and honest, and generous, and true as yet—however great his faults may be—because I don't wish to see him given up to—Oh! it's shocking, shocking!"

Given up to what? to any thing dreadful in this world, or the next? Don't imagine that Philip's relations thought they were doing Phil any harm by condescending to marry him, or themselves any injury. A doctor's son, indeed! Why, the Twysdens were far better placed in the world than their kinsmen of Old Parr Street; and went to better houses. The year's levée and drawing-room would have been incomplete without Mr. and Mrs. Twysden. There might be families with higher titles, more wealth, higher positions; but the world did not contain more respectable folks than the Twysdens: of this every one of the family was convinced, from Talbot himself down to his heir. If somebody or some Body of savans would write the history of the harm that has been done in the world by people who believe themselves to be virtuous, what a queer, edifying book it would be, and how poor oppressed rogues might look up! Who burns the Protestants?—the virtuous Catholics, to be sure. Who roasts the Catholics?—the virtuous Reformers. Who thinks I am a dangerous character, and avoids me at the club?—the virtuous Squaretoes. Who scorns? who persecutes? who doesn't forgive?—the virtuous Mrs. Grundy. She remembers her neighbor's peccadilloes to the third and fourth generation; and

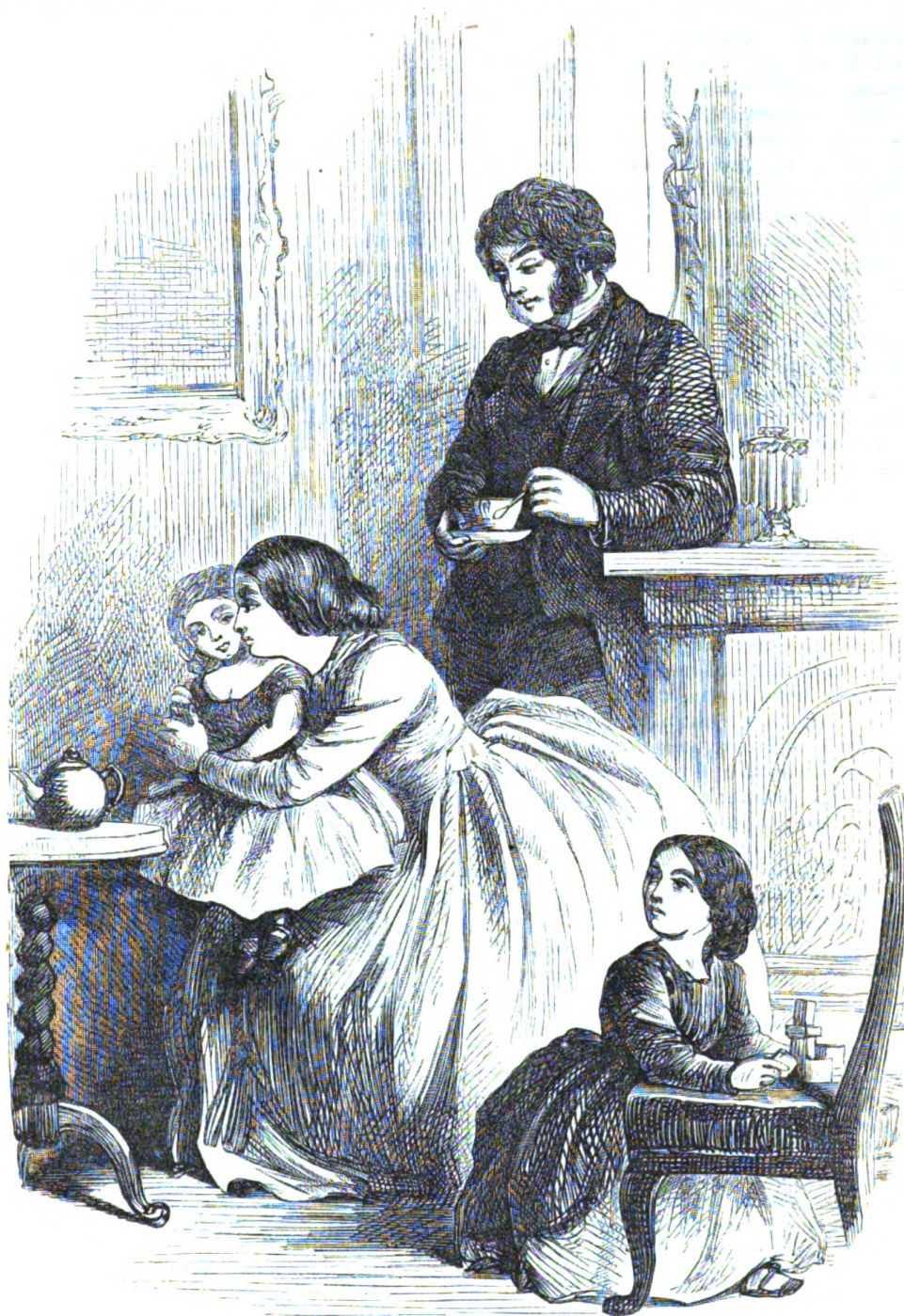
if she finds a certain man fallen in her path, gathers up her affrighted garments with a shriek, for fear the muddy, bleeding wretch should contaminate her, and passes on.

I do not seek to create even surprises in this modest history, or condescend to keep candid readers in suspense about many matters which might possibly interest them. For instance, the matter of love has interested novel-readers for hundreds of years past, and doubtless will continue so to interest them. Almost all young people read love books and histories with eagerness, as oldsters read books of medicine, and whatever it is—heart complaint, gout, liver, palsy—cry, "Exactly so, precisely my case!" Phil's first love affair, to which we are now coming, was a false start. I own it at once. And in this commencement of his career I believe he was not more or less fortunate than many and many a man and woman in this world. Suppose the course of true love always did run smooth, and every body married his or her first love. Ah! what would marriage be?

A generous young fellow comes to market with a heart ready to leap out of his waistcoat, forever thumping and throbbing, and so wild that he can't have any rest till he has disposed of it. What wonder if he falls upon a wily merchant in Vanity Fair, and barter his all for a stale bauble not worth sixpence? Phil chose to fall in love with his cousin; and I warn you that nothing will come of that passion, except the influence which it had upon the young man's character. Though my wife did not love the Twysdens, she loves sentiment, she loves love affairs—all women do. Poor Phil used to bore me after dinner with endless rhodomontades about his passion and his charmer; but my wife was never tired of listening. "You are a selfish, heartless, *blasé* man of the world, you are," he would say. "Your own immense and undeserved good fortune in the matrimonial lottery has rendered you hard, cold, crass, indifferent. You have been asleep, Sir, twice to-night, while I was talking. I will go up and tell Madam every thing. *She* has a heart." And presently, engaged with my book or my after-dinner doze, I would hear Phil striding and creaking overhead, and plunging energetic pokers in the drawing-room fire.

Thirty thousand pounds to begin with; a third part of that sum coming to the lady from her mother; all the doctor's savings and property;—here certainly was enough in possession and expectation to satisfy many young couples; and as Phil is twenty-two, and Agnes (must I own it?) twenty-five, and as she has consented to listen to the warm outpourings of the eloquent and passionate youth, and exchange for his fresh, new-minted, golden sovereign heart, that used little threepenny-piece, her own—why should they not marry at once, and so let us have an end of them and this history? They have plenty of money to pay the parson and the post-chaise; they may drive off to the country, and live on their means, and lead an existence so





LAURA'S FIRESIDE.

humdrum and tolerably happy that Phil may grow quite too fat, lazy, and unfit for his present post of hero of a novel. But stay—there are obstacles; coy, reluctant, amorous delays. After all, Philip is a dear, brave, handsome, wild, reckless, blundering boy, treading upon every body's dress skirts, smashing the little Dresden ornaments and the pretty little decorous gimcracks of society, life, conversation—but there is time yet. Are you so very sure

about that money of his mother's? and how is it that his father the doctor has not settled accounts with him yet? *C'est louche*. A family of high position and principle must look to have the money matters in perfect order, before they consign a darling accustomed to every luxury to the guardianship of a confessedly wild and eccentric, though generous and amiable, young man. Besides—ah! besides—besides!

.....“It's horrible, Arthur! It's cruel, Ar-



thur! It's a shame to judge a woman, or Christian people so! Oh, my loves! my blessings! would I sell *you*?" says this young mother, clutching a little belaced, befurbeled being to her heart, infantine, squalling, with blue shoulder-ribbons, a mottled little arm that has just been vaccinated, and the sweetest red shoes. "Would I sell *you*?" says mamma. Little Arty, I say, squalls; and little Nelly looks up from her bricks with a wondering, whimpering expression.

Well, I am ashamed to say what the "besides" is; but the fact is that young Woolcomb, of the Life Guards' Green, who has inherited immense West India property, and, we will say, just a tea-spoonful of that dark blood which makes a man naturally partial to blonde beauties, has cast his opal eyes very warmly upon the golden-haired Agnes of late; has danced with her not a little; and when Mrs. Twysden's barouche appears by the Serpentine, you may not unfrequently see a pair of the neatest little yellow kid gloves just playing with the reins, a pair of the prettiest little boots just touching the stirrup, a magnificent horse dancing, and tittupping, and tossing, and performing the most graceful caracoles and gambadoes, and on the magnificent horse a neat little man with a blazing red flower in his bosom, and glancing opal eyes, and a dark complexion, and hair so *very* black and curly, that I really almost think in some of the Southern States of America he would be likely to meet with rudeness in a railway car.

But in England we know better. In England Grenville Woolcomb is a man and a brother. Half of Arrowroot Island, they say, belongs to him; besides Mangrove Hall, in Hertfordshire; ever so much property in other counties; and that fine house in Berkeley Square. He is called the Black Prince behind the scenes of many theatres: ladies nod at him from those broughams which, you understand, need not be particularized. The idea of his immense riches is confirmed by the known fact that he is a stingy black Prince, and most averse to parting with his money except for his own adornment or amusement. When he receives at his country house his entertainments are, however, splendid. He has been flattered, followed, caressed all his life, and allowed by a fond mother to have his own way; and as this has never led him to learning, it must be owned that his literary acquirements are small, and his writing defective. But in the management of his pecuniary affairs he is very keen and clever. His horses cost him less than any young man's in England who is so well mounted. No dealer has ever been known to get the better of him; and, though he is certainly close about money, when his wishes have very keenly prompted him no sum has been known to stand in his way.

Witness the purchase of the— But never mind scandal. Let by-gones be by-gones. A young doctor's son, with a thousand a year for a fortune, may be considered a catch in some cir-

cles, but not, *vous concevez*, in the upper regions of society. And dear woman—dear, angelic, highly-accomplished, respectable woman—does she not know how to pardon many failings in our sex? Age? pshaw! She will crown my bare old poll with the roses of her youth! Complexion? What contrast is sweeter and more touching than Desdemona's golden ringlets on swart Othello's shoulder? A past life of selfishness and bad company? Come out from among the swine, my prodigal, and I will purify thee!

This is what is called cynicism, you know. Then I suppose my wife is a cynic, who clutches her children to her pure heart, and prays gracious Heaven to guard them from selfishness, from worldliness, from heartlessness, from wicked greed.



## CHAPTER IX.

CONTAINS ONE RIDDLE WHICH IS SOLVED, AND  
PERHAPS SOME MORE.

MINE is a modest muse, and as the period of the story arrives when a description of love-making is justly due, my Mnemosyne turns away from the young couple, drops a little curtain over the embrasure where they are whispering, heaves a sigh from her elderly bosom, and lays a finger on her lip. Ah, Mnemosyne dear! we will not be spies on the young people. We will not scold them. We won't talk about their doings much. When we were young, we too, perhaps, were taken in under Love's tent; we have eaten of

his salt, and partaken of his bitter, his delicious bread. Now we are padding the hoof lonely in the wilderness we will not abuse our host, will we? We will couch under the stars, and think fondly of old times, and to-morrow resume the staff and the journey.

And yet, if a novelist may chronicle any passion—its flames, its raptures, its whispers, its assignations, its sonnets, its quarrels, sulks, reconciliations, and so on—the history of such a love as this first of Phil's may be excusable in print, because I don't believe it was a real love at all, only a little brief delusion of the senses, from which I give you warning that our hero will recover before many chapters are over. What! my brave boy, shall we give your heart away for good and all, for better or for worse, till death do you part? What! my Corydon and sighing swain, shall we irrevocably bestow you upon Phyllis, who, all the time you are piping and paying court to her, has Melibœus in the cupboard, and ready to be produced should he prove to be a more eligible shepherd than t'other? I am not such a savage toward my readers or hero as to make them undergo the misery of such a marriage.

Philip was very little of a club or society man. He seldom or ever entered the Megatherium, or when there stared and scowled round him savagely, and laughed strangely at the ways of the inhabitants. He made but a clumsy figure in the world, though in person handsome, active, and proper enough; but he would forever put his great foot through the World's flounced skirts, and she would stare, and cry out, and hate him. He was the last man who was aware of the Woolcomb flirtation, when hundreds of people, I dare say, were simpering over it.

"Who is that little man who comes to your house, and whom I sometimes see in the park, aunt—that little man with the very white gloves and the very tawny complexion?" asks Philip.

"That is Mr. Woolcomb, of the Life Guards Green," aunt remembers.

"An officer, is he?" says Philip, turning round to the girls. "I should have thought he would have done better for the turban and cymbals." And he laughs, and thinks he has said a very clever thing. Oh, those good things about people and against people! Never, my dear young friend, say them to any body—not to a stranger, for he will go away and tell; not to the mistress of your affections, for you may quarrel with her, and then *she* will tell; not to your son, for the artless child will return to his school-fellows and say, "Papa says Mr. Blenkinsop is a muff." My child, or what not, praise every body: smile on every body: and every body will smile on you, in return, a sham smile, and hold you out a sham hand; and, in a word, esteem you as you deserve. No. I think you and I will take the ups and the downs, the roughs and the smooths of this daily existence and conversation. We will praise those whom we like, though nobody repeat our kind sayings; and say our say about those whom we dislike, though we

are pretty sure our words will be carried by tale-bearers, and increased, and multiplied, and remembered long after we have forgotten them. We drop a little stone—a little stone that is swallowed up, and disappears, but the whole pond is set in commotion, and ripples in continually-widening circles long after the original little stone has popped down and is out of sight. Don't your speeches of ten years ago—maimed, distorted, bloated, it may be out of all recognition—come strangely back to their author?

Phil, five minutes after he had made the joke, so entirely forgot his saying about the Black Prince and the cymbals, that, when Captain Woolcomb scowled at him with his fiercest eyes, young Firmin thought that this was the natural expression of the captain's swarthy countenance, and gave himself no further trouble regarding it. "By George! Sir," said Phil afterward, speaking of this officer, "I remarked that he grinned, and chattered, and showed his teeth; and remembering it was the nature of such baboons to chatter and grin, had no idea that this chimpanzee was more angry with me than with any other gentleman. You see, Pen, I am a white-skinned man, I am pronounced even red-whiskered by the ill-natured. It is not the prettiest color. But I had no idea that I was to have a Mulatto for a rival. I am not so rich, certainly, but I have enough. I can read and spell correctly, and write with tolerable fluency. I could not, you know, could I, reasonably suppose that I need fear competition, and that the black horse would beat the bay one? Shall I tell you what she used to say to me? There is no kissing and telling, mind you. No, by George! Virtue and prudence were forever on her lips! She warbled little sermons to me; hinted gently that I should see to safe investments of my property, and that no man, not even a father, should be the sole and uncontrolled guardian of it. She asked me, Sir, scores and scores of little sweet, timid, innocent questions about the doctor's property, and how much did I think it was, and how had he laid it out? What virtuous parents that angel had! How they brought her up, and educated her dear blue eyes to the main chance! She knows the price of housekeeping, and the value of railway shares; she invests capital for herself in this world and the next. She mayn't do right always, but wrong? O fie, never! I say, Pen, an undeveloped angel with wings folded under her dress, not perhaps your mighty, snow-white, flashing pinions that spread out and soar up to the highest stars, but a pair of good, serviceable, drab, dove-colored wings, that will support her gently and equably just over our heads, and help to drop her softly when she condescends upon us. When I think, Sir, that I might have been married to a genteel angel, and am single still—oh! it's despair, it's despair!"

But Philip's little story of disappointed hopes and bootless passion must be told in terms less acrimonious and unfair than the gentleman would use, naturally of a sanguine, swaggering talk,

prone to exaggerate his own disappointments, and call out, roar—I dare say swear—if his own corn was trodden upon, as loudly as some men who may have a leg taken off.

This I can vouch for Miss Twysden, Mrs. Twysden, and all the rest of the family—that if they, what you call, jilted Philip, they did so without the slightest hesitation or notion that they were doing a dirty action. Their actions never were dirty or mean: they were necessary, I tell you, and calmly proper. They ate cheese-parings with graceful silence; they cribbed from board-wages; they turned hungry servants out of doors; they remitted no chance in their own favor; they slept gracefully under scanty coverlets; they lighted niggard fires; they locked the caddy with the closet lock, and served the teapot with the smallest and least frequent spoon. But you don't suppose they thought they were mean, or that they did wrong? Ah! it is admirable to think of many, many, ever so many respectable families of your acquaintance and mine, my dear friend, and how they meet together and humbug each other! “My dear, I have cribbed half an inch of plush out of James's small-clothes.” “My love, I have saved a half-penny out of Mary's beer. Isn't it time to dress for the duchess's; and don't you think John might wear that livery of Thomas's, who only had it a year, and died of the small-pox? It's a little tight for him to be sure, but,” etc. What is this? I profess to be an impartial chronicler of poor Phil's fortunes, misfortunes, friendships, and what-nots, and am getting almost as angry with these Twysdens as Philip ever was himself.

Well, I am not mortally angry with poor Traviata tramping the pavement, with the gas-lamp flaring on her poor painted smile, else my indignant virtue and squeamish modesty would never walk Piccadilly or get the air. But Lais, quite moral, and very neatly, primly, and straitly laced—Phryne, not the least disheveled, but with a fixature for her hair, and the best stays, fastened by mamma—your High Church or Evangelical Aspasia, the model of all proprieties, and owner of all virgin purity blooms, ready to sell her cheek to the oldest old foggy who has money and a title—these are the Unfortunates, my dear brother and sister sinners, whom I should like to see repentant and specially trounced first. Why, some of these are put into reformatories in Grosvenor Square. They wear a prison dress of diamonds and Chantilly lace. Their parents cry, and thank Heaven as they sell them; and all sorts of revered bishops, clergy, relations, dowagers, sign the book, and ratify the ceremony. Come! let us call a midnight meeting of those who have been sold in marriage, I say; and what a respectable, what a genteel, what a fashionable, what a brilliant, what an imposing, what a multitudinous assembly we will have; and where's the room in all Babylon big enough to hold them?

Look into that grave, solemn, dingy, somewhat naked, but elegant drawing-room, in Beaunash Street, and with a little fanciful opera-glass

you may see a pretty little group or two engaged at different periods of the day. It is after lunch, and before Rotten Row ride time (this story, you know, relates to a period ever so remote, and long before folks thought of riding in the park in the forenoon). After lunch, and before Rotten Row time, saunters into the drawing-room a fair-haired young fellow with large feet and chest, careless of gloves, with auburn whiskers blowing over a loose collar, and—must I confess it?—a most undeniable odor of cigars about his person. He breaks out regarding the debate of the previous night, or the pamphlet of yesterday, or the poem of the day previous, or the scandal of the week before, or upon the street-sweeper at the corner, or the Italian and monkey before the park—upon whatever, in a word, moves his mind for the moment. If Philip has had a bad dinner yesterday (and happens to remember it), he growls, grumbles, nay, I dare say, uses the most blasphemous language against the cook, against the waiters, against the steward, against the committee, against the whole society of the club where he has been dining. If Philip has met an organ girl with pretty eyes and a monkey in the street, he has grinned and wondered over the monkey; he has wagged his head, and sung all the organ's tunes; he has discovered that the little girl is the most ravishing beauty eyes ever looked on, and that her scoundrelly Savoyard father is most likely an Alpine miscreant who has bartered away his child to a peddler of the beggarly cheesy valleys, who has sold her to a friend *qui fait la traite des hurdigurdies*, and has disposed of her in England. If he has to discourse on the poem, pamphlet, magazine article—it is written by the greatest genius, or the greatest numskull, that the world now exhibits. *He write! A man who makes fire rhyme with Marire! This vale of tears and world which we inhabit does not contain such an idiot. Or have you seen Dobbins's poem? Agnes, mark my words for it—there is a genius in Dobbins which some day will show what I have always surmised, what I have always imagined possible, what I have always felt to be more than probable, what, by George! I feel to be perfectly certain; and any man is a humbug who contradicts it, and a malignant miscreant, and the world is full of fellows who will never give another man credit, and I swear that to recognize and feel merit in poetry, painting, music, rope-dancing, any thing, is the greatest delight and joy of my existence. I say—what was I saying?*

“You were saying, Philip, that you love to recognize the merits of all men whom you see,” says gentle Agnes, “and I believe you do.”

“Yes,” cries Phil, tossing about the fair locks. “I think I do. Thank Heaven, I do. I know fellows who can do many things better than I do—every thing better than I do.”

“Oh, Philip!” sighs the lady.

“But I don't hate 'em for it.”

“You never hated any one, Sir. You are too brave! Can you fancy Philip hating any one, mamma?”



Mamma is writing, "Mr. and Mrs. TALBOT TWYSDEN request the honor of Admiral and Mrs. DAVIS LOCKER's company at dinner on Thursday the so-and-so." "Philip what?" says mamma, looking up from her card. "Philip hating any one! Philip eating any one! Philip! we have a little dinner on the 24th. We shall ask your father to dine. We must not have too many of the family. Come in afterward, please."

"Yes, aunt," says downright Phil, "I'll come, if you and the girls wish. You know tea is not my line; and I don't care about dinners, except in my own way, and with—"

"And with your own horrid set, Sir!"

"Well," says Sultan Philip, flinging himself out on the sofa, and lording on the ottoman, "I like mine ease and mine inn."

"Ah, Philip! you grow more selfish every day. I mean men do," sighed Agnes.

You will suppose mamma leaves the room at this juncture. She has that confidence in dear Philip and the dear girls that she sometimes *does* leave the room when Agnes and Phil are together. She will leave REUBEN, the eldest born, with her daughters: but my poor dear little younger son of a Joseph, if you suppose she will leave the room and *you* alone in it—O my dear Joseph, you may just jump down the well at once! Mamma, I say, has left the room at last, bowing with a perfect sweetness and calm grace and gravity; and she has slipped down the stairs, scarce more noisy than the shadow that slants over the faded carpet—(oh! the faded shadow, the faded sunshine!)—mamma is gone, I say, to the lower regions, and with perfect good-breeding is torturing the butler on his bottle-rack—is squeezing the housekeeper in her jam-closet—is watching the three cold cutlets shuddering in the larder behind the wires—is blandly glancing at the kitchen-maid until the poor wench fancies the piece of bacon is discovered which she gave to the crossing-sweeper—and calmly penetrating John until he feels sure his inmost heart is revealed to her, as it throbs within his worsted-laced waistcoat, and she knows about that pawning of master's old boots (beastly old high-lows!), and—and, in fact, all the most intimate circumstances of his existence. A wretched maid, who has been ironing collars, or what not, gives her mistress a shuddering courtesy, and slinks away with her laces; and meanwhile our girl and boy are prattling in the drawing-room.

About what? About every thing on which Philip chooses to talk. There is nobody to contradict him but himself, and then his pretty hearer vows and declares he has not been so very contradictory. He spouts his favorite poems. "Delightful! Do, Philip, read us some Walter Scott! He is, as you say, the most fresh, the most manly, the most kindly of poetic writers—not of the first class, certainly; in fact, he has written most dreadful bosh, as you call it so drolly; and so has Wordsworth, though he is one of the greatest of men, and has reached

sometimes to the very greatest height and sublimity of poetry; but now you put it, I must confess he is often an old bore, and I certainly should have gone to sleep during the "Excursion," only you read it so nicely. You don't think the new composers as good as the old ones, and love mamma's old-fashioned playing? Well, Philip, it is delightful, so lady-like, so feminine!" Or, perhaps, Philip has just come from Hyde Park, and says, "As I passed by Apsley House I saw the Duke come out, with his old blue frock and white trowsers and clear face. I have seen a picture of him in an old *European Magazine*, which I think I like better than all—gives me the idea of one of the brightest men in the world. The brave eyes gleam at you out of the picture; and there's a smile on the resolute lips which seems to insure triumph. Agnes, Assaye must have been glorious!"

"Glorious, Philip!" says Agnes, who had never heard of Assaye before in her life. "Arbela, perhaps; Salamis, Marathon, Agincourt, Blenheim, Busaco—where dear grandpapa was killed—Waterloo, Armageddon; but Assaye? Que voulez-vous?"

"Think of that ordinarily prudent man, and how greatly he knew how to dare when occasion came! I should like to have died after winning such a game. He has never done any thing so exciting since."

"A game? I thought it was a battle just now," murmurs Agnes in her mind; but there may be some misunderstanding. "Ah, Philip," she says, "I fear excitement is too much the life of all young men now. When will you be quiet and steady, Sir?"

"And go to an office every day, like my uncle and cousin; and read the newspaper for three hours, and trot back and see you."

"Well, Sir! that ought not to be such very bad amusement," says one of the ladies.

"What a clumsy wretch I am! My foot is always trampling on something or somebody!" groans Phil.

"You must come to us, and we will teach you to dance, Bruin!" says gentle Agnes, smiling on him. I think, when very much agitated, her pulse must have gone up to forty. Her blood must have been a light pink. The heart that beat under that pretty white chest, which she exposed so liberally, may have throbbed pretty quickly once or twice with waltzing, but otherwise never rose or fell beyond its natural gentle undulation. It may have had throbs of grief at a disappointment occasioned by the milliner not bringing a dress home; or have felt some little fluttering impulse of youthful passion when it was in short frocks, and Master Grimsby at the dancing-school showed some preference for another young pupil out of the nursery. But feelings, and hopes, and blushes, and passions now? Pshaw! They pass away like nursery dreams. Now there are only proprieties. What is love, young heart? It is two thousand a year at the very lowest computation; and with the present rise in wages and

house-rent, that calculation can't last very long. Love? Attachment? Look at Frank Maythorn, with his vernal blushes, his leafy whiskers, his sunshiny, laughing face, and all the birds of spring caroling in his jolly voice; and old General Pinwood hobbling in on his cork leg, with his stars and orders, and leering round the room from under his painted eyebrows. Will my modest nymph go to Maythorn, or to yonder leering Satyr, who totters toward her in his white and rouge? Nonsense. She gives her garland to the old man, to be sure. He is ten times as rich as the young one. And so they went on in Arcadia itself, *really*. Not in that namby-pamby ballet and idyll world, where they tripped up to each other in rhythm, and talked hexameters; but in the real, downright, no-mistake country—Arcadia—where Tityrus, fluting to Amaryllis in the shade, had his pipe very soon put out when Melibœus (the great grazier) performed on his melodious, exquisite, irresistible cow-horn; and where Daphne's mother dressed her up with ribbons and drove her to market, and sold her, and swapped her, and bartered her like any other lamb in the fair. This one has been trotted to the market so long now that she knows the way herself. Her baa has been heard for—do not let us count how many seasons. She has nibbled out of countless hands; frisked in many thousand dances; come quite harmless away from goodness knows how many wolves. Ah! ye lambs and raddled innocents of our Arcadia! Ah, old *Ewe*! Is it of your ladyship this fable is narrated? I say it is as old as Cadmus, and man- and mutton-kind.

So when Philip comes to Beaunash Street, Agnes listens to him most kindly, sweetly, gently, and affectionately. Her pulse goes up very nearly half a beat when the echo of his horse's heels is heard in the quiet street. It undergoes a corresponding depression when the daily grief of parting is encountered and overcome. Blanche and Agnes don't love each other very passionately. If I may say as much regarding those two lambkins, they butt at each other—they quarrel with each other—but they have secret understandings. During Phil's visits the girls remain together, you understand, or mamma is with the young people. Female friends may come in to call on Mrs. Twysden, and the matrons whisper together, and glance at the cousins, and look knowing. "Poor orphan boy!" mamma says to a sister matron. "I am like a mother to him since my dear sister died. His own home is so blank, and ours so merry, so affectionate! There may be intimacy, tender regard, the utmost confidence between cousins—there may be future and even closer ties between them—but you understand, dear Mrs. Matcham, no engagement between them. He is eager, hot-headed, impetuous, and imprudent, as we all know. She has not seen the world enough—is not sure of herself, poor dear child. Therefore, every circumspection, every caution, is necessary. There must be no engagement—no letters between them. My darling Agnes does not write to ask

him to dinner without showing the note to me or her father. My dearest girls respect themselves." "Of course, my dear Mrs. Twysden, they are admirable, both of them. Bless you, darlings! Agnes, you look radiant! Ah, Rosa, my child, I wish you had dear Blanche's complexion!"

"And isn't it monstrous keeping that poor boy hanging on until Mr. Woolcomb has made up his mind about coming forward?" says dear Mrs. Matcham to her own daughter, as her brougham-door closes on the pair. Here he comes! Here is his cab. Maria Twysden is one of the smartest women in England—that she is."

"How odd it is, mamma, that the *beau cousin* and Captain Woolcomb are always calling, and never call together!" remarks the *ingénue*.

"They might quarrel if they met. They say young Mr. Firmin is very quarrelsome and impetuous!" says mamma.

"But how are they kept apart?"

"Chance, my dear! mere chance!" says mamma. And they agree to say it is chance—and they agree to pretend to believe one another. And the girl and the mother know every thing about Woolcomb's property, every thing about Philip's property and expectations, every thing about all the young men in London, and those coming on. And Mrs. Matcham's girl fished for Captain Woolcomb last year in Scotland, at Loch-hookey; and stalked him to Paris; and they went down on their knees to Lady Banbury when they heard of the theatricals at the Cross; and pursued that man about until he is forced to say, "Confound me! hang me! it's too bad of that woman and her daughter; it is now, I give you my honor it is! And all the fellows chaff me! And she took a house in Regent's Park, opposite our barracks, and asked for her daughter to learn to ride in our school—I'm blest if she didn't, Mrs. Twysden! and I thought my black mare would have kicked her off one day—I mean the daughter—but she stuck on like grim death; and the fellows call them Mrs. Grim Death and her daughter. Our surgeon called them so, and a doocid rum fellow—and they chaff me about it, you know—ever so many of the fellows do—and I'm not going to be had in that way by Mrs. Grim Death and her daughter! No, not as I knows, if you please!"

"You are a dreadful man, and you gave her a dreadful name, Captain Woolcomb!" says mamma.

"It wasn't me. It was the surgeon, you know, Miss Agnes; a doocid funny and witty fellow, Nixon is—and sent a thing once to *Punch*, Nixon did. I heard him make the riddle in Albany Barracks, and it riled Foker so! You've no idea how it riled Foker, for he's in it!"

"In it?" asks Agnes, with the gentle smile, the candid blue eyes—the same eyes, expression, lips, that smile and sparkle at Philip.

"Here it is! Capital! Took it down! Wrote it into my pocket-book at once as Nixon made it. '*All doctors like my first, that's clear.*' Doctor Firmin does that. Old Parr Street par-

ty! Don't you see, Miss Agnes? FEE! Don't you see?"

"Fee! Oh, you droll thing!" cries Agnes, smiling, radiant, very much puzzled.

"My second," goes on the young officer—"My second gives us Foker's beer!"

"My whole's the shortest month in all the year!" Don't you see, Mrs. Twysden? FEE-BREWERY, DON'T YOU SEE? February! A doocid good one, isn't it now? and I wonder *Punch* never put it in. And upon my word, I used to spell it Febuary before, I did; and I dare say ever so many fellows do still. And I know the right way now, and all from that riddle which Nixon made."

The ladies declare he is a droll man, and full of fun. He rattles on, artlessly telling his little stories of sport, drink, adventure, in which the dusky little man himself is a prominent figure. Not honey-mouthed Plato would be listened to more kindly by those three ladies. A bland, frank smile shines over Talbot Twysden's noble face as he comes in from his office and finds the creole prattling. "What! *you* here, Woolcomb? Hay! Glad to see you!" And the gallant hand goes out and meets and grasps Woolcomb's tiny kid glove.

"He has been so amusing, papa! He has been making us die with laughing! Tell papa that riddle you made, Captain Woolcomb?"

"That riddle I made? That riddle Nixon, our surgeon, made. 'All doctors like my first, that's clear,' etc.

And *da capo*. And the family, as he expounds this admirable rebus, gather round the young officer in a group, and the curtain drops.

As in a theatre booth at a fair there are two or three performances in a day, so in Beaunash Street a little genteel comedy is played twice: at four o'clock with Mr. Firmin, at five o'clock with Mr. Woolcomb; and for both young gentlemen same smiles, same eyes, same voice, same welcome. Ah, bravo! ah, encore!

## CHAPTER X.

### IN WHICH WE VISIT "ADMIRAL BYNG."

FROM long residence in Bohemia, and fatal love of bachelor ease and habits, Master Philip's pure tastes were so destroyed and his manners so perverted that, you will hardly believe it, he was actually indifferent to the pleasures of the refined home we have just been describing; and when Agnes was away, sometimes even when she was at home, was quite relieved to get out of Beaunash Street. He is hardly twenty yards from the door when out of his pocket there comes a case; out of the case there jumps an aromatic cigar, which is scattering fragrance around as he is marching briskly northward to his next house of call. The pace is even more lively now than when he is hastening on what you call the wings of love to Beaunash Street. At the house whither he is now going he and the cigar are al-



ways welcome. There is no need of munching orange chips, or chewing scented pills, or flinging your weed away half a mile before you reach Thornhaugh Street—the low, vulgar place! I promise you Phil may smoke at Brandon's, and find others doing the same. He may set the house on fire if so minded, such a favorite is he there; and the Little Sister, with her kind, beaming smile, will be there to bid him welcome. How that woman loved Phil, and how he loved her, is quite a curiosity; and both of them used to be twitted with this attachment by their mutual friends, and blush as they acknowledged it. Ever since the little nurse had saved his life as a school-boy it was *à la vie à la mort* between them. Phil's father's chariot used to come to Thornhaugh Street sometimes—at rare times—and the doctor descend thence and have colloquies with the Little Sister. She attended a patient or two of his. She was certainly very much better off in her money matters in these late years since she had known Dr. Firmin. Do you think she took money from him? As a novelist who knows every thing about his people I am constrained to say Yes. She took enough to pay some little bills of her weak-minded old father, and send the bailiff's hand from his old collar. But no more. "I think you owe him as much as that," she said to the doctor. But as for compliments between them—"Dr. Firmin, I would die rather than be beholden to you for any thing," she said, with her little limbs all in a tremor, and her eyes flashing anger. "How dare you, Sir, after old days, be a coward and pay compliments to me? I will tell your son of you, Sir!" and the little woman looked as if she could have stabbed the elderly libertine there as he stood. And he shrugged his handsome shoulders; blushed a little too, perhaps; gave her one of his darkling looks, and departed.



She had believed him once. She had married him, as she fancied. He had tired of her; forsaken her; left her—left her even without a name. She had not known his for long years after her trust and his deceit. "No, Sir, I wouldn't have your name now, not if it were a lord's, I wouldn't, and a coronet on your carriage. You are beneath me now, Mr. Brand Firmin!" she had said.

How came she to love the boy so? Years back, in her own horrible extremity of misery, she could remember a week or two of a brief, strange, exquisite happiness, which came to her in the midst of her degradation and desertion, and for a few days a baby in her arms, with eyes like Philip's. It was taken from her after a few days—only sixteen days. Insanity came upon her, as her dead infant was carried away—insanity, and fever, and struggle—ah! who knows how dreadful? She never does. There is a gap in her life which she never can recall quite. But George Brand Firmin, Esq., M.D., knows how very frequent are such cases of mania, and that women who don't speak about them often will cherish them for years after they appear to have passed away. The Little Sister says quite gravely, sometimes, "They are allowed to come back. They do come back. Else what's the good of little cherubs bein' born, and smilin', and happy, and beautiful—say, for sixteen days, and then an end? I've talked about it to many ladies in grief sim'lar to mine was, and it comforts them. And when I saw that child on his sick bed, and he lifted his eyes, *I knew him*, I tell you, Mrs. Ridley. I don't speak about it; but I knew him, Ma'am; my angel came back again. I know him by the eyes. Look at 'em. Did you ever see such eyes? They look as if they had seen heaven. His father's don't." Mrs. Ridley believes this theory solemnly, and I think I know a lady, nearly connected with myself, who can't be got quite to disown it. And this secret opinion to women in grief and sorrow over their new-born lost infants Mrs. Brandon persists in imparting. "*I know a case*," the nurse murmurs, "of a poor mother who lost her child at sixteen days old; and sixteen years after, on the very day, she saw him again."

Philip knows so far of the Little Sister's story that he is the object of this delusion, and indeed it very strangely and tenderly affects him. He remembers fitfully the illness through which the Little Sister tended him, the wild paroxysms of his fever, his head throbbing on her shoulders—cool tamarind drinks which she applied to his lips—great gusty night shadows flickering through the bare school dormitory—the little figure of the nurse gliding in and out of the dark. He must be aware of the recognition, which we know of, and which took place at his bedside, though he has never mentioned it—not to his father, not to Caroline. But he elings to the woman, and shrinks from the man. Is it instinctive love and antipathy? The special reason for his quarrel with his father the

junior Firmin has never explicitly told me then or since. I have known sons much more confidential, and who, when their fathers tripped and stumbled, would bring their acquaintances to jeer at the patriarch in his fall.

One day, as Philip enters Thornhauigh Street, and the Sister's little parlor there, fancy his astonishment on finding his father's dingy friend, the Rev. Tufton Hunt, at his ease by the fire-side. "Surprised to see *me* here, eh?" says the dingy gentleman, with a sneer at Philip's lordly face of wonder and disgust. "Mrs. Brandon and I turn out to be very old friends."

"Yes, Sir, old acquaintances," says the Little Sister, very gravely.

"The captain brought me home from the club at the Byngs. Jolly fellows the Byngs. My service to you, Mr. Gann and Mrs. Brandon." And the two persons addressed by the gentleman, who is "taking some refreshment," as the phrase is, make a bow, in acknowledgment of this salutation.

"You should have been at Mr. Philip's call-supper, Captain Gann," the divine resumes. "That *was* a night! Tip-top swells—noblemen—first-rate claret. That claret of your father's, Philip, is pretty nearly drunk down. And your song was famous. Did you ever hear him sing, Mrs. Brandon?"

"Who do you mean by *him*?" says Philip, who always boiled with rage before this man.

Caroline divines the antipathy. She lays a little hand on Philip's arm. "Mr. Hunt has been having too much, I think," she says. "I *did* know him ever so long ago, Philip!"

"What does he mean by *Him*?" again says Philip, snorting at Tufton Hunt.

"*Him*?—Dr. Luther's Hymn! 'Wein, Weiher, und Gesang,' to be sure!" cries the clergyman, humming the tune. "I learned it in Germany myself—passed a good deal of time in Germany, Captain Gann—six months in a specially shady place—*Quod Strasse*, in Frankfort-on-the-Main—being persecuted by some wicked Jews there. And there was another poor English chap in the place, too, who used to chirp that song behind the bars, and died there, and disappointed the Philistines. I've seen a deal of life, I have; and met with a precious deal of misfortune; and borne it pretty stoutly, too, since your father and I were at college together, Philip. You don't do any thing in this way? Not so early, eh? It's good rum, Gann, and no mistake." And again the chaplain drinks to the captain, who waves the dingy hand of hospitality toward his dark guest.

For several months past Hunt had now been a resident in London, and a pretty constant visitor at Dr. Firmin's house. He came and went at his will. He made the place his house of call; and in the doctor's trim, silent, orderly mansion, was perfectly free, talkative, dirty, and familiar. Philip's loathing for the man increased till it reached a pitch of frantic hatred. Mr. Phil, theoretically a Radical, and almost a Republican (in opposition, perhaps, to his fa-

ther, who of course held the highly-respectable line of politics)—Mr. Sansculotte Phil was personally one of the most aristocratic and overbearing of young gentlemen; and had a contempt and hatred for mean people, for base people, for servile people, and especially for too familiar people, which was not a little amusing sometimes, which was provoking often, but which he never was at the least pains of disguising. His uncle and cousin Twysden, for example, he treated not half so civilly as their footmen. Little Talbot humbled himself before Phil, and felt not always easy in his company. Young Twysden hated him, and did not disguise his sentiments at the club, or to their mutual acquaintance behind Phil's broad back. And Phil, for his part, adopted toward his cousin a kick-me-down-stairs manner, which I own must have been provoking to that gentleman, who was Phil's senior by three years, a clerk in a public office, a member of several good clubs, and altogether a genteel member of society. Phil would often forget Ringwood Firmin's presence, and pursue his own conversation entirely regardless of Ringwood's observation. He was very rude, I own. *Que voulez-vous?* We have all of us our little failings, and one of Philip's was an ignorant impatience of bores, parasites, and pretenders.

So no wonder my young gentleman was not very fond of his father's friend, the dingy jail chaplain. I, who am the most tolerant man in the world, as all my friends know, liked Hunt little better than Phil did. The man's presence made me uneasy. His dress, his complexion, his teeth, his leer at women—*Que sais-je?*—every thing was unpleasant about this Mr. Hunt, and his gayety and familiarity more specially disgusting than even his hostility. The wonder was that battle had not taken place between Philip and the jail clergyman, who, I suppose, was accustomed to be disliked, and laughed with cynical good-humor at the other's disgust.

Hunt was a visitor of many tavern parlors; and one day, strolling out of the "Admiral Byng," he saw his friend Dr. Firmin's well-known equipage stopping at a door in Thornhaugh Street, out of which the doctor presently came. "Brandon" was on the door. Brandon, Brandon! Hunt remembered a dark transaction of more than twenty years ago—of a woman deceived by this Firmin, who then chose to go by the name of Brandon. He lives with her still, the old hypocrite, or he has gone back to her, thought the parson. Oh you old sinner! And the next time he called in Old Parr Street on his dear old college friend, Mr. Hunt was specially jocular, and frightfully unpleasant and familiar.

"Saw your trap Tottenham Court Road way," says the slang parson, nodding to the physician.

"Have some patients there. People are ill in Tottenham Court Road," remarks the doctor.

"*Pallida mors æquo pede*—hay, doctor? What used Flaccus to say when we were undergrada?"

"*Æquo pede*," sighs the doctor, casting up his fine eyes to the ceiling.

"Sly old fox! Not a word will he say about her!" thinks the clergyman. "Yes, yes, I remember. And, by Jove! Gann was the name."

Gann was also the name of that queer old man who frequented the "Admiral Byng," where the ale was so good—the old boy whom they called the Captain. Yes; it was clear now. That ugly business was patched up. The astute Hunt saw it all. The doctor still kept up a connection with the party. And that is her old father, sure enough. "The old fox, the old fox! I've earthed him, have I? This is a good game. I wanted a little something to do, and this will excite me," thinks the clergyman.

I am describing what I never could have seen or heard, and can guarantee only verisimilitude, not truth, in my report of the private conversation of these worthies. The end of scores and scores of Hunt's conversations with his friend was the same—an application for money. If it rained when Hunt parted from his college chum, it was, "I say, doctor, I shall spoil my new hat, and I am blest if I have any money to take a cab. Thank you, old boy. *Au revoir*." If the day was fine, it was, "My old blacks show the white seams so that you must out of your charity rig me out with a new pair. Not your tailor. He is too expensive. Thank you—a couple of sovereigns will do." And the doctor takes two from the mantle-piece, and the divine retires, jingling the gold in his greasy pocket.

The doctor is going after the few words about *pallida mors*, and has taken up that well-brushed broad hat with that ever-fresh lining, which we all admire in him—"Oh, I say, Firmin!" breaks out the clergyman. "Before you go out, you must lend me a few sovs, please. They've cleaned me out in Air Street. That confounded roulette! It's a madness with me."

"By George!" cries the other, with a strong execration, "you are too bad, Hunt. Every week of my life you come to me for money. You have had plenty. Go elsewhere. I won't give it you."

"Yes you will, old boy," says the other, looking at him a terrible look; "for—"

"For what?" says the doctor, the veins of his tall forehead growing very full.

"For old times' sake," says the clergyman. "There's seven of 'em on the table in bits of paper—that'll do nicely." And he sweeps the fees with a dirty hand into a dirty pouch. "Halloa! Swearin' and cursin' before a clergyman. Don't cut up rough, old fellow! Go and take the air. It'll cool you."

"I don't think I would like that fellow to attend me, if I was sick," says Hunt, shuffling away, rolling the plunder in his greasy hand. "I don't think I'd like to meet him by moonlight alone, in a very quiet lane. He's a determined chap. And his eyes mean *muching malecho*, his eyes do. Phew!" And he laughs, and makes a rude observation about Dr. Firmin's eyes.

That afternoon the gents who used the "Admiral Byng" remarked the reappearance of the party who looked in last evening, and who now stood glasses round, and made himself uncommon agreeable to be sure. Old Mr. Ridley says he is quite the gentleman. "Heident have been in foring parts a great deal, and speaks the languages. Probbly have 'ad misfortunes, which many 'av 'ad them. Drinks rum-and-water tremenjous. 'Ave scarce no heppyite. Many get into this way from misfortunes. A plesn man, most well informed on almost every subjeck. Think he's a clergyman. He and Mr. Gann have made quite a friendship together, he and Mr. Gann 'ave. Which they talked of Watloo, and Gann is very fond of that, Gann is, most certny." I imagine Ridley delivering these sentences, and alternate little volleys of smoke, as he sits behind his sober calumet and prattles in the tavern parlor.

After Dr. Firmin has careered through the town, standing by sick-beds with his sweet sad smile, fondled and blessed by tender mothers who hail him as the saviour of their children, touching ladies' pulses with a hand as delicate as their own, patting little fresh cheeks with courtly kindness—little cheeks that owe their roses to his marvelous skill; after he has soothed and comforted my lady, shaken hands with my lord, looked in at the club, and exchanged courtly salutations with brother bigwigs, and driven away in the handsome carriage with the noble horses—admired, respecting, respectful, saluted, saluting—so that every man says, "Excellent man, Firmin. Excellent doctor, excellent man. Safe man. Sound man. Man of good family. Married a rich wife. Lucky man." And so on. After the day's triumphant career, I fancy I see the doctor driving homeward, with those sad, sad eyes, that haggard smile.

He comes whirling up Old Parr Street just as Phil saunters in from Regent Street, as usual, cigar in mouth. He flings away the cigar as he sees his father, and they enter the house together.

"Do you dine at home, Philip?" the father asks.

"Do you, Sir? I will if you do," says the son, "and if you are alone."

"Alone. Yes. That is, there'll be Hunt, I suppose, whom you don't like. But the poor fellow has few places to dine at. What? D—Hunt? That's a strong expression about a poor fellow in misfortune, and your father's old friend."

I am afraid Philip had used that wicked monosyllable while his father was speaking, and at the mention of the clergyman's detested name. "I beg your pardon, father. It slipped out in spite of me. I can't help it. I hate the fellow."

"You don't disguise your likes or dislikes, Philip," says, or rather groans, the safe man, the sound man, the prosperous man, the lucky man, the miserable man. For years and years he has known that his boy's heart has revolted from him, and detected him, and gone from

him; and with shame, and remorse, and sickening feeling, he lies awake in the night-watches, and thinks how he is alone—alone in the world. Ah! Love your parents, young ones! O Father Beneficent! strengthen our hearts: strengthen and purify them so that we may not have to blush before our children!

"You don't disguise your likes and dislikes, Philip," says the father then, with a tone that smites strangely and keenly on the young man.

There is a great tremor in Philip's voice as he says, "No, father, I can't bear that man, and I can't disguise my feelings. I have just parted from the man. I have just met him."

"Where?"

"At—at Mrs. Brandon's, father." He blushes like a girl as he speaks.

At the next moment he is scared by the execration which hisses from his father's lips, and the awful look of hate which the elder's face assumes—that fatal, forlorn, fallen, lost look which, man and boy, has often frightened poor Phil. Philip did not like that look, nor indeed that other one, which his father cast at Hunt, who presently swaggered in.

"What, *you* dine here? We rarely do papa the honor of dining with him," says the parson, with his knowing leer. "I suppose, doctor, it is to be fatted-calf day now the prodigal has come home. There's worse things than a good fillet of veal; eh?"

Whatever the meal might be, the greasy chaplain leered and winked over it as he gave it his sinister blessing. The two elder guests tried to be lively and gay, as Philip thought, who took such little trouble to disguise his own moods of gloom or merriment. Nothing was said regarding the occurrences of the morning when my young gentleman had been rather rude to Mr. Hunt; and Philip did not need his father's caution to make no mention of his previous meeting with their guest. Hunt, as usual, talked to the butler, made sidelong remarks to the footman, and garnished his conversation with slippery double-entendre and dirty old-world slang. Betting-houses, gambling-houses, Tattersall's, fights, and their frequenters, were his cheerful themes, and on these he descanted as usual. The doctor swallowed this dose, which his friend poured out, without the least expression of disgust. On the contrary, he was cheerful: he was for an extra bottle of claret—it never could be in better order than it was now.

The bottle was scarce put on the table, and tasted and pronounced perfect, when—oh! disappointment!—the butler reappears with a note for the doctor. One of his patients. He must go. She has little the matter with her. She lives hard by, in May Fair. "You and Hunt finish this bottle, unless I am back before it is done; and if it is done, we'll have another," says Dr. Firmin, jovially. "Don't stir, Hunt"—and Dr. Firmin is gone, leaving Philip alone with the guest to whom he had certainly been rude in the morning.

"The doctor's patients often grew very unwell



about claret time," growls Mr. Hunt, some few minutes after. "Never mind. The drink's good—good! as somebody said at your famous call-supper, Mr. Philip—won't call you Philip, as you don't like it. You were uncommon crusty to me in the morning, to be sure. In my time there would have been bottles broke, or worse, for that sort of treatment."

"I have asked your pardon," Philip said. "I was annoyed about—no matter what—and had no right to be rude to Mrs. Brandon's guest."

"I say, did you tell the governor that you saw me in Thornhaugh Street?" asks Hunt.

"I was very rude and ill-tempered, and again I confess I was wrong," says Phil, boggling and stuttering, and turning very red. He remembered his father's injunction.

"I say again, Sir, did you tell your father of our meeting this morning?" demands the clergyman.

"And pray, Sir, what right have you to ask me about my private conversation with my father?" asks Philip, with towering dignity.

"You won't tell me? Then you *have* told him. He's a nice man, your father is, for a moral man."

"I am not anxious for your opinion about my father's morality, Mr. Hunt," says Philip, gasping in a bewildered manner, and drumming the table. "I am here to replace him in his absence, and treat his guest with civility."

"Civility! Pretty civility!" says the other, glaring at him.

"Such as it is, Sir, it is my best, and—I—I have no other," groans the young man.

"Old friend of your father's, a university man, a Master of Arts, a gentleman born, by Jove! a clergyman—though I sink that—"

"Yes, Sir, you do sink that," says Philip.

"Am I a dog," shrieks out the clergyman, "to be treated by you in this way? Who are you? Do you know who you are?"

"Sir, I am striving with all my strength to remember," says Philip.

"Come! I say! don't try any of your confounded airs on me!" shrieks Hunt, with a profusion of oaths, and swallowing glass after glass from the various decanters before him. "Hang me, when I was a young man, I would have sent one—two at your nob, though you were twice as tall!" Who are you, to patronize your senior, your father's old pal—a university man: you confounded, supercilious—"

"I am here to pay every attention to my father's guest," says Phil; "but if you have finished your wine, I shall be happy to break up the meeting, as early as you please."

"You shall pay me; I swear you shall," said Hunt.

"Oh, Mr. Hunt!" cried Philip, jumping up, and clenching his great fists, "I should desire nothing better."

The man shrank back, thinking Philip was going to strike him (as Philip told me in describing the scene), and made for the bell. But when the butler came, Philip only asked for

coffee; and Hunt, uttering a mad oath or two, staggered out of the room after the servant. Brice said he had been drinking before he came. He was often so. And Phil blessed his stars that he had not assaulted his father's guest then and there, under his own roof-tree.

He went out into the air. He gasped and cooled himself under the stars. He soothed his feelings by his customary consolation of tobacco. He remembered that Ridley, in Thornhaugh Street, held a divan that night; and jumped into a cab, and drove to his old friend.

The maid of the house, who came to the door as the cab was driving away, stopped it; and as Phil entered the passage, he found the Little Sister and his father talking together in the hall. The doctor's broad hat shaded his face from the hall lamp, which was burning with an extra brightness, but Mrs. Brandon's was very pale, and she had been crying.

She gave a little scream when she saw Phil. "Ah! is it you, dear?" she said. She ran up to him: seized both his hands: clung to him, and sobbed a thousand hot tears on his hand. "I never will. Oh, never, never, never!" she murmured.

The doctor's broad chest heaved as with a great sigh of relief. He looked at the woman and at his son with a strange smile; not a sweet smile.

"God bless you, Caroline," he said, in his pompous, rather theatrical, way.

"Good-night, Sir," said Mrs. Brandon, still clinging to Philip's hand, and making the doctor a little humble courtesy. And when he was gone, again she kissed Philip's hand, and dropped her tears on it, and said, "Never, my dear; no, never, never!"

## PRINCE NAPOLEON.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is the son of Jerome, the youngest brother of the First Emperor, by a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. A previous marriage of his father, contracted in this country with Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, was annulled, and it has recently been decided, after litigation in France, that the rights of the issue of that marriage are limited to the use of the name. The Prince has one sister, the beautiful Princess Mathilde, who separated from her husband, the Russian Prince Demidoff, on account of his alleged cruelty. This allegation seems to have been well founded, inasmuch as the Emperor Nicholas espoused her cause, and compelled him to pay over to her a considerable portion of his income.

Prince Napoleon, or, as he is familiarly called, *Plon Plon*, is at present a man of some eight-and-thirty years of age. He is tall and portly, but round shouldered and ungainly both in his appearance and in his gait. His head is of the unmistakable Bonaparte type, common to every member of the family I have ever seen except the present Emperor, who has not the faintest trace of it. So marked is this type that any one

familiar with it could not fail to recognize it instantly whenever he should accidentally meet one of the blood in any part of the world. It is a curious coincidence that the beautiful antique bust of the Emperor Augustus, when a youth, in the Vatican at Rome, might perfectly well serve for that of the Emperor Napoleon I., and bears a strong likeness to all his family, with the single exception above mentioned.

The Prince was in his youth a good deal under the tutelage and guidance of his Imperial cousin, who treated him as a spoiled child, and whom he is as totally unlike in every respect as it is possible for one individual to be to another. He is still looked upon as a sort of *enfant terrible*, and with good cause, if one half of the anecdotes related of his indiscretions and violence are true. Rumor has it that terrible altercations frequently take place between himself and the wearer of the purple, to which he was heir-presumptive until the birth of the Prince Imperial put his nose out of joint for the succession. The story goes that once he so far forgot himself, after an angry discussion, as to tell the Emperor that he was nothing but "a kite in an eagle's nest." This is said to have occurred prior to the Crimean war. It will be remembered that the Prince served in that war, but returned to France some time in the winter of 1854-'55, before the surrender of Sebastopol. A few months later the Emperor made up his mind to take command of the army in person, and went so far as to have his baggage forwarded to Constantinople. The Prince, who has considerable taste for intrigue, was most anxious to remain in Paris during his cousin's contemplated absence; but this by no means accorded with the Imperial views. The Emperor is reported to have told him that he should insist upon his accompanying him, if he went himself, which the Prince flatly refused to consent to do. Thereupon it is said the Emperor put a close to the conversation by telling him that he should take him with him if he had to take him in irons. The contemplated expedition never took place, so that there was no occasion to execute this threat.

Apropos of the Prince's Crimean campaign, his reputation for courage has never stood high among his countrymen, and many reports were circulated to his disadvantage during the war. I happened accidentally to have shown me a letter from before Sebastopol, addressed by an officer of high rank to a friend in Paris, and describing one of the engagements, but which particular one I can not now recall. Among other things he said, "*Le Prince, à ma grande surprise, s'est conduit à merveille.*"—"The Prince, to my great surprise, behaved admirably." Great weight was attached to this reluctant testimony to his bravery by those who knew the writer.

The Prince, until recently, has always affected extremely radical political opinions, aspiring to a sort of leadership of the French democracy. These pretensions have received but little recognition; indeed, he has always been decidedly unpopular with the very class whom he desired to conciliate. He can not show himself at one of

the minor theatres in Paris without meeting with a reception something more than cold; at least, he could not a few years ago. The people had no confidence in his sincerity, and were not disposed to excuse certain acts of glaringly bad taste in his private life. The publicity with which he seemed to take pains to surround his relations with a distinguished tragic actress, since dead, offended the popular sense of propriety. The French are very particular about external decencies, and this extends to even those among them who care but little for principles. They think with the Spartans that detection and exposure are worse than the crime itself. They particularly can not endure that persons in high station should parade their immoralities before the public. Now the Prince used to drive to the residence of the lady alluded to at all hours, in an Imperial carriage with servants in the Imperial livery, and this carriage would frequently be left standing at the door a very long time indeed, to the great scandal of the neighborhood. Upon one occasion he was notified, some time after entering the house, by a superior officer of Police, that an indignant mob was collected outside, and that unless the carriage was dismissed and sent home immediately he could not answer for the consequences. Many will undoubtedly recollect with what severity *Charivari* used to handle the relations between the late Duke of Orleans and the same lady many years ago.

The Prince is not generally supposed to be a man of much intelligence, but in this great injustice is done him. On the contrary, he is a man of decided talent and of remarkably extensive information, particularly in practical matters connected with the economy of life. He is very industrious, and his judgment is generally excellent, particularly where he is not too nearly concerned himself, and where his unfortunate infirmity of temper does not interfere. When he was President of the Imperial Commission of the Great Exhibition of 1855, I had frequent occasion to see him officially, in my capacity of President of the Board of American Commissioners, and I formed a high estimate of the soundness of his views and the general justice of his decisions.

I particularly recollect one instance in point. Perhaps the very best things the United States had to show in Paris upon the memorable occasion referred to were Mr. Goodyear's specimens of articles of vulcanized India-rubber. We were naturally anxious that Mr. Goodyear should have a favorable opportunity of exhibiting this invention so creditable to our country, and he himself had made arrangements, at a considerable expense, to fit up the compartment allotted to him for the purpose. Great, then, was my surprise and annoyance at receiving at a late period an intimation from the executive managers of the Palace of Industry that Mr. Goodyear could not be allowed to exhibit in the American department, because the articles in question were *manufactured* in France. I immediately called upon the official from whom I had received the communication for an explanation. In vain I

stated a number of arguments to him on my side which seemed to me unanswerable, the most prominent of which was the fact that, among the questions propounded to exhibitors, one was, whether they presented themselves in the character of *inventors* or of *manufacturers*, thereby necessarily implying that they might do so as either. All I could say was overruled in general terms. The truth is, they were desirous of appropriating as much of the credit of the invention as possible to themselves. I went home and addressed a long letter upon the subject to an official superior of the person whom I had seen. I received a prompt reply, confirming the decision against me. I then determined to appeal to the court of last resort, and applied to the Prince for an audience at his residence. This was granted to me the next day, and I had no occasion to do any thing more than read the record, when he at once reversed the previous decisions, expressing great surprise that such illiberal views could ever have been entertained by his subordinates. He was always extremely considerate to me, although the inevitable delays and confusion in the American department, arising from causes beyond the control of myself and my associates, sorely tried his patience. Sometimes, previous to the opening of the Exhibition, when we were a good deal behindhand, I would see him rapidly advancing toward me in the Palace of Industry with a port-folio under his arm, and would endeavor to get away, as if I had not seen him, in order to avoid a scolding. This never was of any use, for he always found me out. Generally, after a few words of playful badinage about the incompleteness of our preparations, he would take my arm and walk me up and down one of the aisles, laughing and joking about general matters.

I remember especially one visit I paid him at the Palais Royal, now called the Palais Imperial, where he and his father, old Jerome, resided, occupying, however, separate apartments. I had to wait some time in the antechamber, as he was closeted with somebody else when I entered. This antechamber was a plain room, ornamented, however, with two objects of art (there were none other) which attracted my attention. These were two marble busts of Rachel, the one as Tragedy and the other as Comedy, placed on pedestals in diagonal corners of the room.

After a while I was admitted to the Princely presence. During all the time that I remained with him we both smoked cigarettes incessantly. We had a long and miscellaneous talk *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Finally, after pausing to light a fresh cigarette, he asked me:

"Are you aware that when Charles X. escaped from France to England, after the revolution of 1830, he crossed the channel in an American ship?"

"I never knew the fact, or if I did I had forgotten it," I replied.

"Yes, she was called the *Charles Carroll*, and a remarkably fine vessel she was. The king was accompanied, among others, by a French admiral and several naval officers, and he was stand-

ing surrounded by them on the quarter-deck shortly after they got under way. He had been silent for some minutes, when looking up to the admiral he remarked, 'This is a magnificent ship.' 'She is, indeed, Sire,' was the reply. 'Have we any thing equal to her in our commercial marine?' asked his Majesty. 'We have not,' answered the admiral. Here the King was again silent, and for some time kept his eyes fixed upon the deck. After a while he drew a sigh and said, 'Ah! that was the greatest mistake ever made in the history of the French monarchy.' 'What was?' inquired the admiral. 'The espousal by Louis XVI. of the cause of the American colonies against Great Britain,' answered Charles. And that is my opinion too," said the Prince, laughing and slapping me playfully on the leg with his hand.

He was quite right, so far as the fate of the Bourbon family was concerned. They joined us in our struggle, not because they loved us, but because they hated England. The establishment of free institutions on this side of the Atlantic precipitated the revolution of 1789 in France, cost the reigning monarch his head, and has cost his successors their crown.

During the months of May and June, 1855, Prince Napoleon had receptions at the Palais Royal every Saturday evening. At these receptions gathered all that there was most distinguished in Paris at the time. The number of invitations was very limited, there being never more than two hundred and fifty people in the rooms at one time, so that there was never a crowd. The apartments are very fine, much finer than those employed for the same purpose at the Tuileries. The Prince, who was then a bachelor, did the honors, assisted by his sister. His father was only occasionally present. The first time I went there I was accompanied by the Mexican Secretary of Legation, Mr. Escandon. When we got to the first door an usher on duty asked our names and titles, that he might announce us. My friend handed him his card. I happened to be unprovided with a card, so I wrote my name on a piece of paper, and under it, "President of the United States' Commissioners to the Universal Exposition." What was my dismay and mortification, as I made my entry, to hear the flunky call out, "The President of the United States!" without another word. Whether it was stupidity or malice I could not tell, probably the former. Fortunately for me the Prince was standing with only one or two other persons in the outer apartment. He laughed very meaningfully as he gave me his hand, but made no allusion in words to my discomfort.

Prince Napoleon is now only one remove from the crown. Stranger things have happened than that he should be eventually invested with the purple. It is to be hoped that years will tone down the asperities of his character, and render him more fit to preside over the destinies of a great nation, should he ever be called to do so.



## A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE.

I SHALL not commend that which I am about to relate by insisting upon the incontrovertible truth of the circumstances recorded, neither shall I enforce any statement by the aid of pert little asterisks directing attention to notes below, showing cause why the verity of the facts set down should commend itself to every enlightened mind. Laying aside all such time-worn devices, I shall relate as simply and faithfully as may be the following history:

I can scarcely say at what age, but it was while still a child, I determined to follow a literary profession, and become, if possible, a successful authoress. This resolve was made in no light moment, but solemnly and devoutly, and from that time I concentrated all the energy of a will, by no means weak, toward attaining this wished-for consummation. At an early age, in biographical phrase, I began my literary career, and was fortunate enough to obtain the position of contributor to several second and third rate periodicals, together with divers annuials and annualettes, then much in vogue, which, notwithstanding their general worthlessness, yet attained the occasional honor of embalming within their pages those kingly essences "born in the purple." For my work I received, as women are apt to receive, half-price. This fact I meditated upon with silent indignation, felt not so much in a monetary sense (though Heaven knows how sorely the article was needed, for I had the misfortune to be one of the members of a shabby-genteel family, poor as church-mice, yet constrained by the recollection of former prestige to keep up at least a show of comfortable appearances). In spite of this, I say, it was not so much the smallness of the remuneration that excited my wrath, as the arrogant assumption on the part of those who employed me, themselves men, that woman's work as such was to be appraised at half the value of the literary labor of their own sex. Becoming still further outraged by reflection upon the subject, my anger at length reached a white heat, and in this state of mind with great ease I wrote an article, which, having finished, I copied in a man's hand, assumed a masculine signature, and sent it to what was at that time—about fifteen years ago—the leading periodical of the day. This article, upon its publication, was received with a degree of favor altogether unexpected. Whether this was owing to any original merit it contained or to the novelty of the style I can not be expected to decide. At all events I had the pleasure of seeing my brain-child copied in various directions, while suppositions, embracing even distinguished names, were ventured upon as to its authorship. About a fortnight after its first appearance I received a certain note which, upon opening, I found contained two epistles from the editor of the ——— periodical; the first, inclosing a sum of money, by far the largest I had ever received, with a few words signifying that the latter was intended as pay-

ment for my contribution. The second, I opened with some, I may say a great deal of curiosity; it read thus (*N.B.* Editors had not at this date totally abandoned the study of Chesterfield):

"J. T. Pomeroy, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR,—Your article, entitled ———, has excited my cordial admiration, and inspired me with a desire for the writer's acquaintance, not alone for his own sake, but with a view toward attaching him as a constant contributor to the ———. Should this meet with your approbation, I should be glad to have you dine with me next Tuesday at my residence, No. 10 Blank Place. There will be present two or three other gentlemen, also my literary co-laborers, to whom I should like to introduce you. We shall dine at six.

"Believe me your obedient servant, etc.

"———"

I read this last with a mingling of amusement and triumph. Then drawing pen and ink toward me, was about to indite an answer to the effect that, for the present, I should be compelled to forego the honor of a personal acquaintance, when a tumultuous thought flashed across my brain. Let me pause a moment here. My life had been certainly monotonous enough. True, I had been in society, as it is technically called, but it was society of a dull and commonplace kind, and innumerable times I had longed for a broader experience, and larger opportunities for tracing the intricacies of that curious problem—human nature. In the note before me the golden apple of an entirely novel experience was extended toward me; an intense longing, an insane desire to know its taste, prompted me to pluck and eat. In plain words, the thought that entered my mind was this: To accept the invitation I had received, and in the person of J. T. Pomeroy, my *nom de plume*, present myself at the appointed time to the gentlemen who had so kindly desired my acquaintance. Placing my hands before my face, I bent all my energies toward discovering if the plan were feasible. In the first place, how to procure the necessary articles of attire. I sprang in search of a newspaper I had been looking over a day or so before. Seizing upon it, I ran my eye eagerly up and down its columns, until it fell upon the advertisement I had remembered seeing there, and which read somewhat in this style:

"JEAN DURAND, COSTUMER, No. — Broadway, has constantly on hand a large variety of theatrical wardrobes. Also wigs, toupees, etc., of every kind. *N.B.* Costumes for amateur performances furnished at short notice upon the most reasonable terms."

The invitation was for Tuesday, and to-day was Thursday, there was, therefore, no time to lose; and in ten minutes afterward I had reached the ferry and was on my way to the New York side. After a little difficulty I found the place I was in search of. Passing up a flight of stairs, I came to a door labeled "JEAN DURAND, COSTUMER." Opening it, I was glad to find only two persons in the room, an elderly man writing behind the counter, and a young girl seated beside the stove sewing, the peculiar physiognomy of whose face and head, with its nationally neat arrangement of shining braids, assured me at once of her French origin.

"Monsieur Durand," she said, softly.

The man laying down his pen came forward and asked with an accent, "Vat can I do for Madame?"

"I intend taking the part of a gentleman, and wish for a suitable costume."

"A costume pittoresque, or of de date moderne."

"A plain citizen's dress," I replied.

"Ver good," he said, with a bow; and if there was any thing unusual in the procedure it did not appear in his manner. "Madame will be measured?" he continued, producing a tape.

"This young girl will attend to that," I answered, stepping back.

Monsieur Durand shrugged his shoulders, and elevated his eyebrows slightly, possibly at the phantasm of American prudery, took refuge, finally, in "Ver good," and handed the measure to the girl, who, ushering me into a side room, quickly and deftly did all that was required. Stepping back into the main apartment, I asked, with an air of *sang froid*, "You can furnish me with wig and whiskers, I suppose?" These articles being produced, I made a selection, and removing my bonnet the man, with an "Allow me, Madame," adjusted them; quick work, as they fastened on by an easy arrangement of springs. At this the girl smiled, nodded her head, and said, "bon, bon," softly, several times. Upon looking into the glass she held toward me I also found the effect good. Removing my hirsute appendages, I directed the articles I had ordered to be sent, not to my own home, but to the house of my only intimate friend—of whom presently. The costume was to be furnished the ensuing Monday, I having presented the case as one of pressing necessity.

In pursuance of my design I stopped at the house of the friend referred to, who it will be sufficient to designate simply Milly. She came dancing into the room in the prettiest of morning dresses, kissed me gently, first on one cheek then the other, and, sitting down, declared her intention of enjoying the luxury of a "nice long talk." Without much ado, and in as few words as possible, I unfolded my plan to Milly, and demanded her assistance. At first the little lady opened her eyes in unequivocal amazement and remained for a moment deprived of speech, then recovering the use of her tongue, launched into a series of remonstrances to the effect, "that she had never heard of such a thing—never; that I would never be able to carry out such a mad-cap plan," etc. But finding I was not to be dissuaded, Milly, who was really as mischievous at heart as she was demure in manner, caught my spirit of adventure, and clapping her hands, came to the final conclusion that "after all it would be such fun," and promised to help me to the extent of her power.

The case stood thus: The mother of Milly was a widow, and, besides these two, a young brother constituted the entire family. The former was an invalid, confined for the most part

to her room, and we did not anticipate serious difficulty in eluding the vigilance of the latter. It was therefore arranged that I should keep my appointment to dine, having previously changed my attire at the house of Milly, spend the night with her, which, on account of our intimacy, would excite no remark, and returning to my family next day, nobody need be the wiser for my adventure.

"But, dear me!" exclaimed my friend at this point, "if you dine with gentlemen you will be expected to drink wine and smoke cigars, and you can't do that, you determined thing. You know you can't, and they'll be sure to suspect something."

"True," rejoined I, meditatively. Then brightening up, "Taking wine I can evade, and as for smoking—ahem! Well, the truth is, dear, I shall learn."

Milly clasped her helpless little hands in horror; but I, snatching a hasty kiss before she could interpose another word, had opened the door and was off. My last threat was no idle one. On my way home, having doubled my veil, I stepped into a store consecrated to the sale of Havanas, first ascertaining that it was empty of customers, purchased half a dozen cigarettes, together with some of the stronger cigars used commonly by gentlemen, the man in waiting handing the bundle to me, and receiving payment therefor, as if he were rather incredulous of the propriety of the proceeding. Having thus terminated my labors for the present, I returned home to rest upon my laurels.

At length the half-wished for, half-dreaded day, upon which I was to try my fortune under colors so completely false, arrived. I would mention here that, during the interim, I had succeeded to a certain extent in perfecting myself in the art of smoking, which, considering I had always prided myself upon being destitute of "nerves," was not as difficult for me as it would have been for most. My first essay was with the cigarettes; and when I was able to accomplish these with tolerable ease, I proceeded to the cigars, and by dint of perseverance attained the maximum power of smoking three at short intervals without being nauseated beyond endurance. I succeeded in this achievement without awakening suspicion in any body except a wide-awake little brother, who insisted upon wondering "What made Sissy's room 'mell so deffully 'moky."

As I have said, the day that was to usher in such a novel experience arrived, and having bid my family good-by, warning them not to expect me back until the following day, I departed. Little did my gentle mother imagine, as she gave me a parting caress, what a harebrained adventure her daughter had undertaken. Milly, who had been watching for me, met me at the door, ejaculating in an underbreath,

"The things came last night, and I've done nothing all the morning but lock myself in, and look at them. They're perfect."

Then taking me by the hand she drew me up the staircase to her own pretty room. I

glanced at the dainty bed with its transparent curtains, the miniature wardrobe, and rosewood *etagère* with its rows of inviting-looking books; at Milly's pet bird, which eyed us curiously from its gilt cage; at the fair marble angels on either side the mantle; at all the signs of a pure maidenhood that made itself felt in the atmosphere of the apartment, and somehow my buoyant spirits fell.

Milly, looking at me, said, "After all, dear, had you not better give it up?"

This remark restored my bravery, and native obstinacy coming to my aid, enabled me to rejoin, "No, no, it is too late now; and do help me dress, for I have no time to spare."

I must confess Milly afforded me but little assistance in this direction. Those small white hands trembled as she handed me the unaccustomed articles of attire, while the large eyes grew still wider as I progressed with my toilet. As Milly had said, every thing was "perfect," from the shirt of immaculate whiteness down to the shining French boots, which I had taken especial care to order.

Milly, holding up these last, asked, in a tone half of wonder, half distress, "Are you going to wear these? They'll be sure to guess you're a woman—no man ever had such small feet."

"Nonsense," was my reply; "my feet will look large enough when I get these on:" and suiting the action to the word, I proceeded to introduce myself into them. This operation completed, I said, "Milly run into the closet a moment. Don't peep, and when I'm ready I'll call."

She complied; and having adjusted my wig and whiskers carefully and securely, I invited Milly to make her appearance. The little lady stood rooted to the spot in amazement. Stepping briskly forward, I put my arm about her waist, and kissed her several times in quick succession.

"Go away—go away from me!" cried Milly, struggling. Then recovering herself said, panting, "The illusion was so strong that, for a moment, I couldn't help thinking it was really a man, you naughty thing!"

After this little interlude, Milly, placing me in the centre of the room, walked around me several times, scanning closely each separate article of attire; finally stopped, and looking up into my face, said, approvingly, "Well, you'll do; and let me tell you, if you really were a gentleman, you'd be a real handsome fellow. As it is, I'm half afraid of you."

"It is time to start," was my rejoinder to this somewhat dubious compliment, at the same time drawing my time-piece from its fob with an air; "and remember you are to be on the watch for me, and when I tap on the door let me in."

"Yes, yes, I know; but where is your cane, Sir?"

"Sure enough, I forgot."

"Never mind; Harry has one;" and she skimmed away like a swallow, presently returning with a small gold-headed affair, which we both pronounced "just the thing."

My equipment being complete, Milly having first pronounced the coast clear, I gave her another kiss, which this time she took as natural as life, and set forth, she watching my exit from behind the front parlor blinds. I walked along with as nonchalant a bearing as was possible under the circumstances, swinging my cane back and forth as I had seen gentlemen do; but this appearance of ease was belied by the inward trembling I felt, until, finding nobody bestowed more than a passing glance upon me, before reaching the ferry I was quite reassured. Taking an omnibus on the New York side, I rode up Broadway a short distance; then getting out presently found myself at the place of destination.

How my heart throbbed as I ascended the stone step and rang the bell! A colored servant answered the summons, and passing in, I handed a card having "J. T. POMEROY" written upon it. Immediately the servant returned with a kindly-looking gentleman, who shook me cordially by the hand, with the declaration that he was "Happy to make my acquaintance," etc., then led the way into the drawing-room. Strange as it may seem, now that I found myself face to face with the enemy, my agitation subsided entirely, and the calmness of desperation took possession of my entire frame. I glanced about the apartment, instituting several inquiries as to the authors of certain paintings hanging about the room, of which even my inexperienced eye acknowledged the value, from whence we glanced to more modern artists, and were engaged in a discussion—if such it could be called, I indulging only in monosyllabic replies—in regard to the prospects of American Art when the bell rang, and a moment after two gentlemen entered the room.

Both were well known to me by fame and sight. One was a poet, then of no mean standing, and the pet and lion of a certain "set." He was stout, whiskered, and spectacled. The other was a man, not tall, but of fine form, with a face beautiful, yet marred by a certain defect, for the mouth blurred, and, devoid of all fine expression in the outline, put to shame the luminous eyes, holding strange meanings in their cold, clear depths. Wonderful versifier as he was, he was yet exciting attention by a style of criticism which, at this period of literary cliqueism, was as novel as the criticisms themselves were remarkable. The unlucky wight who had been "done to death" by those glittering icicles of sentences, diamond-pointed, and drawn from a sheath of supercilious disdain, or, at best, of freezing gentlemanliness, was not likely to lose remembrance of the sting for a lifetime. He of the spectacles, whom I shall call the poet, greeted me with a courteous bow. The critic inclined his head with an air of hauteur, while a coldly sweet smile touched the pendulous lips a moment, then dropped away. The manner of both plainly showed that he whom our host introduced as "Mr. Pomeroy, who had written that exceedingly clever article," was an individual of the smallest possible importance in



their eyes. We were seated, and our host had just remarked, "We have only Kingsley to wait for," when the door opened and a man of splendid presence entered.

He was received with open arms, the poet giving him a boisterous welcome, while the critic said, in a clear, metallic voice, "I began to despair of seeing you, my dear fellow." The newcomer, having exchanged greetings with these gentlemen, turned toward me, and rested his gaze full upon me as our host mentioned my name. The scrutinizing eyes sent a thrill to my very heart, my own found the floor, and at the same time I felt my hand caught in a strong, warm clasp. Scarcely knowing what I did, I withdrew it, and, reseating myself, took refuge in a portfolio of engravings I had been turning over previous to this last entrance.

By the time I had recovered self-possession enough to attend to the movements of the others, the critic had assumed the leading share in conversation, and in his peculiar voice, low yet far-reaching, was giving his apotheosis of a woman who had just dawned upon New York society; whose massiveness of mind, and the vassalage in which she held language, had drawn about her divers of the floating downy individualities composing a large share of said society, just as electrified amber attracts feathers, that cling about it, understanding its attributes and power as little as did these personalities comprehend the woman of whom I speak. The speaker was just closing his analysis, brilliant, yet devoid of geniality and heart-warmth as a sunless day in winter, and we were all listening with enchained attention, when the servant entered and with a wave of his hand was about to announce dinner. It needed but a glance from his master, and he too stood riveted by that voice-power until the critic ceased speaking. Our host then led the way, the poet and critic followed arm in arm, I came next, and Mr. Kingsley just behind. We entered an octagonal room, lighted by a large crimson-curtained window at the lower end. A clear red fire burned in the grate, and in the midst of the glow cast from all sides, for the walls were hung with a curious red velvet papering shot with gold, the table with its array of crystal and china greeted the eye with a sensation of peculiar pleasure.

"What a splendid colorist you would have made!" burst out the poet, looking around him; then addressing our host when we were seated, "Puts me in mind of one of Titian's paintings; does, 'pon my honor. There's nothing like red, you may depend upon it, for bringing out the cooler tints. The other evening, for instance, you were all present at Mrs. A——'s reception, and will remember her dress was entirely of white, with the exception of a large blood-red rose on her bosom; that rose gave passion and expression to her whole attire."

A faint murmur of approbation confirmed the truth of this statement. The question at this point was taken up by the critic, who went on, "If you class white under the term quiet tints,

you will pardon me if I remark this is a mistake. Painters dare use it but rarely, for the reason that other colors are dim beside it. To say that white is enlivened by any other color is a popular error; the phrase should be, subdued. So brilliant is it, indeed, that it is not devoid of a *souçon* of the mysterious and supernatural. It is the awful whiteness of a dead face which alternately repulses and fascinates the eye more than any other characteristic."

As the speaker finished these series of assertions, in a tone whose even brilliancy remained unchanged, a slight shiver passed over us, as if in mutual acknowledgment of a chilling breath in the air. This feeling was dispelled in an instant, though, by Mr. Kingsley, who recurring to the poet's remark, closed the discussion in a laughing graceful way, by saying, "In fine, if Mrs. A—— had worn white unalloyed we should have admired her for an angel. She was wiser by the addition of a crimson rose, knowing well that as a woman we couldn't but love her."

The seat assigned me was in close vicinity to the door of the room, giving me the last speaker for my *vis-à-vis*; and upon turning from the contemplation of a picture behind me, representing fruits and flowers thrown together in beautiful confusion, I caught his eye fixed upon me with piercing attention. For a moment I was confused, then a spirit of bravado came over me, and I determined, though the heavens fell, that I would retain my self-possession. The various courses were at length discussed and removed; and after placing wine, together with cigars in silver filagree holders upon the table, the servant withdrew. The former I declined, alleging a physician's prohibition from all stimulants as a reason; the host condoled with me politely; the others took no notice, with the exception of my *vis-à-vis*, who again favored me with a penetrating glance, and immediately passed the cigars in his vicinity. I accepted one, and lighting it by the taper at my side, began with assumed *nonchalance* to puff away.

I had reached an intensely excited state, every nerve seemed strained to its utmost tension, yet I was never more unconcerned in my life; and when presently, with a comic unction unequalled, the poet related an anecdote exquisitely humorous, I burst forth into a long ringing laugh. I was arrested in the midst of it by a startled look from Mr. Kingsley, who remained perfectly grave, and consequently had leisure to observe the effect of the recital upon us. His gravity was accounted for by his remark to the narrator, "My boy, that's a pet joke of yours. You can be forgiven though for its repetition, for you improve upon it every time." There was another laugh at this, for wine had made the tongues of the party "nimble." At its close there was again a courteous tender of cigars from the one who had excited the mirth, and again I accepted.

I said wine had made "nimble" the tongues of the party. It had another and more novel effect upon the critic: he had partaken but sparingly, and that of the lighter kinds, but inexperi-

enced as I was in phenomena of this sort, I could discover his brain was in a state of almost supernatural excitability. The luminous eyes were filled with lurid light, and the most trifling phrases emanating from the rest were taken up by this strange nature and involved in a net-work of speculative fancies so weirdly splendid that nothing was left but to listen in dazzled amazement. But what was still more remarkable, there was no incoherency perceptible; the sentences fell perfect and elegant from the lips whose loose working alone betrayed any evidence of intoxication.

My attentive *vis-à-vis* had just handed me for the third time the cigars with a grace that struck me as half-mocking, and for the third time, urged on by desperation, I had accepted the tender, when the host gave an unexpected turn to the conversation, and in connection the critic narrated an *on dit* which had made the hissing voice of scandal sibilant throughout the so-called polite circles. Listening, I would have given my life to have been absent; for never had a woman been guarded by the sacred influence of home more closely from all thought of contamination than myself. But this was not the worst, for while I was meditating some plausible excuse for an immediate departure, the poet followed up the recital with an insinuation so revoltingly broad that my soul was shocked to its very centre, the cigar dropped from my nerveless fingers, while my cheeks were consumed by burning flames. Endeavoring to regain self-control I lifted my eyes, only to meet those of my opposite neighbor, terrible in their penetrating power. Shame overpowered every faculty, and as if in an awful dream I saw him rise to his feet and ejaculate, in a tone almost of horror, "Great Heaven! there is a woman among us."

I waited no longer but fled: snatched a hat from the hall table, and, Heaven be thanked! finding the entrance door ajar, quicker than lightning was in the street. I had reached the corner when the clatter of feet upon the steps I had just left assailed my ears, and I knew I was the object of pursuit. In the interim it had been showering heavily, and Broadway was comparatively deserted. This, however, only rendered pursuit less difficult, and as I rushed, winged by fear, down the lighted way, I prayed vehemently for escape; while in the midst of my terror imagination yet found scope to picture the disgrace of capture, and the jests to which I might be exposed, falling into the hands of men flushed with wine, and prepared for any adventure. Clamp, clamp rang the footsteps behind me: had the air been convulsed with sounds, my ear would have distinguished this alone. I was even now panting for breath; but the street leading ferryward was at length reached, and I plunged down its cave-like way with a sensation of relief—it seemed safer at least.

My breath grew yet shorter, my brain whirled, and found comfort but in one idea. He whom they called Kingsley was a thorough-bred gentleman—a woman's instinct taught me that—he

surely would protect me from insult; but still if escape were possible it must be accomplished. Would the ferry-house lights never meet my longing sight? Thank God! I see them at last; I throw down the fare, and find myself in a second's space on the boat. The chain was just being fastened, the boat snorting to start. What did the man mean? was it a year since he had first lifted the chain? would the boat wait until eternity to start? Yet ten seconds could not have elapsed since I had reached it. Through every sound I heard the clatter of those pursuing feet drawing near; there was a clash of money hastily thrown down, and just as we were slowly leaving the wharf behind, four figures loomed up on its edge.

"Our Daphne has escaped us!" reached me in the metallic accents of the critic. There was a burst of merriment in reply; then for a short time I was lost to every thing.

When my senses returned we were midway across, and I found myself clinging, gasping, to the railing. The other side was touched, and I staggered up the street toward the home of Milly, longing to run, yet too weak for the effort. The house providentially was not far, and by a powerful exercise of will I reached it, crept up the steps, knocked upon the door, then fell fainting upon the threshold. Milly, as I afterward learned, dragged me in, and to her immortal credit be it said, did not alarm the house, but having brought me back to life, half led half carried me up to her room, and undressed me, not allowing me to speak a word. No sooner had I touched the pillow than a profound sleep obliterated recollection, to the which I was probably indebted for delivery from weeks of delirium.

The next morning I awoke with a terrible feeling, as if cruel wheels had been rolling their iron weight over my body and left it shattered. Holding Milly's soft hands in mine, I faithfully related all that had happened. She listened with dilated eyes, and white face of sympathy. Having finished the recital, I pointed to the now detested articles of attire, begging her, if she loved me, so to dispose of them that they might not meet my eyes again. My only wish was now to return home, and when we were parting, Milly holding my hands in hers said, "Confess, dear, you would give the world if last night's adventure had never taken place." I felt my cheeks burn, but speaking no word simply looked at Milly. A glance was enough for her quick instincts: she smiled, shook her head, then let me go without a word. Oh, Milly, surely womanhood never wore a sweeter aspect than in thee!

I reached home to find my pet brother in the close grasp of scarlet fever, and remembrance of this memorable night was struck from memory for the time by anxiety. The little one ultimately recovered, and I learned to look upon the experience I had gained by such illegitimate measures as a thing of shame to be forgotten as soon as might be.

Three months afterward I was at a *tableaux*

party. The picture which was to complete that portion of the entertainment was taken from a scene in Byron's "Corsair." I sat gazing at it intently, when a shiver half of delight half of some unknown foreboding passed over me, and, looking involuntarily toward the door-way, I saw the man who of all I had ever met was the most indelibly stamped upon memory—it was the clear, powerful gaze of Mr. Kingsley's eyes that encountered mine. My first emotion was one of troubled joy, followed by the wonder if he could possibly recognize me. A glance into the mirror near sufficed to assure me that I was as safe as if he had never seen me. Yet I felt no surprise when, a little while after our eyes had held their silent parley, brief as lightning, to see him speak a few words to our hostess, who presently taking his arm brought him to where I sat, and having intimated, by an interchange of names, that we were at liberty to converse, left him standing beside me. His first remark was suggested by the tableaux we had just seen.

"Of course, like all young ladies, you have an intense admiration for Byron."

That magnetic voice stirred remembrance too entirely. I caught my breath a moment, then said, "Your manner would imply it is a crime to like him."

"Not at all; he was the Master of a school itself the most objectionable of modern times."

"Tell me how?" I asked, gaining composure by a strong effort.

"Because instead of endeavoring to express Nature, it dared to patronize her. Too dim-eyed to discern that the glory on her brow, and the revelation shining from her eyes, scoffed at all adornings, though they were diamonds of rarest water."

I hesitated and stumbled, as women will when an idea foreign to the code in which they have been educated, literary or otherwise, is presented to them.

"Patronized!" I repeated, doubtfully.

"Yes," he returned, changing his earnestness to a tone of *badinage* better suited to the occasion. "Don't you remember with what kind condescension he acknowledges having been familiar with the Ocean in his callow days of boyhood, and, having attained manhood, intimates he is not above recognizing old acquaintances. You will also call to mind with what gusto he relates how the Alps invited him to a tea-party, upon which occasion thunder and lightning were passed around, and 'mountain dew' brewed by the jugful?"

But why repeat words, when I felt that behind them was a spirit that had seized upon mine, and said, "You and I are akin; you shall not readily escape me."

I am not writing a love-story, so I shall simply say this was not our last meeting. He presently became a frequent visitor at my home, and before very long we were what society terms "engaged." During this time, in learning thoroughly the man I loved, there were two strong traits of character impressed me: An admiration which

was almost adoration, of all that to which we accord the name of womanly, and a horror of conventionalisms, together with what he was wont to call the "pale shade of propriety." Did I ever think of that evening of our first meeting? What need! the past was dead, the future uncertain. Floating on a sea of measureless content, the present alone was mine; what need to remember? Truly none, until fate and circumstance joining hands said, sternly, "We are forever the enemies of forgetfulness."

Christmas-day we were to have a family dinner, which, of course, meant solely to two of us, that we should see each other. We were not as poor as we had been, besides that, I, the eldest, was to marry before long, so the house had been thoroughly renovated and a new wing added. "We are to use our new dining-room for the first time to-day," I said, turning to Mr. Kingsley as we formed a procession thither, he at my especial request having taken my friend Milly, in whom he also believed entirely, under his charge. It was the first time I had entered the room since it had been completed and furnished; but why, as I seated myself at table, Mr. Kingsley and Milly sitting opposite, did the unaccountable feeling that all this was but the repetition of some former experience, take possession of my mind? It was but for a moment: what were things intangible to me to whom life had given such a reality?

With inward thankfulness I saw the several courses disposed of, and was congratulating myself that dinner was drawing to a close, when the door opened to admit the capacious person of our cook Dinah, who, for that day, had been pressed into service to attend upon the table. She carried on her waiter coffee, with its various appliances. In an unlucky moment I turned my head toward her to give a direction; just then, clumsy in the performance of her unwonted office, she stumbled slightly, and the milk-pitcher agitated, threw up its contents in a white stream against the ebony black of her face. The victim of one of these odd principles of contrast or incongruity, the base of so large a share of our ludicrous perceptions, I burst into a ringing peal of laughter.

Why did I cease so suddenly? Keen as a hawk, merciless as death, the eyes of the man who sat opposite were fixed upon me. In an infinitesimal of time I knew that the room in which we were assembled, and the one where my sex had been discovered upon that night of nights, were the same in shape, hung by some strange coincidence with curtains of a similar hue, and that the arrangements of the table and the relative position of myself and Mr. Kingsley tallied almost precisely. But more vivid than all was the consciousness that I was discovered, identified. Scarcely aware of what I did, anxious only to escape this hateful knowledge, I left the room abruptly, passed through the hall, then yielding to a feeling of deathly faintness took refuge in the parlor, and throwing myself on the nearest resting-place, gave way to the bitterest



tears I had ever shed, moaning between sobs, "I shall lose him forever. He will hate me; think me unwomanly; despise me."

There was a quick step in the hall—he was seeking me; pride came to my aid—I dashed away the tears, ceased sobbing, and, covering my eyes with my hand, waited. An arm was thrown lightly about me; the words asked in a tone of quiet irony, "And has Mr. Pomeroy been quite well since the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him?"

"You will never, never forgive it," I exclaimed, battling against tears and sobs that were too strong for me.

"Yes, freely," said the voice, growing solemn and tender, "if you will promise to marry me a month from this very day."

By-and-by curiosity asserted its dominion, and I asked: "Tell me, upon that hateful evening, how you came to guess that I was—a woman?"

I will repeat as briefly as may be his answer: remember, please, it is a lover who speaks.

"The first moment my eyes rested upon you I thought that young man has a singularly clear, pure face, and spontaneously I held out my hand; yours was simply slipped into it a moment, and then withdrawn without returning my pressure—a thing which a man never does. I felt the difference, but did not recall the fact until afterward. As we went into dinner I followed you, and observed your walk—which was distinguished by a lovely undulating grace, like the soft heaving of waves on a still summer's day. I said to myself I will study this young man. As we took our places at dinner you turned your head for an instant, leaving your throat exposed, which I observed was almost deficient in the protuberance popularly designated 'Adam's Apple.' Still my suspicions were not awakened. Your bearing was modest, you avoided wine. Clearly the feminine nature prevails in this youth Pomeroy, I remember thinking. Presently, however, you took a cigar, and it was just here you will recollect" (as if I thus listening could ever have forgotten the slightest particulars) "one of the party related an anecdote by no means new to me; it was to you, and your woman's voice for the first time asserting itself, rang out in an airy chime of laughter, sweeter than bells of fairyland. Then a fine wedge of suspicion began to insert itself in my mind, but your acceptance of a second and third cigar arrested its progress. Shortly a bit of scandal, far better suppressed, was repeated."

As he spoke the pangs of mortification felt at the time assailed me with stinging power. Cover-

ing my face I interrupted, brokenly, "That I should be subjected to such an ordeal never entered my thoughts. I never guessed—"

"Certainly not," rejoined my companion, gravely; "how could my little one imagine otherwise than that men are gentlemen in the absence as well as the presence of woman? It was at the remark following the one I speak of, that, looking at you, I then and there saw the woman soul, individual in its conception and essence, flash out from your face, and your sex stood revealed. Can you forgive me that, forgetting all else in the shock of this discovery, I revealed the fact which was confirmed by your flight? Heaven knows I endeavored in vain to restrain the party, warm with wine, from following you. Unsuccessful in this I accompanied them, resolving that if any strength of mine could avert, that you should be free from one word of insult. I shall be thankful forever, though, that you escaped."

"But to-day you discovered me again—how?"

"I hardly know. In the first place, when we sat down to dine, the whole scene I have repeated, which I had not recalled for months, passed through my mind with singular distinctness" (you see our experiences were similar—only I had felt he remembered); "and when you favored us with such an outbreak of merriment, by some mental phenomenon, whether of association or what not, your identity with the youth Pomeroy immediately established itself. It was strange, though," he added, musingly, "that upon the first occasion I alone should suspect there was an unguessed element in our atmosphere."

Could I help responding, "Not at all. You were the completest man of them all, and to such a woman has no choice but to reveal herself."

You may perhaps wonder, that having kept this adventure of mine—by no means a thing to be proud of, certainly—a secret so long, that I should at length confide it to the public. But to me that comprehensive phrase suggests only an airy myth—an intangible something of which I have no fear. Besides this, I run but little risk of discovery. My sometime host lives principally in the grateful memory of divers "struggling souls" to whom he gave a helping hand; the critic has some time since become "food for biographers;" and the man of rhyme has become a madman, and babbles incoherent fancies within the walls of an asylum for the insane.

Meantime the physiologically inclined may find the facts I have related not without interest. If any would question further, I am dumb.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes with the 5th of April, just one month after the accession of the new Administration. As yet, no definite indication has been given of the policy of the Government. In the mean while the Confederate States have proceeded

with great energy. They have organized a large military force, have taken possession of nearly all the forts within their limits, provided for the collection of duties on all goods imported from the United States, and authorized a loan of \$15,000,000, to be secured by an export duty upon cotton. The ap-

proaches to the harbor of Charleston have been fortified in such a manner as to render the reinforcement of Fort Sumter difficult, if not impossible, and threaten an immediate assault upon that fortress unless the garrison, whose supplies are known to be nearly exhausted, are withdrawn. Fort Pickens, near Pensacola, Florida, the only remaining fort of importance within the Confederate States, is also threatened with an attack.

The Senate remained in Executive Session until the 28th of March. The Cabinet of the President is as follows:

Secretary of State ..... WILLIAM H. SEWARD of N. Y.  
 Secretary of the Treasury. SALMON P. CHASE of Ohio.  
 Secretary of War ..... SIMON CAMERON of Penn.  
 Secretary of the Navy..... GIDEON WELLES of Conn.  
 Postmaster-General ..... MONTGOMERY BLAIR of Maryl'd.  
 Attorney-General..... EDWARD BATES of Missouri.  
 Secretary of the Interior... CALEB B. SMITH of Indiana.

The following are the principal diplomatic appointments to Europe:

France ..... WM. L. DAYTON of New Jersey.  
 England ..... CHARLES F. ADAMS of Massachusetts.  
 Russia ..... CASSIUS M. CLAY of Kentucky.  
 Austria ..... ANSON BURLINGAME of Massachusetts.  
 Prussia ..... N. P. JUDD of Illinois.  
 Spain ..... CARL SCHUEZ of Wisconsin.  
 Sardinia ..... GEO. P. MARSH of Vermont.  
 Sweden ..... JACOB T. HALDERMAN of Pennsylvania.  
 Denmark ..... BRADFORD R. WOOD of New York.  
 Holland ..... JAMES S. PIKE of Maine.  
 Belgium ..... HENRY S. SANFORD of Connecticut.  
 Portugal ..... JAMES E. HENRY of Pennsylvania.  
 Papal States ... RUFUS KING of Wisconsin.

The following Table presents the population of the United States according to the Census of 1850 and that of 1860, together with the number of representatives to which each State will be entitled in the next Congress, and the losses and gains as compared with the present Congress:

STATES.	CENSUS OF 1850.			CENSUS OF 1860.			38TH CONGRESS.		
	Free.	Slave.	Total.	Free.	Slave.	Total.	Reps.	Loss.	Gain.
Alabama*	428,779	342,844	771,623	529,164	435,132	964,296	6	1	..
Arkansas	162,797	47,100	209,897	324,323	111,104	435,427	3	..	1
California	92,597	..	92,597	380,015	..	380,015	3	..	1
Connecticut	370,792	..	370,792	460,151	..	460,151	4	..	..
Delaware	89,242	2,290	91,532	110,420	1,798	112,218	1	..	..
Florida*	48,135	39,310	87,445	78,686	61,753	140,439	1	..	..
Georgia*	524,503	381,682	906,185	595,097	462,230	1,057,327	7	1	..
Illinois	851,470	..	851,470	1,711,753	..	1,711,753	13	..	4
Indiana	983,416	..	983,416	1,350,479	..	1,350,479	11	..	..
Iowa	192,214	..	192,214	674,948	..	674,948	5	..	3
Kansas	..	..	..	107,110	..	107,110	1	..	..
Kentucky	771,424	210,981	982,405	930,223	225,490	1,155,713	8	2	..
Louisiana*	272,953	244,800	517,753	376,913	332,520	709,433	5	..	1
Maine	583,169	..	583,169	628,276	..	628,276	5	1	..
Maryland	492,666	90,368	583,034	599,846	87,188	687,034	5	1	..
Massachusetts.	994,514	..	994,514	1,231,065	..	1,231,065	10	1	..
Mississippi*	296,648	309,878	606,526	354,699	436,696	791,395	5	..	..
Missouri	594,622	87,422	682,044	1,058,352	114,965	1,173,317	9	..	2
Michigan	397,654	..	397,654	749,112	..	749,112	6	..	2
Minnesota	6,077	..	6,077	162,022	..	162,022	1	1	..
New Hampshire	317,976	..	317,976	326,072	..	326,072	3	..	..
New Jersey	489,319	236	489,555	672,031	..	672,031	5	..	..
New York	3,097,394	..	3,097,394	3,887,542	..	3,887,542	31	2	..
North Carolina.	580,491	283,548	864,039	661,586	331,081	992,667	7	1	..
Ohio	1,980,329	..	1,980,329	2,339,599	..	2,339,599	18	3	..
Oregon	13,294	..	13,294	52,464	..	52,464	1	..	..
Pennsylvania..	2,311,786	..	2,311,786	2,906,370	..	2,906,370	23	2	..
Rhode Island	147,545	..	147,545	174,621	..	174,621	1	1	..
South Carolina*	283,523	384,984	668,507	301,271	402,541	703,812	4	2	..
Tennessee	763,258	239,459	1,002,717	834,063	275,784	1,109,847	8	2	..
Texas*	154,431	58,161	212,592	420,651	180,888	601,539	4	..	2
Vermont	314,120	..	314,120	315,116	..	315,116	2	1	..
Virginia	949,133	472,523	1,421,656	1,105,196	490,887	1,596,083	11	2	..
Wisconsin	305,391	..	305,391	775,873	..	775,873	6	..	3
POP. OF STATES	19,866,662	3,200,600	23,067,262	27,185,109	3,949,557	31,134,666	233	24	19
TERRITORIES.									
Colorado	..	..	..	34,197	..	34,197	The number of Representatives is fixed at 233, apportioned as follows: To the free population three-fifths of the number of slaves is added; the sum forms the representative population; this divided by 233, gives the ratio of population required for a Representative. The representative population of each State, divided by this ratio, gives the number of Representatives to which it is entitled. The fractions thus left would decrease the Representatives below the number of 233. This is obviated by giving an additional member to the States having the largest fractions, until the number of 233 is reached.		
Dakota	..	..	..	4,839	..	4,839			
Nebraska	..	..	..	28,832	10	28,842			
Nevada	..	..	..	6,857	..	6,857			
New Mexico	61,547	..	61,547	93,517	24	93,541			
Utah	11,354	26	11,380	40,266	29	40,295			
Washington	..	..	..	11,578	..	11,578			
Dist. of Col.	48,000	3,687	51,687	71,895	3,181	75,076			
TOTAL POP.	19,987,563	3,204,313	23,191,876	27,477,090	3,952,801	31,429,891			
* Deduct the population of the seven "Confederate States," 1860				2,656,481	2,311,260	4,967,741			
Population of the other States, according to the Census of 1860				24,820,609	1,641,541	26,462,150			

During the month of March elections have been held as follows: In *New Hampshire* the Republicans elected their State officers and members of Congress.—In *Connecticut* they elected their State officers, but lost two out of four members of Congress.—In *Rhode Island* the Opposition elected State officers, and gained the two members of Congress.

In *Texas* the ordinance of secession was adopted by the people; the vote was light, but the majority was large. The Convention then pronounced that the State had joined the Southern Confederacy, and

appointed delegates to the Montgomery Congress. It also passed an ordinance requiring all State officers to take the oath of allegiance to support the new Government, under penalty of removal from office, appointing a day for the Governor and other principal officers to appear for that purpose before the Convention. Governor Houston refused to obey this order. On the 16th of March he issued an address to the people of Texas, protesting against the entire action of the Convention, charging it with having usurped powers not confided to it by the peo-

ple. He says, however, that "I love Texas too well to bring civil strife and bloodshed upon her. To avert this calamity I shall make no endeavor to maintain my authority as Chief Executive of this State except by the peaceful exercise of my functions. When I can no longer do this, I shall calmly withdraw from the scene, leaving the government in the hands of those who have usurped its authority; but still claiming that I am its Chief Executive. I expect the consequences of my refusal to take this oath. My office will be declared vacated. If those who ostracize me will be but as true to the interests of Texas as I have endeavored to be, my prayers will attend them." The Legislature passed a resolution approving of act of the Convention, deposing the Governor in case of his refusal to take the oath, and appointing Lieutenant-Governor Clark in his place.—The withdrawal of the United States troops from Texas has emboldened the Indians on the frontiers, and they have perpetrated terrible outrages upon the white settlers.

In *Arkansas* the State Convention met on the 13th of March. An ordinance for secession was drawn up, which, after elaborate discussion, was rejected, on the 18th, by a vote of 39 to 35. An ordinance was then passed submitting the question to the people, at an election to be held on the 3d of August. The ballots are to be for "co-operation" and "secession." If a majority vote for "secession," it is to be regarded as instructing the Convention to pass an act for immediate secession; if a majority vote for "co-operation," the Convention is to take such measures as may be deemed proper, in conjunction with the Border States, to secure a permanent adjustment of the sectional difficulty. Another ordinance provides for sending five delegates to the Conference of the Border States, to be held at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 27th of May. The Convention stands adjourned to the 17th of August.

In *Missouri* the State Convention adjourned on the 21st of March, to reassemble on the third Monday in December. A series of resolutions was adopted, declaring that at present there is no adequate cause to impel Missouri to dissolve her connection with the Federal Government; that she will labor for such an adjustment of the existing troubles as will secure peace, rights, and equality to all the States; that the Crittenden proposition affords a basis of adjustment which will remove the causes of difference forever from the arena of national politics. The withdrawal of the Federal troops from those forts in the seceding States where there is danger of a collision is recommended. Delegates were appointed to the Border Convention; and the General Assembly is urged to take steps for calling a Convention to propose amendments to the Constitution of the United States.—The Assembly, however, on the 27th, by a vote of 62 to 42, passed a resolution that it was "inexpedient to take any steps for a National Convention to propose any amendments to the Constitution, as recommended by the State Convention."

In *Virginia* the State Convention has been for some weeks in session. Its proceedings have taken a wide range, including the internal affairs of the State as well as those of the nation. A series of resolutions, drawn up by the majority of a committee, was prepared. Some of them have been passed, among which is the following, which is considered to involve the test question:

"That, deeply deploring the present distracted condition of the country, lamenting the wrongs that have im-

pelled some of the States to dissolve their connection with the Federal Government, but sensible of the blessings of the Union, impressed with its importance to the peace, prosperity, and progress of the people, we earnestly desire that an adjustment be reached by which the Union may be re-established in its integrity, and peace, prosperity, and fraternal feelings be restored throughout the land."

A permanent Constitution for the "Confederate States" was unanimously adopted by the Congress at Montgomery, on the 11th of March. In most of its provisions it conforms to the Constitution of the United States; four-fifths of the clauses being adopted verbally from that instrument, except that the words "Confederate States" are substituted for "United States" or "Union" in all cases. To some clauses slight additions are made, while others present important variations. The following presents a complete view of the changes:

The preamble commences: "We the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent Federal Government," etc.; thus recognizing the doctrine of State sovereignty.

No "person of foreign birth, not a citizen of the Confederate States, shall be allowed to vote."

Representatives and Senators must be citizens of the Confederate States; but there is no limitation of the time for which they shall have been citizens.

Any "Federal officer resident and acting solely within the limits of any State, may be impeached by a vote of two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature thereof."

Senators must be chosen by the Legislatures of each State "at the regular session next immediately preceding the commencement of the term of service."

"No person holding any office under the Confederate States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office. But Congress may, by law, grant to the principal officer in each of the Executive departments a seat upon the floor of either House, with the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department."

"The President may approve any appropriation and disapprove any other appropriation in the same bill. In such case he shall, in signing the bill, designate the appropriations disapproved; and shall return a copy of such appropriations, with his objections, to the House in which the bill shall have originated; and the same proceedings shall then be had as in case of other bills disapproved by the President."

"No bounties shall be granted from the treasury; nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry; and all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the Confederate States."

Congress has no power to "appropriate money for any internal improvement intended to facilitate commerce, except for the purpose of furnishing lights, beacons, and buoys, and other aids to navigation upon the coasts, and the improvement of harbors, and the removing of obstructions in river navigation, in all which cases such duties shall be laid on the navigation facilitated thereby as may be necessary to pay the costs and expenses thereof."

"No law of Congress shall discharge any debt contracted before the passage of the same."

"The expenses of the Post-office Department, after the first day of March in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-three, shall be paid out of its own revenues."

"The importation of negroes of the African race, from any foreign country, other than the slaveholding States or Territories of the United States of America, is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same."

"Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or Territory not belonging to, this Confederacy."

"No bill of attainder, or *ex post facto* law, or law denying or impairing the right of property in negro slaves shall be passed."

"No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State, except by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses."

"Congress shall appropriate no money from the treasury except by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses, taken by Yeas and Nays, unless it be asked and estimated for by some one of the Heads of Department, and submitted to Congress by the President; or for the purpose of paying its own expenses and contingencies; or for the payment of claims against the Confederate States, the justice of which shall have been judicially declared by a tribunal for



the investigation of claims against the Government, which it is hereby made the duty of Congress to establish."

"All bills appropriating money shall specify, in Federal currency, the exact amount of each appropriation, and the purposes for which it is made; and Congress shall grant no extra compensation to any public contractor, officer, agent, or servant, after such contract shall have been made or such service rendered."

"Every law, or resolution having the force of law, shall relate to but one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title."

"No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any State on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the Treasury of the Confederate States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of Congress."

"No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, except on sea-going vessels, for the improvement of its rivers and harbors navigated by the said vessels; but such duties shall not conflict with any treaties of the Confederate States with foreign nations; and any surplus of revenue thus derived shall, after making such improvement, be paid into the common treasury; nor shall any State keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay. But when any river divides or flows through two or more States, they may enter into compacts with each other to improve the navigation thereof."

"No person except a natural-born citizen of the Confederate States, or a citizen thereof at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, or a citizen thereof born in the United States prior to the 20th of December, 1860, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained the age of 35 years, and been 14 years a resident within the limits of the Confederate States, as they may exist at the time of his election."

The President and Vice-President "shall hold their offices for the term of six years; but the President shall not be re-eligible."

"The principal officer in each of the Executive Departments, and all persons connected with the diplomatic service, may be removed from office at the pleasure of the President. All other civil officers of the Executive Department may be removed at any time by the President, or other appointing power, when their services are unnecessary, or for dishonesty, incapacity, inefficiency, misconduct, or neglect of duty; and when so removed, the removal shall be reported to the Senate, together with the reasons therefor."

"No person rejected by the Senate shall be reappointed to the same office during their ensuing recess."

"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, and shall have the right of transit and sojourn in any State of this Confederacy, with their slaves and other property; and the right of property in said slaves shall not be thereby impaired."

"No slave or other person held to service or labor in any State or Territory of the Confederate States, under the laws thereof, escaping or lawfully carried into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such slave belongs, or to whom such service or labor may be due."

"Other States may be admitted into this Confederacy by a vote of two-thirds of the whole House of Representatives, and two-thirds of the Senate, the Senate voting by States."

"The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations concerning the property of the Confederate States, including the lands thereof."

"The Confederate States may acquire new territory; and Congress shall have power to legislate and provide governments for the inhabitants of all territory belonging to the Confederate States, lying without the limits of the several States; and may permit them, at such times, and in such manner as it may by law provide, to form States to be admitted into the Confederacy. In all such territory the institution of Negro Slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognized and protected by Congress, and by the territorial government; and the inhabitants of the several Confederate States and Territories shall have the right to take to such territory any slaves, lawfully held by them in any of the States or Territories of the Confederate States."

"Upon the demand of any three States, legally assembled in their several Conventions, the Congress shall summon a Convention of all the States, to take into consid-

eration such amendments to the Constitution as the said States shall concur in suggesting at the time when the said demand is made; and should any of the proposed amendments to the Constitution be agreed on by the said Convention—voting by States—and the same be ratified by the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, or by Conventions in two-thirds thereof—as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the General Convention—they shall thenceforward form a part of the Constitution. But no State shall, without its consent, be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate."

"The government established by this Constitution is the successor of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, and all the laws passed by the latter shall continue in force until the same shall be repealed or modified; and all the officers appointed by the same shall remain in office until their successors are appointed and qualified, or the offices abolished."

"All debts contracted and engagements entered into before the adoption of this Constitution shall be as valid against the Confederate States under this Constitution as under the Provisional Government."

#### EUROPE.

In France the Senate presented an address in reply to the Emperor's speech, laudatory of the Imperial policy and government. France, says the address, loves neither extreme liberty nor extreme authority; she stands confidently on the Constitution of 1852, founded on national suffrage, of which the Emperor is the author and firmest support. At home there is order and security; the funds are not disturbed by the surrender of ninety millions in order to lighten the duties on articles of ordinary consumption; there is no need of resorting to fresh imposts or to public credit; capital abounds, and needs only to be put in circulation; public works are carried on actively. The foreign policy of the Government is fully indorsed. The references to Italian affairs are significant: "Two interests which the Emperor wished to reconcile have clashed with each other. The liberty of Italy is in conflict with the Court of Rome. Your Majesty has done every thing to arrest this conflict, and all equitable ways have been opened. You have only hesitated before the employment of force. Italy should not agitate Europe by the exercise of her liberty, after having so long moved it by her misfortunes; she should remember that the Catholic world has intrusted to her the Head of the Church, the highest representative of moral force. But our most steadfast hope is in your tutelary hand, and in your filial affection for the holy cause, which your Majesty will not confound with the cause of the intrigues which assume its guise." A warm debate took place upon this address. The Marquis de la Rochejacquelein and others spoke in favor of the temporal power of the Pope, and inveighed against England and Sardinia. M. Pietri said that the temporal power of the Pope was lost, and that they must confine themselves to the preservation of the spiritual power. Prince Napoleon defended the English alliance, and justified the Italian policy of Piedmont. The alliance with England, he said, was "not with some particular ministers, but with the great and liberal English people. It is an alliance with which we can defend the great principles of liberty and progress." The unity of Italy was favorable to France, of whom she was the natural ally; but he would deplore any untimely attack upon Venice. He foresaw that Italy, united, would soon demand Rome as her capital. The difficulty was to insure the independence of the Pope, who can not become subject to another sovereign; but by securing to the Pope the right side of the city of Rome, with a Papal garrison and a Papal budget, guaranteed by the Powers, his independence would be maintained. He was opposed to the union of the temporal and spiritual powers.—M. Billault, one of the Ministers, said that

the Government did not pledge itself to all the views expressed by Prince Napoleon; it was impossible to say what course would be taken on a question which every moment might change; but the Emperor would do all in his power to reconcile Italian liberty with the independence of the Pope; but their forefathers, though sincere Catholics, never sacrificed the cause of the State to the temporal power of the Papacy. He declined to reply to the question whether the French troops would leave Rome. The Government refused to accept an amendment declaring that the sword of France would continue to protect the independence of the Pope and maintain his temporal power. The Senate passed the address almost unanimously; it was also passed in the Legislative Body, after a sharp debate, by a great majority.—Some of the Catholic prelates have severely condemned the Emperor's Italian policy, and the Council of State have taken cognizance of the matter.—The *Débats* contains an article on the Syrian question, supposed to be semi-official, regretting the opposition by England to the French occupation, and intimating that if the troops were withdrawn, fresh massacres would take place, and France would then be compelled to take her own course, untrammelled by any engagements with other Powers.

The King of Naples has taken refuge in Bavaria. The citadel of Messina surrendered to the Sardinians on the 12th of February. Victor Emanuel has formally assumed for himself and his successors the title of King of Italy. In the Italian Chambers the President expressed the hope that Rome was about to be made the capital of Italy, and that the deliverance of Venice was approaching. The Chambers have declared the urgency of discussing the question of asking the Government to use its influence to induce the Emperor Napoleon to withdraw the French troops from Rome.—The Pope delivered an allocution, on the 18th, maintaining that the Papacy had always favored the advance of real civilization, declaring that he would of his own accord have granted concessions, and would have accepted those which have been advised by the Catholic sovereigns, but he could not yield to the counsels and unjust demands of a usurping government, like that of Victor Emanuel.

In *Russia* the long meditated prospect of the emancipation of the serfs has been carried out by an Imperial decree, dated on the 21st of March. It provides that the proprietors of landed property preserve the right attached to the same. The landed proprietors are, however, to cede to the peasants for their permanent use the dwellings with the ground, which will be allotted to them anew by law, in consideration of the payment of dues. During this stage of things, which will form a transitory period, the peasants are to be designated "tributary peasants." The peasants are permitted by law to purchase their dwellings, and with the consent of the landlords, the land also. The peasants will then become free landed proprietors. This new order of things is to be carried out throughout the empire within two years, and until then the peasants remain in their former state of dependence upon the landlords.—Disturbances, attended with bloodshed, have taken place at Warsaw. The anniversary of the battle of Grochow, fought under the walls of the city on 25th of February, 1830, the first of a series of actions which decided the fate of the Polish insurrection of that year, was celebrated by a public procession. This was charged upon by a squadron of mounted gens d'armes, who broke up the procession, killing eight persons and wounding many more. Great excitement was the result. The funeral of the victims was solemnized on the 2d of March, the whole population of the city appearing as mourners. There was, however, no disturbance. An address from the citizens was transmitted to the Emperor, declaring that the demonstration arose from the universal feeling of the country, and urging the re-establishment of the Polish Constitution, which has been suspended since 1831. The reply of the Emperor was on the whole conciliatory. He ought, he said, to consider the petition as null and void; but he would look upon it as an act of enthusiasm. His whole attention was devoted to the reforms rendered necessary by the interests of the empire and the progress of the age. His Polish subjects should participate in these benefits, but they must not paralyze his action by immoderate demands. He should fulfill all his duties, but would tolerate no serious disturbances.

## Literary Notices.

*The History of England from the Accession of James II.*, by LORD MACAULAY. Vol. V. Edited by his Sister, LADY TREVELYAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The spell of that master-hand, whose forceful cunning has been forever laid low in the dust, continues its lingering echoes in these enchanted pages, reminding us, though in broken tones, of the brilliancy and power which marked the productions of its prime. Under the affectionate superintendence of the sister of the great historian, the present volume sees the light in the precise form in which it was left after the final revision and transcription of the author. No connecting link has been added to supply any apparent deficiencies; nor have the references been verified or the authorities sought out and examined. Only a few pages have been added, containing an account of the death of William, which has been with difficulty deciphered from a portion of the unfinished manuscripts.

The volume consists of only three chapters, but

they treat of many topics of singular interest, embracing a period of about four years, from 1697 to 1701. Among them, the visit of Peter the Great to England affords a congenial theme to the accomplished word-painter, which he has not failed to set off with all the charms of his graphic eloquence. The Czar arrived in London January 10, 1698. The public curiosity was inflamed to the utmost. Every body was eager to lay eyes on the monarch of vast barbaric realms, of which the fame had reached the English nation through the report of several legations. The populace of London crowded to behold the man of whom they had heard such marvelous accounts. His stately form, his piercing black eyes, his Tartar nose and mouth, his gracious smile, and his black and thunderous frown, were the subjects of general comment. Strange stories were circulated about the enormous quantities of meat which he devoured—the pints of brandy, distilled with his own hands, which he swallowed—the fool who jabbered at his feet—and the monkey which grinned at

the back of his chair. Peter meanwhile haughtily shunned the public gaze. When he attracted the attention of the pit, boxes, and galleries at the theatre, he retired to a back bench, where he was screened from observation by his attendants. He could witness a sitting of the House of Lords, without oppressive notoriety, only by climbing up to the leads and peeping through a small window. William quietly fell into the humor of his illustrious guest, and stole to his lodgings with so little parade that nobody in the neighborhood recognized his Majesty in the thin gentleman who got out of the modest-looking coach in Norfolk Street. The Czar returned the visit with the same precautions, and was admitted into Kensington House by a back-door. He took no notice of the splendid pictures which adorned the palace, but was in raptures with a plate over the chimney of the royal sitting-room which, by an ingenious machinery, showed the direction of the wind. Peter soon became weary of his residence in such a civilized quarter of the city, and removed to Deptford, where he could freely give himself up to his favorite pursuits. He navigated a yacht every day up and down the river. His apartment was filled with models of three deckers and two-deckers, frigates, sloops, and fire-ships. The only Englishman of rank in whose society he took pleasure was the eccentric Caermarthen, who cherished a similar passion with himself for the sea, and who was familiar with every part of a ship, from the stem to the stern.

The unkempt Czar became an object of interest with the religious parties into which England was divided. Both Papists and Protestants hoped at different times to make him a proselyte. Among others, Bishop Burnet, at the instance of his brethren, and impelled by his own curious and restless disposition, repaired to Deptford, and was honored with several audiences. The Czar could not be persuaded to exhibit himself at St. Paul's, but he was induced to visit Lambeth Palace. He was there present at the ceremony of ordination, and expressed warm approbation of the English ritual. Nothing which he saw in England astonished him so much as the archiepiscopal library. He had never seen a good collection of books before, and he expressed his surprise that there were so many printed volumes in the world. The impression which he made on Burnet was not favorable. The Bishop was puzzled to find an Emperor so deeply interested in questions about the best place for a capstan, and the best way of rigging a jury-mast. He complained that he had gone to see a great prince, and had found only a ship-carpenter. Nor did John Evelyn, in whose house he was lodged, form a better opinion of his august tenant. It certainly was not in the capacity of tenant that the Czar was likely to gain the good word of civilized men. With all the noble qualities that were peculiar to himself, he had also the filthy habits which were then common among his countrymen. Even to the end of his life, while advancing the prosperity of his empire by sagacious and comprehensive plans, he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty. When he was entertained by other sovereigns he never failed to leave on their tapestried walls and velvet state-beds the most unequivocal proofs of the presence of a savage. Evelyn's house was in such a state upon his departure that the Treasury was obliged to quiet his complaints with a considerable sum of money.

The establishment of the colony of Darien forms an interesting episode in English history, and re-

ceives new light from the instructive expositions in this volume. Its founder, William Paterson, was not a mere visionary nor a mere swindler. His name is honorably associated with the commencement of a new era in English commerce and in English finance. His plan of a national bank had been carried into execution with signal success. He now brought forward his new schemes, under the most flattering auspices. They received the patronage of the ministers of the crown, and were sanctioned by the unanimous voice of the legislature. The great projector had become the idol of the whole nation. Men spoke to him with more profound respect than to the lord high commissioner. His ante-chamber was crowded with applicants for some of the golden favors at his disposal, as numerous and as eager as the seekers of office in the purlieus of the White House at Washington. A brief private interview with him was deemed an enviable distinction. The credulity of his disciples increased his faith in himself. His boundless self-importance was expressed alike in his voice, his gestures, and his countenance. As was said by one who had probably often seen him, "When he appeared in public he looked like Atlas, conscious that a world was on his shoulders." The airs which he gave himself only heightened the respect and admiration which he inspired. His demeanor was regarded as a model. Scotchmen who wished to be thought wise looked as much like Paterson as they could.

The project of Paterson was the original project of Columbus, enlarged and modified. The latter hoped to establish a communication between Europe and India across the great Western ocean. But he was stopped by an unexpected obstacle. The American continent presented what seemed an insurmountable barrier to his progress; and in the same year in which he first set foot on that continent, Vasco da Gama reached Malabar by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. During two hundred years the trade of Europe with the remoter parts of Asia had thus been carried on by rounding the great peninsula of Africa. Paterson now revived the plan of Columbus, and convinced himself and others that it could be carried into effect in such a manner as to make his country the greatest country that had ever existed on the globe. For this purpose, some spot in America must be occupied which could furnish a resting-place between Scotland and India. Almost every habitable part of America had, indeed, been already seized upon by some European power. In the opinion of Paterson, however, the most important province of all had been overlooked. The isthmus which joined the two great continents of the New World remained, according to him, unappropriated. The mountains and forests of Darien, he represented, were still in the hands of rude native tribes. He had visited that part of the world, whether in the character of missionary or pirate is not quite clear, and had brought away only delightful recollections. The havens were capacious and secure; the sea swarmed with turtle; the country was so mountainous that within nine degrees of the equator the climate was temperate; and yet the inequalities of the ground offered no impediment to the conveyance of goods. Roads could easily be constructed along which a string of mules or a wheeled carriage could pass from sea to sea in a single day. The soil was a deep, rich mould, producing spontaneously an abundance of valuable fruits and herbs, and on which the choicest growths of tropical regions might be raised; yet the exuberant fertility of the earth had not tainted



the purity of the air. Merely as a place of residence, the isthmus was a paradise. A colony placed there would gain wealth by agriculture alone. But agriculture was a secondary object in the colonization of Darien. If that invaluable neck of land were occupied by an intelligent and thrifty race, in a few years the whole trade between India and Europe must be drawn to that point. The tedious and perilous passage round Africa would soon be abandoned. The merchant would no longer expose his cargoes to the mountainous billows and capricious gales of the Antarctic seas. The greater part of the voyage from Europe to the richest kingdoms of Asia would be a rapid gliding before the trade-winds over blue and sparkling waters. The voyage back across the Pacific would, in the latitude of Japan, be almost equally speedy and pleasant. Time, labor, money would be saved; the returns would come in more quickly; fewer hands would be required to navigate the ships; the loss of a vessel would be a rare event; and in a few years the trade would vastly increase, and all of it pass through Darien. In the glowing rhetorical phrases which Paterson loved to employ, whoever possessed the door of the sea, the key of the universe, would give law to both hemispheres, and without shedding a drop of blood would establish an empire as splendid as that of Cyrus or Alexander. If Scotland, which had hitherto been the poorest of the kingdoms of Europe, would but become one great free port, one great warehouse for the wealth which the soil of Darien might produce, and for the still greater wealth which would be poured into Darien from Canton and Siam, from Ceylon and the Moluccas, from the mouths of the Ganges and the Gulf of Cambay, she would at once take her place in the first rank among nations. No rival would be able to contend with her either in the West Indian or the East Indian trade. Scotland, which had been insolently called a beggarly country by the inhabitants of warmer and more fruitful regions, would be the great mart for the choicest luxuries. Sugar, rum, coffee, chocolate, tobacco, the tea and porcelain of China, the muslin of Dacca, the shawls of Cashmere, the diamonds of Golconda, the pearls of Karrack, the delicious birdsnests of Nicobar, cinnamon and pepper, ivory and sandal-wood, would be supplied to Europe from her hands. From Scotland would come all the finest jewels and brocade worn by duchesses at the balls of St. James's and Versailles, as well as all the saltpetre which would furnish the means of war to the fleets and armies of the civilized world. On the vast riches which would constantly pass through the little kingdom a toll would be paid which would remain behind. Scotland would be raised to a degree of fabulous prosperity, in which all classes of the population would share; the desolate shores of the Forth and the Clyde would be studded with villas and pleasure-grounds, like the edges of the Dutch canals; Edinburgh would vie with London and Paris; and the baillie of Glasgow or Dundee would have as stately a mansion and as fine a gallery of pictures as any burgomaster of Amsterdam.

This magnificent plan was not at once fully disclosed to the public. A colony was to be planted, and a vast trade opened between both the Indies and Scotland; but the name of Darien was as yet a secret between Paterson and his most confidential friends. He had disclosed enough, however, to excite boundless hopes and desires, and on June 26, 1695, the act of incorporation for his project, with am-

ple privileges, received the royal sanction. The great seal was affixed; the subscription books were opened; the shares were fixed at a hundred pounds sterling each; and every man in Scotland who had a hundred pounds was impatient to put down his name. About two hundred and twenty thousand pounds were actually paid in. The number of shareholders was about fourteen hundred. The largest quantity of stock registered in one name was three thousand pounds. The heads of three noble houses took three thousand pounds each. The number of Scotch peers who subscribed was between thirty and forty. The city of Edinburgh took three thousand pounds; the city of Glasgow three thousand; the city of Perth two thousand; but the great majority of the subscribers contributed only one hundred or two hundred pounds each. A very few divines who were settled in the large towns were able to purchase shares. More than one professional man laid out all his hardly earned savings in purchasing a hundred-pound share for each of his children. If Paterson's predictions had been verified, such a share would have been a handsome portion for the daughter of a writer or a surgeon.

The whole kingdom seemed to have gone mad. Paterson had acquired an influence more like that of the founder of a new religion than that of a commercial projector. It was singular, indeed, that men of sense should have staked every thing on the success of his scheme, with only a vague and general notion of its character. Still more remarkable was it that the men to whom the details of the scheme had been confided should not have looked at the question whether Spain would consent to the establishment of a Scotch colony in the very heart of her transatlantic dominions. To imagine that she would suffer adventurers from one of the most insignificant kingdoms of the Old World to form a settlement in the midst of her empire, within a day's sail of Porto Bello on one side and of Carthage on the other, was pre-eminently absurd. She would just as soon have permitted them to take possession of the Escorial. A war with Spain, therefore, was necessary before the new company could even begin its commercial operations. But Scotland was wholly unable to support the charge of such a contest. Paterson, however, flattered himself that England might be induced to lend her aid to the company. The capitalists of the Royal Exchange were invited to subscribe for the stock. A few moneyed men were caught by the bait; but the clamor of the city was loud and menacing; and from the city a feeling of indignation spread throughout the country. It was charged upon Paterson that his project required England first to spend millions in defense of the trade of his company, and then to be plundered of twice as many millions by means of that very trade. The cry of the city and of the nation was soon echoed by the Legislature. Severe measures for the suppression of the project soon followed; a committee was appointed to frame articles of impeachment against the London directors; but the task proved a difficult one, and the prosecution was suffered to drop; not, however, until the fright of the English capitalists who had been friendly to Paterson compelled them to desert him.

But the deluded multitude still eagerly followed their leader. Scotland made the project a matter of national pride. The votes of the English Parliament were treated with marked contempt. Money was poured faster than ever into the treasury of the company. A stately house in the most fashionable

part of Edinburgh was purchased and fitted up as an office and a warehouse. Ships were obtained from the dock-yards of Amsterdam and Hamburg; and in the summer of 1698 all was ready for the expedition that was to change the face of the globe. The number of seamen and colonists who embarked was twelve hundred. It was impossible to find room for all who were desirous of emigrating. Some who had vainly applied for a passage hid themselves in dark corners about the ships, and when discovered clung to the rigging, and were at last taken on shore by main force. The supreme direction of the expedition was intrusted to a Council of Seven. Two Presbyterian chaplains and a precentor were on board. A strange cargo had been laid in, which was afterward the subject of much mirth to the enemies of the company.

There were innumerable pairs of slippers, four thousand periwigs of every variety, bales of Scotch woolen stuffs which nobody within the tropics could wear, and many hundreds of English Bibles, which neither Spaniard nor Indian could read. Paterson, flushed with pride and hope, accompanied the expedition, taking with him his wife, a comely dame, whose heart he had won in London. At length, on July 25, the ships sailed out of the estuary of the Forth, followed by many tearful eyes and many fruitless prayers. The voyage was long and tedious. The adventurers suffered much. There was a scarcity of food; both the bread and meat were of bad quality; and before they had proceeded far the gentlemen who had fine clothes among their baggage were glad to exchange embroidered coats and laced waistcoats for provisions and wine. On the first of November, under the pilotage of an old buccaneer who knew the coast of Central America well, they anchored near the Isthmus of Darien. One of the greatest princes of the country soon came on board. The courtiers who attended him, ten or twelve in number, were stark naked; but he was distinguished by a red coat, a pair of cotton drawers, and an old hat. He had a Spanish name, spoke Spanish, and affected the grave deportment of a Spanish don. The Scotch appealed to his weak side by the present of a new hat, and attempted to persuade him that he would do better to trade with them than with the Castilians. Soon after the chiefs of the expedition went on shore, and took formal possession of the country, which they named Caledonia. The government of the colony was hardly organized before the Antilles and all the shores of the Gulf of Mexico were in a ferment. The new settlement was the object of universal hatred. The Spaniards began to fit out armaments; assistance was eagerly tendered to them by the French dependencies in the West Indies; the governors of the English settlements prohibited all communication with this nest of buccaneers.

Still, in Scotland the success of the colony was proclaimed with boundless exultation. Public thanks, on this account, were offered in the parish churches. In every borough bells were rung, bonfires were lighted, and candles were placed in the windows all night. It was stated and believed that the colonists had found rich gold mines, in which the precious metal was far more abundant than on the coast of Guinea. The mania in Scotland rose to the highest point. Munitions of war and implements of agriculture were provided in large quantities. Multitudes were impatient to emigrate to the land of promise. In August, 1699, four ships, with thirteen hundred men on board, were dispatched

by the company to Caledonia. The spiritual care of these emigrants was intrusted to divines of the Church of Scotland. The chaplains were charged by the General Assembly to divide the colonists into congregations, to appoint ruling elders, to constitute a Presbytery, and to labor for the propagation of divine truth among the pagan inhabitants of Darien. The second expedition, like the first, sailed amidst universal acclamation. During the early part of September the whole nation was elated by delightful dreams of the success of the colony. But before the close of that month strange rumors began to prevail. It was announced that the settlement from which so much had been hoped and dreaded had come to an end. The report spread to Edinburgh, but was received there with scornful incredulity. It was declared to be an impudent lie devised by some Englishmen who envied the rising glory of Caledonia. Even the inventor of the fable was named. It was confidently asserted that Secretary Vernon was the man. On the fourth of October the story was vehemently contradicted. On the fifth the whole truth was known. Letters were received from New York announcing that a few miserable men, with their bones peeping through their skin, and hunger and fever written in their faces, had arrived in the Hudson. These were the only survivors of the magnificent colony. The universal grief and dismay may be imagined. The directors were filled with rage, and uttered the most bitter reproaches upon the betrayers of Scotland. But they themselves were far more deserving of blame than the wretches whom they had sent to destruction, and whom they now reviled for not staying to be utterly destroyed. Nothing had happened but what might easily have been foreseen. The company had foolishly taken it for granted that emigrants born and bred within ten degrees of the Arctic circle would enjoy good health within ten degrees of the equator. Nor had they considered how colonists who had never felt the heat of a distressing mid-summer's day could endure the labor of breaking clods and carrying burdens under the fierce blaze of a vertical sun. They did not remember that such colonists would have to do for themselves what English, French, Dutch, and Spanish colonists employed negroes or Indians to do for them. It was seldom indeed in that quarter that a white man was employed in severe bodily labor. But the Scotch settlers at Darien must at first be without slaves, and must therefore dig the trench round their town, build their houses, cultivate their fields, hew wood, and draw water with their own hands. They could not endure such toil in such an atmosphere. Nor were they supplied with suitable food. The yams and plantains did not agree with stomachs accustomed to good oat-meal. The flesh of wild animals and the green fat of the turtle proved an insufficient resource, and provisions were not to be expected from any foreign settlement. Still there were but few deaths during the cool months which immediately followed the occupation of the isthmus. But before the vernal equinox the mortality became fearful, gradually rising to ten or twelve in a day. Both the clergymen who had accompanied the expedition died. Paterson buried his wife, and was himself stretched on his pallet by an intermittent fever. Almost every one was attacked. The few who were not laid on their beds were yellow, lean, feeble, and hardly able to move the sick and to bury the dead. The whole community were in a panic; death was all around them; and they clamored to fly to some less fatal region, while they

still had strength to weigh an anchor or spread a sail. The men and provisions were distributed among the ships. The voyage was horrible. Scarcely any Guinea slave-ship ever had such a middle passage. Nearly four hundred corpses were thrown overboard from the different vessels before Sandy Hook was in sight. The squalid survivors raged fiercely against one another. Charges of incapacity, cruelty, brutal insolence, were hurled backward and forward. Paterson was cruelly reviled, and was unable to defend himself. He had been completely prostrated by bodily and mental suffering. He looked like a skeleton; his heart was broken; his inventive faculties and his plausible eloquence were no more; and he seemed to have sunk into second childhood.

Meanwhile the second expedition reached Darien about four months after the first settlers had fled. Instead of finding a flourishing town, secure fortifications, cultivated fields, and a cordial welcome, they found only a wilderness. Some feeble attempts were made to restore what had perished. But the work went on languidly. The stock of provisions was scanty. The stewards embezzled a great portion of it. Factions were formed; plots were laid; and one ringleader of the malcontents was hanged. The months immediately following the arrival of the new-comers were the coolest and most salubrious of the year. But even then the influence of a tropical sun, shining on swamps rank with dense thickets of black mangroves, began to be felt. The mortality was great, and before the summer was far advanced it became but too clear that the second colony also would have to choose between death and flight. The agony of the inevitable dissolution was shortened by violence. A Spanish fleet of eleven vessels anchored off the settlement; at the same time an irregular army of all races and colors marched across the Isthmus from Panama; and the fort was blockaded at once by sea and land. Before the end of March the Scotch were compelled to surrender; and on the 11th of April they departed with greatly diminished numbers. In little more than four months three hundred men out of thirteen hundred had been swept away by disease. Of the survivors very few lived to see their native country again. Two of the ships perished at sea. Many of the adventurers, who had left their homes flushed with hopes of speedy opulence, were glad to hire themselves out to the planters of Jamaica, and laid their bones in that land of exile.

The volume closes with an interesting sketch of the last days of William of Orange, who died, with characteristic calmness and fortitude, March 8, 1702, after a lingering decline of several months. A complete and excellent index to the whole work forms a valuable addition to its contents.

*The American Question in its National Aspect*, by ELIAS PEISSNER. (Published by H. H. Lloyd and Co.) The ground is assumed by the author of this volume that slavery, so far from being a sufficient reason for breaking up the Union, adds new cause, new interest, new ties to draw us still more closely together. In the course of his discussion he submits Mr. Helper's famous collection of figures and testimonies to a stringent examination, often relieving the dryness of his argument by a pungent vein of satirical humor. The volume closes with a decidedly belligerent paragraph against rebels, from whatever section they may come, although he is in favor of fair compromises with the seceding States.

*Trumps, A Novel*, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The career

of Mr. Curtis, as a contributor to the popular literature of the day, has been a series of such brilliant successes that it was no easy task to sustain his reputation in a regular novel of fashionable society. His warm, glowing pictures of foreign travel, his racy sketches of the varieties of American life, his keen satires of prevalent social follies, and the happy touches with which he has applied his insight into the workings of passion and character to the purposes of artistic effect, have prepared the public for judging his productions by a high standard, and exposed him to a rigid tone of criticism, which is one of the most flattering honors of authorship. But the composition of the present work nobly sustains the severest tests. Under the guise of a light and airy manner, the experienced eye will discern the proofs of singular fidelity of elaboration, an elevated literary aim, and a minute finish and completeness of detail which distinguish the artist from the artisan. Gay and sparkling in its external aspect, the novel is evidently the fruit of profound insight and conscientious adherence to the truth of nature, as well as of acute observation and a spontaneous liveliness of humor. The materials are drawn from the many-colored exhibitions of fashionable and commercial life in New York; and they are wrought up into a cabinet of portraiture which vividly reflect the familiar traits of the original. The character-drawing throughout is in admirable tone, salient and effective without exaggeration, with scarcely a trace of the effort of composition, but completed with the most delicate arrangement of light and shade, and presenting a succession of distinct pictures, whose identity is preserved with rare skill, and free from every approach to dimness and confusion. The contrasts between Hope Wayne and Amy Waring, the principal female characters of the story, show a genuine instinct of dramatic proportions, and give an effective relief to the darker features of the scene. Each of them presents a lovely example of high womanly excellence, and we know not which is likely to prove the greater favorite of the reader. The Newt family, in all its branches and members, have furnished the novelist with an ample store of experiences, which he has turned to the best account. The fine, truthful, loving nature of Uncle Lawrence, with his noble qualities faintly concealed beneath a veil of quaint phrases, and the cool, in fact, sublime rascality of Abel, from the time of his school-boy days to that of his political triumphs, are delineated with a bold and vigorous pencil, and leave as salient an impression on the memory as the personages met with in the intercourses of daily life. In the construction and development of the plot Mr. Curtis evinces not a little ingenuity, without falling back on too refined and complicated subtleties, shrewdly blending frankness with secrecy in foreshadowing the issue, in a manner which keeps curiosity alive, but does not subject it to an excessive and discouraging demand. In spite of its popular form and brilliant entourage, "*Trumps*" is one of the novels which challenge a deliberate and faithful perusal for its full appreciation. It abounds with beauties which do not reveal their whole power without study; many of its finest successes are in the form of evanescent suggestions, which appeal only to the sense of the sympathetic reader; and its frequent passages of combined wisdom and pathos are lost upon the impatient and superficial seeker of mere literary entertainment. The volume is illustrated by numerous sketches, of wonderful spirit and vigor, by Mr. Hoppin.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

SOME courteous friend of the Easy Chair whispers that he is a dreadfully dull old proser, and as for the "Table," oh my! The "Drawer" escapes with a little contemptuous praise. The "Foreign Bureau," our very next neighbor and particular friend, an Easy Chair whole seas over, as it were, is fearfully slashed. The "Monthly Record of Current Events," which is one of the most useful works of recent reference in the country, is "sloppy;" and the "Literary Notices" which, with the natural partiality of good neighborhood, the Easy Chair, poor, simple soul! had always supposed to be singularly fair and timely, are, plainly, "bad."

Now this is very serious work. We may all pause, therefore, to take breath before we go a step backward into the body of the Magazine. Whew! how the poor contributors catch it, from this courteous friend. "Won't there be a S-C-E-W-A-U-N-C-H, neether!" as the rude street-boy says to his fellow as he beholds good little parlor-boy in ruffled shirt enter the Dentist's door, as depicted by Leech. Unsuspecting contributors, shall I let loose a courteous friend upon you? Do you wish to hear what is said of you and your admirable performances? You, for instance, William Makepeace Thackeray, are you aware that you are "run out," "gone to seed," and "done?" You, also, Charles Dickens, do you know that, either in these columns or those of the *Weekly*, you may excite "Great Expectations" but can not satisfy them? And you, too, shyest and latest Shahrazad (Lane is responsible for the spelling), George Eliot by name, but not by nature, why should you perpetrate in these pages a newer "Adam Bede" or "Mill on the Floss?" Some courteous friend will suddenly—!

Well: nobody is safe. Let not the hearts of other Magas be comforted. They do not escape the same merciless censure. We are all, if I may use an expression which will undoubtedly exasperate a courteous friend, in the same ship. We are all dreary, stupid, flat, and superficial.

Good courteous friend, there is clearly a remedy, and only one. It had been thought by those who are probably the unwise that this was especially the era of Magazines; that in columns such as these the best men of our time talked with the world, telling it stories of every kind, singing songs to it, making it laugh, making it cry, and lifting human life to a higher flight upon myriad wings of humor, counsel, knowledge, imagination, and power. But since we learn from you that we are groveling in error, and that something different ought to be done, dearest Sir—or Madame! (there is the secret sting, it may be a Madame!)—why not write a Monthly Magazine yourself? Call it the Courteous Magazine—or the Monthly Magazine of Courtesy—or the Courteous Monthly—or a Month's Courtesy—and put into it all the pleasant things that you write to the Easy Chair and which he does not put into the present Magazine, in which being himself comfortably installed he superciliously sneers at you, of course, and makes mouths at you, and is sarcastic at his leisure.

But your complaint, Sir or Madame, is an old one. And since there are plenty of people who pish and fret and fume at the weather and at the season and at the events of life in general, and privately feel that if they had only been consulted a very much superior world might have been turned out into

space, why should we wonder that there is a legion who are conscious that they could make the most brilliant and profound and humorous of periodical journals? No doubt they could. And there is not an Editor who would not gladly receive and triumphantly print their articles if they could only be persuaded to send them in to such ramshackle Magazines (will a courteous friend bear with the homely phrase?) as now rattle up and down the world. But probably their Majesties can not stoop to a hackney coach. They will starve magnificently at home rather than go to market by such mean conveyance.

Alack! we must endure their absence therefore. But it is not unlawful to deplore it. Courteous friend, since you condemn our luckless company too utterly to make one of it—or even to try to make one (for you might try and not get in, you know—the envious malignity of editors being notorious), you can console yourself upon the outside with the excellent story of the excellent Bubb Doddington, of whom Hartley Coleridge (a miserable periodical hack—an accessory to the wretchedness of modern magazines) said that one could not blame him for being a knave—one rather approved his fulfilling the purpose of his creation so diligently. The story is told in that lamentably superficial and dull performance which disgraces the 653d page of this Magazine, in the April number—and this is it. Bubb kept a diary, and tried to get and keep an office. One day he records: "Dined at Sir Francis Dashwood's (*Editor-in-chief, as it were, eh, Courteous?*). Find by Lord Talbot that we are not likely to come to a union (*Anglicé, to get our article accepted, eh, Courteous?*), for now the terms they purpose to sign are of a sort that imply an exclusion of coming into office (*article not up to the mark, eh, Courteous?*). Now, as no good can be done to this country but by good men coming into office, it is all over (*the Magazines are all hopelessly stupid, eh, Courteous?*), and I give up all thought of ever being any farther useful to mankind!"

Farewell, courteous Bubb! Will you take with you the prosy blessing of a solemn old Easy Chair—and the parting tears of the "Drawer"—and the gamesome raps of the "Table"—and the sobs of "Our Foreign Bureau"—and the well-meant (at least) efforts of our "Literary Notices." Here we all stand, finger in eye! Good-by, Bubb; we me—me—mean Courteous. You are quite right. You'd better "give up all thoughts" of it, and leave the world to darkness and Magazines, which, however, is flagrant tautology, for are they not identical?

It was only the other day that, coming down Broadway, I met Bland. A few years since there was no man better known upon that street, or more welcome in "the halls of fashion," as I am told by those who declare that they have permanently dwelt in those halls. According to their report his tall and commanding person was always perfectly arrayed. There was nothing extravagant in his dress. It was never in the extreme of the fashion; but it struck you as being the ideal that the fashion contemplated. His manner was strictly in keeping, smooth, sweet, bland, but a trifle supercilious and conceited. He was highly accomplished. He had profited by college. He was a good scholar: spoke several languages well: was a good boxer and fencer,

and pulled an oar with the best fellows; and he was singularly handsome, having that deep, rich, mellow, tropical darkness of complexion which women are said to find irresistible. He was symmetrically made in his person. His hands and feet were small, his dark hair curled, but not too much; and he moved with a grace unusual in men.

I used to hear of him; for I was of those who see the fine houses and the glittering company, who hear the music and the pulsing throb of "the dancers dancing in tune," but who hear and see afar off, and are, therefore, spell-bound, and dream dreams as the beautiful women alight and go up the steps, and see visions as they disappear within the door. And once I saw him, for even the Manhadoe nobility can not compose its balls and parties of unmixed blue blood; and for once, an Easy Chair found itself in a ball-room.

At the very moment that, after making my salutatory bows to the hostess—do you know her, or don't you go into such society or even hear of it? Mrs. Pewter Pans was her name; her husband sold hardware, and was an honest, simple, noble man; but she hired Mr. Mapleson to look up the family in the English annals, and to discover and construct the proper coat of arms—and he did discover an entirely new one to the great gratification of Mrs. P. P. (I know that this is all pure digression, but one does lose his head so in really fine society.)

At the very moment, then, that I turned away from Mrs. Pans, I saw Bland smoothly sailing about the room with his arm around the waist of the loveliest blonde girl I ever saw. It turned out, presently, that it was no girl at all, but one of the youngest and most charming of married women. "If I have a weakness," Bland said to a friend in my hearing, as we stood in the supper-room, "it is for canvas-back ducks." But I learned that it was not exactly so. He did himself injustice; for his weakness was for young married women.

My friends who are familiar (or pretend to be) with these things tell me that nothing so surely marks the successful man of society as this preference for young married women. They say that Bland had reduced it to a science. "Young married women," he held, "are the true foundation of society. Girls are privates only. They can not originate balls and parties. They may indeed persuade an elderly mamma; but that's not the thing, for then, properly speaking, you have no centre of the scene. The elderly mamma does it all for the daughter, and shows it through all her elaborate toilet and manner. The daughter can not, without breathing upon the spectator's sense of entire fitness, carry the thing, so to speak, upon her shoulders, white and robust as I grant them to be. The thing lags. People look at picture-books upon the table. The most skillful flirter is annoyed, as he would be on a mid-summer stroll by moonlight if the air were obilly. Such balls, I remark, always break up early. I do not mean that the dancing people go home before four o'clock. Not at all; that is the hour at which those people always go home. But the proper society—I mean the younger married women and the older unmarried men—have retired long before.

"The young married woman, however," held Bland, "knows all that the young girl does; and she has the greater confidence of larger experience. She has more self-possession, and therefore brings all her resources into play. But still further, she has been married just long enough to feel that im-

perceptible decline of deference in manner which distinguishes the lover from the husband. I don't mean that husbands are brutes," added Bland, kindly, whenever he discoursed in this vein, "but I do mean that the wife is sensible of something—if you choose to express it so—less worshipping in the manner of her spouse after the important day.

"Do you suppose, now, that a wise bachelor does not know this, and use his knowledge to advantage? *A la bonne heure*, we may be bachelors, but we are not utter fools. If I see young Mrs. Periwing Heron, and remember that when she was Selina de Crump she was the finest and most flattered of belles, and reflect that she knows those days are gone forever, do you suppose I do not know how pleasant it will be to her to have the glory of those days renewed? *Allons*—if Mungo Park was overcome by the rude songs of those mid-African mothers who treated him so tenderly, what would have been the effect upon him of hearing the songs of his own nursery? Well, I am that African mother improved, for I sing to Mungo Heron the songs that were sweetest of all."

At this point in Bland's discourse the friends of morality and domestic peace were wont to ask him if he thought his views did not tend directly to the destruction of the happiness of families.

"To tell the strict truth," he answered, "there is that danger. But that ought to be understood by all parties. If Periwing doesn't mind my coming to his house and being very friendly with his wife, why on earth should I mind it? Isn't he competent to guard his own fireside; or shall I call myself Emeritus and Bachelor Professor of the security of young spouses?"

So Bland rattled on. There was not a young man in the higher circles (I am told) who was not proud to be mentioned or spoken to by him. He was a kind of club autocrat. But then royalties of every kind are comparative. The Duke of Monaco was a duke, and if you lived in Monaco it was an extremely pleasant thing to be intimate at the palace. "The world" is as many people as you meet. It is your neighborhood. If you are the cock of your particular walk, isn't that enough?

Perhaps Bland despised his own constituency a little. But still he ruled it absolutely. He would probably have been actually unable to walk up Broadway with a shabbily dressed man, and his subjects shared his inability. It is not that he did not see the moral shame of the thing, but he could not do it. It was out of the question.

Bland is still a bachelor, and younger men stand in his old shoes. He is no longer devoted to Mrs. Heron, who will soon reappear as the matron of her lovely daughters. He belongs to the Union Club now; and you may see him (I am told) almost any fine spring afternoon standing at one of the great windows looking upon the Avenue. The girls do not flush as they pass. The kinder hearted among them pity him, if they see him. Pity Edward Bland! It is not a particular, but a most general pity; the same universal Christian compassion they feel for all the men of that club.

But as I passed Bland and thought of all these things, I remembered that we were contemporaries; and as I curiously looked at his crow's-feet and his thinning hair, I thought of some other people not a hundred miles from where I stood, and mentally resolved to advise them not to look out of club windows upon fine spring afternoons, lest pretty girls

should pity; and not to walk leisurely in Broadway, lest Easy Chairs should moralize.

ALL humane and patriotic efforts, whatever they may be called and wherever they may arise, shall have the hearty attention, and, if they be not wolves in sheep's clothing, or plans of the Reverend Stiggins and Chadband kind, or the cheap mercantile morality of the eminent and extended house of Pecksniff and Company, they shall have also the cordial sympathy and co-operation of the Easy Chair.

On the other hand, the combinations of Stiggins and Pecksniffs, for whatever fine sounding purpose, ought to be received with the profound contempt of every honest Easy Chair and of all decent people. This sort of combination may suppose it deceives the public, but common charity requires that it be undeceived. Now, then, here is old Pecksniff, who has been trading to Naples for the last thirty or forty years, and a very pretty thing he has made of it. His business has doubtless been of an average honesty, and he has had all the commercial honors of the metropolis. He was upon the best possible terms with the late Bomba, and has always frowned and snarled at all efforts and sympathy for the independence of the Neapolitans, or their relief from the grinding tyranny of their wretched tyrant. If an orator turned a period with the woes of Naples—if a minister hoped that the patriot hopes of the south of Italy might be fulfilled—Pecksniff sneered and scolded and swore, and asked, in a great rage, whether the treaties of the United States with friendly foreign powers could not restrain the foul mouths of public talkers, who insulted their country by saying that a popular system of government would be better for Naples than the placid reign of Bomba.

Meanwhile the whole world waked up to the Italian struggle. Old Bomba, the target of a world's contempt, shook in his shoes. Every noble heart was interested to see the light of liberty shine throughout that land, as every where else in the world. In our own country, especially, the central idea of whose whole system is freedom, there was a universal sympathy; while, with that regard for national rights which is always the characteristic of our people, that sympathy showed itself only in the most cordial and unanimous expression of good-will for the Neapolitan people, and an equally distinct and emphatic opinion of Bomba. Then was heard the hoarse and dissonant voice of Pecksniff, like the hoarse cry of the contractor whom Patrick Henry set in eloquent scorn, bawling through the patriot camp in the Revolution, "Beef! beef! beef!" intently anxious upon his selfish advantage, while a whole country was suffering for a principle.

Pecksniff insisted that we had no right to do this thing; that Bomba was a man and a brother, and knew his own business much better than we did; and that, if we kept up this hue and cry about popular liberty, openly sympathizing with a people who would gladly upset our ally and friend, the King of Naples, then we should rue the day; for Sorrento oranges would advance from three to six, or—since we could not tell what a just Providence might not do to punish us—to eight and ten cents a piece. Suppose, then, said Pecksniff, we mind our own business and let Bomba manage his own affairs.

But when Garibaldi descended upon Sicily amidst the applause of the world, and generous men every where hailed a hero whom History would love to honor with Washington, Pecksniff shook his head in the extremity of rage and futile fury.

"Now you see what all this palaver about popular rights and the duty of a people to govern themselves comes to!" cried he. "You have killed poor old Bomba, one of our friendly allies, with whom we had sacred treaties which you despised; and now you are periling the rights of his worthy son and successor, whom God preserve!"

He did not stop here. He has founded a Society. Pecksniff and the Reverend Stiggins and Mr. Chadband have put forth a programme. The idea of popular liberty and self-government, they declare, is a melancholy delusion; and it is a delusion which has been fostered by eloquence and song. They say that it is written in stories; it is whispered in ballads; it thunders in sermons; it pleads in lectures; it is the breath of life among the most civilized people in the world; but it is all false and pernicious, and it is high time that the people who have been helping Naples with their openly-expressed sympathy—some, doubtless, honestly, but the most from the persuasion of men who have the basest private motives (which are things entirely unknown to P. and Company)—should be undeceived. The difficulty must be removed, they say, root and branch; for it is lamentable that whoever sympathizes with the doctrine of popular government will logically sympathize with a great many other things which can not be separated from it. They will believe not only that the people ought to govern themselves, but they will hold to general education, to free schools, to Lyceum debates, to cheap books and plenty of them, to improvements of every kind in labor; in one word, they will be inclined to believe that the steady aim of human society every where should be the greatest good of the greatest number—and where on earth, pertinently ask Pecksniff and Company, would our worthy friend and ally Bombalino be then?

We propose, then, they continue, firmly and persistently to oppose this monstrous mistake, fraught with untold evils, of the rights of the people. We invoke the honored memory of the three tailors of Tooley Street, who justly called themselves "We, the people of England," as being the wisest people in England; and the still astuter body of religious men who resolved, first, that the saints should govern the earth, and second, that they were the saints; and under the sanction of these great exemplars we propose to show that the people of Naples have come Providentially into the hands of our friend and ally Bombalino; that it is a great, yea, a stupendous trust; that those people are ignorant and superstitious, and require his fostering care of love and mercy to train them for the heavenly realm. If, now, P. and Company continue, our dear fellow-creature Bombalino is willing to take the heavy charge of governing them in return for their being governed, why should we complain? Bombalino freely concedes to us Americans the right of governing ourselves; why should we not equally concede to him the right of governing the Neapolitans? How can we justify before Heaven our conduct in saying to Bombalino that we disapprove of his system? If we wickedly persist in so doing, we may be sure, not only that oranges will go up to ten and possibly twelve cents apiece—a consideration which we choose to suppress in our public Buncomb programme which is intended to catch gudgeons—but that humanity and religion themselves will be affected by that expression. Doesn't Bombalino rule in Naples? Would he rule there if divine Providence did not ordain it? And is it not an arrogant interference with Provi-



dential arrangements for us to insinuate that our worthy friend and ally Bombalino ought not to do precisely as he is doing? Have there not always been kings in Naples? Are they not a part of the Providential development of that section of the world? By what blasphemy, then, do we declare that Bombalino ought not to rule there? Is it for us to accuse him? Are we such models of moral and political excellence that we should hector him? Let us look at home. Let us sedulously contemplate our own beams, and leave the Neapolitan notes. God, in his own good time and way, will work out his purposes. All that we have to do is to buy cheap and sell dear—a remark which is not intended for the public programme, and which had better not be repeated.

This is the substance of the Prospectus of Pecksniff and Company. It seems to be addressed to the conscience of the country, but it is really intended for the Neapolitan market. For it is well known that the loyal subjects of Bombalino declared that, if this general expression of sympathy with Garibaldi and popular freedom continued in this country, they would cut off the supply of oranges and bring us to reason.

You poor foolish old Pecksniff! do you suppose that this kind of thing isn't perfectly understood? You don't know much; but did you never hear of Mrs. Partington, who tried to mop up the Atlantic Ocean? or of King Canute, who ordered it down? or of King Xerxes, who had it well scourged and chained? Do you believe in material forces and not in moral? Do you think that you can not suppress the rising sea, but that you may dam advancing civilization? What is the substance of political history from the beginning? Why, simply the clearer perception of individual rights, and the attainment and security of more and more of them for every individual. And every decade shall see more of those rights confessed and obtained. Just in the degree of their prevalence and permanence shall you have an easy market, Pecksniff, and cheap oranges. You may wisely try to suppress the sunrise, and set day back to night; but the developing genius of civilization, writing in the various forms of human happiness that peace in this world is proportioned to justice, will possibly not attend to the splenetic snorts of Pecksniff and Company, who offer for sale—cheap for cash, or approved indorsed notes—a large lot of fresh Naples oranges, and ditto, ditto, stale twaddle.

THERE is no reason why the name of Pecksniff should suggest that of Gunnybags, nor does it necessarily do so. But Solomon Gunnybags tells the Easy Chair that overtures were made to him to sign the programme, and he declined.

"Yes, Sir," remarked Mr. Gunnybags, energetically, "I decidedly declined! I said: Pecksniff, we are old friends, and we are both merchants. I do not asperse your motives, and I am very sure you will respect mine. Now, we have been acting together a long time and in many ways. But although I am a merchant, I am also a man. I heard one of the stevedores on one of my ships say one day that God has, somehow, fixed things so that a man can afford to do right. Now, Pecksniff, perhaps I haven't always thought so; I know that I haven't always acted so. But even I must draw the line somewhere. I have done a good many things to keep matters quiet. I've shut my eyes a good deal; yes, and as far as that goes, I've tried to shut my heart

too. I love profits, I believe you know, Pecksniff, quite as well as any man; but I'll be—whipped if I can go every thing. I can't sleep easy if I know I have done any thing to keep down the poor Neapolitans who are trying so hard to get up. They want a fair, popular, constitutional government; and I don't see why they haven't as good a right to it as we have, or as any body has—do you, Pecksniff? Do you, I say?

"Then I stopped, Sir: I looked him square in the face. He smiled. You know his smile, don't you? By Jupiter! he asked me what on earth had come over me. He asked whether I was losing my wits. He said, 'Why, Gunnybags, this won't do. That sort of talk is very well for Garibaldi-sympathy meetings, but it won't work practically; leave it to ministers and religious newspapers, Gunnybags. How's business?'

"I had but one word to say: 'Mr. Pecksniff, I should like to be a rich man; but if the condition of my riches should be the scoundrelly injustice which has been the rule of government in Naples for years, I hope I should be brave enough to be poor; I don't know that I should—but I hope so. Good-morning, Mr. Pecksniff!'

That is certainly good for Solomon Gunnybags. If he can hold out, he will be something more than a rich merchant. He will show that a rich merchant may be also a man of the largest human sympathies—a man who believes that peace is the flower of justice. And a merchant who does not believe that is in a bad way.

Yes—and do you know what the excellent Pecksniff, with the creamiest aspect, would ask?—"What is Justice?"

Isn't there something of an echo or a reminder in those words?

LAST spring the Easy Chair chatted all one month about the pictures at the National Academy rooms. This year there is no occasion. The rooms are there, the pictures are there, the good-will is there; but the will is better than the works, and the verdict upon the exhibition must be, "Very, very poor."

And yet this must not be taken to include all. There are beautiful and promising pictures. Some old names have made a new mark. Some portraits are as fine as have ever been in the rooms. Gray has a picture of an old man which is admirable. It is the best head he has ever exhibited, mellow, vigorous, and poetic. Near by is a work by W. H. Furness, a name new to our catalogue. It is a most conscientious portrait. Every part is faithfully felt and studied, and the impression produced is one of profound confidence, not only in the picture as a likeness, but in the painter as an artist. There is no haste, no slur, no dodge any where in the work; and there are not many men in the country—there are very few—who can paint a portrait of such uniform excellence. A little more brilliancy and vigor of color would improve it; but an Easy Chair makes even such a criticism with deference.

Page's picture, one of the largest in the gallery, *Dolce Far Niente*, is clearly the work of a great painter. It is not altogether pleasing as a picture. It wants symmetry, composition, unity, and there are parts which are positively unpleasant, not from sentiment, but from execution. The child, for instance, huddled up in the fore-ground, seems to have no bones in his body. It is a gelatinous child. But there are two most striking points in the work—its perfect fidelity to the detail of the Campagna peas-

ant, and its color. Still it is not a *picture*. It represents certain people as they undoubtedly appeared; but a picture is a representation of nature through the imagination of the painter. If a man puts brush to canvas and represents perfectly a pine table, is that a picture? Is imagination not necessary in painting a picture? Of course there is a kind of Sir Charles Eastlake imagination which has hitherto prevailed in pictures of Campagna life, and which is distinctly not what is required—but simply tolerable, and not to be endured. It is just possible, however, that because one man paints pretty things and calls them poetic, it does not follow that there is no such spirit as the poetic.

But we will not try to settle just now what a picture is or is not. This one of Page's certainly shows how much poetic truth lies in the faithful representation of the object; for the same pensiveness which is the prevailing impression of Italy, and especially the dead, hopeless sadness of the Campagna and its life, is the atmosphere and feeling of this picture. The descriptions of the Campagna by Beckford, and of Hans Christian Andersen, rise involuntarily to your mind if you have never seen it. But if you have, then you know as you look that Page has seen it too.

"The splendid tumult," says Beckford, in his romantic Sketches of Italy, "is passed away: silence and desolation remain. Dreary flats thinly scattered over with ilex, and barren hillocks crowned by solitary towers, were the only objects we perceived for several miles. Now and then we passed a few black ill-favored sheep straggling by the way's side near a ruined sepulchre, just such animals as an ancient would have sacrificed to the Manes. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose ripples were the only sound which broke the general stillness, and observed the shepherds' huts on its banks, propped up with broken pedestals and marble friezes. I entered one of them, whose owner was abroad tending his herds, and began writing upon the sand and murmuring a melancholy song. Perhaps the dead listened to me from their narrow cells. The living I can answer for; they were far enough removed."

"I can not boast of having made any discoveries," he adds further on, "nor of sending you any novel intelligence. You knew before how perfectly the environs of Rome were desolate, and how completely the Papal Government contrives to make its subjects miserable."

This was eighty years ago. But the truth of the statement is not yet antiquated.

Pictures that beguile you into pensive meditation must be poetic, must they not? Suppose, then, that we plant the Easy Chair before this *Dolce Far Niente*, and abandon ourselves to reverie.

### Our Foreign Bureau.

WE had somewhat to say last month of the death of M. Murger, a favorite *litterateur* of Paris; it was a sad story and an old story; and now this paper, which is to come to your eye with the pleasant flowers of May, we open with a death story again.

On the 20th of February an old gentleman of sixty-nine, active, brisk, who seemed scarce turned of fifty, and whom you might have taken for a dapper tradesman of the Boulevard St. Martin, called a cab in the streets of Paris, and ordered the *cocher* to drive him to the house of M. Maquet. Arrived

at the door, the coachman found the old gentleman unable to alight and breathing with difficulty. He summoned the nearest *sergent de ville*, and the policeman in turn summoned the nearest physician; but before the physician could reach the sufferer it was too late—the old gentleman was dead. They found his address about him, and carried the body home. It was M. Scribe.

On the 22d of February his funeral was celebrated with great pomp in the Church of San Roque; the nave was hung with black; a huge catafalque burdened the middle space; innumerable wax-lights blazed up and down; the city council was present; the Academy was largely represented; generals, and authors, and musicians, and diplomats, and senators, all contributed to swell the throng which gathered to the last ceremonial in honor of M. Scribe.

He was not a great man, but an immensely successful one. Every where in Europe his name was known: there is not a corner of the world, indeed, where French civilization has carried a love for French vaudevilles (as it always does), or an appreciation of French *esprit*, or the most superficial knowledge of operatic music, but the name of M. Scribe has become familiar. There are those, of good critical ability too, who sneered at him as a machine-writer, whose language never rose to eloquence, whose style was never elevated or even pure; but still the great fact is patent, that he was the author of four hundred various pieces, which, upon the whole, have better satisfied the popular want, had greater vogue, and insured larger pecuniary success than the dramatic writings of any other living author. M. Scribe did not write less well because he wrote so much; he was a man who seemed always, except in rare instances, to work up to the topmost level of his capacity. There are far higher levels of dramatic capacity in France, but never one more even and unvarying. Of *esprit* he had a continuous and ample flow; it bubbles every where, sparkles, flashes, is gone; but of the wit which is incisive, trenchant, not to be forgotten, he had never any. Nowhere, in all the four hundred pieces, is there a thought which startles a man, as it were from a doze, and which fires some long train of suggestion and inquiry.

He always fired straight, but never struck deep; he could surprise, and delight, and beguile, but never kindle or astonish. He was always true, but he dealt in truths which were patent to every body, and he never made a new patent. Given: a cultivated Paris audience to amuse and delight, with a deftly turned plot, rare scenic effects, liveliness and cleverness of language, harmony of arrangement, piquancy of detail, and there was not a man in France so sure to gain a victory, and to accomplish all he undertook, as M. Scribe.

His success lay in this: he knew what he could do, and he did it.

Scribe did not probe such human ulcers as gather under the Paris air so deeply as Balzac would have done, yet he knew how they looked; he told us how they looked; nay, he treated them in his *badinage-y*, superficial way most deftly: but he never cured one; he never let the black blood out that lies at the bottom of them. He never could tell you your motive, or me my motive, with a distinctness that made us pause—a distinctness that only genius can command; but yet he had a rare tact for seizing upon what we might call the *average* human motive; and in this way he represented the *average* thought, and the *average* wit, and the *average* hope

of those who listened to him, or who read him. Yet for all, he was far more than an average man, else he would never have been academician or the builder of a colossal fortune.

When, about the year 1836, he was elected to the Academy, there was a jealous outcry in the journals: he was only a literary trickster, a deft master of plots, a snapper up of everyday intrigue; and so he was, but in his special province he outshone all the rest. He photographed the life around him before yet photographs were known; with marvelous intrepidity and industry he seized upon the thousand minor details which made up the *vraisemblance*: so that, far away as you may be, a play of Scribe's takes you back to Paris—its surprises, its *equivoques*, its schemes, its splendors, its prettinesses, its littlenesses, its drift—as the pages of no other French author can do. He pours its very atmosphere round you, so that you seem to hear the tripping feet of the grisettes, and the careless tramp of the soldiery, and the coy opening of salon doors, and the rustling of brocade curtains, and piquant repartee; and you seem to see the lithe figures of Paris women—an exquisite harmony of color and Boivin's gloves, and feet neatly *chaussées*—the glitter of Paris lights, and the easy swaying of the Paris crowds, and the sable plumes that nod over the Paris dead.

In pay for what he did, Scribe enjoyed the income of a prince. Twenty years ago he received thirty thousand dollars a year from his plays; and his revenue has increased largely since. His investments were in houses and lands. One of his country estates he sold shortly before the Crimean war to the Marshal St. Arnaud. We give a characteristic letter which he wrote the Marshal at that time:

"MONTALAIS, May 4, 1853.

"MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL.—After your gracious visit the council assembled for domestic deliberation, and the personage whom you so justly style the 'Minister of the Interior,' my wife, opened the debate. She entirely agreed with you that, as a matter of business, we must altogether leave out of the account the fact that this merely pleasure property cost us 100,000 crowns (300,000 francs), and that we should forget all the money expended upon it from fancy or caprice. But at the same time she observes that the outlay, which has really augmented the value, should be taken into consideration; that the building hewn out of the rock, which now forms the stables, coach-house, granaries, and servants' rooms, cost 30,000 francs; that seven or eight acres of the kitchen garden and park, bought at 100 francs the perch, i. e. 1000 francs the acre, cost, and a folly it was, 80,000 francs, but that they are at any rate honestly worth half the money; that 130,000 francs for the original property, added to 30,000 francs for building and 40,000 francs for additional land, amounts to 200,000 francs, which is the sum we originally asked for Montalais; and my Minister of the Interior argues that, in reducing that price at once of our own accord and without any higgling, to 160,000 francs we are treating in a frank, reasonable, and loyal manner, which you, Monsieur le Maréchal, better than any one else, must appreciate. My excellent minister also says, and your notary will confirm her assertion, that the upset price of a real estate is always put at less than the real value in order to attract bidders; and that if Montalais were put up in three lots at 140,000 francs, it would fetch by auction a third more, just as it happened only three days ago in the case of No. 34 Rue de Provence, which being put up at 250,000 francs, was knocked down for 400,000 francs in the teeth of our notary, M. Wasselin, who had offered on our account as much as 390,000 francs. My wife adds, moreover, that the universal rise in the value of every description of property, and the unheard of prosperity of affairs in general, is owing to the events of December 2, of which Monsieur le Maréchal was to a great extent the glorious author, and that he can not complain of any augmentation of which he is the cause. For all these reasons, Monsieur le Maréchal, the unanimous opinion of the council is that our proposal of 160,000 francs was really equitable, and that we must abide by it, hoping that your amiable and charming Minister of the Interior will deign to take into consideration all the reasons hereinbefore urged. It will always be understood, as

we said yesterday, that half the purchase-money only is to be paid down, and the other half according to your convenience, even by monthly installments if you like, so that you may scarcely feel that you are paying any thing; it is also agreed that our old furniture shall be valued at once, and that you will take hereafter only such articles as may suit you, but that you will do us the honor to make use of it for a year. Possession may be had to-morrow or next day if you so wish. It is with pain I confess that I leave Montalais, which I have inhabited for a quarter of a century, and where I have passed twenty-five of the most laborious and, at the same time, the most agreeable years of my life. But my regret is diminished by the thought that, thanks to my illustrious successor, Montalais, which I have so much loved, will become a historical residence, and will never be forgotten. Accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the assurance of my high and respectful consideration.

EUGÈNE SCRIBE, of the French Academy."

Have we dwelt too long upon the memory of a play-writer, who has amused millions and accumulated millions, and who died the other day (as we said) in a street cab? *Passons*.

WE take up now the affair *Mires*. It has touched Paris to the quick; it has had its pulsations far as the Dardanelles; and there are merchants of Stamboul who shuddered when they read the brief announcement in the Paris papers that M. Mires, the Jewish banker, was arrested, and at Mazas *au secret*.

Mires was a money-dealer at Bordeaux, we believe, up to the time of the Revolution of 1848. He was counted a shrewd financier (some said unscrupulous); it is certain that he had no national influence or reputation. But taking advantage of the revulsion in the value of property which attended upon the stirring times of *révolution*, he speculated largely and successfully. He established himself at Paris; he won the confidence of those new courtiers who had position without money; he interested himself largely in the design for improving the port of Marseilles; he flattered the ministerial hangers-on; he gave brilliant dinners; he loaned money freely; he made magnificent risks and as magnificent escapes; he came to be chief patron of half the new enterprises of Paris; he was president of the consolidated company of French railways (*Caisse Générale des Chemins de Fer*); his pretty daughter of eighteen, with a *dot* of a million, became Princess de Polignac (she would have been cheap at less); all the moneyed world talked of Mires; and Mires had negotiated the new Turkish loan, so that the hopes of the Levant and of the Crescent rested upon the shoulders of Mires.

But, as we said, the other day Mires was arrested. The bubble has burst. The game is played out, and there are shrewd suspicions that public investigation, if it be permitted, will present the Prince Jerome and the Count de Morny, if not Walewski, under very unpleasant lights.

The guarded silence of the Paris papers, and even of the Paris correspondents of the Belgian papers, is a curious and piquant circumstance. There were those who knitted largely from the same skein with Mires and who are not at Mazas.

MIRES gives place to the papal question. Where will the mistaken old man who wears the tiara go? Will the Church yield, or will the Empire? Will the sixteenth century yield to the nineteenth, or the nineteenth yield to the challenge of the Old?

The whole affair is as pretty as a problem in chess, and will very likely have some such sudden and unexpected checkmate—if it be not stalemate already. Let us emphasize with a few lines the position of the parties.



The imposing Romish Head of the Church is run off from his Italian possessions by a republican Italian army, which can not wrest from him the political rights it claims: straightway a French republican army, with effervescent religious zeal, brings back the Holy Father to his palace, and with sharp bayonets pricks down all obtrusive Italian republicanism.

Presently (after the interval of a few years) the Italian love of liberty breaks out in a new place and in new form; and is aided by a French army, which is Imperial now, and democratic. Battles are fought and won (among them Solferino); and half of Italy is free to choose her own king. France, by its appointed ministers, appeals to the Pope to yield somewhat of his old prerogative—to yield gracefully what is lost (as Bologna and Ferrara), and make federal compact with the young and exultant power of the new Italy. But the Pope, through Antonelli, whines an appeal, which, strangely enough, is heard most graciously in France itself; and an army of gallant Vendean gentlemen, headed by the Republican Lamoricière, make fight for the Pope and lose; lose ignobly.

Still, however, other French bayonets keep order in Rome, and defend Rome against Roman love of liberty. Then comes the marvelous southern conquests; and the Papal power shrinks and shivers within its little paddock, picketed by the constant French bayonets.

The Imperial appeal to the Pope now is—to yield all temporal power, and enjoy a spiritual authority admitted by all good Catholics, and kept in as gorgeous state as ever by a revenue which shall come from Europe instead of the garden of Romagna.

The Imperial pamphlet puts the matter in one form, and the Imperial speech of Prince Jerome (which you will have read) puts it in another and more trenchant shape. The argument of both lies in the narrative and its French color; that color we have kept in our abstract.

But even in France there is a large party which rallies to the side of the decayed Papal power, as against the Imperial advisers; it is not a party which can marshal an army, although it is skilled in plots. It embraces all old Legitimists, half the Orleanists, and four-fifths of such intrepid priests as are true to their vows and the Church establishment.

There is good rhetoric and flaming rhetoric on both sides: instance, De la Guéronnière and the learned Bishop of Orleans; but the inexorable logic of power, and the gravitation of all such earnest thought as is pressed home by action, sets one way only; and that way is not the Papal way. Irishmen and Papish bulls and decayed French nobles of the stamp of La Rochejacquelin, have their excellences and their force; but they can not crowd back the lithe young Italy into the dark again.

A KEEN scholar, such as England could boast but few of, has latterly passed away in the person of Rev. John William Donaldson, one time head-master of the Grammar-School of Bury St. Edmund's, and the author of "The New Cratylus." We Americans have all gone through Bury St. Edmund's, and stopped at the "Angel" with Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller. We have all been parties to that night-scene in the garden of the young ladies' boarding-school, where "Sam" gave his master "a leg" over the brick wall, and where the gallant Pickwick took the rheumatism that kept him two or three days at the "Angel:" and now Bury St. Edmund's comes

again to our thought like the echo of an old bit of song—with the story of Dr. Donaldson's death. He was a rare and ripe scholar—a half heretic in religious matters (his heresy is embodied in his Latin book of "Jasher"), so that he gave up all hopes of church preferment, and devoted himself, with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause, to the dreary field of classic exploration and philological inquiry. He was a good type of those unknown men who think wearily in libraries, and whose toil is spoken of only among schoolmasters; whose epitaph and eulogy are written at last—with elegance—in a dead language which nobody reads.

WE name, in this connection, the recent decease of another English literary notability, who was unknown upon the American side of the water, because it gives occasion for introducing a galling illustration of the British "Church gift" system.

Dr. Bandinel was the librarian of the Bodleian in Oxford, to which office he succeeded from the under-librarianship in the year 1813; he had that best quality in a librarian—courtesy, added to critical skill. In Christmas last he retired upon a pension; but Dr. Bandinel also held the "living" of Haughton-le-Skerne, whose rectory (in the gift of the Bishop of Durham) is worth £1300 a year. As Haughton is only a village of 1000 inhabitants, the accomplished Dr. Bandinel did not of course waste his parts in parochial service there. The 1300 pounds, however, added to the Bodleian pension, must have made the old gentleman quite comfortable.

This Haughton-le-Skerne is near to a larger town of Darlington, containing a population of 15,000, which has three churches with three incumbents, who divide among them less than £600 a year. It happened, therefore, that, upon the death of Dr. Bandinel, the good people of Darlington appealed to the new bishop (a certain Dr. Villiers) to alienate a part of the excessive revenue of Haughton for the benefit of a new district in Darlington; but the bishop, piously commending the ardor of the poor Darlington curates, is sorry he can not, and straightway bestows the Haughton living and its 1300 pounds a year upon his son-in-law, Mr. Cheese, just turned of twenty-five, and a nice young man.

Whereupon the saucy *Saturday Review* gives the bishop this pretty and well-deserved puff:

"Nobody says that Mr. and Mrs. Cheese should not have their bread at papa's hands; but what people complain of is, that no crumbs fall to the clerical Lazari of Darlington. And if the bishop chose to defy public opinion, and to stick to his own family interests, we say, merely as writers, that there was no occasion to drop so much greasy cant over what, after all, is only a good, straightforward, substantial, thorough worldly job—a mere matter of business. Let it stand for what it is worth—a business transaction; do not tell us that it is an instance of holy zeal. We do not enlarge upon the common-places of this affair. A bishop of any sense and judgment would have inaugurated his accession by an act of something less than this stupendous folly. It is, at least, an error in judgment for a new bishop to give the very best and the very first living to a son or son-in-law. It is a still greater inconvenience if the talented, pious, and active young gentleman so preferred over the whole clergy of the diocese is an entire stranger to it, and has only been, as the newspapers tell us, three years in orders. But the greatest blunder of all is to defend a very

commonplace, a very coarse and awkward, if not a very scandalous stroke of business, by unctuous affectation of sympathy with the poor clergy of Darlington and the good cause, and the paternal interest in so good a man whom the good bishop is content to leave to starvation. Mr. Cheese, in purple and fine linen, with a spacious mansion, pleasant grounds, and thirteen hundred a year, is quite a sufficient instance of apostolic piety without the horrible blunder of referring to Mr. Minton's services, and the satisfaction that would gladden the large and warm episcopal heart 'to hear so good a man had his stipend increased.'—*Punch* also has a characteristic and telling fling at "the Durham Cheese." The bishop, rosy and well-fed, as becomes his ecclesiastical dignity, is presented with a fat Stilton before him, over which he is inverting a bottle, labeled "£1800." To him comes, hat in hand, a poor clergyman, in shabby coat and patched shoes. "I am exceedingly sorry, dear brother in the Church," says the comfortable bishop to the needy clergyman; "but you see I have not a drop left for you. *I have poured it all into my Cheese.*" The bottle is patently empty, but the excavation in the cheese seems quite capable of holding the contents of several more.

APPROPOS of this same subject of Church livings, we cut a couple of illustrative paragraphs from a late London paper; they would make texts for sermons:

"NEXT PRESENTATION for SALE—rectory of Shereford, near Fakenham, Norfolk; present incumbent aged eighty-nine in April next. Agricultural population about 100. Net income about £260. No parsonage house.—For further particulars apply to," etc., etc.

"ADVOWSON for SALE, with early possession. Good county, small population, and a net income of £300 per year. Church and house in perfect order. Principles sound Church.—Apply to," etc., etc.

And yet again this, as showing a singularly modest disposition in the claimant, who is yet "not averse" to a mention of his distinguished relations:

"A CLERGYMAN (married) of Evangelical, but moderate views, highly connected, both on his wife's side and his own, of much experience, with the highest testimonials and references, an attractive preacher, with thorough knowledge of vocal and instrumental music, desires an INCUMBENCY. Having no Church patronage in his family, and his relations, though with much interest as Earls, Barons, and Baronets, being averse to ask favors, he is induced to this attempt to obtain a Parish of his own. "Address, Rev. M., 27 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W."

WE bound across channel once more to the dusty chambers of the Institut de France, where science returns again, under the doughty championship of M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, to the advocacy of horse-flesh as a wholesome and available means of nutrition. Its claim is well pushed.

Why not eat our horses as well as our oxen? says St. Hilaire. We stigmatize the Jews, who refuse pork, out of which we make delicacies from the ham to the jowl; we sneer at the Hindoos for their disgust of beef, and make it our chief alimentary resource; we count pigeons *aux petits pois* a savory dish, yet in some countries pigeons are spurned. Choice of meats, then, is a mere matter of prejudice, and where prejudice, as in the matter of horse-flesh, stands in the way of a great national economy, it is the duty of Science and of scientific men to subjugate the prejudice.

It is not the first time that unreasoning prejudice has opposed efforts to cheapen or extend alimentary resources. The potato, on its introduction to France,

had its enemies; even the public authorities imposed severe penalties on its cultivation; and when the First Napoleon suggested and commended the manufacture of sugar from beets, the plan was subjected to as bitter sneers as ever has been the dioscorea culture of Mr. Prince.

In the same sitting of the Academy in which M. St. Hilaire has returned thus resolutely to his *cheral de bataille*, he also recommends the introduction of certain African and South American animals, as furnishing healthy and palatable food, and eminently worthy of domestication. Especially he particularizes the llama and the yack.

FROM horses we pass to oysters: the *savans* of the Academy do the same. It is M. Coste who has now the floor. He has, within a year or two past, under the sanction and patronage of the Government, undertaken to develop his theory of oyster-culture upon the Isle de Ré, a small island lying a short distance from the western coast of France, in the immediate neighborhood of La Rochelle. His undertaking has been crowned with the largest success; and he has virtually given profitable employment to a whole population. His scheme involved a thorough preparation of the shore, from which it was necessary to remove large quantities of mud; broken rocks from adjoining cliffs were then disposed at frequent intervals along the beach; after this the breeding banks were arranged, the spawn or ova deposited, and immense numbers of fagots, to which the bivalves might attach themselves. All this being accomplished along some three leagues of shore, the inhabitants rested from their labor until such time as M. Coste permitted the first dip for a harvest. The growth was enormous: the *savans* reports that within the limits of a single yard (*mètre*) square there were found six hundred oysters. A profitable fishery is at once assured to the inhabitants of the island; and while strict regulations as to times and places of fishery insure continuous and undisturbed propagation, the excess of production will give a comfortable subsistence to thousands.

AND while we are upon the subject of alimentary, let us note the further fact, that M. Babinet, while recently discussing at the Academy of Sciences, in connection with physical geography, the saltiness of certain inland lakes or seas, and the adaptedness of fresh-water to the herring culture, suggested the propriety of introducing the seal (*phoque*) to the lakes and rivers of France. Travelers testified, he said, that seal-steaks were equal to veal cutlets, and he had a hope of sometime seeing this animal in time disporting upon the grassy banks of the ponds of the Bois de Boulogne.

Thus between the horse-flesh of M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the cheap crustacea of M. Coste, and the seal-steaks of M. Babinet, there is a hope that the next generation of Parisians may do their marketing at a lower figure than ours.

THE Syrian question (among political ones) still maintains its prominence. We ventured to predict, at the time of the French occupation, that the troops of his Majesty the Emperor would not be withdrawn at the date stipulated by the first Conference; and we venture to say now that the French troops will not be withdrawn at the time stipulated by the second Conference. Syria is a pleasanter country than Algeria; and it has a history that supplies those romantic *souvenirs* of glory which every Frenchman

loves. The chances are strong that Syria (whatever becomes of her) will not go back to the capricious rule of the Turkish Sultan.

A gallant and (if need be) bloody championship of the Christians of the East is a happy conduit for the present overheated religious zeal of Papists; and the Emperor is too far-sighted to close up this outside drain for dangerous church fervor. Nor is this all: every recent account from the Bosphorus confirms the suspicion, which has been ripening throughout the winter, that Russia is treading closely, with menace and armed heel, upon the trembling steps of the Ottoman. The Greek Christians are every day gaining courage, and extending secret welcome to their Muscovite patron; while the Latin Christians of the eastern half of the Turkish empire are loudly boastful of the daring and power of their great protector on the banks of the Seine.

Would the Pope perhaps transfer his palace to Jerusalem? It would be a grander one than a certain old one of Avignon, which else may possibly serve him.

A notable fact about this Syrian business is the nullity of England's protest against longer occupation by the French. Russia has advocated the French views with an earnestness that has overborne all objection.

THE *quasi* rebellion of Warsaw is an episode that may count against the fulfillment of Russian designs in the East. Her power may be needed at home. But if Warsaw and its tumult counts against the aggressive tendencies of Russia, it counts also against the armed arbitration of England. For the Polish uplift is a gush of national fervor which may wake Ireland (so easily waked!) to a show of nationality beyond the straits.

These things are discussed in all circles, and in all the papers. The girls just lifting to their teens may have a new Kosciusko or Thaddeus to worship, and the Celts a new O'Connell to follow and endow.

BUT much as these things kindle talk, they do not forbid universal mention and comment of the late Yelverton trial. It is in all the papers; and saving the interests of your accomplished disunion, must have been in all American ones. Shall we repeat the story? How a captain of the English army met once with a pretty maid on the deck of a Boulogne steamer; how (at first interview) they sat the night out together; how the acquaintance ripened in Italy, in Malta, in the Crimea, in Scotland—ripened into false marriage, double marriage, infinite correspondence, and finally into this scandalous trial; where the gallant Captain (now Major) Yelverton appears as the newly married husband of Mrs. Forbes (widow of the distinguished Edinburgh professor of that name), and as defendant under action brought by an Irish gentleman for certain charges incurred by another professed Mrs. Yelverton, who is none other than the adventurous maid of the Boulogne steamer.

The chivalrous Irish jury have decided in favor of the deserted fair one, and the people of Dublin have given her an ovation; at the end of which the successful appellant made a dexterous lady speech, which could not have been more diplomatic if she had studied speech-making all her life.

The trial illustrates the anomalous condition of the law for marriages in the British empire; and it illustrates farther the rules and arts of seduction, as applied and insisted upon by the gallant officers of

her Majesty's service. Major Yelverton is not worse than other men of his class; but he is more brazen-faced. It is very likely that an indignant public will make him the scape-goat of their fury; but the same public will embrace cordially all the gallant fellows of the army or the club-rooms, who only differ from the Major in having acquiescent victims and escaping a public scandal.

We have not much sympathy, we confess, for the quick-witted young lady who has followed up the Major with such vigilant adroitness—who enchained with romance and French—who was equally at home as a Sister of Mercy or an *intriguante* at a summer watering-place—who appears a sort of Admirable Crichton in hoops; but this does not forbid condemnation of the Major Yelverton as one of the leprous spots upon decent society.

All the "nice" people will taboo him, doubtless; but what then? Did he not bravely assert in open court what many gallant fellows who are fondled and accepted believe and live by? Is he the worse for taking on his lip what so many carry stealthily in their thought? His theory was (at which the Chief Justice affected to shudder) that there was no harm in seduction provided the victim were inferior in social position, and not reluctant. It is to be feared that the Chief Justice shuddered only at the open avowal of such belief in court, and not at the savageness of the theory itself.

### Editor's Drawer.

LAUGHTER is healthful to the body as gladness is to the mind; and there is not a more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face, when you know it is the true index of the soul within. We do not speak of that species of idiotic laughter which is sure to follow the exhibition of any low trick, or the utterance of a coarse jest; but that genial outburst that enlivens the social circle when men, like true philosophers, forget their past cares, and put off till the morrow all apprehensions regarding the future."

Thus discourses some unknown philosopher—unknown as the author of these wise words, which the Drawer takes as its text. It asserts the principle on which the Drawer is filled and emptied once a month. No one knows the names of the good and the gifted, the wise, learned, distinguished, as well as the illiterate and obscure, who contribute these incidents that illustrate the humors of the day. But they are benefactors of their race, and they may have the sweet consciousness of knowing that they cause many a heart and hearth-stone to laugh and be glad. And that is good.

JUDGE SHARSWOOD, President of the Law department of the University of Pennsylvania, is as much an agreeable and social companion as he is a learned and excellent jurist. The class of '58 possessed more humor than reverence, and would often ask questions of their Faculty more numerous than important. The Judge's favorite answer to all such questions was, "De minibus non curat lex."

One day the Judge, with a dozen suckling Ciceros, was at the Fish House, Waltoning. The Judge's luck was poor, only minnows rewarding his skill, while the others in immediate proximity had respectable luck. When the plunder was collected, the Judge, observing the meanness of his quota, contemptuously threw his contribution into the Del-



aware; when Jones, now a rising member, remarked to the others, in the Judge's clear and distinct manner, "De minibus non curat prex!"

"I NOTICE your notice that you will notice no more misspelled 'Notisses;' but can not forbear tempting you with the following Notice which I lately noticed on the partially-closed doors of a corner grocery:

"this Dore is Close on the count of Dead in the Fam-melly."

AND another correspondent, the editor of a rural newspaper, sends the following communication just received at his office:

"A Donation Party at Mr Birches for Mr Ash'ley held Jan 24th 61 A man in taking off a kettle of oyster soup to take in the Pantry and thare being a step unbenon to him he stumbeld and Partly fell and th Bale Sliped out of the kettle and in trying to save the soup sliped and Burned his face and neck very Badly, and By the remark of Mls Ashley about loosing two & three dollars of soup the cym-othly seams to Be on the Soup more than on him."

"TERRENCE M'SHINE is one of the floating population of a suburban village; that is, he has no regular employment, but is always ready to do any odd job that may come in his way. Terrence wished very much to write to his cousin in the old country, and as his education had been somewhat neglected, bethought himself of a young lady in our household who always had a kind word for him, to help him out of his difficulty. The task was readily undertaken, and Terrence professed himself greatly pleased with the fine letter he should send his relative. After blessing his fair amanuensis in true Irish style, he prepared to depart, but halted in the door-way, and in an apologetic tone inquired, 'And would ye be after letting me trouble ye one bit more? Jist say, plaze, "Excuse this bad writhing, as my pen is an ould one."'

"The addition was made, Terrence remarking as he received the missive, 'An' shure ye's always a smile to remember ye wid!'"

At the last session of the Court of Oyer and Terminer held in this city, Judge Leonard presiding, a German was tried for arson in the first degree—having set fire to his store in order to get the insurance. His nephew, a small and honest-looking boy, was the principal witness against him—he having kindled the fire at the instigation of his uncle; and confessing to that effect while in prison, the district-attorney put him forward as a witness for the State.

The boy was upon the stand some hours the first day, and was subjected to a rigorous cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel; but without making him alter his statement in the least.

Toward the close the counsel, not being satisfied that the poor little fellow rightly understood his questions, had an interpreter appointed by the Court, and began anew to endeavor to confuso him, and, if possible, break down his strong and truthful testimony.

"Ask him," said he to the interpreter, "if he does not know that his evidense in this case will injure his uncle, and if he does not think it will ben-e-fit himself."

The interpreter put the question (the boy looking at him with earnest eyes), awaited his answer, then turned and said, "He does not know whether it will injure his uncle. He does not know whether it will benefit himself. He believes in God!"

There was no sympathetic heart in that courtroom but must have thrilled at the pathos of that simple reply.

ABOUT an hour after the train upon which Mr. Lincoln was passing from Buffalo to Albany on his recent journey to Washington had passed through Schenectady, a lad some twelve or fourteen years of age entered a physician's office in that city. He was tormented by what Burns denominates the "hell of diseases"—in a word, toothache—and the object of his visit was the extraction of the offending molar. He seemed dauntless in view of the approaching event, and opened his mouth at the command of the physician with a promptness which indicated either an ignorance of those tortures—which those who have tasted cold iron on such occasions can not forget—or a determination to meet them like a hero. Intrepidly Young America seated himself in the chair while the gum was lanced and the instruments adjusted. Then came the tug of tooth. A wrench—a crash—and the besieged molar was conquered, and hung a prisoner in the fangs of steel.

Our hero flinched but a little, nor did he evince any dismay when informed by the physician that the removal of the tooth just drawn displayed a cavity in the one next it, which would render it necessary that that also should be extracted. Again the mouth was promptly opened, and the dental instruments adjusted. Another wrench followed, which threatened to pull the poor boy from his chair as well as the tooth from his head. The second tooth was spit out, and the young hero's mouth cleared of blood, when the doctor ventured to inquire,

"Did it hurt you?"

(We should have stated that the subject of this sketch had been afflicted with a harelip, which rendered his speech somewhat peculiar.)

"No, not muth, Thur. You thee I wath thinkin' o' thumthing elth."

"What were you thinking of?"

"Linkum, Thur!"

We advise all readers of the Drawer, when about to submit to any dental or surgical operation hereafter, to use the boy's chloroform—"Think of Linkum!"

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, teaching a private school in Virginia, sends the following patriotic "Composition" by one of his scholars. He copies it *literally*, and so preserves its strength as well as beauty:

#### "THE UNITED STATES.

"The united states—oh—where is she the first among nations, the first among Warriors, the first among Statesman. Which by the hordest struggles has thrownd of the yolk of england an is now a glorious & independunt Country. And as long as Virginia lasts, the name of Smith will be cherished by every Virginian's harts, and as long as the Atlantic an percific bounds this Great union on the east hand and on the West, so long can you see the name of Washington on every wave. Even now, go to the Halls of congress and you will see the name of Henry Clay on every bench. Look for an Instant at the Pilgrims who came over on plimmuth rock to the inhospital cost of Massachusetts, whar they endured meny hordahips, and you could track them over the mountins and the Plains by the blood of there feet and from that time the union has increased rappily and now she has reeched the highest Pinicle of her Glory. It seems to me that Washington was brought fourth by providents to save this union and if it was not for him I truly beleeeve that we would be tied hand and foot to england But thanks be too god we ar free! It is some talk of the Union parting, but god forbid it in my day. Let me refer you to Alceent rome which

has twinkled down to nothing on account of her parts disengreeing, and made a civil war among herself, that will be the case I am affraid in the union, and next to Grease which has in the same way come to nothing and there is not a man to tell the tale of her former greatness, the star Spangull banner, oh long may she waive over the north and the South, I'll swim the sea of slawter & I'll fight yee till I die & may thus we stand as one forever.

"H— L—'s his Composition."

OLD TOM SMITH, of Raymond, Mississippi (now gathered to his fathers), was a son of St. Crispin while in the flesh. At the same time that he gave *understanding* to the people, and did good to the *soles* of the community, with parental solicitude he was training in his own art a freckled-faced, sandy-haired son whom he called "Garrison." Now the aforesaid Garrison in early youth had some little *peculiarities* not necessary to particularize. One day Garrison came into the shop and reported that he had *found* a half-dollar, and exhibited the treasure to his illustrious sire. Old Tom rather impatiently responded, "Well, well, my son!" Next day Garrison came in with a silver dollar, having been fortunate enough, according to his version, to have *found* that also. Old Tom, laying down his tools, raised his "glasses" to his forehead, and, in the nasal twang which was his infirmity, exclaimed,

"Garrison, my son! Don't find no more money; and if you do, don't pick it up!"

AN officer in the United States Army sends the following to the Drawer. The regulars will appreciate it:

"Four or five years ago, and contemporary with the incident of Fort Davis related in your January number, we were frequently entertained with the very knowing remarks and comments on matters military by many of the overlanders of whom your story-teller appears eminently to be a type. On one occasion a party was collected in front of the sutler's store, viewing the ceremony of guard-mounting and listening to the music of the regimental band, when one of the number, who evidently considered himself posted on all the points, began to instruct a companion of perhaps more information, and certainly of less pretension, on the mysteries of the ceremony before him. After expatiating for some minutes on the subject of inspection of arms, etc., the band wheeled out of line to 'troop' the guard, and displayed fully our magnificent-looking drum-major in his 'gorgeous array' of tall plumes, shako, red coat, aiguillettes, and all.

"Who's that now?" inquired the Uninformed.

"That—that," said the Posted, pointing eagerly toward him, "that tall man in front of the band? Why, that's the commanding officer, Colonel S—. I perceive, too, from his baton, that he's been promoted—must be Field Marshal now! Yes—I shall call and pay my respects to him."

"He was about as near right in this, however, as in putting the words 'deploy column' in the mouth of our unlucky sergeant."

"A LARGE pond of ice was near the school-house where one Miss C— 'taught the young idea.' To warn the boys against the danger of amusing themselves upon the 'frozen element,' one day she related the following story:

"Two young men, who were very fond of skating, went out on the river one moonlight night. One of them placed sticks where he thought there were air-holes; but the other, in skating backward,

passed the boundary, the ice broke, and he went under. His body was found a long time afterward by some boys who were playing on the river bank—'

"Here the excitement in the school-room became intense, and one boy, about eight years of age, who, with mouth wide open, hair on end, and eyes dilated to their utmost extent, had been literally 'swallowing' the narrative, started up, and anxiously inquired, 'Who got his skates?'"

A CORRESPONDENT sends a capital anecdote of General Scott:

"After the Mexican war I met General Scott in Gelston's jewelry store, then occupying the Vesey Street corner of the Astor House. Advancing toward him, I inquired, with a bow, 'General Scott, I believe?'

"Yes, Sir."

"I had the honor, Sir, of designing and executing the instructions of the State of Louisiana in getting up the sword of honor presented through their Legislature; and would be gratified to learn how its design met your views as a work of art."

"The General, assuming his majestic bearing, replied:

"Admirable, Sir—admirable. Er—h—er—h! There was a slight mistake, Sir—a slight mistake, Sir."

"Ah! and wherein, General?"

"The inscription, Sir. The inscription should have been on the blade, Sir! On the blade, not on the scabbard. The scabbard may be taken from us; the blade—*never!*"

"The sword cost five hundred dollars, the chief expenditure being on the scabbard."

"THIS reminds me of the inscription on the sword presented General Taylor after the battle of Resaca de la Palma, by Louisiana:

"BIS VINCET QUI SE VINCIT IN VICTORIA."

OUR Nebraska correspondent, writing from the City of Plattsmouth, sends us a printed copy of the Message just sent to the Common Council by the Mayor:

"Gentlemen of the Council, it has not been a custom for the Mayor on assuming his official duties to deliver a message, however the present incumbent of that office, with a due sense of his inexperience, asks your indulgence of this communication, believing as we do, that their are some things not inappropriate to communicate upon matters and things pertaining to and connecting with the interest of the citizens of the City of Plattsmouth.

"We would call your attention to a certain donation heretofore made of lands of this City, in trust for the B. & M. R. R. R. company about which there is a dissatisfaction on the part of the residents of this City, on account of a disposition partially made of that grant. We are not familiar with the question, but would wish it to be disposed of with harmony to all if possible, and so recommend it to your consideration, and that a thorough investigation be had of it at an early day as practicable. Further it appears that the liabilities of the City after the taxes of 1850 is paid will be £1500 or \$1600, and this amount of indebtedness is drawing from 10 to 15 per cent per annum.

"It seems not wise to be under a cloud of this character, and I therefore recommend that this matter merits your careful consideration.

"It has been the custom of former Councils in granting licences for the sale of Malt Spirituous and Vinous liquors to charge only \$25.00 which sum by provisions of the statute is paid into the hands of the city treasurer for school purposes, and we would recommend that a tax additional to the aforesaid be laid of \$75.00 in city scrip on said licences for the purpose of defraying city expenses."

"We recommend a Billiard table kept for gain, to merit your consideration that it be found for or against it whether it comes under the requirements of the licence law.

"If we expect ever to rid ourselves of this debt which hangs over us we must begin to keep up the corners.

"Out of a sense of our duty and with respect towards all men; we deem it fit to say that in certain callings to gain a living in our city, the code of Nebraska entitles the City to pay a lincens for their allowance.

"We do not reap where we have sown, unless we go into the harvest, and as city farther we are called upon by our constituents to look well to the interest of the city.

"Their was an ordinance passed in regard to shooting with deadly weapons within the corporation which has never been put in force, and recommend that that law if permitted to remain a dead letter be repealed.

"Lastly to secure a respect for ourselves during the sittings of this honorable body and to merit it by semblance to the attracted method of doing work by Congress at Washington City and the Legislature at Omaha, we recommend for the consideration that the regular form of legislation be adopted.

"Leaving the facts to your consideration. I remain &c."

A CORRESPONDENT in Oregon writes:

"Jones is a merchant, who smokes a great many good cigars and prides himself upon the accuracy and infallibility of his business capacities. He never was known to make but one error in business calculation, and that was not *his* fault particularly.

"In sending an order to San Francisco for beans he added a cipher more than he intended, and thereby ordered and received *fourteen thousand pounds* instead of *fourteen hundred pounds*. Our merchants all had their sport about his seven tons of 'regular beans,' and he bore it meekly, but awaited an opportunity to 'play even,' by 'turning the tables' on them. The time lately arrived for him to prove beyond cavil that he is not the only merchant capable of erring, and he seized the opportunity to vindicate his long-established reputation for acute reckoning. He had ordered some cigars from a Crescent City merchant, and when the bill came, with a short note appended, his visage brightened for once, and he hastened to expose, at twenty-five cents a sight, '*the greatest blunder ever exhibited*;' if not, he would return the money. He had taken in only \$2 50 when he gave me the following copy, with a request to contribute it to the general fund of good things in the Drawer:

"CRESCENT CITY, CALIFORNIA, July 9, 1890.

"MR. JONES,—Yours received, and contents noted. I send you the best I have now. On the *Columbia* I get about 50 *mille* of the best selected, and trust to get your further orders. Yours,  
M. GOLDMAN."

"That, Sir," said he, on giving me the copy—"that is the very richest thing of the kind I ever saw or heard of! *Fifty millions* of cigars! Why, Sir, just think of it! At forty dollars per thousand, they would amount to *two hundred millions of dollars*! More, Sir, than all Oregon is worth! That beats the beans!"

JUDGE JOHNSON is the Presiding Judge of the 24th Judicial District, and to his magisterial character adds that of a wit. In a recent case of libel the counsels for defense were furiously advancing arguments why a certain letter should be admitted as evidence; but the Judge maintained that, as the letter was not in due form, and to the proper persons, it could not be accepted.

LAWYER. "But, your Honor, these are *truths* we can substantiate."

JUDGE. "Well, the greater the truth the greater the libel. You see, gentlemen, I am well acquaint-

ed with the law on this point, as I myself was once tried for libel."

This was a clincher, and the lawyer gave up the point.

OUR Boston lady correspondent writes again:

"We were thinking and talking, the other evening, while gathered around the fireside, of the comparative beauties of the various seasons. There was with us a very pretty, but eminently matter-of-fact young lady cousin, coming from the mountain districts of Vermont. We contended for the superior beauties of the autumn season, and dilated largely upon the theme. Supposing that all were convinced by our arguments and shared in our enthusiasm, we inquired of our respected cousin whether she did not remember the glorious days of the Indian Summer, when Nature was arrayed in her most gorgeous robes, when the sky was burnished gold, and around her native mountains lingered the soft blue haze—

"'Blu Hayes!' exclaimed she; 'no, there ain't no Blu Hayes in Vermont! Eph Hayes lives there, but he ain't got no brothers, I know; so don't talk to me!'

"We changed the subject."

"It was my fortune to teach the first school ever established in Chesuncook, a settlement in Maine, sixty miles from any other, and the same distance directly in the woods. [This same place was made immortally dull by a very long and very prosy article in a Boston magazine some two or three summers ago.] In my school were about twenty-five scholars, varying in age from twenty-six to five years, only four or five of whom had ever seen a school-house before that winter. Most of them began their lessons, under my care, in the letters. It was with one of this majority that the following took place. He had mastered most of the letters, but could not remember T, as well as a few others. To fix this letter firmly in his mind I resorted to an indirect method of teaching. Referring to a beverage in common use every where, I asked the five-year-old what his folks drank at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and what they drank most of? Coffee was not in use there, and I considered my victory certain. But no sooner was the question asked than the little fellow answered, 'Rum!'—a reply that showed no progress in learning, but great regard for the truth."

"LITTLE Kitty, our three-year old, drew her curtain aside one morning, and seeing a bright star, said, 'Oh, how bright you are, little star, and how high up! You are almost up to heaven; and I wish you would go straight up there, this morning, and give my love to Jesus, and tell him I am trying to be a good girl.'"

"ONE day, as our little ones were amusing themselves, they drank from a bottle which was supposed to contain poison. Mother was of course much alarmed; but upon investigation found that her fears were groundless. Wishing, however, to fix a lesson in their minds, she said to the youngest, 'Good-by, Georgie! you will die now. Good-by, dear!'

"Georgie, with a doleful face, waited to see what would come next, but soon broke out with, 'Mother, I've got out my die now!' and ran off to play with his usual alacrity."



"WHAT IS EQUESTRIAN?—Every body who has seen it, knows that the recently-erected statue of Washington, by Clark Mills, at the Circle in Washington City, exhibits the horse with but *one* foot raised in air. Riding in the omnibus to Georgetown, a young man from the country attracted our attention by inquiring, 'Is that Clark Mills's statue of Washington?'"

"We responded quietly in the affirmative.

"'Why, I thought it was an *equestrian* statue.'"

"'So it is,' we wonderingly replied.

"'Well,' says he, scornfully, 'I don't call *that* an equestrian statue, with only *one* foot off the ground.'"

A PRETENTIOUS darkey called at a store and asked the clerk whether he had any cups to sell. The clerk chanced to have half a dozen which he was willing to dispose of, and they were shown the darkey. After inspection, darkey remarked, "Dese is not de kind I wants. You see I'se got some sorcers, and I wants some cups jess like 'um, so I can get up a *correspondence* atween de cups and de sorcers!" Was darkey wrong in his big word?

"THE following conversation," writes a Milwaukee correspondent, was overheard between two little children on New-Year's Day:

"'Is this Christ's birthday, Sue?' said a little five-year old.

"'No,' was the reply; 'that comes on Christmas.'"

"'Oh! I know now,' says Fred; 'it is the world's birthday.'"

A NUMBER of years ago there lived in one of our Western cities a French priest who was remarkable for his genial spirit and natural kindness of heart, which caused him at all times to look leniently on the faults of others. In those days a little brandy-and-water, in regular doses, was deemed a safeguard against the ague and fever which prevailed to a great degree in that locality; and some of our reverend friend's brethren were thought to employ this medicine to such an extent that the remedy became worse than the disease. On being questioned in regard to the scandal which was thus brought upon the Church to which he belonged, he admitted the facts of the case, but endeavored to palliate the faults of his brethren in the following language:

"You see how all dat live here have ze chill and ze fevair, and ze brandie one ver good remedie; and so dey take one leetle ev'ry day; but by'm by ze brandie make ze acquaintance with ze stomach, and den dey find it ver hard to break him off."

A "VICTORIA" correspondent presents himself again with this interesting epistle:

"As you kindly published an anecdote sent by me a few months since, concerning Captain Tom Wright, I furnish you now another one.

"During the winter of 1858 the worthy colony of British Columbia was suddenly thunder-struck by the announcement that a civil war of the most bloody character was being waged at Fort Yale, between the local authorities and a party headed by the notorious Ned M'Gowan. With their peculiar ideas of the lawless nature of the Americans, the Government saw no hopes of safety except in the immediate transmission of a large body of troops to the rescue at once. The little steamer *Enterprise* was at once called into requisition, and the commander of the land forces, Colonel Moody, with most of his officers and about forty men, accompanied by Chief-Justice

Begbie, to pass sentence upon the rioters when overpowered, proceeded to the scene of action.

"Now Captain Tom having really been the originator of the terrific reports from above, in order to secure a job for his steamer, felt somewhat troubled about the result. So, in order to allow the thing time to blow over, at the expiration of the first day's trip he ran his steamer aground, and under pretense that the river was too shoal for her passage, kept her there about a week. Of course he had laid in an ample stock of the *necessaries* of life—viz., Champagne and other spiritual decoctions; and these, aided by his inexhaustible fund of humor, made the time pass far from unpleasantly with his warlike guests. During the first evening, after a free circulation of brandy toddies and other similar 'elevators,' the host proceeded to conduct his passengers to their quarters for the night. Having generously given up his own room (the only state-room on board) to Colonel Moody, he pointed to the half-dozen shelf-like berths which lined the cabin, in which they were, and requested the remainder to distribute themselves as they saw fit, setting the example himself. When they had succeeded in disrobing themselves, in accordance with his suggestion, Captain Tom, who was as agile as a circus performer, thought he would astonish them by a few feats of 'ground and lofty tumbling.' His first 'somersault' resulted in his planting his feet directly in Judge Begbie's stomach on the top berth, and in trying to save himself from falling, he seized the honorable gentleman by his lower extremities, and succeeded in pulling him out of bed. The scene is now said to have been ludicrous in the extreme. Peals of laughter rolled through the vessel, the Hon. Judge himself joining heartily, although at the expense of his dignity; while, to cap the whole, the night-capped countenance of Colonel Moody protruded from the state-room adjoining, wet with tears from his uncontrollable laughter.

"This is but a faint specimen of the manner in which the week passed away; at the expiration of that time the steamer proceeded to Fort Hope. The troops were landed, and marched to Fort Yale. The sum and substance of the 'insurrection' was found to be that 'Ned M'Gowan' had set two Justices of the Peace at loggerheads, and one had attempted to arrest the other; and the campaign was gloriously closed by the officers of the party being invited to dine with 'Ned' himself, and unanimously voting him a 'deuced good fellow.'

"For his part in the transaction Captain Tom quietly pocketed six or seven thousand dollars.

"THE worthy Governor of this Colony, like many of the older settlers, married in his early days a squaw. His daughters show very plainly their Indian origin, and formerly considered themselves on an equality with their associates in the place. Since the influx of miners into the colony, and the increased importance of their respected 'parent,' their ideas of their own importance have sensibly enlarged.

"At a dance during the last season a young midshipman, from one of the vessels of war lying in the harbor, requested of one of the Misses D—the pleasure of a waltz.

"'Pray, excuse me,' was the reply. 'What would my father say if he should see me dancing with a midshipman?'"

"'True, Madam,' was the prompt answer; 'and what would my mother feel if she should hear that I had danced with a squaw?'"



THE father of little "Daisy" (a three-year-old) had been from home some days when the little one conceived a sudden fondness for the Daguerreotype of the absent one. The mother noticed this with pleasing emotions, and seeing the child put the picture in father's easy chair and tug away, trying to climb up, she asked, "What is little Daisy trying to do?"

"Climbing into papa's lap," she said; and continued until she had seated herself on the picture, and glanced to mamma with a highly satisfied "there!"

"A LITTLE bright-eyed four-year-old came running up to me one lovely day in summer, exclaiming, 'Oh, auntie, I feel as if I wanted to hug the morning, it is so beautiful!'"

"A LITTLE friend of mine needs considerable coaxing and encouragement in order to make him love school and study. His mother was telling him the advantages of education, etc., closing by saying, 'Now, my son, you must study hard, for in a few years I want you to go to college.'

"Upon this he looked up quite indignantly, exclaiming, 'I won't go to college, to plague little boys, I know! for if I should go, I should call to see the girls, and they would say to their little brothers when I came in, 'It is time for you to go to bed, now, my darlings.' (As he said this he cast a sly glance at his sister, as if he thought she fully understood him.) No, mother, I wouldn't be so mean; so I shall not go to college, and I think I've been to school about long enough.'"

"I ATTENDED a preaching at a school-house," writes an Iowan, "a few nights ago. The man who officiated on the occasion was a plain, independent old farmer, who said just what he thought, and cared little whether it pleased or displeased his congregation. In the course of his sermon he said:

'Brethren, while I agree with Moses in a heap of things, I differ with him in some pints. I must say that the Constitution which he gave them Jews was anti-Republican, and against unyversal freedom. Some people may think I ain't a Christian because I differ with Moses, but I am a Christian. The Old Testament is the Constitution of the Church, to be sure; but the New Testament is the By-Laws, and I goes in for the By-Laws all the time!'"

A BALTIMORE correspondent sends some more of the "good things" said by the members of the Baltimore bar. They are good, but not as good as they might be:

"Which side of the court-house is the Equity side?" said a jovial-looking countryman to Yates W—. 'The outside,' was Yates's prompt reply; and a good many, we think, will agree with Yates.

"THE Grand Jury in the Criminal Court of Baltimore City, not long since, had quite a dispute with Judge Bond, and a good deal of bickering among themselves. They were finally reminded by the Judge that it was highly improper for them to publicly disclose what had transpired in their room, and requested them to retire. Whereupon Bob B— remarked, 'The whole proceeding was what might be properly classed as a racy specimen of *Grand Jury's prudence*' (jurisprudence).

"The same Bob B—, on learning of a fight that had taken place between two members of the bar, in which an umbrella, thrown up by one of the combatants to fend off the blows of the other, suffered most, said, 'He hadn't much sympathy for either of the parties, but he felt for the umbrella.'

"Why so?" said a by-stander.

"Because it was under a *reign of terror*!"

FROM the Wisconsin Courts we have the following:

"Plaintiff sued defendant in a Wisconsin Justice's Court to recover the sum of \$67 50, and came into Court with a book-account amounting to over \$800, reduced by credits and set-offs to the amount of \$67 50.

"The statutes of the State give jurisdiction to a Justice in such cases when the amount shall not exceed \$400, and is reduced by credits to \$100 or less. So of course defendant pleaded to the jurisdiction. Plaintiff argued and insisted that he sued on the balance of account, and not on the account. Defendant rose to set the Justice right, who seemed quite inclined to entertain the matter. 'Sit down, Square,' said the Justice; 'no use of your talking,' as a brilliant idea struck him. 'The fact that the plaintiff sues for \$67 50 is *scire facies* evidence there has been a settlement of account between the parties.'"

THE following will be best appreciated by the legal fraternity as illustrating the rule for the form of interrogatory upon a question of the measure of damages, as laid down by a Wisconsin J. P.:

Plaintiff sued before Justice O'Flaherty for damages caused by the bite of defendant's dog; and on the trial, being examined on his own behalf, under the statute, he was asked "how much he was damaged by the dog." Objection being made by defendant's counsel, the Hibernian Esquire said he would put the question himself, which he did thus: "This is the question—What would ye tax to be bit by the same dog agin?"

Exemplary damages were recovered.



"At a country preaching appointment, Rev. J. L. M—— met with a lady whom he did not immediately recognize. 'Brother Jones's daughter?' said he, inquiringly. 'Oh no,' replied she; 'I used to be his daughter, but I am married now!'"



A CORRESPONDENT in North Carolina sends us the following story, but he doubtless had no *political* designs in imposing it on the Drawer. He says:

"Having frequently enjoyed the rich monthly treats in your incomparable Drawer, I send you the following, for the authenticity of which I can vouch.

"In the County of W——c, of this State, resides an elderly official, celebrated for his stentorian powers and devoted attachment to the 'glorious Democracy.' During a heated canvass, when political excitement ran high, the good old gentleman resolved to display his patriotism by erecting 'a pole' in front of his residence; but not being blessed with suf-

ficient muscular development to carry *up* his intention, and unwilling to call in assistance that might divide the *éclat*, he selected a tall hickory-tree that had long been the chief ornament of his premises, and climbing, axe in hand, commenced cutting away the limbs from the top downward. After tremendous exertion he succeeded in hewing off all but one of the lower branches—a stout, sturdy fellow, whose determination to remain in union with his parent-stock would win unfading laurels in these days of secession. Warmed with his work and exultation in finding a foeman worthy of his steel, he mounted astride the offending member, and plied his weapon (between himself and the tree) most energetically, mentally preparing a grand oration for the occasion of rearing aloft the stars and stripes. But, alas!—disastrous result of his abstraction—the limb yielded to his repeated strokes, and landed the ambitious politician on the ground most unexpectedly. His wife, who had regarded the labors of her liege lord with intense satisfaction, seeing them thus abruptly brought to the ground, rushed from the house, exclaiming, 'Mr. B——! are you hurt? are you hurt?'

"Raising himself from his stranded condition with dignified composure, he replied, 'Go into the house, Madam; you know nothing of politics!'"



THE sagacity of dogs is wonderful. A correspondent in Illinois puts on record a remarkable case:

"A short time since a lean, lank, gawky-looking individual, in patched jean pants, linsey-woolsey hunting-shirt, coon-skin cap on a head of long, thin, yellow hair, a few stray brindle hairs on his chin, showing an abortion in the birth of whiskers, a long, heavy rifle swung over his shoulder, and a dog, bearing all the approved signs of a good coon-dog, trotting by his side, made his advent into our young city.

"After stopping at a saloon on one side of the railroad, and taking a few nips of 'vini corni Illinoisi,'



and indulging in extravagant boasts of the excellent coon qualities of his dog, and offering to bet that Jowler couldn't be made to track 'a insignificant rabbit, nor nothing smaller nor bigger nor a coon,' our hero started for the grocery (the only place he cared to visit) on the other side of the road. Just as the dog got on the railroad he darted up the track with great speed, and, as the owner expressed it, 'opened on a trail.' The by-standers jeered him: 'There's your coon-dog for you! Won't track "ary insignificant rabbit, nor nothing but a coon," won't he?'

"Hold on, gentlemen, hold on! I'll bet any on you the lick for the crowd that that are dog is tracking a real live coon."

"The bet was taken."

Away went the dog, his earnest voice growing fainter and fainter by distance, and his carcass growing smaller and smaller, until the one died away entirely and the other vanished from the range of mortal vision. While we stood gazing in the direction the dog had fled, a cloud of steam rose in the dim distance, and soon over the grade a locomotive made its appearance, and came dashing down to the station, whence it had departed about an hour ago. Back in the distance, amidst the settling cloud of dust and steam, was that same dog, straining every nerve, and opening lustily, as if close upon his game. Our hero looked a little puzzled.

"As soon as the conductor stepped on the platform the dog ran up and was about to 'mount' him; but our hero merely said, 'You, Jowl!' and the dog slunk away, panting. The anxious owner spoke to the conductor:

"I say, mister, are there ary thing in the shape of a coon on this train, eh?"

"No," said the half-angry conductor, "nothing but me. I'm a Coon—my name is Coon. Why?"

"Thar!" exclaimed the hero; "I knowed that are dog wouldn't chase nothing but a coon!"

"He claimed and got the 'licker.'"



LITTLE FRED, the son of a friend, who had been accustomed to regard the elephant as the embodiment of all that was frightful, induced his father yesterday to take him to see one now on exhibition. Fred looked at it timidly a while and returned in silence. After he had been at home a short time he went up to his mother and asked her if God made the elephant; she replied, "He did, as He made all things." He sat a while in deep thought, and at

last said, "Ma, don't you think God was a little afraid of it when He got it done?"



A VERMONT, from whom we hope to hear frequently, writes:

"In the town of Peacham, Caledonia County, in this State, there resided, in days long gone, the facetious and eccentric Judge Mattocks. He was a man noted for his dry humor, quick wit, ready reply, strong native talents, and eminent judicial abilities, and in his day and generation held a prominent position in the State and upon the bench, to which he was at once both an honor and an ornament. The following anecdote is related of him, which is said to have occurred not many miles hence, and is still fresh in the minds of many, who enjoy its repetition with great zest.

"The Judge and his wife had been visiting some friends in the southern portion of the State, and when on their way back were overtaken by a snow-storm. He still kept on, nevertheless, anxious to reach home, as the week and the year were both fast drawing to a close; but in passing the residence of an old friend he was intercepted, and inducements offered to him to pass the night under his roof. As it was fast growing dark, and the prospect of reaching the next station not very flattering, he concluded to stop. After seeing his fine old Morgan brown safely stabled and fed, himself and host adjourned to the house; where, after doing ample justice to the well-spread table of Vermont fare, he sat down to enjoy his pipe and an evening's social conversation with his friend and his family. The Judge took the precaution to mention two or three times in the course of the evening that it was a habit of his to bathe or sponge himself all over with cold water every morning. That to it, in a great measure, he attributed his general good health. The good lady of the house, from these quiet hints, very thoughtfully supplied his sleeping-apartment with a large tin-pail full of water, together with the necessary apparatus wherewith to perform his morning's ablutions. In due course the Judge and his wife were shown to their room, which was situated at the head of a flight of stairs that led directly up from the kitchen into the room, and unprotected at the top by balusters, railings, or ought to prevent a fall and a broken head; where their host, bidding them 'good-night,' left them to seek their much-needed repose. The Judge smiled as he surveyed the result of his gentle hints, as evinced in

the pail and its surroundings; but the laugh was not to be all on one side.

"The 1st of January broke clear and cold on the following morning, and the Judge arose and proceeded to his accustomed aquatic performances. The water in the pail had frozen over during the night, and in breaking it the Judge spilled a quantity of water, and in pouring it into the bowl he spilled still more, which froze almost as soon as it touched the floor. The Judge's wife censured his awkwardness, as she surveyed the little pond frozen about the head of and down the stairs. The Judge put on his slippers and stepped manfully up to the water-pail, which sat near the head of the stairs, *to begin*; when, unwittingly stepping upon the ice, his feet suddenly went out from under him, and, 'accoutred as he was,' slid—bump, bump, thump—down stairs, through the door—whose hasp gave way before his weight and impetus—right into the kitchen, *full-length*, where the women folks were busily preparing breakfast. Getting upon his feet as quickly as possible, he exclaimed, '*Ladies, I wish you a Happy New-Year!*' skipped up stairs, followed by bursts of laughter from the occupants of the kitchen, whose culinary operations were thus ludicrously interrupted. It is said that *those* females had a very different idea of the Judge's *judicial abilities* from that day.



"The Judge, although a general favorite with the fair sex, and attending parties and balls and social gatherings wherever there were ladies, had never learned to dance, nor did he ever indulge in any Terpsichorean levity but once.

"While attending a session of the court, held in W— County, the young folks got up a dance, and Judge Mattocks went in, of course. After indulging in the 'rosy' somewhat, nothing would satisfy the young folks but that Judge Mattocks must dance. In vain he resisted—pleaded ignorance and inability all to no purpose. He yielded at length to curls and crinoline, bright eyes and twinkling feet, and beau-

ty wreathed in smiles. The Judge accepted service of the beautiful Miss —, the wittiest lady and most graceful dancer in the county. The Judge was at once both *in* and *out* of his element. The success with which he met is better given in Mr. Mattocks's own words, when, at the end of the set, his friends surrounded him, and inquired,

"Well, Judge, how did you make out?"

"Oh, first-rate! first-rate! When the music struck up I was a little bewildered, but soon recovered, and I seized Miss — about the waist, and *THEN I danced*. I threw my head back, and set my heels a-flying, and put my trust in Providence!"

"And that was Judge Mattocks's first and last attempt at dancing."



MRS. HANSON chanced to live in the vicinity of a Theological Seminary, and some of the students found her bright home a very agreeable change from their dreary bachelor-rooms. A certain youth was accustomed to bore her with rather long visits; and as she saw him approaching one day, she exclaimed to her sister,

"Oh, there comes that everlasting Smith!"

In he came, and soon tried to ingratiate himself with her little boy.

"You don't know who I am," said he, taking Master Edward on his knee.

"Oh yes, I do," said the child, with a very positive air.

"Well, who am I then?"

"Oh, you are that everlasting Smith!"

SENATOR S— has a bright little daughter of some five summers. Now, the Senator is in the habit of taking a "wee drap" before each meal, saying that it was "good for the appetite." On one occasion his little daughter observing him busily engaged in looking for something, asked, "Pa, what are you looking for—the appetite?"



A LADY writes: "A bright little nephew of mine, some three years old, at his home where I was visiting, was one day playing out of doors with a small house once occupied by a family dog. Passing by, in my full expanse of crinoline, I stopped to admire it, and asked him if he ever went into it."

"No," he replied.

"Why," said I, "if it was mine, I think I should go in."

"Quick as thought he turned his eye comically from the door-way of his dog-house to my proportions, and said, 'It is yours!'"

"DEAR DRAWER,—It is now some time since the Keystone State has contributed to your columns. A few years ago my native place, Harrisburg, was well represented by a kind friend (all are friends who contribute to the *Drawer*); and Conrad K—, well known as 'Old Cooney,' together with Colonel B—, were assigned conspicuous places.

"We will again call up 'Old Cooney,' of Teutonic origin, who has long since been 'gathered to his fathers.' He had been chosen a borough constable, and in the execution of which office he was no small terror to the youngsters—myself among the number—who took especial delight in violating a borough ordinance 'prohibiting any one bathing publicly, within the borough limits, between the hours of sunrise and sunset.' Cooney was in the habit of spending his evenings at a game of 'penny-poker,' the stakes being generally confined to small amounts. The small notes, or shinplasters, of five cents, ten cents, twelve and a half cents, etc.—which the crisis of 1836 and '37 had called forth—still in circulation, were, however, rapidly being done away with. Upon one occasion the losing party offered to pay the stakes, of which Cooney was the winner, in shinplasters; but the old fellow drew back, and, shaking his head, exclaimed, 'Oh, mine G—t! I can't dake dem dinks; I'm a shworn officer!'"

## KATE.

Dost thou remember, darling Kate!  
That moon of harvest moons,  
When heart in heart—as hushed and late  
The night grew—we together sate,  
And felt our whole lives palpitate  
With endless Junes?

And how I waited the embrace  
Which followed that slow "Yes?"  
I watched each movement of thy face,  
The stars watched mine from out their place,  
God watched the stars, as came apace  
My happiness.

And how I told thee of my fear,  
And hope, and dream; and how  
I trembled and yet longed to hear  
Thy sweet voice circle to mine ear?  
Each moment seemed like any year!  
Each year's a moment now.

Oh! soft and fair the moonlight shone  
That summer night, as we,  
Unseen of men, stood near the Throne,  
Rehearsing in an under-tone  
The same sweet words the world has known  
So many a century!

A holy peace, a saintly calm,  
A perfect rest transfigured Earth;  
The starry constellations swam  
Through silver, and the air a psalm  
Celestial harped, as when the Lamb  
Of God had birth.

My blinded faith in His decrees—  
Touched by thy answer as by clay—  
Sunlight, where shadows hovered, sees;  
And somehow all the golden keys  
Of superhuman harmonies  
Stir, night and day.

"A LITTLE pet of mine has a great aversion to feathers. One evening, having said her prayers and curled herself up in bed, her mother began talking to her of a baby sister who had gone to heaven. 'Anna,' said she, 'if you will be a good little girl you may go to heaven when you die, and be an angel.'

"Anna looked up and exclaimed, 'I don't want to be an angel!'

"Why not, darling?" said her mamma.

"'Cause I don't want to have *feathers*!"

"She had seen angels pictured with wings, and had drawn her own childish inference."





# Fashions for May.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—SPRING PARDESSUS, No. 1.





FIGURE 2.—SPRING PARDESSUS, No. 2.

We illustrate two styles of Spring Pardessus, which are among the most pleasing of the season. They are made of silk of two colors, and ornamented with passamenterie and lace.





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